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THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE EARLY EDITIONS.

WITH NOTES

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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STEREOTYPED AT THE
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TO

THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS,

AS A MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER only three *critical* editions have been hitherto ted. The first was that of 1750, commenced by Theobald and completed by l and Sympson, in which the most unwarrantable liberties were taken with the The second, published in 1778, was at least an improvement on that of 1750, ch as the editors (of whom the elder Colman was the chief) rejected the greater of the arbitrary alterations introduced by their predecessors. The third was 1812, edited by Weber, who, having availed himself of Monck Mason's *Notes*, d in 1798,) produced on the whole the best edition of the dramatists which had peared.

h, however, remained to be done for Beaumont and Fletcher — principally by n of the early copies. In this respect the above-mentioned editors were so onably careless that, though (as their annotations prove) they used nearly all ly copies extant, they yet entirely overlooked a great number of readings, by both the sense and the metre might have been restored. Nor were they less ing of censure on another account: in too many passages which they happened understand, they deliberately substituted their own improvements for the authors' e language.

text of the edition which I now submit to the public is formed from a minute n of all the early copies; but I have not thought it necessary to crowd the by noticing every trifling variation which the quartos and the folios exhibit. the plays — *The Honest Man's Fortune* and *The Humorous Lieutenant* — have rectly amended by means of MSS.

the memoir of the authors, while I have endeavoured to state, with more pre- han has hitherto been aimed at, the particulars already known concerning them- and their writings, I have had the good fortune to discover, among some other cts of less importance, the date and place of Fletcher's birth. With the hical details I have mingled such observations as were suggested to me by d perusals of the poets' works.

To George Craufurd Heath, Esq., I owe my best acknowledgments for the unsolicited loan of a manuscript commentary on Beaumont and Fletcher, written soon after the appearance of ed. 1750, by Benjamin Heath, whose *Notæ* on the Greek tragedians, and *Revisal of Shakespeare's Text*, are familiar to many readers. From that commentary (in which Heath has anticipated not a few of the corrections made by the editors of 1778 and by Monck Mason) I have derived, as will be seen, considerable benefit.

To the following gentlemen I beg leave to return my thanks for assistance of various kinds received during the progress of these volumes through the press: — the Rev. John Mitford; the Rev. Henry Cooper, Vicar of Rye; W. Courthope, Esq.; W. H. Black, Esq.; J. P. Collier, Esq.; and Peter Cunningham, Esq.

A. D.

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF

THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

'URING the reigns of Elizabeth and James, while distinguished statesmen, warriors, and divines oc- onally received the honors of biography soon after their decease, it was not the fashion to gratify curiosity of readers with the private history of individuals who had attained celebrity by literature ıe. When even the most illustrious poets went down to the grave, their relatives and friends paid m perhaps the tribute of some elegiac verses, but left the particulars of their lives unrecorded, ex- t in the inscriptions which they placed upon their tombs.[1] We learn, indeed, that Heywood long litated an extensive work, which would have conveyed to posterity much valuable information con- ning the men of genius who had been his contemporaries, and most of them, very probably, his inti- :e associates — "the Lives of all the Poets, foreign and modern, from the first before Homer to the *issimi* and last:"[2] but, though he continued to write at a very advanced age, he never accomplished design; and his manuscript collections have unfortunately perished. The *Theatrum Poetarum* of llips, 1675,[3] added something to criticism, but very little to biography: Langbaine's *Account of Eng- Dramatic Poets*, 1691, treats much less of the authors than of their plays: and it was not to be ex- ted that Wood, with all his own research and the assistance of Aubrey, should recover more than a comparatively unimportant facts relating to those earlier poets whom the plan of his *Athenæ* em- ed. — Hence the lamentable dearth of materials for such memoirs as the present, which, in spite of quarian diligence, are generally mere catalogues of the writers' works, with some incidental notices ved from the pages of their contemporaries.

A little tract which appeared in 1577, Whetstone's metrical *Life* of Gascoigne, (is to say nothing of the meagreness s details) unique in its kind.

Th. Heywood was engaged on this work as early as 1614, we know from a piece by Brathwait published during that . Heywood thus notices his design in *The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells*, &c., 1635: "But I had almost forgot my- : for in proceeding further, I might haue forestalled a Worke, which hereafter (I hope) by God's assistance to commit ublick view, namely, the Liues of all the Poets, Forreine and Moderne, from the First before Homer, to the *Novis- nd* last, of what Nation or Language soeuer; so farre as any Historie or Chronologie will giue me warrant." p. 245. one (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 6, ed. Boswell), and others, have mentioned that Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pasto- .* &c., intended to write "the Lives of the English Poets": but *his* work (if he ever signified an intention of compos- it, which seems very doubtful) would have comprised only the poets of his native county. Let us hear what Carpen- ays on this subject: "Many inferiour faculties are yet left, wherein our Dauon hath displaied her abilities, as well as e former, as in Philosophers, Historians, Oratours, and Poets, the blazoning of whom to the life, especially the last, I rather leaue to my worthy friend Mr. W. Browne; who, as bee hath already honoured his countrie [sic] in his elegant sweete Pastoralls, so questionles will easily bee intreated a litle farther to grace it, by drawing out the line of his Poet- Auncesters, beginning in Josephus Iscanus, and ending in himselfe." *Geographie*, p. 263. ed. 1635.

Winstanley's *Lives of the most Famous English Poets*, 1687, is a very worthless compilation.

In an Address to the Reader, prefixed to the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, 1647, Shi observes, "It is not so remote in time, but very many gentlemen may remember these authors; s some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a con dy. *He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives;*"[1] and the passage has been und stood as if Shirley, either from modesty or from some less worthy feeling, had declined the office of the biographer. I apprehend, however, (for the whole Address is rather affected and rhetorical,) that th words "He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives," were introduced solely fo the sake of impressing the reader with the most exalted notions of the genius and talent which, even in the common intercourse of society, distinguished the dramatic pair; nor do I believe that Shirley had ever been expected, much less solicited, to undertake the task which, with all possible disadvantages, I must attempt to execute.

But, first, it may be well to dispose of a question which has been frequently asked, viz., why that collection of dramas, in which Beaumont had a comparatively small share, should be called "*Beaumont* and Fletcher's," instead of "*Fletcher* and Beaumont's?" — None of Beaumont's dramatic pieces, with the exception of *The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn* (1612), were given to the press till afte his decease. Three plays only, *The Scornful Lady* (1616), *A King and No King* (1619), and *Philaste* (1620), were printed during Fletcher's lifetime as the joint productions of himself and Beaumont; ar the title pages of those three dramas set forth that they were written by "*Beaumont* and Fletcher," the name of Beaumont standing first, either because he was known to have composed the larger porti of them[2] or because that precedence was considered as a mark of respect due to a deceased writer.[3] A a later date no one was willing to disturb an arrangement which had become familiar to the reader and hence, on the title pages of the subsequently-published quartos and of the two folio collections, th name of Beaumont retained its usual place.

I shall now proceed with separate biographical accounts of the two poets, till the period of their dramatic union, and shall commence with that of Fletcher, who was born several years earlier than Beaumont.

Richard Fletcher, the father of our poet, is generally said to have been a native of Kent;[4] — in which county his father, who was also named Richard, held at different times two benefices.[5] In 1563 the younger Richard Fletcher was a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, having probably been admitted there during the preceding year. In 1569 he took the degree of A. M., and was elected Fellow of Bene't College; and on the 15th of July,[6] 1572, he was incorporated A. M. of Oxford. On the 30th of September following he was instituted to the prebend of Isledon (Islington) in the Church of St. Paul, London, which he held together with his fellowship. In 1573 he was chosen President of Bene't College;[7] but he left Cambridge soon after, carrying with him testimonials of his learning and good

[1] Vol. i. v. — The expression, "some familiar in their conversation," would seem to prove that Shirley had not been personally acquainted with Beaumont and Fletcher. — We find a similar character given of Fletcher's conversational power in the Prologue to a revival of *The Chances* and in R. Brome's verses *To his Memory*, both which will be cited

[2] As early as 1612, Webster, in the preface to his *White Devil*, mentions "the no less worthy composures worthily excellent *Master Beaumont* and Master Fletcher."

[3] In the publication of *A King and No King* and of *Philaster*, Fletcher was certainly not concerned; nor, in in that of *The Scornful Lady*. Indeed, it would seem that the only piece which he himself gave to the *Faithful Shepherdess*.

[4] "Richard Fletcher was born in this County," &c. Fuller's *Worthies (Kent)*, p. 72, ed. 1662, where t nal note, "So his near relation informed me." — "Richard Fletcher D. D. is generally said to have been and as such is placed by Fuller among the Worthies of that County, where that name has been very com from his having been one of the first Fellows here upon Abp. Parker's Foundation, I should rather have it have been either of Norwich or Norfolk, those Fellowships being solely appropriated thereto." Masters's *pus Christi Coll.*, &c., p. 284, ed. 1753 (a work to which I have considerable obligations).

[5] Richard Fletcher, the elder, was appointed vicar of Bishop's Stortford in Hertfordshire, 19th June, 1551 (C *Hist. of Hertf.* iii. 254: "12 Junii 1851," according to an extract by Kennet from *Reg. Bonner*, in a note on *Oxon. Part First*, p. 190, ed. Bliss; but see Kennet's *Coll., MS. Lansd.* 982, fol. 241, where the date is "19 Ju deprived before 23d Febr., 1555 (see the same authorities, *ibid*). In 1555 he was vicar of Cranbrooke in K *Hist. of Kent*, iii. 55): "The martyrdom of Christopher Wade in Kent, in July 1555 [is] related by Mr. Fox thority: 'Spectatores præsentes, Richardus Fletcher pater, nunc minister ecclesiæ Cranbrook, Richardus Fl minister ecclesiæ Riensis.' *Act. Mon.* vol. 3, p. 382 [ed. 1641]," quotation from Kennet's papers, note on *Oxon., ubi supra.* He was inducted rector of Smarden in the same county, 19th July, 1566 (Hasted's *Hist* 237: Kennet from *MS. Batley (ubi supra)* gives, "Mr. Ric. Fletcher vicarius de Cranbrook et rector de Smar natu Archiepi. 1569").

[6] Wood's *Fasti Oxon., Part First*, p. 190, ed. Bliss. Masters (*Hist. of Corpus Christi Coll.*, &c., p. 285, e "on the 15th of *June*."

[7] "Upon Mr. Norgate's promotion to the Mastership." Masters, *ubi supra.* Norgate succeeded to the Mastership "22 Aug. 1573." *Id.* p. 113.

conduct, and of the credit with which he had acquitted himself in the college, in the Public Schools, and in the pulpit. In 1574 we find him officiating as minister of Rye in Sussex; where he was still resident in December, 1579, and where several of his children were born.[1] In 1581 he proceeded D. D. and became chaplain to the queen; and in 1583 the deanery of Peterborough was conferred upon him by her majesty. In 1585 he received the prebend of Long Sutton in the Church of Lincoln; he was also parson of Alderkirk (Algarkirk) in the same diocese; and in 1586 he was presented by Sir Thomas Cecil to the church of Barnack in Northamptonshire. As Dean of Peterborough, he attended Mary Queen of Scots during the fatal scene at Fotheringay, on the 8th of February, 1586–7, and rendered himself conspicuous by the zeal with which he urged that unfortunate princess to renounce the faith of Rome.

On the 14th of December, 1589, Richard Fletcher was consecrated Bishop of Bristol; and, if report may be credited, he obtained that promotion on condition of leasing out the lands to certain greedy courtiers, by which the bishopric was not a little impoverished.[2] On the 5th of February, 1590–1, he was made High Almoner.[3] On the 10th of February, 1592–3, he was removed to the see of Worcester.[4] The death of Aylmer, in June, 1594,[5] having caused a vacancy in the see of London, Dr. Fletcher lost no time in earnestly soliciting the Lord Treasurer Burleigh for a translation thither, "chiefly because that city he most delighted in, where he had his education, most common residence, and where he had many agreeable friends, and a considerable share in the love and esteem of the citizens, who desired that he might be their bishop; and that he might be nearer the court, where his presence was accustomed much to be, and his influence might be of use to serve the court."[6] His solicitations proved successful; though it was not till some months after that his election was confirmed, 10th January, 1594–5.[7] At this period he was a widower with a numerous family, his first wife, Elizabeth, having been buried at Chelsea Church between the 16th of December, 1592, and the 14th of January following:[8] but no sooner was he raised to the metropolitan see than he entered into a second marriage with Lady Baker,[9] widow of Sir Richard Baker of Sisinghurst in Kent, and sister of Sir George Gifford, one of the gentlemen-pensioners; "which," says Harington, "the Queen seemed to be extremely displeased at, not for the bygamy of a Bishop (for she was free from any such superstition), but out of her generall mislike of Cler-

[1] On the margin of the Rye-Registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths, the words "Ric. Fletcher, Minister" are inserted, under the year 1574: and see the extracts from the Rye-Register of baptisms in a later part of this memoir.

[2] "Consecratus est in Episcopum Bristoliensem (superstite adhuc Bullinghamo) decimo quarto Decembris 1589 [*Registr Whitg.* f. 69], cum sedes (nisi quatenus a Commendatariis administrata est) vacasset annos 32." Godwin *De Præsul. Anglia*, ii. 144, ed. Richardson, 1743. — "I remembered before how Ely had been long vacant, almost 20 years, and Bristol and Oxenford, though both new erected Bishopricks (saved as it were out of the ruines and ashes of the Abbies), were thought in some danger again to be lost; for Bristoll was held in *Commendam*, and Oxford not much to be commended; wherefore about the year 88, that same *annus mirabilis*, some of the zealous Courtiers, whose devotion did serve them more to prey on the Church than pray in the Church, harkened out for fit supplies to these places, and sent their Agents to find out some men that had great mindes, and small means or merits, that would be glad to leave a small Deanry to make a poor Bishoprick by new leasing out Lands that were now almost out of Lease; but to free him from the guilt of it, the poor Bishop must have no part of the fine. . . . . I come now to Bishop Fletcher, that made not so much scruple to take Bristol in his way from Peterborough to Worcester, though that were wide of the right way, upon the sinister or bow hand many miles, as the Card of a good Conscience will plainly discover," &c. Sir J. Harington's *Briefe View of the State of the Church of England*, &c., 1653, pp. 23–5.

[3] Cole's *MS. Collections*, vol. xli. 440 (Brit. Museum).

[4] "Confirm. Feb. 10, 1592. *Registr. Whitg.*" Godwin *De Præsul. Angliæ*, ii. 51, ed. Richardson, 1743.

[5] His death is variously dated, the 3d, 5th, and 13th June: see *Id.* ii. 193.

[6] Strype's *Life of Whitgift*, p. 428, ed. 1718 (the passage being substance of part of a letter from Fletcher to the Lord Treasurer, dated 29th June, 1594).

[7] "Johanne [Elmero] defuncto, licentia eligendi concessa est 25 Dec. 1594. *Rym. Fœd.* T. 16. p. 267. Regium habet assensum 4 Januarii. *Id. ib.* Confirmatus est Jan. 10. *Registr. Whitg.* p. 2. f. 20." Godwin *De Præsul. Angliæ*, i. 193, ed. Richardson, 1743.

[8] "Elizabetha uxor Rici Fletcher Bristol. Epi. sepultus [*sic*] in Cancello subter mensa." *Chelsea-Church Register.* This entry is preceded by one dated 16 Dec., 1592, and is followed by one dated 14 Jan.

[9] Lady Baker was Maria, or Mary, daughter of John Gifford (or Giffard) of Weston-under-Edge in Gloucestershire: see *Herl.* 1543, fol. 72. Her first husband, Sir Richard Baker, died 27th May, 1594. *Funeral Certificates*, I. 6, *College of Arms.* After Bishop Fletcher's death, she again became a wife, marrying Sir Stephen Thornhurst, knight. She was buried in St. Michael's Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral, where a very handsome monument was erected to her memory, with the following inscription: "Here lieth the Lady Thornhurst, who was sometime the Wife of Sir Richard Baker of Sisinghurst in the County of Kent, and had Issue by the said Sir Richard, two Daughters; the Lady Grisogone Lenerd, and the Lady Cicely Blunt. She departed this present World, in the Month of May in the Year of our Lord God 1609. She then being of the Age of sixty Years." Dart's *Hist. and Antiq. of Canterbury Cath.*, p. 74. (An engraving of her monument is given in that work, p. 72.) In one particular, however, the above inscription is certainly wrong: the Cathedral Register, a much better authority, states that Lady Thornhurst "was buryed the 26 daye of Aprill," 1609. From the same register we learn that Sir Stephen Thornhurst was buried 16th Oct., 1616. — The first husband of Lady Baker is erroneously called by several writers Sir *John* Baker; but, besides the inscription on the monument just cited, see *MS.*

gymen's Mariage, this being indeed a mariage that was talked of at least nine dayes."[1] — The character borne by Lady Baker must have contributed to heighten the indignation of the queen;[2] and there is no

Harl. above referred to (where, by mistake, the name is written *Barker*). — It is worth notice that the monumental inscription makes no mention of her second nuptials.

[1] *A Brief's View of the State of the Church of England*, &c., 1653, p. 27.

[2] "He [Bishop Fletcher] married a Lady of this county, who one [*Note.* Sir Richard Baker in his Chron.] commendeth for very virtuous, which if so, the more happy she in herself, though unhappy that the world did not believe it." Fuller's *Worthies (Kent)*, p. 73, ed. 1662. — The following poem was transcribed by Cole into his *MS. Collections* (vol. xxxi. 204, Brit. Museum) from "MS. Crewe:" another copy of it is in a MS. miscellany of my own; and a third copy (with the passages differently arranged) is in a MS. volume belonging to Mr. J. P. Collier. I give it from Cole's transcript, corrected here and there by the other copies. "This bitter satire," says Cole, "was made by some of the gang of Martin Mar-Prelate in Queen Eliz. time, when the godly Puritans took all sorts of liberty in abusing the conformable clergy. The first line refers to John Aylmer, Bp. of London, who in 1579 was brought before the Council, and had a smart reprimand for his immoderate falling [sic] of timber on the bishoprick, from the Lord Treasurer, and an order from the Queen to fall no more. See Strype's *Life of Bp. Aylmer*, p. 71, &c.: and Sir John Harington in his *Brief View of the State of the Church of England*, p. 19, says that this Bp. was called *Ellmarr*, for his marring the elms at Fulham."

"*A Satyr on Ri: Fletcher, Bp. of London.*

JOHN LONDON was condemned for spoiling wood,
And now Dick London commons doth enclose;
He sought his private, this the publike good,
And both their credits by their gettings lose:
But tell me, Martin, whethers gaine is more,
He sould the wood, or this hath bought a whore?
Mariage, they say, is honorable in all;
Yet some do yt in priests dishonour call:
Yet honorable it is in him, and more,
That wedds a Lady and a common whore.
The Romain Tarquin, in his folly blynde,
Did fayre chast Lucrece for a Läys take:
But our proud Tarquin bears a better minde;
He of a Läys doth a Lucrece make;
And she, as not confyrmed in her faithe,
Will now be trewlye bishoppyd, she saythe.
If Fletcher wedded to amend her misse,
Good Fletcher did an honest deed in this.
The pride of prelacye, which now long since
Was bannisht with the Pope, is sayd, of late
To have arrived at Bristowe, and from thense,
By Worceter, unto London brought his state.
Wher, puffed up with more then vanitye,
He quite forgetts his calling and his place;
And, like a compound of extremitye,
He bears, of lust the hart, of pride the face:
None but a Ladye cane content his eyes,
None but a whore his wanton lust suffice.
Yt is a question now in herauldrye
What name proude prelats Ladye now may beare:
Though, London like, she be of all trades free,
And long hath bene a common occupier,
Her Lord of London cannot London give;
Yt is his owne, but as he holds his place;
And that so proude a foole in yt should lyve,
Yt was but superfluitie of grace.
And Ladye Fletcher less may she be named;
How can a vicars sonne a Ladye make?
And yet her Ladyship were gretelye shamed,
Yf from her Lorde she could no title take:
Wherfore, they may divide the name of Fletcher,
He my Lord F., and she my Lady Letcher.
Yf any aske why Tarquin ment to marry?
Yt better is to marry then to burne:
Yf any, why he could no longer tarrye?
The devill ought his pride a shamefull turne:
Yf any, why he wold a Ladye wedd?
Because he wold a double miter weere:

doubt that the marriage was hurried on with unusual haste, for it took place in less than a year after the decease of Sir Richard Baker. — The bishop was immediately forbidden to appear in the presence of her majesty or to approach the court; and (in spite of his appeal to the Lord Treasurer to intercede with the queen in his behalf) he was soon after, at the royal command, suspended from the exercise of his episcopal function by Archbishop Whitgift, 23d of February, 1594–5. Time, however, having softened the displeasure of Elizabeth, at the expiration of about six months Dr. Fletcher was restored to the discharge of his office: but the queen still continuing obstinate in her refusal to receive him at court, on the 7th of January following (1595–6) he addressed a letter to his friend the Lord Treasurer, in which he says, "Yt is now a yere within a weeke or two since I haue sene her Majesty, which to me hath semed a longer tyme than a whole *seculum*, it being the especiall cumfort seculer that ever I conceyved to haue lived in hir highnes gratious aspect and favour now xx^ty yeres past. Your Lordship was the honorable meanes of the fyrst recovery of that hir Majestys good favour to the libertye of my function, and if it please your Lordship to add therunto your honorable mediation to hir Majesty to let hir vnderstande my most humble sute to do my dutye and service in hir presence, and, if not farther, yet to see hir Majesty, I shall hould my self most bound to your Lordships kindenes," &c.[1] That the bishop never fully recovered his place in the queen's favor, there is every reason to believe; though, according to one account, she so entirely laid aside her anger that she paid him a visit in his house at Chelsea.[2] But, could he have foreseen what was shortly to befall him, he would have been alike indifferent to the smiles and frowns of royalty: on the evening of the 15th of June, 1596, as he sat smoking in his chair, he suddenly expired; his death being attributed by some to vexation at the troubles in which his second marriage had involved him, and by others to the immoderate use of tobacco.[3] He was buried, "without any solemn funeral,[4] in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul; nor was any monument erected to his memory. — Bishop Fletcher is described as "a comely and courtly prelate;" and the queen (to whom good looks were always a recommendation) was so anxious

> Yf whye a Ladye of a common bedd?
> The match was equall; both had common geare.
> But yet, yf any wold the reason finde
> Why he, which lok't as loftye as a steple,
> Should be so base as for to come behinde,
> And take the levings of the common people?
> 'Tys playne; for in processions, you knowe,
> The priest must after all the people goo."

[1] *MS. Lansd.* 80, fol. 131. This letter is printed in Appendix xx. to Strype's *Life of Whitgift*, p. 183, ed. 1718, but there a portion of the passage just cited is omitted by mistake.

[2] "Yet in a while he found means to pacifie her so well, as she promised to come, and I think did come, to a house he had at Chelsey. For there was a stayre and a dore made of purpose for her in a bay window," &c. Sir J. Harington's *Briefe View of the State of the Church of England*, 1653, p. 27.

[3] "The Bishop of London died the other day very sodenlye, having sette in commission till Sixe a clocke at night and deceased at seaven." *Letter from Anthony Bacon to Dr. Hawkins*, dated 19th June, 1596 — Kennet's *Coll.*, *MS. Lansd.* 982, fol. 241. — "Morte oblit repentina in Londinensi suo palatio, quando ante quartam horæ partem rectissime sanus, ne levissima quidem ægritudine tentatus fuisset, Junii decimo quinto, 1596." Godwin *De Præsul. Anglise*, i. 193, ed. Richardson, 1743. (In the same work *(ibid.)* we find, "Testamentum ejus probat. 2 Jun. 1596. *MS. Wood*," — a mistake for "22 Jun.:" see the Will in Appendix I. to this Memoir.) — In the fifth of *Reasons to moue her Majesty*, &c., (see p. xiv,) we are told that his death "proceded spetially from the conceipt of her Highnes displeasure and indignation conceiued against him." — "Richardus Fletcherus, Episcopus Londinensis, Præsul splendidus, qui dum curas e nuptiis infaustis et Reginæ improbatis (quæ præsules conjugatos minus probauit) Nicosia immodice hausta obruit, vitam efflauit." Camdeni *Annales*, &c., t. ii. 198, ed. 1627. — "He lost the Queens favour because of his second unhappy match, and died suddainly, more of grief than any other disease." Fuller's *Church-History*, &c., B. ix. p. 233, ed. 1655. — "Sure I am that Queen Elizabeth (who hardly held the second matches of Bishops excusable) accounted his marriage a trespasse on his gravity, whereupon he fell into her deep displeasure. Hereof the Bishop was sadly sensible, and seeking to lose his sorrow in a mist of smoak, died of the immoderate taking thereof." Fuller's *Worthies (Kent)*, p. 73, ed. 1662. — See also Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*, *Part First*, p. 191, ed. Bliss. — Sir J. Harington's account of his death is as follows: "But certain it is that (the Queen being pacified, and hee in great jollity, with his faire Lady and her Carpets and Cushions in his bed-chamber) he died suddenly, taking Tobacco in his chaire, saying to his man that stood by him, whom he loved very well, 'Oh boy, I die!'" *A Briefe View of the State of the Church of England*, &c., 1653. p. 28. Harington *(ibid.)* gives an epitaph on the Bishop composed by some wit of the time, —

> "Here lies the first Prelate made Christendom see
> A bishop a husband unto a Ladie:
> The cause of his death was secret and hid;
> He cry'd out 'I die,' and ev'n so he did."

A MS. Miscellany in my possession contains the above epitaph with considerable variations.

[4] Stow's *Survey*, &c., B. v. p. 5, ed. 1720.

that his person should be set off to the best advantage, that "she found fault with him once for cutting his beard too short."[1] As a preacher, he was distinguished for his eloquence. Fuller informs us that "he lov'd to ride the great horse, and had much skill in managing thereof," and that he was "condemned for very proud (such his natural stately garb) by such as knew him not, and commended for humility by those acquainted with him."[2] A paper consisting of *Orders to be observed by the ecclesiastical officers of the diocese of London*,[3] and a few letters, are the only extant specimens of his composition; unless we include among them a short account of *The manner of the Solemnity of the Scottish Queen's Funeral*,[4] which, as Dean of Peterborough, he attested with his signature.

That Bishop Fletcher left his family in necessitous circumstances, we have incontrovertible evidence. Soon after his decease, his younger brother, Dr. Giles Fletcher the civilian, who had become security for his "debt to the Exchequer for his first fruits and tenths,"[5] was forced to have recourse to the favor of the queen, and drew up the following *Reasons to moue her Majesty in some commiseration towards the orphanes of the late Bisshopp of London:*

"1. He was translated from Worcester Bishoprick to the sea of London within two yeares, and so entered into new first fruites before he had fully paid the ould. By which meanes her Majestes good and gratious meaning for his preferment was rather turned to his great hinderance and diminution of his worldly estate, hauing paid within 3 yeares, or not much more, into her Highnesse Exchequer, for his first fruites, tenthes, and subsidies, the some of 1458.li

"2. He bestowed in allowances and gratifications to diuers attendants about her Majestie, since his preferment to the sea of London, the some of 3100li, or thereaboutes, without any regarde made to himselfe, as appeareth by his note of perticulers; which was giuen by him, for the most parte of it, by her Highnes direction and spetiall appointment.

"3. Finding the building and mansion houses of the sea of London greatly decayed and in a manner ruinate, hee hath bestowed great somes of mony vppon reperations, namelye, vpon the Bishops houses at Wickham, Hadham, London, and Fulham,[6] where he bestowed extraordinary charge, as in respect of his owne dutie and necessary vse, so in spetiall regard of her Highnes liking and good contentment, hoping one day, as himselfe would say, after the end and pacification of her Highnesse displeasure, and the recouery of her gratious fauour, which of all worldly thinges he most desired, to see her Majesty in his house at Fulham.

"4. He employed himselfe and his whole reuenew in hospitality and all other duties of his vocation, as for conscience sake, so with a spetiall regard of her Majestes liking, and to prouoke her Highnes reconciliation and fauour towards him.

"5. He hath satisfied the errour of his late marriage with his vntimely and vnlooked for death, which proceded spetially from the conceipt of her Highnes displeasure and indignation conceiued against him, bearing a most louing and reuerent affeccion towardes her Majesty as euer poore subiect towardes his prince; which may moue her Majestes royall harte in some compassion towardes his poore and fatherles chilldren. He hath left behinde him 8 poore chilldren, whereof diuers are very yong. His dettes due to the Quenes Majestie and to other creditors are 1400li, or thereaboutes, his whole state[7] is but one house wherein the widow claimeth her thirds, his plate valewed at 400li, his other stuffe at 500li.[8]"

The Earl of Essex, to whom this memorial had been forwarded by Anthony Bacon, "represented to the queen the case of the bishop's orphans in so favorable a light, that she was inclined to relieve them:" but whether her intentions were frustrated by the speed with which the Exchequer sued Dr. Giles Fletcher for payment, or whether the bishop's family was eventually assisted by the interposition and bounty of Elizabeth, I am unable to discover.[9]—Though now scarcely remembered, Dr. Giles Fletcher was a person of

[1] "Whereas," adds Harington, "good Lady (if she had known that) she would have found fault with him for cutting his Bishoprick so short." *A Briefe View*, &c., p. 20.

[2] *Church-History*, &c., B. ix. p. 233, ed. 1655.

[3] *Orders which the Right Reverend Father Richard Lord Bishop of London desires to be assented unto and carefully observed by every Ecclesiastical Officer exercising Jurisdiction Ecclesiastical under him, within the Diocess of London. Dat. March the 8th* 1595,—printed among the *Records* appended to Collier's *Eccles. Hist.*, p. 100, ed. folio.

[4] Printed in Gunton's *Hist. of the Church of Peterburgh*, p. 77.

[5] Birch's *Mem. of Elizabeth*, ii. 113.

[6] "The hall [of Fulham Palace] was fitted up by Bishop Fletcher in the year 1595. *(Note.)* As appears by that date in the windows, and the initials R. F. with the word *fecit*." Lyson's *Environs of London*, ii. 347.

[7] i. e. estate.

[8] This document was printed in *Mem. of Elizabeth*, ii. 113, by Birch, who made some alterations in the wording of it. I now give it from the Bacon Papers in the Lambeth Library, vol. v. 658, fol. 193 (according to Todd's *Catalogue*, "Cod. Man. Tenison, xii. 658"). It is indorsed "Dr. Fletcher, the Bishop of Londons reasons to haue his debte stalled, the 21th [sic] of August, 1596."

[9] "The Earl [of Essex] likewise represented to the queen the case of the orphans of bishop Fletcher in so favourable a light, that she was inclin'd to relieve them: for which mr. Bacon return'd his thanks to his lordship in a letter of the 8th

some notoriety among his contemporaries; and the account of Russia[1] which he published on his return from an embassy to that country, may still be perused with pleasure and instruction. He is termed "an excellent poet" by Wood,[2] who, however, has neglected to specify the compositions which entitled him to such praise. His two sons, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, have acquired a more enduring fame, — *The Purple Island* and *Piscatory Eclogues*, &c., of the former, and the *Christ's Victory* of the latter, being familiarly known to all the students of our early poetry.[3]

When Bishop Fletcher made his Will, 26th Oct., 1593,[4] he had nine children alive: but at the period of his decease, as we have just learned from the document drawn up by his brother, they were eight in number, and "divers of them very young." They were doubtless all by one mother, Elizabeth, whose death has been already mentioned.[5] The names of four of them are not known: the others, besides John the poet, were — Nathaniel, born at Rye in Sussex in 1575, Theophilus, born there in 1577, Elizabeth, born there in 1578, and Maria, born at London in 1592.[6] A distinguished writer on stage-history has more than once thrown

of December, but expressed his surprise to find, that the under officers of the exchequer took a contrary course in suing and pressing dr. Fletcher with threats, if he fail'd to pay 600*l.* within five days; by which the queen's inclination would be frustrated, unless his lordship should take Sir John Fortescu at his word, who promis'd the day before to join with the earl in a second motion for the present stalment of 600*l.*" Birch's *Mem. of Elizabeth*, ii. 224. — I find from the *MS. Pell Receipt Book*, that, after the Bishop's death, various sums were paid into the Exchequer, at different times, by his executor, "for tenths of the clergy."

1 *Of the Russe Common Wealth. Or Maner of Gouernement by the Russe Emperour (commonly called the Emperour of Moskouia) with the manners and fashions of the people of that Countrey*, 1591.

2 *Fasti Oxon., Part First*, p. 191, ed. Bliss. — Dr. Giles Fletcher wrote various copies of Latin verses. A very short tract consisting of Latin hexameters, composed by him during his youth, and entitled *De Literis Antiquæ Britanniæ, Regibus præsertim qui doctrinæ clarueruⁿt, quique Collegia Cantabrigiæ fundârunt*, was published in 1633 by his son Phineas, who added to it a *Sylva Poetica* of his own. The whole of this publication is generally attributed by mistake to Phineas. — A poem called *The Rising to the Crowne of Richard the Third*, which is appended, with several other short poems, to *Licia, or Poemes of Loue*, &c. n. d. 4to, is unhesitatingly assigned by Mr. Hunter (*New Illustr. of Shakespeare*, ii. 77) to the pen of Dr. Giles Fletcher, because in the *First Piscat. Eclogue* of his son Phineas, where he certainly is represented by the person called Thelgon, he is made to say, —

> "And then appear'd young Myrtilus, repining
> At generall contempt of shepherd's life;
> And rais'd my rime to sing of Richards climbing," &c.

I suspect, however, that Mr. Hunter is mistaken. The volume in question was evidently intended for private circulation, having neither printer's nor publisher's name. I see no reason to doubt that all the pieces in it are by the same writer. The Epistle Dedicatory to *Licia* is dated by the author "from my chamber, Sep. 4, 1593;" and assuredly the author of the amatory rhapsodies so entitled was not Dr. Giles Fletcher.

3 Of these pieces there are several modern editions. But Phineas wrote a good deal of poetry (to say nothing of his Latin metrical compositions) which has never been reprinted; viz., *The Locusts, or Appolyonists*, 1627, 4to, (appended to his Latin *Locustæ*); *Siceliides, A Piscatory, As it hath beene acted in Kings Colledge in Cambridge*, 1631, 4to; and various copies of verses scattered through a prose volume entitled *A Father's Testament. Written long since for the benefit of the Particular Relations of the Authour, Phin. Fletcher; Sometime Minister of the Gospel at Hillgay in Norfolk. And now made Publick at the desire of Friends*, 1670, 8vo.

Whether the authors of the following pieces were related to our poet's family, I have not discovered; —

Ex otio Negotium. Or, Martiall his Epigrams translated. With Sundry Poems and Fancies. By R. Fletcher, 1656, 8vo.

Poems on several occasions, and Translations: Wherein the First and Second Books of Virgil's Æneis are attempted in English, by Tho. Fletcher, B. A. Fellow of New College in Oxon., 1692, 8vo. Wood describes this person as "bach. of arts 1690, possessed of the donative of Fairfield in com. Somerset, 1694." *Ath. Oxon.* iv. 559, ed. Bliss.

4 See Appendix I. to this Memoir.

5 See p. 3.

6 "1575. August. 21st, Nathaniell the son of Mr. Rich. Fletcher preacher and minister of the Church of Rye." — "1577. October. The xxiv daie Theophylous the son of Mr. Richard Flecher preacher of the word of god in Rye." — "1578. November. The xxiiii daie Elizabeth the daughter of Mr. Richard Flecher mynister." *Rye Baptismal Register*. "1592. Maria filia Rici Fletcher Bristol Epi. baptiz. 15° Octob." *Chelsea-Church Baptismal Register*.

In a MS. note by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, on a copy of Roper's *Life of More*, ed. 1642, (sold among the books of Horace Walpole,) mention is made of "Mr. Fletcher [the poet], brother to Natt Fletcher, Mrs. White's servant;" and Mr. Collier, who cites the note in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cci. observes, "what was the precise nature of 'Nat Fletcher's servitude, we have no information.'" It was doubtless the soft slavery of love; *servant* in the sense of lover occurs repeatedly in the present volumes. — Mr. Collier, I trust, will excuse me if I notice a trifling mistake in the same very valuable *Life*; — a mistake only worth noticing because our great dramatist is in question. At p. xcvi, in order to shew that Shakespeare's "deer-stealing" must have been regarded by his contemporaries as a venial crime, he quotes from the *Life of More* another MS. note by the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in which mention is made of "the noble Count of Dorset, a Privy Councillor, and a Knight of the Garter, *and a deer-stealer*." But Mr. Collier has con-

out a conjecture that Lawrence Fletcher the player was a son of Bishop Fletcher, and an elder brother of the dramatist, — a conjecture in which I am certainly not inclined to acquiesce.[1]

Our poet's biographers are mistaken both in the place and date of his birth.[2] John Fletcher was born at Rye in Sussex (while his father officiated there as minister) in December 1579, and was baptized on the 20th of that month.[3] He perhaps passed his boyhood, and received the rudiments of learning, under his father's roof.

We find that a "John Fletcher of London" was admitted pensioner of Bene't College, Cambridge, 15th October, 1591;[4] and the probability that the pensioner of Bene't College was no other than the subject of this memoir, is greatly strengthened, when we consider that the bishop would naturally intrust the education of his son to that society of which he had himself been Fellow and President, and for which he entertained during his whole life a sincere regard.[5] At the above date our poet had not completed his twelfth year; but in those days students were admitted into the universities at a very early age: and he might have been described as "of London," because he had resided there with his father, who, after rising to the bench, spent much time in the metropolis.[6] The youth whom we seem thus to have identified with our poet, was made one of the Bible-clerks in 1593: whether he proceeded to take the degrees of A. B. and A. M., and what was the duration of his college-residence, are matters of uncertainty.[7] We are told by Fletcher's biographers that he pursued his studies at the university with diligence and success. His plays, indeed, though containing various graceful recollections of the classic writers, evince no traces of superior scholarship; but we cannot therefore infer that he had not attained it. among our early dramatists several might be named, who were unquestionably masters of a deep and extensive erudition, which, however, is but faintly reflected in their scenes.[8] — His love of literature had, no doubt, soon developed itself, and perhaps was remembered by his father, when he dictated the following bequest, — "Item, I geue to Nathaniell Fletcher and *John Fletcher* all my bookes, to be devyded betwene them equallie."[9]

At what period of his life Fletcher abandoned all other pursuits for dramatic authorship is a question to

founded two distinct notes; the words, "*and a deer-stealer*," do not refer to Lord Dorset; they belong to an abominably obscene passage concerning another person. The mention of Lord Dorset occurs in a memorandum concerning Aurelian Townsend, which runs *literatim* thus, — "Mr. Aureliand Townesend, a poore & pocky Poett, but a marryed man & an howsekeeper in Barbican, hard by ye now Earl of Bridgewaters. Hee hath a very fine & fayer daughter, Mrs. to the Palsgraue first, & then afterwards [to] *ye noble Count of Dorset, a Priuy Councelour & a Knight of ye Garter.* Aurelian would bee glad to sell an 100 verses now at sixpence a peice, 50 shillinges an 100 verses." The words, "an howsekeeper in Barbican" illustrate a line at the commencement of Carew's verses to Aurelian Townsend, —

"Why dost thou sound, my deare Aurelian,
In so shrill accents, from *thy Barbican*,
A loud allarum," &c.

Poems, p. 126, ed. 1642.

[1] In his Will (Appendix I. to this Memoir) the bishop mentions only two of his sons, — evidently, the two eldest then alive, — Nathaniel and John (Theophilus, whose birth occurred between theirs, must have been dead at that period): if Laurence had been an elder brother of John, he would surely have been mentioned in his father's Will. Again: — the name of Laurence Fletcher heads the list of actors in the patent granted to them by King James on his arrival in London: but, if we suppose Laurence Fletcher to have been the bishop's son, his age, at the date of that patent, 17 May 1603, was somewhat under thirty-one (for the bishop in his Will speaks of his children as not having "come to the age of one and twentye yeares,") and it appears very unlikely that so young a man, and one too without any celebrity as a performer, should have held so prominent a station in the company.

[2] His biographers were led into the error of stating that he was born in 1576 by the inscription on his portrait, prefixed to the folio of 1647, — "Obiit 1625. Ætat. 49." — Fuller (*Worthies, Northampt.*, p. 288, ed. 1662) conjectured that he was born in Northamptonshire. Those who have more recently written his Life, agree in supposing him to have been a native of London.

[3] "1579. December. The xx^th daie John the son of Mr. Richard Flecher mynister of the word of god in Rye." *Rye Baptismal Register.*

[4] Masters's *Hist. of Corpus Christi College*, &c., p. 288, ed. 1753.

[5] See, in Appendix to Masters's work, p. 64, two Latin letters from the College to the bishop, thanking him for various proofs of his kindness, one dated "Ap. 12 1591," the other "6 Jun. 1592." We learn from the second of these letters that the bishop had presented to the college "Globum totius Orbis, singulari artificio elaboratum, et sumptibus magnificis acquisitum;" and we know from his Will (Appendix I. to this Memoir) that he bequeathed to the college a "peece of plate of one estriges egge."

[6] See p. 3.

[7] "Whether it was he, or *Edward* of the same name and place, who proceeded A. B. the year following, and afterwards [1598] A. M., cannot easily be determined." Masters, *Id.*, p. 288.

[8] e. g. Chapman and Heywood. See their undramatic works.

[9] See the bishop's Will in Appendix I. to this Memoir.

which no satisfactory answer can be given. His first essays as a play-wright may have been alterations of older pieces, and may have perished among the multitude of dramas that were never printed.

In Henslowe's *Diary*, under a note of money lent to various persons "sence the 14 of Octobr. 1596," we read, —

> "Lent unto martyne [Martin Slaughter, a dramatist and player] to feache *Fleacher* . . . . . vj s."
> "Lent the company to geve *Fleatcher*, and the[y] have promysed me payment: who promysed me is marten [Martin Slaughter], Donson, and Jewby [two players] . . . . . xx s.[1]"

Malone[2] supposed that these entries referred to our poet. Mr. Collier[3] is uncertain whether they relate to him or to the actor Laurence Fletcher, who has been already particularly mentioned.[4] Assuredly they refer to Laurence Fletcher. Now that the date of our poet's birth has been discovered, we know that in October 1596 he was under seventeen years of age.

It does not appear that Fletcher, on quitting the university, was entered at one of the Inns of Court; his name has been vainly sought for in the registers of those societies. — But we must now turn to the history of his celebrated associate.

Francis Beaumont, the father of our dramatist, was sprung from an ancient and honorable family, whose seat had been more recently at Grace-dieu[5] in Leicestershire, a property to which, as the lineal heir, he eventually succeeded. He was brought up to the law; and the high office which he afterwards held is a proof that he pursued his profession with assiduity. His life seems to have been marked by few incidents; at least there is little recorded concerning him.[6] He was appointed one of the justices of the Common

[1] Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 78, ed Collier. Any account of manager Henslowe would be superfluous here: but probably few readers know that this illiterate man (who never for a moment could have dreamed of "leaving a name behind him") figures as one of the characters in a work by a living German writer of acknowledged genius, — *Dichterleben*, a novel by Tieck.

[2] *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell,) iii. 321.

[3] Note on Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 76.

[4] See pp. 7, 8. — In a paper printed by Mr. Collier (in *New Facts regarding the Life of Shakespeare*, p. 22) mention is made of a player called "*Lax.* Fletcher;" but "*Lax.*" is doubtless an error of the scribe for "Lar." [i. e. Laurence.]

[5] The poet's biographers talk of Grace-dieu as if it had been for centuries in the possession of his family. The fact is, the site of the priory of Grace-dieu was purchased in 1539 by his grandfather John Beaumont; who for a time was Surveyor of Leicestershire for the crown, and Master of the Rolls, but, soon after the accession of Queen Mary, was forced to resign both these offices. See Nichols's *Hist. of Leicest.*, iii. 655, 661*. A letter from him to Lord Cromwell is printed in Wright's *Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries*, p. 251. "Grace-dieu, beautifully situated in what was formerly one of the most recluse spots in the centre of Charnwood Forest, is now remarkable only for a noble fragment of its ruins." Nichols, *Id.*, p. 651. In *Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs*, &c., by Thomas Bancroft, 1639, are the following lines "*To Grace-dieu;*"

> "Grace-dieu, that under Charnwood stand'st alone,
> As a grand Relicke of Religion,
> I reverence thine old, but fruitfull, worth,
> That lately brought such noble Beaumonts forth,
> Whose brave Heroick Muses might aspire
> To match the Anthems of the Heavenly Quire:
> The mountaines crown'd with rockey fortresses,
> And sheltering woods, secure thy happinesse,
> That highly-favour'd art (though lowly plac'd)
> Of Heaven, and with free Nature's bounty grac'd:
> Herein grow happier; and that blisse of thine
> Nor Pride ore-top, nor Envy undermine!" *B. i. Ep.* 81.

In the *Poems* of Sir John Beaumont (the dramatist's elder brother) we find mention of "rocky Charnwood," and "stony Charnwood's dry and barren rocks." pp. 26, 101.

[6] Burton terms him "that grave, learned, and reuerend Judge." *Descr. of Leicest.*, p. 120, ed. 1622. Dr. Dryasdust himself would have derived little pleasure from learning that "in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated Normanton by Derby, July 3, 1589, he [the future Judge] apologizes for omitting to pay £100 on a certain day, and requests the earl's permission to name him as his chief patron in his introductory speech in the Court of Common Pleas as a serjeant at law, such being the custom on those occasions," &c. Nichols's *Hist. of Leicest.*, iii. 655. What follows may be worth quoting for its absurdity. "One Judge Beaumont living at Grace-dieu, two men came before him for justice; and one of the men prayed the ground might open, and he might sink, if what he attested in his own cause was not true; and the ground immediately opened; but the judge, by pointing with his finger, ordered them to go off, and it closed again; and that place will now sound, being struck on, as Robert Beaumont of Barrow on Trent, esq. (who married one of Sir Thomas Beaumont's coheirs, and had his part of the estate) affirmeth." From a MS. note on a copy of Burton's *Descr. of Leicest.*, *Id.* p. 656.

Pleas, 25th January, 1592–3;[1] and subsequently he received the dignity of knighthood. He married Anne, daughter of Sir George Pierrepoint, of Holme-Pierrepoint, co. Nott., knight, and relict of Thomas Thorold of Marston, co. Lincoln, esq.; and by that lady he left issue born in the following order, — three sons, Henry, John, and Francis, and one daughter, Elizabeth.[2] He died at Grace-dieu, 22nd April, 1598, having made his Will the day before.[3]

Henry, the eldest of Judge Beaumont's sons, was knighted in 1603, and died in 1605, ætat. 24.[4] —— John, the second son, became possessor of Grace-dieu on the decease of his brother Henry: he was created a baronet in 1626, and, according to the common accounts, died in the winter of 1628,[5] ætat. 44. He is still remembered as the author of *Bosworth Field and other Poems*,[6] the productions of his youth, which, though they display little imagination, have been justly praised (and by one[7] whose praise is fame) for their "spirit, elegance, and harmony." In his title and estate he was succeeded by his eldest son, John.

Francis Beaumont, the dramatic writer, and third son of Judge Beaumont, is said to have been born at Grace-dieu in 1586: but it would seem that his birth ought to be fixed at a somewhat earlier date; for "1586" agrees neither with what is found concerning him in the Funeral Certificate on the decease of his father,[8] nor with what is next to be mentioned. At the age of twelve, 4th February, 1596–7,[9] he was admitted (together with his two brothers) a gentleman-commoner of Broadgates-Hall,[10] which was then the principal nursery in Oxford for students of the civil and common law. He appears, however, to have resided there only a short time, and to have quitted the university without taking any degree. He was entered a member of the Inner Temple, 3rd November, 1600:[11] but, though he may have at first made some

1 *MS. Patent Book of the Auditor of the Receipt*, No. 10, fol. 203.

2 She married Thomas Seyliard of Kent. *MS. Visitation of Kent*, 1619, *College of Arms.* — Nichols, *Hist. of Leicest.* iii. 656, calls him, by mistake, "Thomas *Hilyard.*"

3 The inquisition, taken June 8 following, informs us that he "was seised of the house and site of Grace-dieu aforesaid, of divers lands in the parish of Belton, Grace-dieu, Meriel, Shepeshed, Osgathorpe, Thringston, and Swannington," c. *Id.*, p. 656. And see his Will, Appendix II. to the present Memoir.

4 "Sir Henrye Beaumont knight buried 13th day of Julie anno domini 1605." *Belton Church Register.*

5 Nichols states that he "did not survive the winter of 1628. He is said by Wood to have been buried at Grace-dieu; but this is a mistake for Belton, as the priory church was not then existing." *Id. ibid.* The register of Belton Church contains no entry of his burial. — "Obiit 1628." *MS. Le Neve's Baronets*, p. 47, *College of Arms.* — The act of administration to his property was granted 3d Jany, 1628–9. *Registry of the Prer. Court.* — Yet we find; "1627. Sr John Beaumont bd in ye broad Ile, on ye south s. Apr. 29." *Register of Burials in Westminster Abbey.* — *Collect. Top. et Gen.* vii. 361.

6 Printed in 1629. Among the Commendatory Verses prefixed to that volume are some by Jonson and Drayton.

7 Wordsworth, — Note on *The Song at The Feast of Brougham Castle.* — Campbell remarks that Sir John Beaumont "deserves notice as one of the earliest polishers of what is called the heroic couplet." *Spec. of Brit. Poets*, p. 105, ed. 1841. — His verses *To his late Majesty, concerning the true forme of English Poetry* shew how much he had reflected on the subject, and may be read with advantage by all youthful poets. Besides the volume above mentioned, Sir John wrote a poem called *The Crown of Thorns*, which appears to have perished. — He is thus noticed, together with his brother Francis, and Browne (the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*,) in Drayton's Epistle to Reynolds *Of Poets and Poetry*;

"Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,
My dear companions, whom I freely chose
My bosom friends; and in their several ways
Rightly born poets, and in these last days
Men of much note and no less nobler parts,
Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
As I have mine to them."

8 Judge Beaumont had issue "living att the tyme of his death [22d April, 1598], three sonnes and one daughter, viz. Henry Beamount, his eldest sonne and heire, of the age of seauenteen yeares or thereaboutes; John Beamount, his second sonne, of the age of foureteen yeares or thereaboutes; *Frauncys Beamount, third sonne, of the age of thirteen yeares or more*; and Elizabeth Beamount, only daughter, of the age of nyne yeares or thereaboutes." *Funeral Certificates*, I. 16. *College of Arms.* Yet Ben Jonson (as we shall afterwards see) told Drummond that Beaumont died before he had completed his thirtieth year. Hoping to find the entry of Beaumont's baptism, I carefully examined the church-registers of Belton, (in which parish Grace-dieu stands); but in vain; and it seems doubtful, therefore if he was born at Grace-dieu.

9 Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, II. 437, ed. Bliss.

10 On the site of which, Pembroke College now stands.

11 In the Admission-book of the Inner-Temple is the following entry. "SS Franciscus Beaumont, de Gracediewe in Com. Leic. generosus, unnus [*sic*] filiorum Francisci Beaumont unnus [*sic* — *read* unius] Justic. dnē Rne de Banco, admissus est specialiter, gratis, in societatem istius comitive, per parliament. tent. apud Interius Templum, tercio die Novembris Ae Ri Rne Eliz. xlijde; et perdonatur ab omnibus officiis, vacacionibus, festis natalis Domini, et omnibus aliis oneribus quibuscunque, communibus pencionibus et reparacionibus ecclesie solum modo exceptis; et extracommunes esse ad libitum su[u]m, non jacens in domo Interioris Templi predicte [*sic*].

Pleg. { H. Beaumont,
{ Joh. Beaumont."

exertions in following up the profession for which his father had intended him, there can be no doubt that he soon withdrew his attention from the law, and devoted himself wholly to poetry and the drama. — His biographers speak of "his acquirements in classical learning:" what I have before observed concerning Fletcher's scholarship, applies to that of Beaumont.[1]

If *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*,[2] which was published in 1602 without the author's name, be really from the pen of Beaumont, it is the earliest of his known attempts as a writer; and, notwithstanding the doubts which have been recently thrown on its genuineness,[3] I still believe that it is his. Weber calls it "rather a paraphrase than a translation of Ovid's tale:"[4] — "rather a paraphrase," indeed; for it extends to more than 900 lines, while the Latin original consists of only 104. *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* is evidently the production of an inexperienced author, who has swelled out the old fable with sundry ill-conceived and ill-told incidents, and incrusted the whole with a variety of those frigid conceits, from which even the best narrative poetry of that age is seldom altogether free.

We find that as early as 1607 Beaumont had acquired the friendship of Ben Jonson; for prefixed to the admirable drama of the latter, *The Fox*,[5] is a copy of verses by the former, in the heading of which he

[1] The names, Francis Beaumont, were borne by at least two of our dramatist's contemporaries: —

Francis Beaumont (a relation of the dramatist), of the family of the Beaumonts of Coleorton, who was educated at Cambridge, appointed Master of the Charter-House in 1617, and died in 1624. He wrote an epistle *To his very loving and assured good friend Mr. Thomas Speght*, prefixed to Speght's edition of Chaucer's *Works*, 1598. According to some accounts he was "a poet." Wood and others have confounded him with the dramatist.

Francis Beaumont, second son of Sir John Beaumont, and nephew to the dramatist. A copy of commendatory verses by him is prefixed to the *Poems* of his "deare father," 1629. He became a Jesuit.

"There was," says Nichols, "a Francis Beaumont of Peter-house, Cambridge, and another of St. John's; but I know not their dates." *Hist. of Leicest.*, iii. 660.

Besides the nephew Francis just mentioned, the dramatist had another nephew who possessed some talent for versification, — John, the eldest son of Sir John Beaumont, and the successor to his title and estate. He edited his father's *Poems*, 1629, prefixing to them *A Congratulation to the Muses for the immortalizing of his deare Father by the sacred Vertue of Poetry*: he put forth some lines *To the memory of him who can never be forgotten, Master Benjamin Jonson*, which form a portion of *Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638: and he figures among the writers of *Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King* (the Lycidas of Milton), 1638. He took up arms in defence of Charles the First, obtained a colonel's commission, and was killed at the siege of Gloucester in 1644. His strength and activity of body were prodigious.

Dr. Joseph Beaumont, Master of Peter-house, Cambridge, was collaterally related to the family of the Beaumonts of Coleorton, and might therefore claim kindred with the dramatist. He once enjoyed no mean reputation from his poem entitled *Psyche, or Love's Mystery, displaying the Intercourse betwixt Christ and the Soul*, which originally appeared in 1647, consisting of twenty-four cantos. The author died at a very advanced age in 1699; and a second edition of *Psyche, with corrections throughout, and four new cantos*, was published in 1702. The immense length of this now-forgotten work is enough to deter the reader; but whoever peruses it will be well rewarded for his labor by the many highly poetical passages, which it contains. *Original Poems in English and Latin, &c. by Dr. Beaumont, with an Account of his Life and Writings*, were printed for the first time in 1749.

I possess a transcript of an unprinted *Maske presented on Candlemas nighte at Cole-overton by the Earle of Essex, the Lorde Willobie, & Tho. Beaumont, &c.* It was probably composed by Sir Thomas Beaumont, who was created Lord Viscount Beaumont of Swords in 1622.

The late G. Chalmers had a copy of the poem called *The Metamorphosis of Tabacco*, 1602, on the title-page of which was written in a contemporary hand "By John Beaumont." (The compiler of Chalmers's sale-catalogue says that "*Chalmers* ascribed the poem to John Beaumont;" but Chalmers only copied the old MS. inscription on the title-page.)

[2] A poem entitled *Salmacis*, translated from the Italian of Garalomo Preti, appeared, among other pieces by Sherburne, in 1651. The original (*La Salmace*) was first printed, I believe, in 1619.

[3] By Mr. Collier, *Life of Shakespeare*; vide note, vol. ii. p. 938 of the present work. When that note was written, I believed, with Mr. Collier, that in 1602 Beaumont was only sixteen: but I have since found reason to suppose that he was older; see p. 10. Among the commendatory verses prefixed to *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, is a copy signed "J. B." — which, surely, are the initials of the author's elder brother, John (afterwards, Sir John) Beaumont. — I have just mentioned that a poem called *The Metamorphosis of Tabacco*, 1602, is assigned in an old MS. inscription to "John Beaumont;" and it is worthy of particular notice that among the commendatory verses prefixed to that piece, are the following lines signed with the initials of our poet;

"*In laudem Authoris.*

My new-borne Muse assaies her tender wing,
And, where she should crie, is inforst to sing:
Her children prophesie thy pleasing rime
Shall neuer be a dish for hungrie time:
Yet be regardlesse what those verses say,
Whose infant mother was but borne to-day.

F. B."

[4] *Pref. Remarks to Beaumont's Poems.*

[5] *The Fox* was originally acted in 1605, and printed in 1607.

designates Jonson as his "dear friend;" and that these verses exhibit singular judgment for so young a man, is allowed even by the accomplished critic,[1] who is justly somewhat scandalized at their assigning to Jonson a preëminence as a comic writer over all his contemporaries, and consequently over Shakespeare. — When Jonson printed his *Silent Woman* in 1609 and his *Catiline* in 1611, Beaumont was again ready with commendatory verses, though shorter and of less merit than those with which he had hailed *The Fox* in 1607. — But a conjecture has been hazarded that, some years before the last-mentioned date, Beaumont had afforded more important aid to the elder poet than that of eulogy, — have assisted him in the composition of *Sejanus*, which was first performed in 1603. It was printed in 1605; and in an address "To the Readers," Jonson says, "Lastly, I would inform you that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; *wherein a second pen had good share:* in place of which I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than to defraud *so happy a genius* of his right by my loathed usurpation." Gifford, who at first felt assured that the "happy genius" meant Fletcher, was afterwards less confident in that opinion, and observed that "if Beaumont's age would admit of it (he was in his nineteenth year), I should more willingly lean to him."[2] For my own part, I think that the "happy genius" was neither Fletcher nor Beaumont: I am strongly inclined to believe that it was Chapman, a man who stood high in the regard of Jonson, and who possessed a fund of classical learning which fully qualified him for the task.[3] — We are told by Dryden, that "Beaumont was so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots."[4] For this report there may have been some foundation; but Dryden was accustomed to write on such subjects very much at random, and with very imperfect knowledge. — More concerning the friendship of Beaumont and Jonson will be interwoven with the subsequent details of this memoir.

How and when the acquaintance between Beaumont and Fletcher commenced, we are unable to ascertain. Most probably it originated in their love of the drama: that two young men, who had determined to devote themselves to stage-composition, and who, therefore, courted the society of managers, should not remain long unknown to each other, was almost a necessary consequence. Perhaps, indeed, they were first brought together by Ben Jonson. It has been already shown that Beaumont was intimate with Jonson in 1607, when he furnished an encomium for *The Fox:* at that time Fletcher too was on very familiar terms with Jonson, for he supplied commendatory verses to the same comedy: he also wrote some lines which are prefixed to Jonson's *Catiline*, 1611. The acquaintance between Beaumont and Fletcher, whatever was its origin or date,[5] eventually ripened into the warmest friendship. "There was," says Aubrey, "a wonderfull consimility of phansy between him [Beaumont] and Mr. Io. Fletcher, which caused that dearnesse of frendship between them. . . . They lived together on the Banke side,[6] not far from the Play-house, both batchelors, lay together, had one wench[7] in the house between them, which they did so admire, the some cloaths and cloake, &c. between them."[8] Perhaps Aubrey's informant (Sir James Hales), knowing his ready credulity, purposely overcharged the picture of our poet's domestic establishment; at least, we are certain that this community of goods was not during the whole period of their friendship; for Beaumont did not die a bachelor, and his marriage must have left Fletcher in undisturbed possession both of the lady and the wardrobe.[9]

[1] Mr. Darley (himself a true poet), — *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xix.

[2] Jonson's *Works*, iii. 8, — *Memoirs of Jonson*, p. lxx. — I have not discovered what was Gifford's authority for saying that Beaumont was then in his nineteenth year.

[3] I agree with Gifford *(ubi supra)* that "Shakespeare is entirely out of the question."

[4] *On Dram. Poesy*, — *Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 100, ed. Malone. — "Which," observes Mr. Darley, "would prove our author indeed a precocious genius, as *Every Man in his Humor* was produced in 1596, when Beaumont was but ten years old." *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xix. Beaumont may have been more than ten; and the probable date of *Every Man in his Humor* is 1598 (see Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. clxvii.): but still Dryden's statement is absurd.

[5] I do not take into consideration the commendatory verses signed "*J. F.*" in ed. 1640 of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, because in ed. 1602 they have the initials "*A F.*" see note, vol. ii. p. 938.

[6] In Southwark. By "the play-house" we are to understand the Globe: but other theatres stood there.

[7] Ridiculously metamorphosed into "bench" by almost all the writers who have cited this passage.

[8] *Letters written by Eminent Persons*, &c. Vol. ii. P. i. p. 236.

[9] In Shadwell's *Bury-Fair*, a personage called Oldwit is made to say, "I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. I was created Ben Jonson's son, in the Apollo. I knew Fletcher, my friend Fletcher, and his maid Joan; well, I shall never forget him: I have supped with him at his house on the Bank-side; he loved a fat loin of pork of all things in the world; and Joan his maid had her beer-glass of sack; and we all kissed her, i'faith, and were as merry as passed [i. e. as that it surpassed]." Act i. sc. 1. In the above passage Shadwell probably retails some of the then floating traditions concerning our dramatist. — As a writer, poor Shadwell has not the reputation which he deserves: if he had never fallen under the lash of Dryden's satire, his comedies would have been at present better known: every lover of the drama ought to read them — once. — I may here notice that in my copy of Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, on the margin of the page (449) where Shadwell's *Psyche* is mentioned, there is written in an old

"In the most high and palmy state" of our early drama, when the demand for novelty was almost incessant, it is well known that more than one play-wright was frequently employed by a manager to labor on the same piece, — two, three, four, and sometimes even five poets being hired to combine their talents.[1] But there seems to be no doubt that the literary partnership, which has given immortality to the united names of Beaumont and Fletcher, was altogether different, — that it was formed and continued at their own free choice, and not at the pleasure of a theatrical proprietor. — From "the immediate causes which led to their dramatic alliance," Weber tells us that we must exclude "the urgency of providing for their subsistence"[2] In the case of Fletcher, I am certainly not disposed to do so. Fletcher, indeed, declares that he did not print his *Faithful Shepherdess* for the sake of procuring bread;[3] and at that period perhaps he may have possessed some private resources (for we are not sure that the appeal made to the crown in behalf of the bishop's orphans had been unsuccessful): but I agree with his latest biographer[4] in thinking that such an assertion, thrown out while he was still irritated by the condemnation of his pastoral, carries little weight; and that a line in his verses *Upon an honest man's fortune*, —

"Nor want, the curse of man, shall make me groan," —[5]

sounds as if he himself had experienced the bitterness of that curse. Though a document, which will be presently given, proves that he was not reduced to such abject poverty as some of his associates, it is yet far from proving his independence; and that during the later part of his life he looked mainly to the stage for subsistence, we have strong presumptive evidence in the rapidity with which he continued to produce his dramas.[6] I may further observe that the following passage in Richard Brome's verses *To his Mathew* is to be interpreted only of Fletcher's remarkable facility in dramatic composition; Brome does not mean that he made writing a mere pastime without regard to profit;

"That to him was play
Which was to others' brains a toil; with ease
He play'd on waves, which were their troubled seas:
* * * *
The writer that made writing his delight,
Rather than work. He did not pump, nor drudge,
To beget wit, or manage it," &c.[7]

As to Beaumont, — though perhaps he was far from indifferent to the emoluments of his literary labors, there is no reason to suppose that his shorter career was ever clouded by the discomforts arising from indigence. On the decease of his eldest brother, Henry, he inherited what was probably a considerable sum;[8] and, if at any time afterwards he required pecuniary assistance, we may be sure that it was not withheld by that amiable brother who was then the possessor of Grace-dieu, and who mourned his early death in lines which are evidently written from the heart. Besides, Beaumont must have received some accession of fortune by his marriage, though it would seem that he made no provision for the daughter who so long survived him.

band, "Sr R. Howard gaue 14ll for one side box [on the first representation of that piece at the Duke's Theatre]." The music, dancing, and scenery were the great attractions of *Psyche*.

1 e. g. A (lost) play called *Two Harpies* was the joint-production of Dekker, Drayton, Middleton, Webster, and Munday.

2 *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xi. — The truth is, none of Fletcher's biographers were aware of the poverty in which his father died. They say that he who could remember a college, could hardly forget a son in his Will. But what was the bequest which Bishop Fletcher left to Bene't College? see note, p. 8.

3 "Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need," &c.
Verses to Sir W. Skipwith, prefixed to The F. Shep.

4 Mr. Darley, *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.* p. xiii.

5 Page 558.

6 He assuredly gained no increase of fortune by the death of his uncle, Dr. Giles Fletcher, in 1610. On searching the Registry of the Prerogative Court, I found that Dr. Giles Fletcher, by a nuncupative Will, dated 11th February 1610, left all his property, after the payment of his debts, to his wife.

7 *Commend. Verses*, page 91.

8 In the Will of Sir Henry Beaumont, of Grace-dieu, knight, which was proved 3d Feby, 1605-6, is the following clause. "I do giue power and authoritie to my said Executors to sell the tythes of Woorthington and Wilsonn, and the farme there, and to dispose of my whole estate thus followinge, viz. after my debts paide and my legacies, and after my said sister Elizabeth hath satisfied her self for soe much mony of her porcion as I haue in my hands, which is not fiue hundred pounds, as I thincke, then the surplusage to bee devided into twoe partes, wherof one parte my sister Elizabeth to haue for her aduancement in mariage, the other to bee equallie devided betwene my brother John and *my brother Francis*." . . . . "This is my laste will published by me Henry Beamont of Gracedieu in the presence of *Francis Beamont*, Sampson Shelton, Francis Harley." *Registry of the Prer. Court.* — In Judge Beaumont's Will (see Appendix ii. to this Memoir) none of his children are mentioned except Elizabeth.

The acquaintance between Beaumont and Fletcher, or at least their literary partnership, had perhaps not yet commenced, when *The Woman Hater*, in all probability the unassisted composition of the latter, was brought upon the stage, either in 1606 or 1607. — If this comedy was one of those "very unsuccessful pieces" which (as we shall presently see) are mentioned by Dryden as having been produced by our authors anterior to *Philaster*, I can hardly think that it deserved a milder fate: yet such is the variety of taste in criticism, that Weber talks of the audience having been "blind to its excellencies."[1]

Thierry and Theodoret is generally considered as another early composition of Fletcher, the epilogue (which appears to have been that originally delivered) mentioning only one poet. Perhaps, however, it is of a later date than most critics have supposed; and Mr. Darley's conjecture is entitled to attention, — that it was one of those plays which, though "not brought out till after Beaumont's death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his coöperation, before it.[2] — Whatever may be its faults, *Thierry and Theodoret* is among the most energetic tragedies in this collection. Brunhalt and Ordella present one of those violent contrasts which our authors loved to exhibit; and, though both characters are strained very far beyond the truth of nature, there is unquestionably much strong painting in the fiendish wickedness of the former, and many beautiful touches in the angelic purity of the latter. The first scene of the fourth act is praised by Lamb as "the finest scene in Fletcher:"[3] it is indeed exquisitely written; but it verges closely on the melodramatic; nor is it, I think, what the poet evidently strove to render it, profoundly pathetic.

"The first play," says Dryden, "that brought Fletcher and him [Beaumont] in esteem was their *Philaster;* for, before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully."[4] This statement may be correct; but Dryden has elsewhere shown such ignorance concerning our authors and the early stage, and was altogether so careless and inaccurate on points of literary history, that no reliance can be placed upon his testimony. *Philaster* is assigned by Malone to 1608 or 1609:[5] the former date is most probably the true one. If the decision of recent critics may be trusted, the weightier share in it is Beaumont's: we are at least certain that it was the joint-composition of our poets. — Concerning this play Mr. Hallam observes; "The plot is most absurdly managed. It turns on the suspicion of Arethusa's infidelity. And the sole ground of this is that an abandoned woman, being detected herself, accuses the princess of unchastity. Not a shadow of presumptive evidence is brought to confirm this impudent assertion, which, however, the lady's father, her lover, and a grave sensible courtier, do not fail implicitly to believe."[6] These remarks are very just, except as far as regards the too easy credence of Philaster, Mr. Hallam having forgotten that in act iii. sc. 1 the poets had chosen to make the respectable Dion play the part of a villain, and boldly assert to Philaster a downright falsehood concerning the princess and Bellario, —

> "In short, my lord, *I took them; I myself.*"

Philaster and Arethusa are delineated with great skill and spirit, and both are, on the whole, very pleasing; though we can find no satisfactory excuse for Philaster when he wounds his mistress and afterwards his page (which Dryden reprobates as unmanly[7]), and though we could wish that Arethusa did not on one occasion so unnecessarily proclaim her own rectitude, when, to the simple question of her father, "Who attends you?" she replies,

> "None but my single self: I need no guard;
> I do no wrong, nor fear none." Act iii. sc. ii

But a far higher interest belongs to Euphrasia (disguised as the page Bellario). She is one of our authors' most perfect creations, — unequalled in the romantic tenderness and the deep devotedness of her affection by any character which at all resembles her in the wide range of fiction, — from her supposed prototype, the Viola of Shakespeare, down to the Constance of Scott and the Kaled of Byron. Passages, remarkable alike for poetic beauty and felicity of language, are profusely scattered through the play. Among these, of course, is to be reckoned Philaster's description of his page (act i. sc. 2), —

1 *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xiii.

2 *Id.*, p. xxiv.

3 *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 403, ed. 1808.

4 *On Dram. Poesy*, — *Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 100, ed. Malone.

5 See page 157.

6 *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 100, ed. 1843.

7 "He will see Philaster wounding his mistress, and afterwards his boy, to save himself: not to mention the Clown, who enters immediately, and not only has the advantage of the combat against the hero, but diverts you from your serious concernment with his ridiculous and absurd raillery." *Defence of the Ep. to the Sec. Part of the Conquest of Granada*, — *Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 235, ed. Malone. "When Philaster wounds Arethusa and the boy, and Perigot his mistress in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, both these are contrary to the character of manhood." *Grounds of Crit. in Tragedy*, *Ibid.* p. 280.

"I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent," &c.

a description which has been often cited and deservedly praised, but without the remark that it is much too long for the situation of the speaker:[1] the dramatist was lost in the poet.

The death of Lady Markham on the 4th of May, 1609,[2] occasioned an elegy by Beaumont. Sprung from a family intimately connected with the literature of the time,—she was Bridget, daughter of Sir James Harington, baronet, (a younger brother of John Lord Harington, father of Lucy Countess of Bedford); and she was the wife of Sir Anthony Markham, knight, of Sedgebrook in Nottinghamshire. Beaumont himself declares that he "never saw her face;" and he perhaps composed the elegy in question at the desire of some of her relatives.[3] Donne also wrote an elegy on Lady Markham.[4] Both are in the vilest taste: but Donne's conceits, however far-fetched and puzzling, are at least not so outrageous as those of Beaumont, who gravely calls out to the worms, "his rivals,"—

"Refrain
With your disorder'd eatings to deface her.
But feed yourselves so as you most may grace her,
First, through her ear-tips see you make a pair
Of holes," &c.[5]

The Maid's Tragedy, according to the hypothesis of Malone, was first acted in 1610:[6] I am now inclined to fix its date in 1609. It was undoubtedly written by our authors in conjunction,—the larger portion of it perhaps, as is generally imagined, having been from Beaumont's pen.—Hazlitt commences his critique on this tragedy by informing us that it is "one of the poorest"[7] of their pieces. Mr. Hallam declares that "it is among the best."[8] For my own part, notwithstanding the undeniable faults of the story (which were long ago dwelt on at much length by Rymer),[9] I regard it as the greatest tragic effort of Beaumont and Fletcher. There may be serious plays in these volumes which are superior to it in particular scenes, but it stands among them unrivalled for the growing interest which it excites and for the ultimate impression which it produces. The daring character of Evadne[10] is finely conceived, and happily preserved through all its phases: after her repentance (to which she is first roused by no inward promptings, but by her brother's weapon pointed at her breast), she is as resolute in taking vengeance on her royal seducer, as she had been impudently bold while secure of his protection. The scene in which Melantius wrings from her a confession of her dishonor and an oath to kill the king, and that in which she implores and obtains the pardon of Amintor, if deficient in the subtler strokes of passion, are at

[1] See what immediately precedes it;
"*Phi.* 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long," &c., p. 126.

[2] According to the Register of Twickenham Church, she "dyed in the Ladie of Bedford's house in the Parke," and was buried 19th May, 1609. In that church a monument was erected to her memory with the following remarkable inscription. "Brigidæ lectissimæ, piissimæ, innocentissimæ, tamen hoc autem uno quo sexus dignior sexum fassæ quod mater fuit, cætera viri; quæ generi suo, quo Jacob Harringtoni Eq. Aur. Io. Baronis de Exton frat. filia fuit, itaque inclytæ Luciæ Comitissæ de Bedford sanguine (quod satis) sed et amicitia propinquissima, quantum accepit, addidit splendoris; et serenissimæ Annæ Mag. Brit. Reg. Dan. Reg. F. cui ab interiori camera acceptissima; quæque litigantibus in illâ de superioritate singulis virtutibus ad summum Dei tribunal ut lis dirimeritur, provocavit, migravit, maturavit; ante in defuncto Marito Anto. Markham, Eq. Aur. seminortuæ adhuc in ejus liberis Io. Rob. Henr. Franc. semisuperstitis, depositum hic servare voluere amici ejus mœstiss. Secessit 4° Maii a° salutis suæ 1609, ætatis 30." See Lyson's *Environs of London*, iii. 581, 589.

[3] Other poets have written in commendation of dead ladies who had been utter strangers to them. "Doctor Donne . . . acknowledges that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable *Anniversaries*. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius." Dryden's *Ded. of Eleonora, a panegyrical poem, dedicated to the memory of the late Countess of Abingdon.*

[4] *Poems*, p. 66. ed. 1633.

[5] Vol. ii. p. 956.

[6] See p. 195.

[7] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of Age of Eliz.*, p. 135, ed. 1840.

[8] *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 99, ed. 1843.

[9] Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common Sense of all Ages*, is a violent censure on *The Bloody Brother, or, Rollo Duke of Normandy, A King and no King*, and *The Maid's Tragedy*. Rymer had some learning, more acuteness, and no taste. How he attacked Shakespeare, is well known. In the work of which the title has just been given, he mentions "that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a Poem." p. 143, ed. 1692.

[10] "Mr. Rymer and Mr. Theobald," says Seward in a note at the end of this tragedy, "concur in blaming our authors for making the *title* of the play relate to the distress of Aspatia," &c. But from Mr. P. Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c., it appears that the title has a reference to Evadne; "Shroue Teuesday A play called *the proud Maydes Tragedie*." p. 211.

least full of vigor and powerfully affecting; nor is it a mean proof of the poets' art that they should have been able to render such a character as Evadne an object of sympathy, even when, with all her penitence for her former sin, she is rushing on to far deeper guilt. Aspatia, as she appears in the earlier part of the play, is the very personification of blighted maiden love, meekly submitting to unmerited sufferings: the quiet pathos and the picturesque beauty of her speeches have never been surpassed: but the scene in which, disguised as her brother, she provokes Amintor to the combat for the sake of receiving a death-wound from his hand, is surely not only disagreeable in itself, but somewhat inconsistent with the gentleness and resignation which she has previously displayed. The weakness and irresolution of Amintor are well contrasted with the opposite qualities of his friend Melantius, — a striking portrait of a brave rough honest warrior, which we find repeated, with some shades of difference, in several other plays of this collection. — An anecdote, which perhaps refers to *The Maid's Tragedy*, is thus recorded by Fuller: "[Beaumont and Fletcher] meeting once in a Tavern, to contrive the rude draught of a Tragedy, Fletcher undertook to *kill the King* therein; whose words being overheard by a listener (though his Loyalty not to be blamed herein), he was accused of High Treason, till the mistake soon appearing, that the plot was only against a Drammatick and Scenical King, all wound off in merriment."[1]

The Faithful Shepherdess is wholly by Fletcher. In composing it, he evidently had an eye to the celebrated Arcadian dramas of Tasso and Guarini; and he doubtless indulged the hope that it would win no less praise from his countrymen than the Italians had awarded to the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*. About the commencement of 1610, and perhaps earlier,[2] *The Faithful Shepherdess* was submitted to the ordeal of the stage, and received, on the first night of its performance, the most decided condemnation. Its failure must have been a severe mortification to the author. He had some consolation, however, in the verses which were addressed to him on the occasion by Field, his beloved Beaumont, Jonson, and Chapman, who vied with each other in declaring their admiration of his "murder'd poem," and in stigmatizing the ignorance and injustice of "the many-headed bench." With these testimonies of his friends, and with copies of verses by himself to Sir Walter Aston, Sir William Skipwith, and Sir Robert Townsend, as well as with a prose Address to the Reader, Fletcher consigned his ill-fated pastoral to the press. — The plot of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is neither interesting nor skilfully constructed: the wanton Cloe, intended as a contrast to the all-pure Clorin, is an ugly blemish to the piece; and the passion of Thenot for Clorin, founded solely on admiration of her constancy to her deceased lover, and not to be cured till she pretends to favor it, is ridiculous in the extreme.[3] But the imperfections of *The Faithful Shepherdess* as a drama are counterbalanced by its many excellences as a poem. The lyric portions are steeped in the most delicate and brilliant hues of fancy, and so exquisitely modulated, that the mere music of the verse with its rich variety of cadence is delightful to the reader: nor are the unlyric portions without frequent passages of great beauty; even from the mouth of the licentious Cloe we have lines which are not inferior to any in the play.[4] Its failure on the stage was occasioned, I apprehend, not so much by the defects just specified, as by the incapacity of the audience to enter into the spirit of a piece which

> "Renews the golden world, and holds through all
> The holy laws of homely pastoral,
> Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,
> And all the Graces, find their old abodes:"[5]

and Fletcher has himself informed us that "the people," having no idea what a "pastoral tragi-comedy" was, and "missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry." In good truth, dramas of this description, which exhibit an impossible state of sylvan life, and make their strongest appeal for favor by the charms of poetry, are rather for the closet than the theatre. That *The Sad Shepherd* of Jonson has reached us incomplete, will be ever regretted by the reader, — but by the reader only. Even when containing nothing of the ideal, and reflecting the actual manners and feelings of the country where the scene is laid, a pastoral play has little power upon an audience.[6] — Fletcher had

[1] *Worthies (Northampt.)*, p. 288, ed. 1662. — Mr. Darley, who was misled by Weber to suppose that Winstanley was the only authority for this anecdote, points out a parallel to it in *The Woman-Hater*, where "Lazarillo, an epicure, from his vague talk to a friend about grotesque means to come at the head of an 'umbrana-fish,' is accused by Intelligencers [informers] of a plot to 'kill the duke,' his sovereign prince," &c. *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxi.

[2] The first edition has no date: but Sir W. Skipwith, one of the three friends to whom Fletcher dedicates it, died 3d May, 1610.

[3] And see Dryden's remark cited in note, p. 14.

[4] See page 245; "Shepherd, I pray thee, stay," &c.

[5] Chapman's verses to Fletcher: see p. 236.

[6] Of this we have a proof in Ramsey's *Gentle Shepherd*, a work dear to all the author's countrymen: it owes none of its well-merited popularity to the Scottish stage. When it was originally acted is not known: but it was certainly played

been dead several years when *The Faithful Shepherdess* was revived at court, on the occasion of an entertainment given by the Queen to the King at Denmark-House on Twelfth-Night, 1633–4.[1] Soon after that revival (as we learn from the title-page of the third quarto) it was acted "divers times with great applause" at the theatre in Blackfriars. The favor which it had experienced at court was doubtless the cause of its being produced at the Blackfriars, and in all probability too the cause of its eliciting this tardy applause from the public, who were now prepared to like what royalty had condescended to admire. We hear of no subsequent attempt to revive *The Faithful Shepherdess*: the prophecy of Jonson that it would "rise up a glorified work to time," has been fulfilled; but not through the medium of the stage. — From this pastoral, as is well known, Milton borrowed largely for his immortal masque. Some critics, after closely comparing *The Faithful Shepherdess* with *Comus*, have pronounced, that, if we take into consideration the lyric portions only, Milton seems scarcely to have surpassed his predecessor, — an opinion from which I altogether dissent: the lyric strains of Fletcher are beautiful indeed; but in those of Milton a loftier imagination, a "diviner fire," is, I think, every where manifest. There have been critics who have even doubted to which of the two dramas the palm of excellence should, on the whole, be given, — a doubt something more than foolish: *The Faithful Shepherdess* is a gem with several flaws and clouds: the Masque at Ludlow Castle is "one entire and perfect chrysolite."

The Knight of the Burning Pestle[2] would seem to have been brought upon the stage in 1611. Whether it was the joint-composition of our authors, or written by one of them alone, is matter of uncertainty: Mr. Darley thinks that it is "by Beaumont chiefly."[3] The satire of this excellent mock-heroic play (the first of its kind in our language both as to date and merit) is directed against the absurdities of the earlier dramas, more particularly those of Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, while, at the same time, the ignorance and conceit of the citizens are abundantly ridiculed throughout. The whole is highly artistic and in perfect keeping; the humor of great breadth and raciness. On its first performance, however, it was quite as unsuccessful as *The Faithful Shepherdess*; "the world," says the publisher, "for want of judgment, or not understanding the privy mark of irony about it, utterly rejected it." Perhaps, as has been suggested, it owed its condemnation to the anger of the citizens and apprentices: the latter, indeed, who were a very piotous and a really formidable band, must have felt no little indignation at the ludicrous picture of their fellow Ralph, — especially after the compliment paid to them by the above-mentioned play of Heywood, which in sober earnest sets forth how the four sons of Godfrey Earl of Bulloigne (who finish their prodigious exploits by mainly contributing to the conquest of Jerusalem) were originally bound apprentices to London tradesmen![4] — Many years seem to have elapsed before *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was revived; but about 1635 it was a favorite piece; and it was acted with success even after the Restoration.

A King and no King was certainly produced in 1611, and as certainly composed by our authors in conjunction, though, as usual, their respective shares cannot be determined. The chief subject of this tragicomedy is far from pleasing; its plot is liable to great objections; and it contains but few passages of striking poetic merit: yet must it ever rank among the *chefs-de-œuvre* of Beaumont and Fletcher. The suspense in which we are kept during the first four acts is relieved by a discovery, which, though rather violently brought about, we have certainly not anticipated. The character of Arbaces is strangely compounded of valor, boastfulness, insolence, selfishness, generosity, and voluptuousness; and there is assuredly great dramatic effect in the instantaneous changes of his temper, in the various moods by which, at the slightest impulse, he is swayed: perhaps, however, the mechanism of this (— I allude to the earlier part of the play[5] —) is occasionally too apparent; the reader almost feels as if he were present at a

as an after-piece at Edinburgh in 1729, previous to which date it had passed through several editions, having been first published in 1725. Of the later attempts to bring it on the stage in Scotland, none have been attended with much success When performed at the London theatres, it was tolerated partly as a curiosity and partly on account of the music.

[1] From Marmyon's verses (page 238) we may gather that its revival was suggested by Taylor the player. I cannot believe that her Majesty had a very refined taste in such matters. Montague's *Shepherd's Paradise*, which was privately acted before the King by the Queen and her Ladies of Honor, is a piece of such intolerable nonsense (to say nothing of its length), that one wonders how the fair performers, even with the prompter's assistance, could have got through their parts. It was not printed till 1659: most of the copies have, by a press-error, the date 1629.

[2] Its title was perhaps suggested by that of an earlier (and not extant) play, *The History of the Knight in the Burning Rock*: see Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c. p. 142.

[3] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xlviii.

[4] *The Four Prentices of London* was written about the close of the preceding century: the earliest edition known is dated 1615; but an expression in the present play (page 296, where see note) seems to show that there must have been a considerably earlier edition. Heywood dedicates it "To the honest and hie-spirited *Prentises*, the Readers," and concludes his Dedication thus: "But to returne againe to you, my braue spirited *Prentises*, upon whom I haue freely bestowed these Foure, I wish you all, that haue their courages and forwardnesse, *their noble Fates and Fortunes*."

[5] See, for instance, act. i. sc. 1 (page 311); "*Arb.* Talk'd enough!" &c., and the dialogue which follows.

puppet-show, and saw more than a spectator ought to see, — the master of the exhibition pulling the wires that govern the motions of his puppet. The first meeting of Arbaces and Panthea, and his sudden intoxication with her beauty, are admirably conceived: and the subsequent inconsistencies of his conduct, while under the bewildering influence of a supposed incestuous passion, against which he vainly struggles, are displayed with a truth and vigor worthy of all praise. The character of Panthea is drawn with little force. That of Bessus (a study after Ben Jonson's "humors") has been greatly lauded by the earlier as well as some of the modern critics; but, though containing a considerable portion of *vis comica*, it is, on the whole, a violent caricature, — inferior, as the portrait of a swaggering coward, both to Parolles and to Bobadil, not to mention Falstaff, with whom Bessus has been rashly compared.

The shafts of criticism had not yet assailed *The Arcadia* of Sidney; it was still the delight of thousands when it furnished the groundwork of the drama next to be mentioned, — *Cupid's Revenge*. According to the earliest extant notice of this tragedy, it was acted by the Children of Whitefriars on the Sunday following New-year's night, 1611–12: and we may suppose that only a short time had elapsed between that date and its original representation. In an address to the Reader (prefixed to the first quarto) the Printer speaks of "the author [Fletcher]; " but, as he immediately adds that "he is not acquainted with him," his authority is insufficient to establish that the play was wholly by Fletcher; and the generally received opinion that Beaumont had some share in its composition is probably correct. — *Cupid's Revenge*, though a wretched drama, appears not only to have met with great success at first, but to have long continued popular.

Among the noble ladies of the time, few were more distinguished for their love of poetry and patronage of poets than Elizabeth Countess of Rutland. She was the only child of Sir Philip Sidney, and the wife of Roger, fifth earl of Rutland. Ben Jonson told Drummond that she "was nothing inferior to her father in poesie;"[1] and in an epistle which he addressed to her, after declaring that he has no gold to send her, — only "verse," — he says,

> "With you, I know, my offering will find grace;
> For what a sin 'gainst your great father's spirit
> Were it to think, that you should not inherit
> His love unto the Muses, when his skill
> Almost you have, or may have when you will."[2]

Her marriage was an unhappy one;[3] and she probably hoped to find in literature some consolation for her domestic grievances. It would seem, however, that the earl disapproved of the familiarity with which she treated those men of genius whom she patronized; for on one occasion, "he accused her that she keept table to poets."[4] — Beaumont, like the rest, offered up his poetical incense to this admired lady in a short *Epistle;* and when (having survived her husband little more than a month) she died[5] in August 1612, he lost no time in putting forth an *Elegy*. Neither of these pieces rises above mediocrity, though the latter is praised by Earle as

> "A monument that will then lasting be,
> When all her marble is more dust than she."[6]

The Coxcomb appears to have been the joint work of Beaumont and Fletcher. We may presume that it was originally performed towards the close of 1612, as Rosseter and the Children of the Queen's Revels

[1] *Notes of Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, p. 16, ed. Shake. Soc. "Sir Th: Overburie," continues the record, "was in love with her, and caused Ben to read his Wyffe to her, which he, with ane excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morne thereafter he discorded with Overburie, who would haue him to intend a sute that was unlawful. The lines my Lady keep'd in remembrance, *He comes too near who comes to be denied.* Beaumont wrott that Elegie on the death of the Countess of Rutland."

[2] Jonson's *Works*, vii. 277, ed. Gifford.

[3] The cause is told plainly enough in Beaumont's *Elegy* on her death.

[4] "Ben one day being at table with my Lady Rutland, her Husband comming in accused her that she keept table to poets, of which she writt a letter to him (Jonson), which he answered. My Lord intercepted the letter, but never challenged him." *Notes of Jonson's Conversations, &c.*, p. 24. — The earl was, at one time, a great lover of the drama: in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, dated 11th Octr., 1599, Rowland Whyte writes thus; "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland came not to the Court; the one doth but very seldome; they pass away the Tyme in London merely in going to Plaies euery Day." Collins's *Sidney Letters, &c.* ii. 132.

[5] Chamberlaine, in a letter to Sir R. Winwood, says; "The Widow Countess of Rutland dyed lately, and is privately buryed in Pauls, by her Father Sir Phillip Sydney and Secretary Walsingham. Sir Walter Raleigh is slandered to have given her certaine Pills that dispatch'd her." Winwood's *Memorials*, iii. 385.

[6] *Commend. Poems*, p. 72.

were paid by a warrant, dated 24th November of that year, for having presented it before the Prince, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Count Palatine, when probablyit was still a novelty.[1] We learn from the prologue at a revival of the play, that on its first representation, while it was favorably received by "men of worth," it was condemned for its length by some "among the ignorant multitude."—Though an amusing comedy, with several snatches of natural painting, it is, on the whole, extravagant in plot, character, and incident.

On the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Count Palatine of the Rhine, the Inns of Court determined to present masques of a very splendid description to the royal family at Whitehall. Accordingly, the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's Inn employed Chapman to compose a piece for the occasion. The Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn selected Beaumont (himself a member of the former society) to supply them with a rival entertainment; its machinery and contrivances were by Inigo Jones (as were those of the other masque); and even Bacon "by his countenance and loving affection advanced it."[2]—The Masques of the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's-Inn[3] (a masque of great magnificence) was exhibited at Whitehall on Monday the 15th of February, 1612-13. The following night had been fixed for the performance of that of the Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn; and the masquers ("striving to vary from their Competitors, and their Device being the marrying of the Thames to the Rhine"[4]) proceeded to Whitehall by water: they started from Winchester-House in Southwark, their boats and barges gorgeously decked and brilliantly illuminated; and at their setting out, at their passing the Temple, and at their landing, peals of ordnance were fired. But, on reaching Whitehall, they had the vexation to find that the heavy expenses[5] of this river-pageant had been incurred in vain; for the performance of the masque was deferred till the ensuing Saturday. If we might credit some accounts, the hall was too densely crowded to admit either the masquers or those many ladies of rank who were stationed in galleries to see them land:[6] the probability, however, seems to be that the exhibition was postponed because the good king James (who did not equal his queen in passionate love of such spectacles) "was so satiated and overwearied with Watching, that he could hold out no longer."[7] At last, on the appointed Saturday, the masque was performed "in the new Banketting-House, which for a kind of Amends was granted to them, though with much Repining and Contradiction of their Emulators. The next Day the King made them all a solemn Supper in the new Marriage Room, and used them so well and graciously, that he sent both Parties away well pleased with this great Solemnity."[8] Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn*, though not to be compared to the finest of Jonson's similar compositions, displays at least,—what is not to be found in Chapman's *Masque of the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's Inn*,—some invention, and some gracefulness of style.

While the custom of acting only a single piece a day prevailed almost constantly[9] at our early thea-

[1] "Item, paid to Philip Rosseter, by Warrant, 24 November, 1612, for himself and the Children of the Queen's Majesty's Revels, for presenting before the Princess Elizabeth and the Count Palatine a comedy called *The Coxcomb*, £6. 13. 4." Memoranda concerning *Plays acted at Court, from the Accounts of Lord Harrington*, &c.,—*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 125. "To Philip Rosseter upon a warrant dated the 24th of November 1612, for presenting a play (*The Coxcomb*) by the Children of the Chapple before the Prince, the lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatyne vj$^{li.}$ xiij$^{s.}$ iiij$^{d.}$" *Introd.* to Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c. p. xlii.—We are told in the *Biog. Dram.* that when the elder Holman composed his comedy called *The Suicide*, which was acted in 1778, but never printed, he borrowed "the duel from *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher." What is meant by "the duel?"

[2] See the Dedication, page 377. For particulars of the charges attending this masque, see *ibid.*

[3] *The Memorable Maske of the two Honorable Houses or Inns of Court; the Middle Temple and Lyncolns Inne. As it was performd before the King, at White-Hall on Shroue Munday at night; being the* 15. *of February.* 1613. *At the Princely celebration of the most Royall Nuptialls of the Palsgraue, and his thrice gratious Princesse Elizabeth, &c. With a description of their whole show; in the manner of their march on horse-backe to the Court from the Maister of the Rolls his house: with all their right noble consorts, and most showful attendants. Inuented, and fashioned, with the ground, and speciall structure of the whole worke, By our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious Architect Innigo Jones. Supplied, Aplied, Digested, and written, by Geo: Chapman. At London, Printed by G. Eld, for George Norton and are to be sould at his shoppe neere Temple-bar.* n. d., 4to.

[4] Letter from Mr. Chamberlaine to Sir R. Winwood,—*Memorials*, &c., iii., 435.

[5] Above £300, *Id. ibid.*

[6] *Id. ibid.* The account given in the preface to the masque is nearly the same.

[7] *Id. ibid.*—"Whereupon Sir Francis Bacon ventured to entreat his Majesty, that by this disgrace he would not as it were bury them quick; and I hear the King should answer, that then they must bury him quick, for he could last no longer; but withal gave them very good words, and appointed them to come again on Saturday." *Letter from Mr. Chamberlaine to Sir Dudley Carleton*,—Nichols's *Prog. of K. James*, ii. 590.—On the 15th (as mentioned above) Chapman's Masque was performed at Whitehall; and on the 14th (Sunday) Campion's *Lords' Masque* had been exhibited there. Another masque on the 16th would have been rather too much.

[8] Chamberlaine, *ubi supra.*

[9] I should have said "prevailed constantly," had it not been for an entry by Henslowe which seems to mean that "*Times Triumphs*" and "*Fortune*" were played on the same day, and for a passage in Field's *Amends for Ladies* where

tres, the managers, for the sake of a little variety, occasionally brought forward that peculiar species of entertainment which consisted of several short and distinct plays represented *within* another play, and which occupied no longer time in the exhibition than a common drama. Concerning performances of this kind, — *Three Plays in One*, *Four Plays in One*, and *Five Plays in One*, — various notices are extant; but no specimen[1] of them remains except the *Four Plays, or Moral Representations in One*, which we have among the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. In the composition of these *Four Plays*, the date of which is uncertain, there is every reason to believe that both our poets were concerned. They are entitled *The Triumph of Honour*, *The Triumph of Love*, *The Triumph of Death*, and *The Triumph of Time*, and they are introduced into a fifth play (a mere frame to contain them) as successive representations at the nuptials of the King and Queen of Portugal. — *The Triumph of Honour* has a few well-written passages amidst a great deal of extravagance. *The Triumph of Love* is better, and has afforded one very natural scene for the *Specimens* of Lamb. In *The Triumph of Death* the authors have evinced perhaps a more than usual tragic power: but, while they strike some deep notes which we could wish that they had repeated oftener, they outrage the feelings by one of those atrocities, which our early dramatists, mistaking the horrible for the terrible, so frequently bring before the eye in disgusting nakedness.[2] *The Triumph of Time* is an allegory supported with ingenuity. — Of the effect which this kind of entertainment produced on the spectators, we may judge from our own experience when modern managers "set up" half-a-dozen short dramas for the same night, — when one piece effaces the impression of the other, and when we carry away from the theatre little more than a confused recollection of characters and incidents.

Concerning the date of *The Scornful Lady*, we only know that it was brought upon the stage some time between the breaking out of the Cleve wars, 1609,[3] and the death of Beaumont (March 1615–16), who is mentioned on the title-page of the earliest 4to. as its joint author, and who appears to have written a large proportion of it. I cannot agree with those critics who think that this once popular piece is not excelled by any comedy in the collection. The two principal characters, the Lady and the Elder Loveless (the former perhaps one of the author's most original conceptions) are no doubt delineated with considerable force: in the scenes between them, during the last three acts, — in the ingenious stratagems by which she defeats his "most fine plots" to win her, and in the provoking nonchalance of her triumph, till, in the end, he "casts beyond her wit" and completely "cozens" her, — there are several highly comic situations, abundance of broad humor, and numerous points (obvious only to a reader familiar with the stage) which skilful performers could not fail to seize on, and to bring out with great effect.[4] Another well-drawn character is the old steward Savil,[5] who when left by the Elder Loveless to check, during his absence, the riot of his brother, is unable to resist the temptations which surround him, and becomes himself a reveller and a debauchee. But the sudden transformation of the sordid usurer Morecraft into a reckless spendthrift, is one of those metamorphoses to which even the authority of Terence, who suggested it, will hardly reconcile us; the authors have unnecessarily degraded the character of the Younger Loveless by adding selfishness and heartlessness to the more excusable vices of youth; an unusual coarseness of feeling prevails throughout the whole play; and the dialogue (of which, in many places, we evidently possess a corrupted text) is destitute of poetic coloring. Mr. Hallam has remarked that this is "one of those comedies which exhibit English domestic life, and have therefore a value independent of

one of the characters talks of going "to see *Long Meg* and *The Ship* at the Fortune." Vide Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 86, and Mr. Collier's note *ad loc.* — The ludicrous metrical composition called a *jig*, which used to be introduced after the play, certainly does not come under the denomination of a second dramatic piece.

[1] That is, no complete specimen. *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (attributed to Shakespeare) is termed on the title-page *All's One, or One of the foure Plaies in One*, &c.: but the other three do not exist.

[2] Gabriella, after murdering Lavall, cuts out his heart, and throws it down, from a gallery, on the stage. — A "heart" must have been among the regular "properties" of our old theatres, for it was frequently required. So, towards the close of Ford's *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, we have the stage-direction, "*Enter Giovanni with* a heart *upon his dagger.*"

[3] See act v. sc. 3, page 449.

[4] This comedy, I believe, has been banished from the stage since the days of Mrs. Abington, who appeared in an alteration of it; see page 416; and *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons*, i. 370, by Boaden, the best of our critics on acting, — Cibber always excepted.

[5] Theobald states in a note, that Addison told him "he sketched out the character of Vellum in *The Drummer* purely from this model" (see page 416), — a mistake evidently on the part of Theobald: the two characters are totally different. No doubt, what Addison said was this — "that the Abigail of *The Scornful Lady* was the model on which he formed *his* Abigail in *The Drummer*:" as in the former play there are the loves of Abigail and the old Chaplain Sir Roger, so in the latter we have the loves of Abigail and the old steward Vellum, &c., — Addison having divested the waiting-woman of her coarseness and licentiousness. — Now-a-days, when *Cato* lives only in the recollection of those who have seen John Kemble act its hero, and when even *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* seem hastening to oblivion, it is scarcely to be expected that the reader should have any acquaintance with a minor work of Addison; I may therefore observe, that in spite of its odd and improbable plot, *The Drummer* is a comedy of considerable merit, very entertaining, and with a good deal of that quiet humor so characteristic of Addison.

their dramatic merit.[1] I question, however, if it deserves such particular mention as a picture of the olden time; at least, I am sure that there are not a few comedies by third-rate authors, in which the habits of our ancestors are more fully revealed and more vividly depicted than in *The Scornful Lady*.

The Captain[2] appears to have been first acted either towards the end of 1612, or early in the following year, as we learn that, on the 20th of May, 1613, Hemming was paid for having presented it and five other plays at court. It seems to have been the unassisted work of Fletcher. — It is a very indifferent comedy: but, were its merits even of a high order, we should scarcely remember them in the intense disgust excited by one of its scenes, — that in which Lelia boldly avows to her father the passion she has conceived for him, and as boldly argues in defence of its lawfulness. This is perhaps the most odious incident in any of our early dramas. Ford and Massinger, indeed, (not to mention others,) have written plays on the subject of incestuous love; but those are *tragedies of the deepest horror*, and in them the guilty parties are visited with signal punishment. Fletcher's Lelia is, on the contrary, a character in *a broad comedy*; and her father, though at first so indignant that he threatens to destroy her, seems afterwards to regard the overture she had made to him as little more than an indiscretion arising from the heat of youthful blood![3]

Among the plays performed at court in 1613 was *The History of Cardenio*,[4] a drama, as the title proves, derived from the story of Cardenio in *Don Quixote*; and it was entered on the Stationers' Books, as the joint-production of Fletcher and Shakespeare, 9th September, 1653,[5] but never given to the press. The Stationers' Books are not always to be depended upon as evidence in matters of authorship; and in the present case, though they may be right with respect to Fletcher, I have little or no doubt that they are wrong with respect to Shakespeare. According to Weber, "if we admit that Shakespeare assisted Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, it will not be altogether improbable that he assisted him in *Cardenio*."[6] I must here anticipate my remarks on *The Two Noble Kinsmen* so far as to say that, while I am fully convinced that a large portion of it is from Shakespeare's pen, I deny that it was composed by Shakespeare and Fletcher in conjunction. — *Cardenio* is supposed by some critics to have been that tragicomedy which Theobald published in 1728 under the title of *Double Falsehood, or, The Distrest Lovers. Written originally by W. Shakespeare*, &c. Of this piece Theobald possessed three manuscript copies.[7]

1 *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 104, ed. 1843.

2 In the introd. remarks on this comedy (page 485.) I cited a MS. note by Oldys which states that it was "acted at Court 20 May 1613 by the Kings Comp. under Jn° Hemmings, &c.:" but I find from some memoranda concerning *Plays acted at Court, from the Accounts of Lord Harrington, &c. Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 125, — that the "20 May 1613" is the date of the payment to Hemming for plays performed at court, of which *The Captain* was one, and not the date of the actual performance of that comedy: see the next note but one.

3 "yet, because
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may stay her," &c. act. v. sc. i. p. 512.

4 "In the MS. Register of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, the play of *Cardenes* or *Cardenio* is said to have been performed at Court in 1613. Mr. Malone, who furnishes me with this notice," &c. Gifford — Massinger's *Works*, iv. 238, ed. 1813. — "Paid to John Hemmings, upon like Warrant for himself and the rest of his fellows, his Majesty's Servants and Players, for presenting a play before the Duke of Savoy's Embassador, on the 8th of June, 1613, called *Cardena*, the sum of £6. 8. 4.:" "Item, paid to the said John Hemings, 20th May, 1613, for presenting six several plays, viz., one play called *A bad beginning makes a good ending*; one other, called *The Captain*; one, *The Alchemist*; one other, *Cardano*; one other, *Hotspur*; one other, *Benedicite and Bettris*; all played in the time of this account. Paid 40 pounds, and by way of his Majesty's reward 20 pounds more, £60." Memoranda concerning *Plays acted at Court, from the Accounts of Lord Harrington, &c., Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 125. It is evident that "*Cardena*" of the first entry, and "*Cardano*" of the second, should be "Cardenio." For "*Benedicite and Bettris*" read "Benedict *and Bettris* [Beatrice]," i. e. Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*.

5 The author of *Lives of the Dramatists* (Lardner's *Cyclopedia*) states that *Cardenio* was *printed* in 1653, and proceeds to speak of it as if he had read it: vol. i. 249. This gentleman's taste is on a par with his accuracy: he says that *Cymbeline* is "a poor drama, and perhaps one that Shakespeare did not compose, but merely improved," and that *The Winter's Tale* "is unworthy of Shakespeare's genius." pp. 120, 121.

6 *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxiv.

7 "One of the Manuscript Copies, which I have, is of above Sixty Years' Standing, in the Hand-writing of Mr. Downes, the famous Old Prompter; and, as I am credibly inform'd, was early in the Possession of the celebrated Mr. Betterton, and by Him design'd to have been usher'd into the World. What Accident prevented this Purpose of his I do not pretend to know: Or thro' what hands it had successively pass'd before that Period of Time. There is a Tradition (which I have from the Noble Person, who supply'd me with One of my Copies) that it was given by our Author, as a Present of Value, to a Natural Daughter of his, for whose Sake he wrote it, in the Time of his Retirement from the Stage. Two other Copies I have, (one of which I was glad to purchase at a very good Rate,) which may not, perhaps, be quite so Old as the Former; but One of Them is much more perfect, and has fewer Flaws and Interruptions in the Sense." Theobald's *Preface*.

In "revising and adapting it to the stage,"[1] he undoubtedly made many violent alterations: enough, however, of the genuine text remains to show that, in spite of one or two pleasing passages,[2] the play was originally a very poor performance. It do not believe it to be the *Cardenio* of 1613. It is founded, indeed, on the story in *Don Quixote:* but it has no character named Cardenio; and the style bears less resemblance to Fletcher's than to Shirley's. I agree with Dr. Farmer[3] in attributing it to the latter dramatist, whose name abbreviated "Sh." in one of the three manuscripts may have been mistaken (and perhaps wilfully) for "Shakespeare."

The Honest Man's Fortune[4] was first played in 1613. If Weber be wrong in assigning the greater part of it to Beaumont, there is at least every reason to suppose that it was written by our authors in conjunction. Taken altogether, it is a drama of superior merit: it has some very animated and effective scenes, and occasional gnomic passages which strike me as possessing more depth of thought than is usual with our authors. Montague, "the honest man," who preserves his mild dignity of character and his cheerfulness of temper under the most adverse circumstances, is drawn with a vigorous pencil; and our curiosity to learn what "fortune" will eventually attend him is unabated till the very close of the play. The page Veramour is a pretty sketch; but his affection for Montague is carried to a ridiculous and even somewhat offensive excess when he shows himself jealous of his master's attentions to the other sex. The hatred which Orleans bears to his wife seems to be about as unreasonable as the suddenness with which he at last awakens to a sense of her virtues. — Appended to this tragi-comedy is a long copy of verses by Fletcher *Upon an honest man's fortune:* some of the lines are impressive, and the whole has an air of sincerity.

In 1613 Beaumont composed an elegy (entirely worthless) on Lady Penelope Clifton, who died 26th October of that year: she was the daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, and wife of Sir Gervase Clifton, baronet. Drayton, too, made her the subject of an elegy;[5] and our poet's elder brother, Sir John Beaumont, has verses *To the immortall memory of the fairest and most vertuous lady, the Lady Clifton,* which conclude thus:

> "Thy image lives in thy sad husband's heart;
> Who, as when he enjoy'd thee, he was chiefe
> In love and comfort, so is he now in griefe."[6]

Sir Gervase, however, did not remain inconsolable; he had afterwards a series of six wives.

For *The Little French Lawyer*, a play of uncertain date, Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have combined their talents. — Though it possesses no mean attractions in the pleasant whimsicalness of La-Writ, and in the many beautiful passages of the serious scenes, it cannot be reckoned among the very best of our authors' comedies. A good deal of it is high farce; and some of the incidents are rather forced and melodramatic. La-Writ, the lawyer, — who, being persuaded by a stranger to aid him as second in a duel, and happening to prove victorious in that encounter, becomes so fond of fighting that he neglects

[1] It was acted with success at Drury-lane Theatre in 1728, and revived at Covent-Garden Theatre more than once at much later periods; the Covent-Garden play-bill for Hull's benefit, 6th May, 1767, announces the *Double Falsehood* "by particular desire. Acted but once these twenty-five years."

[2] e. g.

> "Strike up, my masters:
> But touch the strings with a religious softness;
> Teach sound to languish through the Night's dull ear,
> Till Melancholy start from her lazy couch,
> And Carelessness grow convert to Attention." p. 10.

(The above passage being greatly admired, Theobald declared that it was the only one in the whole play which he had written.)

> "When lovers swear true faith, the listening angels
> Stand on the golden battlements of heaven,
> And waft their vows to the eternal throne." p. 63.

Among the lines of the *Double Falsehood* which Pope unjustly ridiculed in *Martinus Scriblerus* Περὶ Βάθους, &c. one is, "None but itself can be its parallel," p. 25. Such phraseology may be defended by examples, not only from our early dramatists, but from foreign writers also: "Et leurs playes, dissemblables à toutes autres, n'avoient rien de semblable, ny de pareil, qu'elles mesmes." *Hist. des Amours de Lysandre et de Caliste*, p. 255, ed. 1663.

[3] *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.* — The writer of an article on Jones's ed. of the *Biog. Dram.* observes that "the internal evidence of that play strongly confirms his [Farmer's] decision." *Quart. Rev.* vii. 290.

[4] In the present edition the text of this play is greatly amended from a MS.

[5] See *Elegies* appended to *The Battaile of Agincourt*, &c. 1627, p. 198.

[6] *Bosworth-field*, &c. 1629, p. 175.

his business, and sets up as a regular duelist, — is a character conceived in the style of Ben Jonson, and, in some respects, not unworthy of that great master of "humors." The first three scenes in which La-Writ appears are excellent of their kind, — most amusing exaggerations of the ludicrous, with infinite ease, smartness, and rapidity of dialogue. But, in what follows, he shows to less advantage; and when he challenges a venerable judge for giving a decision in court against him, we must suppose that he has lost his understanding as well as his "suits." The other dramatis personæ are not delineated with such skill as to demand particular notice. Those who think that I have undervalued this play may defend their opinion by citing from the *Table-Talk* of Coleridge, — "*The Little French Lawyer* is excellent. La-Writ is conceived and executed from first to last in genuine comic humor."[1]

Wit at several Weapons, another play of uncertain date, was most probably a joint-effort of our poets. If we may trust the epilogue spoken at a revival, it was originally "well received." — The plot of this comedy is badly managed; the characters are either meagre or overdone; and the writing is uniformly mean: yet, like most of even the worst dramas in the collection, it is, to a certain degree, interesting from the mere force of incident.

Wit without Money was certainly produced after August, 1614.[2] That Beaumont had a hand in it appears to me extremely doubtful; but, according to Mr. Darley, it "has a solid Beaumontesque air."[3] — This is a genuine comedy, with a well-conducted plot, and a constant flow of humorous dialogue. Its hero, the spendthrift Valentine, light-hearted, careless, yet not altogether depraved or unfeeling, is a masterly delineation, — more highly finished, I think, and certainly more pleasing, than any of the characters which most resemble him in our authors' other plays. The present comedy was one of those alluded to by Dryden when he said that Beaumont and Fletcher "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better [than Shakespeare]; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done."[4] True it is that they painted such "*gentlemen*" excellently; but Shakespeare would not have agreed with Dryden in his acceptation of the word. Next to Valentine, the free-spoken widow Lady Heartwell is the character most efficiently brought out; the other personages, though they all contribute more or less to the interest of the scene, are comparatively sketches.

The date of *The Faithful Friends* is not known. It was entered on the Stationers' Books as Beaumont and Fletcher's, 29th June, 1660; but it remained in manuscript till 1812, when it was edited by Weber from a prompter's copy, which also assigns it to our poets. I nevertheless greatly question if either of them had any share in this tragi-comedy, which, to say nothing of its slender merits, is every where dissimilar in style to their undoubted dramas; the larger portion of it is evidently by some inferior play-wright.

At the same time with *The Faithful Friends* two other pieces were entered on the Stationers' Books, — *A Right Woman* and *The History of Mador, King of Great Britain*, the former as composed by Beaumont and Fletcher, the latter as the unassisted work of Beaumont. They were certainly never given to the press, and probably have perished. — One of Massinger's dramas (licensed for the stage, 6th June, 1634, and printed in 1655) is entitled *A Very Woman;* and, as the prologue informs us, is an alteration of an earlier play.[5] May we not conjecture that it is a rifacimento of *A Right Woman*, in which piece Massinger might have been originally concerned?

The Widow would seem to have been produced soon after November, 1615.[6] The title-page of the only old edition attributes it to Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton. That the last-mentioned dramatist was the principal writer of this comedy is evident enough: in several scenes the pen of Jonson may be distinctly traced; but Fletcher's share in it (if indeed he bore any) must have been very unimportant. — *The Widow* is considerably above mediocrity, and was more than once revived.

In 1628 *The Custom of the Country* was considered as "an old play;"[7] but how many years had intervened between that date and its first appearance on the stage, we are unable to determine. Whether any portion of it was composed by Beaumont is also uncertain. — While for interest and happy management of the plot, for contrast of character, and for beauty of style, *The Custom of the Country* yields to few plays in this collection, it is unfortunately the very grossest of them all. — The many offences against

[1] ii. 119, ed. 1835.

[2] See act ii. sc. 4, p. 635.

[3] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. 1.

[4] *On Dram. Poesy*, — *Prose Works*, Vol. i. P ii. p. 100, ed. Malone.

[5] Gifford (Massinger's *Works*, iv. 238, ed. 1813) thinks that *A Very Woman* is an alteration either of Massinger's *Spanish Viceroy* (acted in 1634) or of *The History of Cardenio* (acted at court in 1613 — see p. 21 of this Memoir). Assuredly, it is not an alteration of *Cardenio*.

[6] See p. 692.

[7] See p. 720.

ded[illegible] which our poets have committed are only to be extenuated on the plea, that they sacrificed their own taste and feelings to the fashion of the times. There can be little doubt that the most unblushing licentiousness both in conversation and practice prevailed among the courtiers of James the First: we know too that "to be like the Court was a playe's praise;"[1] and for the sake of such "praise" Beaumont and Fletcher did not scruple to deform their dramas with ribaldry,—little imagining how deeply, in consequence of that base alloy, their reputation would eventually suffer "at the coming of the better day." In this respect they sinned more grievously than any of their contemporary play-wrights: but most of the others have enough to answer for; nor was Shakespeare himself completely proof against the contaminating influence of his age.[2]—The example of Charles the First is generally supposed to have given a higher tone to the morals of our nobility and gentry; yet, shortly before the death of that monarch, we find Lovelace extolling the art with which in the present play a veil of seeming modesty is thrown over obscenity;

> "View here a loose thought said with such a grace,
> Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face;
> So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none
> But Cupid had Diana's linen on:"[3]—

it would be curious to know what was Lovelace's idea of downright coarseness!—Dryden, in the last of his Prefaces, and while he was yet smarting under the attack of Collier, declared "there is more bawdry in one play of Fletcher's, called *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together."[4] But this was a very bold assertion. If Dryden and the other dramatists of Charles the Second's time did not equal their predecessors in open licentiousness (and of that they have a tolerable share), they far exceeded them in wanton innuendoes and allusions.[5]—The truth is, the greater part of the eighteenth century had passed away, before indecency was wholly banished from the writings of our countrymen:[6] even in the pages of Addison, who did so much towards the purification of English literature, there are passages which may occasion some slight uneasiness to one reading aloud in a family circle.

The Laws of Candy, a tragi-comedy of uncertain date, is generally reckoned, and perhaps rightly, among the joint-compositions of Beaumont and Fletcher. Little can be said in its commendation.

Though the following document (a melancholy proof of the penury which oppressed our early dramatists) has already appeared in several well-known publications, it must necessarily form a portion of the present memoir. Malone[7] fixes its date between the years 1612 and 1615. Henslowe, to whom it is addressed, died on the 6th of January, 1615–16.[8]—However we may disbelieve the partnership of Fletcher and Shakespeare in *Cardenio* (see p. 21), we have here unquestionable evidence that, even during Beaumont's life-time, Fletcher was occasionally associated in dramatic composition with other poets.

"*To our most louing frend Mr. Phillip Henchlow Esquire, these:*

"Mr. Hinchlow,

You vnderstand our vnfortunate extremitie, and I do not thincke you so void of christianitie, but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather then endanger so many innocent liues: you know there is xl more at least to be receaued of you for the play: wee desire you to lend vs vl of that, which shall be allowed to you, without which wee cannot be bayled, nor I play any more till this be dispatch'd; it will loose you xxl ere the end of the next woeke, beside the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanitie, and now giue vs cause to acknowledge you our true freind in time of neede. Wee haue entreated

[1] Donne—*To Sir H. Wotton*, *Poems*, p. 77, ed. 1633.

[2] Though Mr. Wordsworth's opinion is against me (*Sup. to Preface*,—*Poet. Works*, iii. 325. ed. 1837), I must think that it is a mere dream of criticism to imagine that the grosser passages in Shakespeare's writings were foisted in by the players.

[3] *Commend. Poems*, p. 65.

[4] Preface to the *Fables*.

[5] "Ita quidem ethnicum hunc [Aristophanem] longe esse innocentiorem duco multis nostris comœdiarum scriptoribus, qui miseris et perditis alendis augendisque amoribus animos effeminant atque enervant, et quum verecundiam simulent, fuco atque pigmentis flagitiosa condunt, neque ad risum apertum sed ad libidinem occultam alliciunt, et innatos homonibus igniculos ad morum pravitatem detorquent." Reisig,—*Præf. in Conject. in Aristoph.*, p. 4.

[6] Some works, indeed, have appeared in our own day which are objectionable enough on the score of occasional indecency,—such as the Younger Colman's poems and Byron's *Don Juan*: but these are rare exceptions.

[7] *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 336.

[8] Henslowe, "beyng sicke in bodye, but of perfect mynde and memorye," made his Will, 6th Janry 1615–16; on which day, no doubt, he died; for the Will was proved the day after. *Registry of the Pr. Court.*

Mr. Dauison to deliuer this note, as well to wittnesse your loue as our promises, and allwayes acknowledge it to be euer

Your most thanckfull and louing freinds,

NAT. FIELD.[1]

"The mony shall be abated out of the mony remaynes for the play of *Mr. Fletcher* and ours,

ROB. DABORNE.[2]

"I have ever founde yow a true lovinge freinde to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeinge honest, I hope yow will not faile vs,

PHILIP MASSINGER."

On the back of the letter, below the direction, is the following receipt;

"Rec. by mee Robert Dauison of Mr. Hinshloe for the vse of Mr. Daboern, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the some of vl,

ROBERT DAUISON."[3]

Concerning the above-mentioned "play of Mr. Fletcher and ours" we have no further information. Weber[4] conjectures that it was *The Jeweller of Amsterdam, or, The Hague*, which was entered on the Stationers' Books, 8th April, 1654, as the joint-work of Fletcher, Field, and Massinger, but never printed; nor does the omission of Daborne's name in that entry (which might have been either intentional or through negligence) weaken the probability of the conjecture.

It has been inferred from the preceding letter that Fletcher was not in such a wretched state of poverty as his associates; an inference which is certainly warrantable. But (as I have already observed, p. 13) we are not therefore to conclude that he was in circumstances which rendered him independent of the stage: he had evidently forsaken all other pursuits to become a playwright by profession; and he continued to toil at dramatic composition with a perseverance which evinces that emolument must have been his chief object.

There can be no doubt that Beaumont kept up an intercourse with his family by occasionally retiring from London into Leicestershire; and his *Letter to Ben Jonson*[5] was most probably written during a visit to Grace-dieu, whither Fletcher had accompanied him. It is chiefly interesting from the following enthusiastic allusion to their convivial meetings at the Mermaid in Friday-street,[6] as members of a club which had been instituted by Sir Walter Raleigh, and which long numbered on its list whatever names were most illustrious for genius or learning, — the passage perhaps pointing more particularly at those sportive "wit-combats,"[7] in which, to the delight of the company, Shakespeare and Jonson would frequently engage;

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came

[1] Concerning Field, see note, p. 234.

[2] Robert Daborne (immeasurably inferior as a dramatist to Fletcher or Massinger, and considerably so to Field) wrote sundry plays, of which only two are extant, *A Christian Turn'd Turke*, printed in 1612, and *The Poor Man's Comfort*, printed in 1655. He had received a university education, for he styles himself Master of Arts; and he appears to have possessed some property, but to have been involved in law-suits, which, during his connection with the stage, kept him in constant poverty. See many particulars concerning him in *The Alleyn Papers*, edited for the Shakespeare Soc. by Mr. J. P. Collier, pp. 48–82. He eventually took holy orders, and seems to have been beneficed in Ireland. A sermon preached by him at Waterford was printed in 1618.

[3] This document (first printed by Malone) is preserved at Dulwich College. It is now given (but without abbreviations and with modern punctuation) from a fac-simile of the original, which was executed, for private distribution, under the superintendence of Mr. J. P. Collier.

[4] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxviii.

[5] It stands in both the folios at the end of *The Nice Valor, or the Passionate Madman*, and is entitled *Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid.*

[6] Weber and others say "in Cornhill:" but see note, page 635. — "Here [at the Mermaid,]" observes Gifford, "for many years, he [Jonson] regularly repaired with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." *Mem. of Jonson*, p. lxvi.

[7] "Many were the wit-combates betwixt him [Shakespeare] and Ben Johnson, which two I behold like a Spanish great Gallion and an English man of war. Master Johnson (like the former) was built far higher in Learning, Solid, but Slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his Wit and Invention." Fuller's *Worthies (Warwick.)*, p. 126, ed. 1662.

Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
(Right witty, though but downright fools) more wise."[1]

In answer to this epistle, and in return for the other laudatory verses[2] which he had received from Beaumont, a short poem was composed by Jonson in his happiest manner;

"*To Francis Beaumont.*

"How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st,
And, giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves!
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives,
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better I must envy thee!"[3]

Nor ought we to question the sincerity of these beautiful lines, because we read in Jonson's recorded *Conversations* at Hawthornden "that Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses;"[4] self-love is often the besetting weakness of poets; and friendship had not rendered Jonson blind to that infirmity in the youthful dramatist.

What remains to be told concerning Beaumont falls under the present division of this memoir. — We are ignorant at what period he became a husband: but I am inclined to fix the date of his marriage about 1613. His wife was Ursula, daughter and coheir to Henry Isley of Sundridge in Kent.[5] The Isleys had been long settled in that parish, and were a family of some note: it would seem, however, that before the time of Beaumont's marriage much of their property had passed into other hands.[6]

Beaumont died on the 6th of March, 1615–16,[7] and was buried, on the 9th of that month,[8] at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, near the Earl of Middlesex's monument. It is said that he had not completed his thirtieth year.[9] No inscription was placed upon his grave. — The cause of his death, as Mr. Darley remarks,[10] seems to be indicated in the verses which were written to his memory, —

[1] Vol. ii. page 955.

[2] Lines prefixed to *The Fox*, *The Silent Woman*, and *Catiline* (already mentioned).

[3] These lines (which occur among the *Commendatory Poems on B. and F.*, page 79.) were first printed among Jonson's *Epigrams*: see his *Works*, viii. 180, by Gifford, who observes, "This short poem is an answer to a letter, which Beaumont," &c.

[4] *Notes of Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, p. 10, ed. Shake. Soc.

[5] "Ursula fil. et cohæres Hen: Isley de Sundridge in Kent." *MS. Vincent's Leicester*, 1619, *College of Arms*: and see too *MS. Visitation of Leicester*, 1683, *Ibid.* — Had it not been for the authorities just cited, I should have supposed that Ursula was only the step-daughter of Henry Isley; for in his Will, which was proved 3rd September, 1599, he declares as follows. "I doe will devise and gyve all and singuler my mannors, landes, tenements, and hereditaments, in the countie of Kent or els where within the realme of England, vnto Jane my lovinge wief in fee simple, vizt to her and her heires for euer, to the end and purpose that she maye and doe sell or otherwise dispose at her discretion the same, or such parte or soe much thereof as to her shall seeme fitt, for the payment of all my iust and true debts . . . and also for the bringinge vp and preferment in maryage of *Vrsula and Vna, the two daughters or children of her the said Jane my lovinge wief.*" *Registry of the Prer. Court.*

[6] "The family of *Isle* or *Isley*, called in French deeds *L'isle*, and in Latin ones *De Insula*, was seated in this parish in very early times." Hasted's *Hist. of Kent.* i. 368. See *Id.* p. 369.

[7] "Ob. 6 Martii, 1615." *MS. Vincent's Leicester*, 1619, *College of Arms.*

[8] "Sepult. apud Westm." *MS. Vincent's Leicester*, 1619, *College of Arms.* "Francis Beaumont was burd at ye ent. of St Bents Ch. Mar. 9 [1615–16]." *Register of Burials in Westm. Abbey*, — *Collect. Top. et Gen.*, vii. 356. See too Aubrey, — *Letters written by Eminent Persons*, &c. Vol. ii. P. i. p. 237.

[9] "Francis Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age." *Notes of Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, p. 14, ed. Shake Soc. — But see p. 11.

[10] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xx.

"So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines;
Their praise grew swiftly, as thy life declines."

"Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years."[1]

Two daughters were the fruit of his marriage, — Elizabeth, and Frances (a posthumous child). Elizabeth married "a Scotch colonel," and was resident in Scotland in March 1681-2. Frances was living unmarried, at a great age, in Leicestershire in 1700, and was then receiving a pension of £100 a year from the Duke of Ormond, in whose family she had been for some time domesticated. She is reported to have possessed several unpublished poems by her father, which were lost on the passage from Ireland to England.

Shirley, as we have seen, attributes equal brilliance of conversation both to Beaumont and Fletcher.[3] Aubrey relates, on the authority or Earle, that Beaumont's "maine businesse was to correct the overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's witt;"[4] — a tradition which is repeated in some of the Commendatory Verses,[5] while in others[6] Beaumont is allowed his full share in those plays which he jointly composed with Fletcher. This subject may be soon dismissed. Fletcher would naturally avail himself of the judgment with which Beaumont appears to have been so eminently gifted; but the slightest doubt can be entertained that of the earlier plays in the present collection (and among those plays are the best) Beaumont contributed a large (perhaps the weightier) portion. There was scarcely a poet of the time whose Christian name escaped familiar curtailment. Davies of Hereford commences an epigram addressed to Beaumont by saying, —

"Some, that thy Name abbreuiate, call thee *Franck*;"[7]

and Heywood too bears witness that

"Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost ranke
Of the rar'st Wits, was neuer more than *Franck*;"[8]

The premature death of Beaumont was mourned in verse by his elder brother, by Earle, and by Corbet.[9] We are not informed that Fletcher wrote any thing on the occasion: but the following lines,[10] which may be confidently regarded as his composition, and which are now first printed, seem very like an epicede on his beloved associate: —

"*A Sonnet.*

"Come, sorrow, come! bring all thy cries,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes!
Burn out, you living monuments of woe!
Sad sullen griefs, now rise and overflow!
Virtue is dead;
Oh, cruel fate!
All youth is fled;
All our laments too late.

[1] See the verses by Sir J. Beaumont and Corbet, pages 46, and 94. — Weber (*Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxxii) talks of Beaumont's "*sudden* death;" but without any authority.

[2] "Elizabetha; Francesca posthuma." *MS. Vincent's Leicester*, 1619, *College of Arms.* "Elizabeth married to a Scotch Colonell, and is resident in that kingdome. Frances, 2d daughter, now resident in ye Family of ye Duke of Ormond, and unmarried 1681." *MS. Visitation of Leicester*, 1683, *College of Arms.* (The MS. vol. last cited bears date 1683, because that was the period at which it was completed; but the Beaumont family gave their account to the visiting officer 16th March, 1681-2.) — "He left one daughter behind him, Mrs. Frances Beaumont, who died in Leicestershire since the year 1700: she had been possessed of several poems of her father's writing, but they were lost at sea coming from Ireland, where she had sometime lived in the Duke of Ormond's family." *Preface to B. and F.'s Works*, ed. 1711. Mr. Darley (*Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xix) conjectures that she had lived in the Duke's family "as companion to one of the Ormond ladies."

[3] See p. 2.

[4] *Letters written by Eminent Persons*, &c. Vol. ii. P. i. p. 237. See too Aubrey's *Hist. of Surrey*, v. 210.

[5] See those by Cartwright and Harris, pp. 77, 87.

[6] See those by Maine and Berkenhead, pp. 74, 80.

[7] *The Scourge of Folly*, 1611, p. 215.

[8] *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells*, 1535, p. 206.

[9] See pp. 72, 79, 94.

[10] From *MS. Harl.* 6057, fol. 34, where they are signed "I. F." and occur between two undoubted pieces of Fletcher, — the song "Orpheus, I am," &c. (in *The Mad Lover*, vol. ii. 27), and the ode, "Beauty, clear and fair," &c. (in *The Elder Brother*, vol. ii. 722).

Oh, noble youth, to thy ne'er-dying name,[1]
Oh, happy youth, to thy still-growing fame,
To thy long peace in earth, this sacred knell
Our last loves ring[2] — farewell, farewell, farewell!
Go, happy soul, to thy eternal birth!
And press his[3] body lightly, gentle earth!"

The text of this "sonnet" is, I apprehend, somewhat corrupted: those only who are accustomed to collate manuscripts are fully aware how poetry suffers by the process of transcription.

Fletcher was now in his thirty-seventh year, a period of human life when new and ardent friendships are not easily formed; and he probably felt that in the death of Beaumont he had sustained an irreparable loss:

Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.[4]

But Jonson and Massinger still remained; and with both he was on intimate terms, — more particularly I conceive, with the latter, who was certainly his coadjutor in several plays.[5]

[1] M. S. "fame."
[2] M. S. "rings."
[3] MS. "thy." — Compare a line of the song in *The Maid's Tragedy*, act ii. sc. 1, p. 205.

"Upon my buried body lie lightly, gentle earth."

[4] Milton, *Epit. Damonis.*
[5] We have seen (p. 25) that, even before Beaumont's death, Massinger had joined with Fletcher in dramatic composition. — An *Epitaph on Fletcher and Massinger* by Sir Aston Cokaine, which mentions their friendship and literary partnership, is given afterwards in the present Memoir. Two copies of verses by the same rhymer concerning the folio collection of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, may be cited here:

"*To my Cousin, Mr. Charles Cotton.*

"I wonder, Cousin, that you would permit
So great an Injury to Fletcher's wit,
Your friend and old Companion, that his fame
Should be divided to anothers name.
If Beaumont had writ those Plays, it had been
Against his merits a detracting Sin,
Had they been attributed also to
Fletcher. They were two wits and friends, and who
Robs from the one to glorifie the other,
Of these great memories is a partial Lover.
Had Beaumont lived when this Edition came
Forth, and beheld his ever-living name
Before Plays that he never writ, how he
Had frown'd and blush'd at such Impiety!
His own Renown no such Addition needs,
To have a Fame sprung from anothers deedes:
And my good friend Old Philip Massinger
With Fletcher writ in some that we see there.
But you may blame the Printers: yet you might
Perhaps have won them to do Fletcher right,
Would you have took the paine; for what a foul
And unexcusable fault it is (that whole
Volume of plays being almost every one
After the death of Beaumont writ) that none
Would certifie them so much! I wish as free
Y' had told the Printers this, as you did me.

* * *

'Tis true, Beaumont and Fletcher both were such
Sublime wits, none could them admire too much;
They were our English Polestars, and did beare
Between them all the world of fancie cleare:
But as two Suns when they do shine to us,
The aire is lighter, they prodigious,

It is impossible to allot to the years in which they were first performed, *Bonduca*, *The Knight of Malta*, *Valentinian*, *The Queen of Corinth*, and *The Mad Lover:* we are only sure that, as Burbadge acted a character in each, they must all have been produced before 13th March 1618–19, when his death took place;[1] and that one of them, *The Queen of Corinth*, as it contains an allusion to Coryate's *Crudities*, 1616, was not written till after the publication of that notorious work.

In the composition of *Bonduca* I believe that Beaumont had no share, though Weber is inclined to consider it as a joint essay of our poets. Hazlitt reckons it "among the best of their tragedies;"[2] Mr. Darley speaks of it in terms much less favorable.[3]—It opens finely;[4] but it wants continuity of action; and, while the serious scenes frequently teem with grandeur of thought and beauty of imagery, the comic portions are deformed with humor of the very worst description. The interest of the play centres in Caratach and his nephew the boy Hengo. Of all the attempts in these volumes to delineate the brave, blunt, high-minded soldier, Caratach is, I think, the most successful: *he* is entirely free from any of those traits which, though not intended by the authors for unamiable, lessen to a certain degree the sympathy of the reader; *he* commands our increasing respect throughout all his fortunes. Some touches, perhaps, may be discovered in the picture of Hengo which are hardly true to the simplicity of childhood: but, on the whole, that "bud of Britain" has a delicious freshness; and who can be insensible to the pathos of the scene in which he slowly breathes out his life in the arms of Caratach? Next to these, Pœnius is the best-drawn character; the other personages, though more than one of them have splendid things to utter, are deficient in strong and distinctive features.—Among the dramas on this portion of British history which have been put forth by later writers,[5] the *Caractacus* of Mason alone deserves men-

So, while they liv'd and writ together, we
Had Plays exceeded what we hop'd to see.
But they writ few; for youthful Beaumont soon
By death eclipsed was at his high noon.
Surviving Fletcher then did pen alone
Equal to both (pardon Comparison),
And suffer'd not the Globe and Black-Friers Stage
T'envy the glories of a former Age," &c.

Poems, p. 91, ed. 1602.

"*To Mr Humphrey Moseley, and Mr. Humphrey Robinson.*

"In the large book of Playes you late did print
In Beaumonts and in Fletchers name, why in't
Did you not justice? give to each his due?
For Beaumont of these many writ in few,
And Massinger in other few; the Main
Being sole Issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.
But how came I, you ask, so much to know?
Fletchers chief bosome-friend inform'd me so."

Ibid., p. 117.

It appears, therefore, that Sir Aston knew nothing of W. Rowley's having assisted Fletcher in *The Maid in the Mill*, and most probably in other pieces.—There is a striking resemblance between a couplet of this scribbling knight and one of Mr. Wordsworth's. Sir Aston's epigram "of Naples" begins with—

"Naples, the Romans' old *Parthenope*,
(Built under hills, upon *the Midland-Sea*)," &c.

Ibid., p. 109.

Mr. Wordsworth's noble sonnet "On the departure of Sir Walter Scott for Naples" concludes with—

"Be true,
Ye winds of ocean and *the midland-sea*,
Wafting your charge to soft *Parthenope!*"

[1] See Collier's *Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 44.

[2] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of Age of Eliz.*, p. 152. ed. 1840.

[3] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. 1.

[4] "The opening scene," however, is *not* what Boaden calls it—"by many degrees the best in the English drama." *Mem. of Mrs. Siddons*, i. 161.

[5] See, for instance, *Boadicea* by Charles Hopkins, 1697, and *Boadicia* by Glover (the author of *Leonidas*), 1753.—In the prefatory remarks on *Bonduca* (page 756) I omitted to mention an earlier drama in which Caratach figures under the name of Caradoc,—*The Valiant Welshman, or The True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of Caradoc the Great, King of Cambria, now called Wales. As it hath beene sundry times Acted by the Prince of Wales his seruants. Written by R. A[rmin], Gent.* 1615. It is a miserable piece.

tion. It is a tragedy formed with great care on the Grecian model; from the commencement to the close it has a very imposing tone of solemnity; and its choral odes occasionally flash with true poetic fire: but its general frigidity, its finical phraseology, and its redundant ornament are not a little repulsive; and its hero, when contrasted with the Caratach of the elder piece, fades into a shadow.

According to Weber, the second of these plays, *The Knight of Malta*, is partly by Beaumont: but I think that the critic is mistaken. — We may say of this tragi-comedy, as of several other pieces in the collection, that, with a rambling plot and very few characters which are vigorously delineated, it has some highly dramatic and interesting scenes, and a profusion of beautiful writing.

Concerning the third of these plays, *Valentinian*, Mr. Darley conjectures that, though "not brought out till after Beaumont's death, it may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his coöperation before it."[1] Weber assigns the entire play to Fletcher, and, I apprehend, rightly. — This tragedy ought to have concluded with the death of Valentinian, for the incidents which follow that event, in themselves badly managed, have a tendency to mar the effect of the whole. But, notwithstanding the injudicious prolongation of the story, and some minor blemishes, it is a very impressive drama, with great variety of character, and sustained loftiness of style. Coleridge observes that Beaumont and Fletcher's "chaste ladies value their chastity as a material thing, — not as an act or state of being; and this mere thing being imaginary, no wonder that all their women are represented with the minds of strumpets, except a few irrational humorists, far less capable of exciting our sympathy than a Hindoo, who has had a basin of cow-broth thrown over him; — for this, though a debasing superstition, is still real, and we might pity the poor wretch, though we cannot help despising him. But Beaumont and Fletcher's *Lucinas* are clumsy fictions,"[2] &c. Now, Coleridge assuredly must have had a very imperfect recollection of the present tragedy, when he classed Lucina among our authors' "clumsy fictions:" her character, on the contrary, is remarkable for truth and delicacy of painting; and it would be difficult to point out in any tragedy a scene which works more powerfully on our feelings than that wherein she makes known her dishonor to her husband, and bids him an eternal farewell. "An instance," says Weber, "of great want of judgment is the entire change of the character of Maximus, which, in the proceding parts, raises our admiration and conciliates our affection; but, in the conclusion, entirely destroys it [them?] and leaves nothing in the mind of the reader but disgust. We come utterly unprepared, not for his being elected emperor, but for the sudden disclosure of *his having planned the dishonor of his wife*, and the death of his friend, the noble Aëcius."[3] In one particular only, these remarks of Weber are incorrect. We find, indeed, that Maximus, when newly raised to the empire and married to the widow of Valentinian, flatters his bride by declaring that in order to obtain her hand he had "himself prepared the way, nay, made the rape" of Lucina; but we have also his own confession that this was nothing more than a falsehood, uttered, for the occasion, in the heat of joy and wine.[4] Aëcius is another leading character which disappoints us as the play progresses, his fidelity to the emperor, so finely pictured in the earlier scenes, degenerating at last into absurdity. On the subordinate personages the author has bestowed more than usual pains. Among the lyrics in this tragedy, two are eminently beautiful, — the invocation to Sleep, sung beside the couch of the dying Valentinian, and the Bacchanalian ditty, "God Lyæus, ever young," &c.

There appears to be good grounds for Weber's conjecture,[5] that the fourth of these plays, *The Queen of Corinth*, was not written wholly by Fletcher; and I apprehend that his unknown coadjutor was William Rowley,[6] who (as we shall see) assisted him in *The Maid in the Mill*, and, most likely, in *The Bloody*

[1] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. 10.

[2] *Remains*, ii. 319.

[3] *Pref. Remarks on the Play.*

[4] "*Eud.* . . . . . .
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himself prepare the way, nay, make the rape?
Did you not tell me so?
Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.
Eud. . . . . . Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you dissemble, sir.
Max. *I do so;*
And, till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do;
Yet, would my joy and wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lie! [*Aside*]. — Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble?" &c. Act v. sc. 6, p. 857.

[5] "From some difference, especially in the third and part of the fourth act, of the versification in particular, it may be conjectured," &c. *Pref. remarks on the play.*

[6] Concerning William Rowley, who was both dramatist and actor, little is known. He is mentioned as a performer

Brother also. The probability that Rowley wrote a portion of this tragi-comedy is rendered greater by the fact that in several passages it resembles *The Old Law*,[1] which he composed in partnership with Middleton and Massinger. — The chief incident in *The Queen of Corinth*, the rape of Merione, gives rise to two scenes of no ordinary power and pathos (act ii. sc. 1, 3); but there is little else to admire; the serious characters are, on the whole, not strongly painted, and the comic are altogether vapid.

The fifth of these plays, *The Mad Lover*, was written by Fletcher alone. — From the praise with which this tragi-comedy is mentioned in the Commendatory Verses, we may conclude that it was highly successful on its first representation; and we know that it found favor with the audiences of a later and more critical age. Yet, from beginning to end, it is little else than a tissue of extravagance. Memnon, an old and victorious general, whose time has been wholly occupied in fighting, arrives at the court of his sovereign, the King of Pathos. Having never before seen "a woman of great fashion," he falls desperately in love with the king's sister as soon as he beholds her, declares his passion, and (publicly) asks her for a kiss. She, as might be expected, treats him with ridicule: upon which he goes stark mad, is with difficulty prevented from having his heart cut out that it may be sent to the princess, and does not recover his senses till the close of the play, when he determines that henceforth the war "shall be his mistress." Nor is Memnon the only one of the dramatis personæ that has a love-fit "at first sight," — the air of Paphos, perhaps, rendering them peculiarly susceptible of amorous impressions: the moment that Syphax catches a glimpse of the princess, he is ready to die for her; and she, as instantaneously, is smitten with Polydore. — The character of Memnon, by far the most important figure in the piece, is very carefully finished; yet is it altogether ineffective; for Fletcher only wasted his powers when he labored on the minutiæ of a portrait which had no truth of outline.

The Loyal Subject, wholly by Fletcher, was brought upon the stage in 1618. — Though the plot is not badly developed, and the characters are not deficient in spirit and distinctness, — particularly that of Ar-

early in the reign of James the First; and he probably lived till about the commencement of the civil wars. In 1637 he was married, at Cripplegate Church, to Isabel Tooley. See Collier's *Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 233. Whether he was related to Samuel Rowley, also a dramatist and actor, has not been ascertained. (Malone, I think, has proved — *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 172, — that, when Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, notices "Maister Rowley, once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge," as among "the best [writers] for comedye," he alludes to neither of these Rowleys, but to a Ralph Rowley.) Several of William Rowley's plays have perished. Not to mention those in which he assisted Fletcher, his extant dramas are, — four wholly by himself, *A New Wonder, a Woman never Vext*, 1632, *All's lost by Lust*, 1633, *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, *A Shoomaker a Gentleman*, 1638, — one in conjunction with Day and Wilkins, *The Travailes of the Three English Brothers*, &c., 1607, — four in conjunction with Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel*, 1617, *The World tosse at Tennis*, 1620, *The Changeling*, 1653, *The Spanish Gipsey*, 1653, — one in conjunction with Massinger, *The Parliament of Love* (first printed by Gifford), — one in conjunction with Massinger and Middleton, *The Old Law*, 1656, — one in conjunction with Heywood, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, — one in conjunction with Dekker and Ford, *The Witch of Edmonton*, 1658, — two in conjunction with Webster, *A Cure for a Cuckold*, 1661, *The Thracian Wonder*, (of doubtful authorship), 1661, — and (in conjunction with Shakespeare, as the title-page erroneously sets forth) *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662. (The dates given to the plays just enumerated are those of the earliest editions, not those of their original representation.) We have also from his pen a prose tract called *A Search for Money*, 1609, and *A Funerall Elegie* (a broadside) on Hugh Atwell, a player, who died in 1621. — The following story, in which William Rowley figures, has never been quoted: it is silly enough; but, as the slightest notices of our early dramatists are now eagerly sought for, it will probably be acceptable to many readers. "*Of Rape Seed.* A Handsome yong fellow hauing seene a Play at the Curtaine, comes to William Rowly after the Play was done, and intreated him, if his leisure serued, that hee might giue him a Pottle of Wine, to bee better acquainted with him. Hee thankt him, and told him, if heo pleased to goe as farre as the Kings Head at Spittlegate, hee would, as soone as he had made himselfe ready, follow him, and accept of his kindnesse. He did so; but the Wine seeming tedious betwixt two, and the rather because the young fellow could entertaine no discourse, Rowly beckoned to an honest fellow ouer the way to come and keepe them company; who promised to be with them instantly. But not comming at the second or third calling, at last he appeares in the roome, where William Rowly begins to chide him because he had staid so long. He presently craued pardon, and begins to excuse himselfe, that he had beene abroad to buy Rape seed, and that he stayd to feed his birds. At the very word of Rape seed, the man rose from the Table with a changed countenance, being very much discontented, and said, 'Mr. Rowly, I came in curtesie to desire your acquaintance, and to bestow the Wine vpon you, not thinking you would haue called this fellow vp to taunt mee so bitterly.' They wondring what hee meant, hee proceeded; ''Tis true indeed, the last Sessions I was arraigned at Newgate for a Rape; but I thanke God I came off like an honest man, little thinking to be twitted of it here.' Both began to excuse themselues, as not knowing any such thing, as well as they might. But he that gaue the offence, thinking the better to expresse his innocence, 'Young Gentleman,' saith he, 'to expresse how far I was from wronging of you, looke you here; as I haue Rape seed in one Pocket for one Bird, so here is Hempe seed on this side for another.' At which word Hempseed, saith the young man, 'Why, villaine, doest thou thinke I haue deserued hanging?' and took vp the Pot to fling at his head; but his hand was stayed: and as errour and mistake began the quarrell, so Wine ended it." *Moderne Jests, Witty Jeers*, &c., p. 64. (The copy of the very rare little volume from which I quote, has lost the title-page.)

[1] Gifford (Massinger's *Works*, iv. 506, ed. 1813) notices these parallelisms, but without drawing from them the inference which I have made.

chas, with his indomitable loyalty under all the severities inflicted on him by his prince, — this play, I think, can only be ranked among the second-rate productions of Fletcher. — Langbaine was the first to notice that the plot of Heywood's *Royal King and Loyal Subject* "extreamly resembles that of Fletcher's *Loyal Subject:*"[1] and Mr. Hallam observes that from Heywood's play, "The general idea of several circumstances of *The Loyal Subject* has been taken. That Heywood's was the original, though the only edition of it is in 1637, while *The Loyal Subject* was represented in 1615 [1618,] cannot bear a doubt. The former is expressly mentioned in the epilogue as an old play, belonging to a style gone out of date, and not to be judged with rigor. Heywood has therefore the praise of having conceived the character of Earl Marshal, upon which Fletcher somewhat improved in Archas."[2] Now, between two dramas, the one of which is founded on the other, a striking resemblance may be invariably traced in particular passages, if not in entire scenes: but this is certainly not the case with the pieces in question; and, though I make no doubt that Heywood's is much the earlier of the two, I am not disposed to believe that it contributed any thing to our poet's play. *The Royal King and Loyal Subject* was not printed till long after the death of Fletcher; it is in all respects a very poor production;[3] and, if Fletcher had ever seen it represented on the stage, it was no more likely to have impressed his memory than any other of the innumerable dramas which, during his career of authorship, had been exhibited at various theatres, and which, after serving for the attraction of a few nights, had been consigned to the dust and oblivion of the prompter's shelves. *The general resemblance* of these two plays, and *the partial agreement of their titles*, may, I think, be accounted for by supposing that the materials of both were derived from a common source, — some novel or romantic history. In laying the scene at Moscow, in the chief circumstances of the piece, and in the names assigned to several of the characters (to say nothing of the incidental mention of the Tartar warrior, Olin,) I apprehend that Fletcher followed the novel. Heywood locates the scene in England, —having transferred it thither perhaps with the idea of rendering his play more interesting to the audience, — and he gives us a royal family, designated only as "King," "Prince," and "Princess," while his hero has no other appellation than "The Marshal." If Fletcher had founded his *Loyal Subject* on Heywood's play, is it likely that — when he so studiously endeavored to conceal his obligations by changing the place of action, altering the events, and adding new characters, — he would have committed such an oversight as to retain *verbatim* a portion of the old title?

The dates of *The False One* and *The Double Marriage* may perhaps be fixed later than March 1618-19, as the name of Burbadge, who died on the 13th of that month, is absent from the list of the original performers in these two tragedies.

Both the prologue and the epilogue attest that *The False One* was composed by more than one author; and from the comparative regularity of the plot, as well as from the versification in several scenes, Weber conjectures, with much probability, that a portion of it is by Massinger. — The dramatis personæ of this tragedy, both the chief and the subordinate, are firmly drawn and well distinguished. Cleopatra is brought before us in the fresh morning of her youth; not indeed delineated with those exquisitely subtle touches of character which Shakespeare gave her and which he alone could give, but still with "her great mind express'd to the height," and in all respects a fit object to captivate the master of the world. The portrait of Cæsar is equal, if not superior, to any of the representations of him by other dramatists. The two counsellors, Achoreus and Photinus, are happily contrasted, and stand beside the feeble Ptolemy like his good and evil angels. Perhaps the talent of the author (or authors) is no where more conspicuous than in those parts of the play which relate to the cold-blooded murderer Septimius, whose repentance, produced chiefly by the abhorrence and contempt with which he finds himself regarded by the world, lasts only till promises of advancement have tempted him to new crime. In *The False One*, amidst the general elevation of its style, we meet with passages which rise even to sublimity; and where the *Pharsalia* is imitated, the nervous poetry (or rather, rhetoric) of Lucan is paralleled to the full.

The second of these plays, *The Double Marriage*, is, in all likelihood, the unassisted work of Fletcher. The plot of this tragedy is at least free from confusion; the incidents have not more improbability than may be allowed to the romantic drama; and the dialogue has often much vigor and felicity of expression. The character of Juliana, on which the chief interest depends, is greatly praised by Campbell;[4] but, with all its striking beauty, it has a defect common to some other portraitures of heroines by Beaumont and Fletcher, — it is not a little overstrained. The very attempt to render it a picture of female excellence "beyond humanity" has to a certain degree debased it. When Virolet comes back to Naples, accompanied by Martia, whom he has sworn to marry because she had preserved his life, he immediately

[1] *Acc. of English Dram. Poets*, p. 28.

[2] *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 103. ed. 1843.

[3] It has little character, except of an extravagant kind; and no beauty of writing. The slavish compliance of the Marshal with the monstrous demands of the King is downright foolishness.

[4] *Spec. of Brit. Poets*, p. lxxvi. ed 1841.

divorces Juliana from his bed and house; and, without a murmur, she submits to this unworthy treatment from a husband who owed her his eternal gratitude; — in other words, she altogether compromises the dignity of her character as a wife by a submission which is more akin to abjectness and imbecility of mind than to exalted virtue. Still, there is no denying that the poet's art has thrown round Juliana a sort of saint-like glory; and that it is rather on after-reflection than while we are reading *The Double Marriage* that we become fully sensible of the impropriety of her conduct. Throughout the whole play her purity and her devotedness to Virolet have an irresistible fascination; and there is undoubtedly a deep pathos in the scene where, mistaking him for Ronvere, she stabs him to the heart, and then, sitting down upon the ground, silently expires from the violence of her emotions.

The Humorous Lieutenant, a tragi-comedy of uncertain date, may positively be ascribed to Fletcher alone. — When Cartwright, speaking of our poet's plots, declared that

> "all [i. e. the spectators] stand wondering how
> The thing will be, until it is,"[1]

we may presume that he had forgotten the present piece, in which the discovery of Celia's rank is most injudiciously anticipated by the author; indeed, nothing can be worse than the conduct of the story from first to last. The character of the Lieutenant (like that of La-Writ and some other characters already noticed) is conceived in the style of those dramatized "humors" which Jonson had so successfully elaborated; and, though it wants the nice strokes and the perfect keeping by which Ben imparted a reality to personages whose eccentricities might *possibly* have had types in human nature, it produces, on the whole, a very comic effect. Celia is so devoid of delicacy and refinement, that, in spite of her playfulness and occasional depth of feeling, she fails to command our fullest sympathy.[2] Among several scenes in this play distinguished for their truth and animation, the best perhaps is the parting of the two lovers (act i. sc. 2), which has been praised by more than one editor. Individual passages might be selected which have all the picturesque luxuriance of Fletcher.

Women Pleased is also of uncertain date: there is every reason to believe that it was composed by Fletcher alone. — For its incidents he is indebted to three novels of Boccaccio and a tale of Chaucer, the whole being combined with the nicest art, and the interest of the piece very happily sustained. Like many other of his plays, however, it bears marks of haste and carelessness. The hungry Penurio, a kind of Justice Greedy in humble life (but with a better excuse for his voracity than Massinger's cormorant) is the most original character in this very entertaining tragi-comedy. The reader will smile at the compensation which the author finds it necessary to make the Duke of Sienna for the loss of his young and beautiful mistress, viz., her mother's hand in marriage: but this is not the only drama in which Fletcher has consoled a disappointed lover by wedding him to a respectable matron; see the conclusion of *The Queen of Corinth*.

The Woman's Prize, or, The Tamer Tamed, was "an ould play" in 1633:[3] how much earlier was its appearance on the stage, would be a vain inquiry. It is wholly by Fletcher. — This comedy forms a sequel to *The Taming of the Shrew*, and represents that Petruchio, who had hitherto "been famous for a woman-tamer," as completely subjugated by his second wife, — the scene being transferred to England, and an English woman having the honor of that great achievement. But every one must perceive that the Petruchio of Fletcher is Shakespeare's Petruchio only in the name; for the hero of the elder comedy would have been as much proof against the artful contrivances of Maria as against the violence of Katherine.[4] That some of the situations, though grossly improbable, are exceedingly well imagined, is perhaps the highest praise which *The Woman's Prize* can claim.

[1] *Commend. Poems*, p. 77.

[2] On the character of King Antigonus in this play Mason has the following remarks: "Theobald is much offended with the poets [poet] for making a king, of illustrious character, degrade himself by lewdly hunting after a young girl; which, he says, might easily have been avoided. It might, indeed, have been avoided by totally changing the plot of the play, but not otherwise. The king, however, is not represented as a vicious character: his first intention, and a laudable intention, was to discover whether Celia was a proper object for his son's affection; and, for that purpose, to try her to the test, as he terms it. On beholding her, he becomes unwarily captivated with her charms, and wishes that he had not seen her." *Comments on the Plays of B. and F.*, p. 99. But the habitual licentiousness of the king is put beyond all doubt by a portion of act ii. sc. 1, which is given in the present ed. from a manuscript, and which was unknown to Mason: see vol. ii. p. 111.

[3] See vol. ii. p. 178.

[4] From the admirable speech of Katherine at the conclusion of *The Taming of the Shrew* we should have felt confident that she and her husband settled down into the happiest of couples, had not Fletcher taken care to inform us that the case was very different: *his* Petruchio has nothing but painful recollections of the days he passed with Katharine! see act iii. sc. 3, vol. ii. 199, "Was I not well-warn'd," &c. — Somewhat akin to this, — I mean, in its being opposed to the

There seems to be no cause for doubting that *The Chances*, a comedy of uncertain date, has been rightly attributed to Fletcher alone. — It is founded on *La Sennora Cornelia* of Cervantes. In that novel we recognize the author's usual invention; but the various personages are very slightly discriminated; nor is there even an approach to pleasantry. Whatever of well-marked character or of humor the play possesses, is therefore wholly Fletcher's; and it has unquestionably a considerable share of both. Don John is a good picture of a gay, frank, impetuous, honorable gallant; and his friend, the less mercurial Don Frederick, is equally well delineated. The landlady Gillian is a rich specimen of the grotesque. Towards the close of the piece, Fletcher deviates materially (and, I think, unfortunately) from the novel; and he winds up the whole by means of a very fantastical contrivance which is not in harmony with what precedes. But, however faulty it may be in structure, *The Chances* has such a throng of incidents brought out with high dramatic effect, and such sprightliness and ease of dialogue, that it affords perhaps more gratification in the perusal than any of our author's comedies, excepting *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *The Spanish Curate*, and *The Elder Brother*: with these three, unless I am greatly mistaken, it has no pretensions to be compared. — At the beginning of the present century *The Chances* (as altered by the Duke of Buckingham and Garrick) was still on the list of "acting plays:" somewhat more than twenty years ago, when the rage for musical entertainments had seized the public, it was degraded into a flimsy opera; and, most probably, it will never again in any shape "revisit the glimpses" of the lamps.

In *Monsieur Thomas*, another comedy of uncertain date, Fletcher had no coadjutor. — The serious portions of this play (which are evidently derived from some novel) have a large infusion of romantic interest and grace; but I doubt if they were in the recollection of Coleridge when he mentioned *Monsieur Thomas* as one of his "great favorites"[1] among Beaumont and Fletcher's works. The strength of the piece lies chiefly in its comic scenes, — in the exuberant animal spirits, the whim, and the madbrained freaks of the personage from whom it takes its title. That young gentleman may perhaps be thought to come under the class of ingenious caricatures; but whether he provokes his father by affecting the utmost sobriety of manner and sentiment, or regains his favor by pretending to have been on very intimate terms with "all" the maid-servants in the house, — whether, assisted by an old blind fiddler, he serenades his mistress, — or, disguised as a woman, throws a whole nunnery into confusion, — the character of Monsieur Thomas is kept up with equal spirit and consistency.

To the year 1621 belong three dramas composed solely by Fletcher, — *The Island Princess*, *the Pilgrim*, and *The Wild-goose-chase*.

Campbell observes that "the most amusingly absurd perhaps of all Fletcher's bad plays is *The Island Princess*;" and, to prove the truth of his criticism, he subjoins a minute analysis of the plot. That it is to be classed among the author's inferior performances, admits of no dispute; but its chief fault is not the improbability of the incidents, — such as "Armusia hiring a boat, with a few followers, which he hides, on landing at Tidore, among the reeds of the invaded island; then disguising himself as a merchant, hiring a cellar like the Popish conspirators, and in the most credible manner blowing up a considerable portion of a large town, rescuing the king, slaughtering all opposers, and reëmbarking in his yawl from among the reeds,"[2] — for, in such matters, the romantic drama claims, as it were, a license to set probability at defiance; the main blemish of *The Island Princess* is the flagrant inconsistency which marks the conduct of Ruy Dias and Quisara, — a violation of character which is more or less discernible in several other plays of Fletcher.[3]

The second of these dramas, *The Pilgrim*, has a loose and desultory plot, and characters with no new or striking features: yet it charms us by the rapid succession of the events, the well-contrived situations, the vivacity of the comic scenes, and the unstrained grace and occasional vigor of the serious portions. The second scene of the fourth act, in which Pedro saves the life of Roderigo, and from his mortal foe makes him his friend, is termed "truly excellent" by Coleridge, who adds that "altogether, indeed, this play holds the first place in Beaumont and Fletcher's romantic entertainments."[4] The mad-house scenes are in a great measure extraneous to the business of the piece; and, though the monomania of the scholar Stephano is very happily developed, the various "follies and lunacies" of his companions are utterly out of nature. Our early dramatists, with equal bad taste and feeling, are fond of introducing

idea which the original author intended us to form of the lady's behavior in the married state, — is the picture which Fielding gives us of (Richardson's) Pamela: see *Joseph Andrews*, B. iv. ch. 7 — vol. ii. 162, ed. 1768.

[1] *Table-Talk*, i. 72. ed. 1835.

[2] The words of Campbell, — *Spec. of Brit. Poets*, p. lxxv. ed. 1841.

[3] Since writing the above remarks, I have discovered the prose tale on which *The Island Princess* is founded: see *Addenda and Corrigenda* to the present work. Whatever the play has of improbable incident and inconsistent character may be traced to the novel.

[4] *Remains*, ii. 315.

us to the whole rabble of Bedlam;[1] but it happens luckily that these exhibitions of insanity are generally too absurd to be painful.

We learn on sure authority, that when the third of these dramas, *The Wild-goose-chase*, was originally performed, it afforded great satisfaction, not only to the audience, but to Fletcher also: "the play," observe the actors who first gave it to the press, "was of so general a received acceptance, that, he himself a spectator, we have known him unconcerned, and to have wished that it had been none of his; he, as well as the thronged theatre, (in spite of his innate modesty,) applauding this rare issue of the brain."[2] — *The Wild-goose-chase*, though greatly altered, and under another title,[3] still keeps possession of the stage, and may therefore be considered as well known to many readers. Modern critics have placed it in the front-rank of Fletcher's comedies; and, with such merits as it undoubtedly possesses, both of plot, character, and dialogue, I dare not question their decision. I must be allowed, however, to say, that it is by no means an agreeable comedy: the dramatis personæ excite our mirth, but none of our esteem.

In 1622 Fletcher brought upon the stage *The Prophetess*, *The Sea-Voyage*, and *The Spanish Curate*; and there seems to be little doubt that, during the same year, he also produced the *Beggars' Bush*. These plays are wholly from his pen.

The Prophetess was licensed May 14th, 1622. On the legend of Diocletian as related by Vopiscus and others, our poet has ingrafted much fable of his own, exalting the *Druis mulier*, who by a quibbling prophecy first roused the ambition of the Dalmatian soldier, into a potent enchantress, whose spells irresistibly influence all his future career. But supernatural machinery is seldom successful in the hands of Fletcher: besides, the magic wonders of the present play are not always suited to the period of its action; Delphia, in a chariot drawn by dragons, hovering over the Capitol, when the Roman greatness is in its wane, must be regarded as a very incongruous fiction; such an equipage belongs to Medea and the days of the Argonauts. The character of Diocletian is not unskilfully touched; and the scene in which he voluntarily resigns the imperial purple is worked out with considerable effect, — though, after all, it is one of those incidents which have their fullest impressiveness in the simple narrative of history. The character of Geta has received high praise from Weber: it is at least very diverting. With a few good scenes, and an abundance of good writing, *The Prophetess* is far from being a first-rate production of its author.

The second of these plays, *The Sea-Voyage*, was licensed 22nd June, 1622. "Those," says Dryden, "who have seen Fletcher's *Sea-Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a copy of Shakespeare's *Tempest*: the storm, the desert island, and the woman who had never seen a man, are all sufficient testimonies of it."[4] *The Sea-Voyage* is in my opinion so poor a piece, not only as "a copy of *The Tempest*," but in other respects; but without hesitation I should have ranked it among the worst of the romantic dramas in this collection, had I not seen that a critic of our own day has placed it (together with *The Island Princess* and *The Prophetess*) on a level with *The Faithful Shepherdess*, and "little behind" *Philaster* and *The Maid's Tragedy*.[5]

The third of these plays, *The Spanish Curate*, is founded on portions of a prose-work which had very recently appeared.[6] In 1622 a translation by Leonard Digges from the Spanish of Gonçalo de Cespides was published in London under the title of *Gerardo the unfortunate Spaniard, or, a Pattern for Lascivious Lovers*, — a novel containing a great variety of adventures interwoven with the main story, some of which are neither badly conceived nor badly told. Fletcher, ever on the watch for materials to serve his purposes as a playwright, lost no time in availing himself of the newly-translated *Gerardo*:[7] and having selected, and judiciously altered, two of the tales, he combined them into *The Spanish Curate*, which was licensed 24th October of the same year. — If the plot and underplot of this excellent comedy hang together somewhat loosely, the interest never languishes. The curate Lopez, and his sexton Diego, longing for a less healthy parish and abundance of funerals, quick at expedients which promise gain, and ready to play their parts in any waggery, — the greedy unprincipled lawyer Bartolus, and his spouse Amaranta, "as cunning as she's sweet," who finds means to baffle his unsleeping jealousy, — the young and amorous Leandro, — Don Henrique, a slave to the will of the imperious woman who passes for his wife, — the noble-minded Don Jamie, — and the boy Ascanio with a tenderness almost feminine, —

[1] See, for instance, Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore, Part* 1, and Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*.

[2] Vol. ii. p. 350.

[3] *The Inconstant* by Farquhar: see vol. ii. p. 350.

[4] Preface to *The Tempest*.

[5] *The Spectator* for 1840, p. 857.

[6] Mr. Hallam supposed that *The Spanish Curate* was "in all probability taken from one of those comedies of intrigue which the fame of Lope de Vega had made popular in Europe." *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 102, ed. 1843. — In a note on *The Coxcomb* (page 453) I have said that the authors "perhaps borrowed a portion of it from some Spanish drama:" I ought rather to have said, "were perhaps indebted for a portion of it to some Spanish *tale*." I am now convinced that our early playwrights very seldom made use of foreign *dramas*.

[7] That he used the English translation, and not the Spanish original, is certain: see vol. ii. 447, 455.

compose a group of well-contrasted characters, none of which can be called weakly drawn, while the first two (though essentially caricatures) possess a firmness of outline and a richness of coloring, which Fletcher has never surpassed and seldom equalled in his comic portraitures. Those incidents in which the prose narrative is most closely followed, — the presentation of the forged epistle to Lopez, and the game at chess, — are improved upon and heightened with great dramatic skill. As the character of Diego was not supplied by *Gerardo*, we seem warranted in attributing to the invention of Fletcher that exquisitely humorous scene, in which the penniless sexton, pretending to be at the point of death and to possess enormous wealth, dictates his testament to the curate, and gulls the avaricious lawyer by making him sole executor. It is to be regretted that in one circumstance Fletcher did not deviate from the novel, and save (as he might easily have done) the honor of Amaranta.

As to the fourth of these plays, the *Beggars' Bush*, — the romantic nature of the story, the well-conducted plot, and the humor and spirit of those scenes in which "the ragged regiment" is introduced, unquestionably render it a highly interesting and amusing piece. But, while it is more artistic, it is less poetical than Fletcher's other dramas of the same class; what is unusual with him, its female characters are altogether insignificant; and the slang phrases of the Beggars (which various popular tracts[1] had made familiar to the poet's audience) are calculated only to perplex the modern reader. Coleridge, however, — if we may credit the reporter of his sayings, — perceived no imperfections in the *Beggars' Bush:* "I could read it," he exclaimed, "from morning to night: how sylvan and sunshiny it is!"[2]

The Maid in the Mill was licensed 29th August, 1623. In this comedy Fletcher was assisted by William Rowley,[3] who also performed one of the characters, probably Bustofa. The greater portion of the second act, the whole of the fourth, as well as various speeches in other places of the play, are evidently from the pen of the latter poet, who (as Weber remarks) may be traced by his "rugged versification:" nor is halting metre the only fault of Rowley's contributions; the dialogue is often very forced and poorly expressed; and in one scene we have (what is strangely out of keeping with the rest of the comedy) an incident effected by supernatural means, — the reconciliation of Julio and Bellides in consequence of "a vision" which had appeared to both on the same night and had spoken to both in precisely the same words![4] With respect to Fletcher's share of the play, — while it affords no favorable specimen of his powers, it contains one of his deep offences against decency, — the scene in which the chaste Florimel assumes "for the nonce" the language and manners of an abandoned strumpet. The chief merit of *The Maid in the Mill* consists in its dramatic effect; and to that may be attributed the success which it originally experienced, having been acted at court three times during the same year.

Under "17 October," 1623, Sir Henry Herbert's official register has the following notice; "For the King's Company, An Old Play called *More Dissemblers besides Women* [by Middleton], allowed by Sir George Bucke; and, being free from alterations, was allowed by me, for a new play called *The Devil of Dowgate, or Usury Put to use*, Written by Fletcher."[5] This drama must be reckoned among the lost productions of our poet, unless Weber be right in conjecturing that Fletcher's *Night-Walker*, which, after his decease, appeared on the stage as "corrected by Shirley," is only an alteration of *The Devil of Dowgate*. The last-mentioned play undoubtedly had its origin in a ballad called *The devell of Dowgate and his sonne*, which I find entered on the Stationers' Books to Edward White, 5th August, 1596,[6] and which is not known to be extant.

Again, under "6 December" of the same year, Sir Henry mentions, "For the King's Company, *The Wandring Lovers*, written by Mr. Fletcher;"[7] and he has further recorded that "Upon the [ensuing] New-years night [was acted], by the K. company, *The Wandering Lovers*, the prince only being there, att Whitehall."[8] This piece has perished. — A comedy entitled *The Wandering Lovers, or The Painter*, was entered on the Stationers' Books, 9th Septr. 1653, as the composition of Massinger, but never printed; and Weber has anticipated me in the obvious remark that most probably *The Wandering Lovers* of Sir H. Herbert's memoranda and *The Wandering Lovers* of the Stationers' Books were one and the same play, a joint essay of Fletcher and Massinger.[9]

[1] By Dekker, &c.

[2] *Table Talk*, ii. 119, ed. 1835. I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Nelson Coleridge mistook the name of the play, and that his uncle mentioned, not the *Beggars' Bush*, but *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

[3] See note, p. 30.

[4] Act iv. sc. 2, vol. ii. 572. This incident is the dramatist's. It does not occur in the novel which furnished the characters of the two old men; see vol. ii. 548.

[5] Chalmers's *Sup. Apol.* p. 215.

[6] Lib. C. fol. 12 (b). — Our early dramatists have various allusions to the hero of this ballad: so in *Wily Beguilde;* "he does so ruffle before my mistresse with his barbarian eloquence, and strut before her in a paire of Polonian legges, as if hee were gentleman Vsher to the great Turke or *the Diuell of Dowgate.*" Sig. F 4. ed. 1606.

[7] Chalmers's *Sup. Apol.* p. 216.

[8] Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 227.

[9] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. lvi. — Both Weber and Gifford erroneously state that *The Wandering Lovers* was

Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid, was perhaps produced in 1622 or 1623: it would seem to be wholly by Fletcher — In this comedy there is not much to praise.

During 1624 Fletcher gave two dramas to the stage, — *A Wife for a Month*, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*.

The first of these was licensed 27th May, 1624. — With a plot in itself disagreeable and by no means artfully framed, *A Wife for a Month* is nevertheless a drama which few readers will be content to leave half-perused. The characters of the lovers Valerio and Evanthe are not unhappily conceived nor destitute of interesting traits, though some of the scenes between them (and the best too in the play) are a good deal sullied by that grossness to which our author is so prone. Frederick and his creature Sorano, the latter especially, are coarse and common-place exhibitions of villany. The scene which introduces Alphonso laboring under the effects of the poison has been pronounced by Seward [1] "superior" and by Weber [2] "scarcely inferior" to what was evidently its model, — the concluding scene of Shakespeare's *King John*. Such criticism is preposterous. With occasional beauty of diction, the wailings of Alphonso are a succession of extravagances and conceits; and they are spun out to a length which must necessarily have weakened their impressiveness, had they been ever so truthful. Shakespeare, with his usual judgment, gave comparatively few speeches to the dying king. Besides, as Alphonso not only recovers from the effects of the poison, but is even cured of his former malady by its operation, the scene is not a little objectionable; such a high-wrought display of physical suffering should have been the prelude to nothing but death. The dialogue of this drama is generally spirited, and has much of Fletcher's rapid eloquence and flowing versification.

The second of these plays, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, was licensed 19th Oct. 1624. It has always been esteemed, and justly, as one of the author's master-pieces in comedy. The main plot and the underplot [3] are very skilfully connected, and both are so judiciously managed, that the interest never flags, and the rather unpleasing nature of the fable is entirely overlooked. The dramatis personæ are forcibly delineated and well diversified, with no unwarrantable heightening of their peculiarities, and possess as much individuality as will be found in any of Fletcher's characters.[4] The dialogue, though no vein of what is strictly termed poetry runs through it, is every where full of animation, often richly humorous, and, in some of the serious portions assigned to Leon, remarkable for the neat and forcible expression of the sentiment. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* is better known than any play in this collection, for (with some alterations) it still proves an attractive entertainment on the stage.

But death suddenly put an end to the unwearied literary exertions of Fletcher, while he was yet in all the vigor of manhood. Being about to visit a certain knight in Norfolk or Suffolk, and delaying his journey only till the tailor had furnished him with a new suit of clothes, he fell a victim to the plague, which was then prevalent in the metropolis.[5] He died, before completing his forty-sixth year, in August 1625, and was buried, on the 29th of that month, at St. Savior's, Southwark, without any memorial to mark the spot.[6] In the following *Epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. Philip Massinger* by Sir Aston

one of the MS. plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant. No such piece is mentioned in Warburton's list of those plays, *MS. Lansd.* 807.

[1] Preface to ed. 1750.

[2] Note *ad loc.*

[3] Mr. Hallam remarks, "That *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* has a prototype on the Spanish theatre must appear likely; but I should be surprised if the variety and spirit of character, the vivacity of humor, be not chiefly due to our own authors [author]." *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 108, ed. 1843. From what source the main plot is derived has not been ascertained; but we know that the underplot is borrowed from one of the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes: see vol. ii. p. 613.

[4] Campbell, speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher, mentions, as among the very best of their "humorous characters," La-Writ in *The Little French Lawyer*, and Cacafogo in the present play. *Spec. of Brit. Poets*, p. lxxv. ed. 1841. — Davies notices a tradition, which he had learned from the old actors, that "Cacafogo was intended as a rival to Falstaff." *Dram. Miscell.* ii. 406.

[5] "In the great plague, 1625, a Knight of Norfolk or Suffolk invited him into the countrey. He stayed but to make himselfe a suite of cloathes, and while it was makeing, fell sick of the plague and dyed. This I had from his tayler, who is now a very old man, and clarke of St. Mary Overy's." Aubrey, — *Letters written by Eminent Persons*, &c., Vol. ii. P. i. p. 352. "In this Church was interred, without any Memorial, that eminent Dramatick Poet Mr. John Fletcher, Son to Bishop Fletcher of London, who dyed of the Plague the 19th of August 1625. When I searched the Register of this Parish in 1670 for his *Obit*, for the Use of Mr. Anthony à Wood, the Parish-Clerk, aged above 80, told me that he was his Taylor, and that Mr. Fletcher staying for a Suit of Cloaths before he retired into the Countrey, Death stopped his Journey, and laid him low here." Aubrey's *Hist. of Surrey*, v. 209. In the second of these passages there is evidently an error: the words "who dyed of the Plague the 19th of August" should be "who died of the plague, and was buried the 29th of August."

[6] His burial is recorded at St. Savior's in three distinct entries. 1. In one register; "1625. Auguste 29. Mr. John Fletcher a man in the church." 2. In another register; 1625. August 29. John Fletcher a poet in the church. gr.

Cokaine, "the same grave" perhaps means nothing more than the same place of interment, for nearly fourteen years elapsed between the burials of Fletcher and Massinger;[1]

"In the same grave Fletcher was buried, here
Lies the stage-poet, Philip Massinger;
Playes they did write together, were great friends;
And now one grave includes them at their ends:
So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath
Here, in their fames, they lie, in spight of death."[2]

That the decease of so eminent a dramatist as Fletcher must have been lamented by all to whom the stage was an object of interest, we might have taken for granted even without the express testimony of Richard Brome;

"I knew him till he died;
And, at his dissolution, what a tide
Of sorrow overwhelm'd the stage; which gave
Volleys of sighs to send him to his grave,
And grew distracted in most violent fits,
For she had lost the best part of her wits."[3] —

In the course of this memoir we have seen that *The Faithful Shepherdess* and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* were completely damned on their first representation, and that *The Coxcomb*, when originally acted, was condemned for its length by a portion of the spectators: we learn, moreover, from a passage in Brome's Dedication of *Monsieur Thomas* to Charles Cotton, that Fletcher often failed to secure the full approbation of the audience; "You will find him in this poem as active as in others, to many of which the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malicious custom more than reason; yet they have since, by your candid self and others, been clearly vindicated."[4]

The probability is, that Fletcher was never married.[5] — Next to Beaumont, it would seem that Jonson and Massinger were the most intimate friends: "I knew him," says Brome,

"when he,
That was the master of his art and me,
Most knowing Jonson, proud to call him son,
In friendly envy, swore he had out-done
His very self;"[6]

and Jonson told Drummond "that Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him;" declaring too on the same occasion, "that, next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask."[7] — Fletcher's "innate modesty" is mentioned by the actors Lowin and Taylor;[8] and, as Mr. Darley observes,[9] "the noble trait of self-respect" is attributed to him "in very strong language" by the prologue-writer at a revival of *The Nice Valor;*

and cl. 2s." ("cl." seems to mean, as Mr. P. Cunningham observes to me, "clerk:" Mr. Collier — *Introd. to Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. xii. — reads it "*ch.*," i. e. church). 3. In the unbound monthly accounts on separate sheets; "1625. August 29. John Fletcher gentleman in the church 20s."

[1] Massinger was buried 18 *March* 1638–9. See Collier's *Introd.* to *Mem. of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. xiii.

[2] Cokaine's *Poems*, p. 186, ed. 1662.

[3] *Commend. Poems*, p. 22.

[4] Vol. ii. p. 246.

[5] Mr. Collier has furnished me with the following extracts from Parish-registers, and, more in jest than in earnest, would connect the second and third entry with the passage of Shadwell's *Bury-Fair* which is cited at p. 12 of this Memoir.

"John Fletcher and Elleyne Archer were married the 4 day of August 1608." *Reg. of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.*

"1612. Nov. 3. John Fletcher and Joue Herring [were married]." *Reg. of St. Savior's, Southwark.*

"John the son of John Fletcher and of Joan his wife was baptised 25 Feb. 1619." *Reg. of St. Bartholomew the Great.*

But John Fletcher was a very common name: the token-books of St. Savior's, Southwark, show that in 1616 four persons so called were living in that parish.

[6] *Commend. Poems*, p. 22.

[7] *Notes of Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, &c. pp. 4, 12. ed. Shake. Soc. — We have, however, no specimens of Fletcher as a masque-writer, except in the masques which form portions of some of his plays.

[8] Ded. to *The Wild-goose-chase*, already quoted, vol. ii. page 350.

[9] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xvi.

"It's grown in fashion of late, in these days,
To come and beg a sufferance to our plays:
Faith, gentlemen, our poet ever writ
Language so good, mix'd with such sprightly wit,
He made the theatre so sovereign
With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching vein:
We stabb'd him with keen daggers, when we pray'd
Him write a preface to a play well made:
He could not write these toys; 'twas easier far
To bring a felon to appear at the bar,
So much he hated baseness; which, this day,
His scenes will best convince you of in 's play." [1] —

That sparkling wit in conversation, for which, according to Shirley (in a passage before cited, p. 2), Beaumont and Fletcher were equally distinguished, is noticed as a characteristic of the latter by two other authorities; — by the author of a prologue at a revival of *The Chances*, —

"Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast;
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect comedy;
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that house a theatre
Which he pleased to frequent;" [2] —

[illegible] Brome, —

"You, that have known him, know
The common talk that from his lips did flow,
And run at waste, did savor more of wit
Than any of his time, or since, have writ,
But few excepted, in the stage's way." [3] —

As in the case of Beaumont and other poets of the time, Fletcher's Christian name used to undergo a familiar alteration;

"Fletcher and Webster, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Jacke*." [4]

The Fair Maid of the Inn, though not brought upon the stage till after Fletcher's death, appears to have been wholly from his pen. It was licensed 22nd January, 1625–6. In the plot of this tragi-comedy some circumstances are ill contrived. There is no adequate motive for Alberto's resolution to cut off the hand of Montevole; nor does it seem that the safety of Cæsario is rendered more certain by the course which Mariana adopts to insure it, — a solemn protestation in open court that he is not her son; while the atrocious cruelty in the one instance, and the flagrant mendacity in the other (for the lady supports her assertion by a tissue of falsehoods, and has witnesses ready to perjure themselves in her behalf), annihilate all the reader's sympathy with these two personages, whom Fletcher nevertheless intended to represent as not unworthy of esteem. The only interesting character in the play is that of Bianca, — a slight but beautiful sketch: the scene in which (having heard that Cæsario is no longer Alberto's heir) she offers him her hand, and is scornfully rejected, has a pathos which the author sometimes missed in his more ambitious attempts to move the heart.

The Noble Gentleman was licensed 3rd February, 1625–6. As various portions of its dialogue differ considerably from Fletcher's usual style of writing, we may conjecture that he left it in an unfinished state, and that it was completed for the theatre by a second dramatist — perhaps by Shirley. — The story of this comedy (derived, we may suppose, from some novel), — the gulling of Monsieur Marine, a gentleman who has been persuaded to leave his estate in the country and to haunt the court in hopes of honor and preferment, — is well adapted for the stage: but here it is most injudiciously treated, the incidents

[1] Vol. ii. 738. — The following notice concerning Fletcher and the players occurs in a comparatively modern book. "It is reported of Mr. Fletcher, that, though he write [writ] with such a free and sparkling Genius, that future Ages shall scarce ever parallel, yet his importunate Commedians would often croud upon him such impertinences, which to him seemed needless and lame excuses, his Works being so good, his indignation rendered them as the onely bad Lines his modest Thalia was ever humbled with." *Preface* to *The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*, &c., 1658.

[2] Vol. ii. p. 216.

[3] *Commend. Poems*, p. 92.

[4] Heywood's *Hierarchie of the blessed Angells*, 1635, p. 206.

degenerating into farcical absurdities, at which the reader is the less inclined to smile, because in one case certainly, and perhaps in more, they involve a violation of character.

The Elder Brother, in which Fletcher undoubtedly had no assistant, is a proof that, even to the last, his genius was capable of bearing golden fruit. We are sure that it was not performed till after his decease (but how long after, is uncertain); and when we consider the improbability that he would have confined to his closet a piece which he had finished for the theatre with more than usual care, we may reasonably conclude that it was one of his latest compositions. — *The Elder Brother* ranks with the most perfect comedies in these volumes. The temptation to throw some touches of strong caricature into the picture of its hero, during the earlier part of the play, was more than Fletcher could resist; and accordingly Charles is represented as so wrapped up in study, and so little acquainted with the most common things of life, that he knows not what "a cook" is, and inquires the meaning of "venison:" but the total change which is wrought upon him by the all-subduing power of love is exhibited with equal truth and delicacy, as well as with great dramatic effect. Nor perhaps less skilful, though less striking, is the delineation of the younger brother Eustace, who at first a fop, and anxious only to prove himself "a complete courtier," eventually redeems his character, and, in a very animated scene, spurns from him the unworthy companions by whom he had been seduced into frivolity. The three old gentlemen, Miramont more particularly, are drawn with considerable clearness and variety; and Andrew is an excellent picture of a shrewd and faithful servant. If Angelina does not fully satisfy the expectations which are raised by her appearance in the opening scene, her conduct is at least marked by firmness throughout. Of the many poetical passages which adorn *The Elder Brother*, the finest are allotted to Charles; and whether he pours forth the enthusiasm of the student or the lover, his language is noble and imaginative.

If we were certain that *The Nice Valor, or, the Passionate Madman* was wholly by Fletcher, the mention in act v. sc. 3 of a prose-tract which was not published till 1624 would determine this comedy to have been among the last he wrote: but the traces of a second pen which we seem frequently to discover in it, excite a suspicion that, after our poet's death, another playwright either altered it to its present shape for a revival, or completed it for its original appearance on the stage. — Its plot poor and disjointed, its chief characters altogether unnatural, and its humor violent in the extreme,[1] *The Nice Valor* can add nothing to Fletcher's dramatic fame: yet is it memorable as containing that exquisite song[2] (a pearl among rubbish), to which Milton is not without obligations in his *Il Penseroso*.

The Bloody Brother, or, Rollo Duke of Normandy, "was certainly written," says Weber, "before 1621,"[3] — an assertion for which he does not state any authority. As far as I can judge, it must have been one of the latest pieces on which Fletcher was engaged; and, there being strong internal evidence that only a portion of it is his, I conclude that after his decease it was completed for the theatre by another dramatist, — in all probability, by William Rowley.[4] — Few critics, I imagine, will agree with Dryden in admiring the plot of this play for its "uniformity and unity of design;"[5] nor is there much to admire on the score of character. What is good in *The Bloody Brother* is Fletcher's;[6] and, besides many vigorous and eloquent passages, there is one short scene distinct in its excellence from all the rest, —

Latet arbore opaca
Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus, —

the scene in which Edith implores Rollo to spare her father, and, finding her supplications vain, abandons them for curses on the tyrant. The passionate earnestness and the volubility of her language are even thrilling; perhaps, indeed, the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher will supply no second instance of the *reality* which that short scene possesses; and every reader must regret that an unlucky recollection of Shakespeare's Richard the Third and Lady Anne[7] should have induced our author to destroy the consistency of Edith's character by afterwards representing her as on the point of yielding to the love-suit of Rollo, at the very moment when she is prepared to take away his life and avenge her father: unlike her prototype, however, she is saved by circumstances from the final disgrace of being "fool'd" by his blandishments. Rollo is a mere exaggeration, a monster of incredible wickedness: he hates his brother Otto with a hatred fiercer than that between the Theban brothers; after failing in an attempt to poison

[1] I ought not, however to conceal from the reader that one editor thinks very differently of this play: Weber speaks of "the inimitable humor displayed in every part of it," and says that "we must claim for Galoshio a rank immediately after the clowns of Shakespeare." *Pref. Remarks on The Nice Valor.*

[2] Vol. ii. p. 751.

[3] *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xliii.

[4] See note, p. 29.

[5] *On Dram. Poesy,* — *Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 73, ed. Malone.

[6] I now believe that in the prefatory remarks on the play (vol. ii. 764) I too hastily assented to Weber's opinion that only a portion of the fifth act was written by Fletcher.

[7] Seward first noticed this imitation of Shakespeare.

him, he stabs him in his mother's arms; offers his sword both at her and at his sister; sends his chancellor and his tutor to the block because they refuse to justify Otto's murder to the people; and has one of his captains put to death for giving burial to the beheaded chancellor. Yet does Dryden defend this superfluity of crime. — "It adds," he says, "to our horror and detestation of the criminal; and poetic justice is not neglected neither, for we stab him in our minds for every offence which he commits!"[1] Sophia, who at first shows much energy and address in quelling the discord of her sons, sinks afterwards into insignificance. The high farce of the Cook and his comrades, intended to relieve the atrocities of the play, seems utterly out of place; and the astrological jargon would be intolerable any where. — Towards the close of the seventeenth century this tragedy, with all its faults (and perhaps in consequence of those very faults), was still popular on the stage. The following anecdote, which relates to a somewhat earlier period, is from Wright's *Historia Histrionica;* and I may preface it by observing that recent inquiries into stage-history have only confirmed the authenticity of that curious tract. "When the wars were over, and the royalists totally subdued, most of 'em, [the players] who were left alive gathered to London, and for a subsistence endeavored to revive their old trade privately. They made up one company out of all the scattered members of several; and in the winter before the king's murder, 1648, they ventured to act some plays, with as much caution and privacy as could be, at the Cock-pit. They continued undisturbed for three or four days; but at last, as they were presenting the tragedy of *The Bloody Brother* (in which Lowin acted Aubrey, Taylor Rollo, Pollard the Cook, Burt Latorch, and, I think, Hart Otto), a party of foot-soldiers beset the house, surprised 'em about the middle of the play, and carried 'em away in their habits, not admitting them to shift, to Hatton-house, then a prison, where having detained them some time, they plundered them of their clothes, and let 'em loose again."[2]

The modern editors concur in stating that *The Lovers' Progress*, having been left imperfect by Fletcher, was completed by some other dramatist. But the prologue leaves no doubt that it was finished by Fletcher (and perhaps acted during his life), and that *The Lovers' Progress*, as we now possess it, is Fletcher's play with sundry additions and alterations, made by another dramatist for its revival, a considerable time after Fletcher's death. I agree with Weber in thinking that the second dramatist was Massinger.[3] — Into this tragedy the authors have compressed, with some slight variations, the more important incidents of a long and tedious novel,[4] imbuing with life and animation the characters which they found very faintly drawn. The ghost of the innkeeper, as they have exhibited it, is a spectre *sui generis:* in the novel it appears with all the solemnity which is supposed to attend such visitations; but in the play it sings a jovial song, and enters into conversation exactly like a being of flesh and blood. Yet the effect of the scene to which I allude[5] is the reverse of comic: in the very mirth and familiarity of the ghost, accompanied with its declaration that the man himself has "been dead these three weeks," there is something which makes a near approach to the terrible. This spectre seemed to deserve especial notice here, because it was a favorite with one[6] whose judgment in all matters of romantic fiction must command respect.

An entry in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, dated 11th May, 1633, shows that *The Night-Walker, or the Little Thief*, was "corrected by Sherley;" and hence the general belief that, Fletcher having died before he had finished the play, Shirley was employed to complete it for the stage. Weber, however, conjectures that *The Night-Walker* is an alteration, by Shirley, of Fletcher's *Devil of Dowgate*, a lost drama which has been already noticed (p. 36). — Hazlitt[7] mentions *The Night-Walker*, together with *The Little French Lawyer* and *Monsieur Thomas*, as "coming perhaps next" to the best comedies in the collection: but to me it seems altogether inferior to either of the pieces with which he has classed it. The incidents, when we consider that the scene passes in London during the time of the author, have a very startling improbability; and the chief characters are vulgarized copies of personages in some of Fletcher's earlier comedies. Yet is it undoubtedly, what Sir Henry Herbert terms it, "a merry play," nor does it ever weary

[1] *Heads of an Answer to Rymer*, — *Prose Works*, Vol. i. P. ii. p. 313, ed. Malone. — See note on this Memoir, p. 15.

[2] P. cl., — Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i. last ed.

[3] The chief incident in this tragedy is the murder of Cleander — and among the lost dramas of Massinger was one called *The Tragedy of Cleander*, acted 7 May, 1634: but the Cleander of the present play is an imaginary personage; and *The Tragedy of Cleander* doubtless treated of the Cleander who was an officer of Alexander the Great, and who was put to death for offering violence to a noble virgin and giving her as a prostitute to his servants.

[4] *Histoire des Amours de Lysandre et de Caliste.*

[5] Act iii. sc. 5: see the corresponding passage of the novel (abridged), vol. ii. 797. — The account in the novel of the ghost's second visit (*ibid.* p. 798) has a bold extravagance which would have pleased Monk Lewis.

[6] Sir Walter Scott: — Mr. Lockhart, describing the Sunday-evening "readings" for the amusement of Scott's domestic circle, in his house at Edinburgh, mentions that "Dryden's Fables, Johnson's two Satires, and certain detached scenes of Beaumont and Fletcher, especially that in *The Lovers' Progress*, where the ghost of the musical innkeeper makes his appearance, were frequently selected." *Life of Sir W. Scott*, iv. 163, first ed.: see also vi. 158.

[7] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of Age of Eliz.* p. 152, ed. 1840.

the reader. For the marks of haste and negligence which it frequently betrays, Shirley, not Fletcher, must be held responsible.

Love's Pilgrimage, according to the common opinion, was left imperfect by Fletcher and completed by Shirley,[1] the latter having introduced into it a whole scene and some detached passages from Jonson's *New Inn*: but Weber inclines to believe that it was written by Fletcher and Massinger in conjunction, that it was brought upon the stage during Fletcher's lifetime, and (what I think very unlikely) that the interpolations from Jonson were made by the players, without the assistance of Shirley, when the comedy was revived in 1635.[2] All uncertainty about its date and authorship would probably be removed if the entire memoranda of Sir Henry Herbert were given to the public. — *Love's Pilgrimage* (founded, and, for the greater part, closely, on *Las Dos Donzellas* of Cervantes) is pronounced by Weber to be "one of the most lively and attractive productions in these volumes."[3] I can go no farther in its praise than saying that there is some force and truthfulness in the serious scenes, and no lack of farcical humor in the comic portions.

One play only remains to be mentioned, — *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. For this tragedy, which is replete with grandeur and beauty, *The Knightes Tale* of Chaucer supplied the materials. — According to the title-page of the oldest edition, 1634, it was "written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare." That Fletcher was partly its author has never been disputed: but the assertion of the old title-page with respect to Shakespeare has given rise to much critical discussion and variety of conjecture. Passing over all that has been said on the subject of Shakespeare's participation in the play by Messrs. Seward, Colman, Steevens, and several others, I shall first cite the opinions of the more eminent recent critics, and then subjoin my own. "This scene," observes Lamb (speaking of the dialogue between Palamon and Arcite in prison, act ii. scene 1), "bears indubitable marks of Fletcher: the two which precede it [the first scene of act i., and Emilia's account of her friendship with Flavina in the third scene of the same act] give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakespeare had a hand in this play. The same judgment may be formed of the death of Arcite, and some other passages not here given. They have a luxuriance in them, which strongly resembles Shakespeare's manner in those parts of his plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description. I might fetch instances from *Troilus* and *Timon*. That Fletcher should have copied Shakespeare's manner through so many entire scenes (which is the theory of Mr. Steevens) is not very probable; that he could have done it with such facility is to me not certain. * * * * * * If Fletcher wrote some scenes in imitation, why did he stop?"[4] Hazlitt[5] rejects the idea that any part of the tragedy is by Shakespeare. In a long and excellent *Letter on Shakespeare's authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen*,[6] Mr. Spalding declares that "the whole of the first act may be safely pronounced to be Shakespeare's," — that "in the second act no part seems to have been taken by Shakespeare," — that "nothing in the third act can with confidence be attributed to Shakespeare, except the first scene," — that "the fourth act may safely be pronounced wholly Fletcher's," — that "in the fifth act we again feel the presence of the master of the spell. Several passages in this portion are marked by as striking tokens of his art as any thing which we read in *Macbeth* or *Coriolanus*. The whole act, a very long one, may be boldly attributed to him, with the exception of one episodical scene."[7] Coleridge is reported to have said, "I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are Shakespeare's."[8] Mr. Hallam[9] more than doubts that Shakespeare was concerned in

[1] See what Malone states on the authority of Sir Henry Herbert, vol. ii. p. 865.

[2] An entry of that date regarding "the renewing" of the play (see vol. ii. 865) is cited by Weber from Sir Henry Herbert's office-book; but I have not been able to find it among those memoranda of Sir Henry which Malone has printed.

[3] *Introd. remarks on the play.*

[4] *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 419, ed 1808.

[5] *Lectures on the Dram. Lit. of Age of Eliz.*, p. 145, ed. 1840.

[6] 1630. — Indeed, Weber, whose remarks on *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were printed in 1812, differs but slightly from Mr. Spalding in distinguishing the Shakespearian portions. "The supposition of Warburton, that the first act was his [Shakespeare's], is supported strongly by internal evidence; but few will agree with his *ipse dixit*, that it is written in Shakespeare's worst manner. The second act bears all the marks of Fletcher's style. Of the third, I should be inclined to ascribe the first scene to Shakespeare, and in the fourth, the third scene, which is written in prose; while the other scenes, in which the madness of the Jailer's Daughter is delineated, are in verse, according to the usual practice of Fletcher. The entire last act, perhaps with the exception of the fourth scene, strongly indicates that it was the composition of Fletcher's illustrious associate. Nothing can prove his coöperation more strongly than the beautiful description of the accident which occasioned the death of Arcite." *Observations appended to the Two Noble Kinsmen.*

[7] i. e., according to the present edition, the second scene of act five. Mr. Spalding (following Weber's division of scenes) mentions it as scene 4.

[8] *Table-Talk*, ii. 119, ed. 1835. Here the reporter of Coleridge's conversation must have made a mistake: "the first scene of the second act" is evidently Fletcher's.

[9] *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, iii. 106, ed. 1843.

it. Mr. Darley allows that "it is quite possible that Shakespeare may have contributed towards" this tragedy.[1] In an ingenious essay on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*,[2] Mr. Knight denies Shakespeare's claim to any part of the play, and endeavors to prove that it is the joint-composition of Fletcher and Chapman. "We can understand," he says, "such a division of labor between Fletcher and Chapman, as that Fletcher should take the romantic parts of the story, as the knight-errantry, the love, the rivalry, the decision by bodily prowess, — and that Chapman should deal with Theseus and the Amazons, the lament of the three Queens, (which subject was familiar to him in *The Seven against Thebes* of the Greek drama,) and the mythology which Chaucer had so elaborately sketched as the machinery of his great story." Mr. Knight then compares several passages of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* with "passages of a similar nature, selected somewhat hastily from three or four of Chapman's plays:" and concludes by observing that "Chapman died in the very year that the first edition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was published with the name of Shakespeare in the title-page. If the title-page were a bookseller's invention, the name of Shakespeare would be of higher price than that of Chapman." — My own opinion is, that Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote all those portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which are assigned to him by Mr. Spalding, though I apprehend that in some places they have suffered by alterations and interpolations from the pen of Fletcher. Such passages as the following could not possibly have been produced by any copyist of the great poet's style, — a style which is essentially different from that of all contemporary playwrights, and which men of genius in later days have vainly tried to imitate.[3]

"Honored Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honor
First Nature styl'd it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldiersss,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity;
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee; who ow'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it e'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!"
Act i. sc. 1, vol. ii. p. 901.

"When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!" *Ibid.* p. 903.

1 *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. 00.

2 Knight's *Shakspere* (*Library edition*), xii. 451.

3 "There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round, that we cannot even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his manner in the *Remorse*, and, when I had done, I found I had been tracking Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger instead. It is really very curious. At first sight Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists seem to write in styles much alike: nothing so easy as to fall into that of Massinger and the others; whilst no one has ever yet produced one scene conceived and expressed in the Shakespearian idiom." Coleridge's *Table-Talk*, ii. 121, ed. 1835.

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach]
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!
Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly!"

Act v. sc. 1, p. 929.

"The hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely."

Act v. sc. 4, p. 935.

If we could imagine a picture painted partly by Michael Angelo and partly by Correggio, it would not present a stronger contrast of styles than we meet with in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. To prove the truth of this assertion, I need only quote a speech from one of those scenes which are unquestionably by Fletcher;

"No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!'
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature: this is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still."

Act ii. sc. 1, p. 909.

The passages selected by Mr. Knight from Chapman's dramas as "of a similar nature" to some in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are certainly very unlike them in two respects—in wanting compression of thought, and in being composed on another system of versification. Let the reader judge:

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

"We come unseasonably; but when could Grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?"

Vol. ii. p. 903.

"Oh, you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us! for what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind." p. 936.

"Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance!"

p. 905.

CHAPMAN.

"Sin is a coward, madam, and insults
But on our weakness, in his truest valor;
And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
His shadows fright us."

Bussy D' Ambois, 1608, sig. D 3.

"O, the good God of gods,
How blind is pride! what eagles we are still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own!"

All Fools, 1605, sig. G 2.

"O, the strange difference 'twixt us and the stars!
They work with inclinations strong and fatal,
And nothing know: and we know all their working,
And nought can do, or nothing can prevent."

Byron's Conspiracie, 1608, sig. F 2.

We are next to inquire whether Fletcher and Shakespeare worked simultaneously on this tragedy, and what was the probable date of its first representation. Mr. Spalding believes that it was written by Fletcher and Shakespeare in coalition, Shakespeare having chosen the story and arranged the plot. I shall presently arrive at another conclusion. — The tale of Chaucer, on which *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is founded, had been dramatized at a much earlier period. A play called *Palamon and Arcyte*[1] (by Richard Edwards) was performed before Queen Elizabeth in the hall of Christ-Church, Oxford, in 1566; and we learn from Henslowe's *Diary* that a piece entitled *Palamon and Arsett* was acted several times at the Newington theatre in 1594.[2] Mr. Collier conjectures that the last-mentioned piece may have been a rifacimento of Edwards's play, and that in 1594 Shakespeare may have introduced into *Palamon and Arsett* those alterations and additions which afterwards "were employed by Fletcher in the play as it was printed in 1634."[3] But I suspect that the *Palamon and Arsett* of 1594 was a distinct piece from the academical drama of 1566; and I cannot persuade myself that the "Shakespearian" portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were composed so early as 1594, — stamped as they every where are with the manner of Shakespeare's later years. In January 1609–10, a warrant was granted (but never carried into effect) which empowered Baborne, Shakespeare, Field and Kirkham, "to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of children, who shall be called the Children of her Majesties Revels," and who are thereby authorized to act "within the Blackfryers, in our Citie of London or els where within our realme of England;" and together with the draught of the warrant, there has been preserved a list of pieces which were to be acted by those Children.[4] In that list is a play called *Kinsmen*. Now, while I have little doubt that it was an alteration of the *Palamon and Arsett* of 1594, I am strongly inclined to believe that the said alteration was by Shakespeare, and made only a short time anterior to the issuing of the warrant. But whatever be the date of the "Shakespearian" portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, I feel assured that they were written long before Fletcher's contributions to the play. The latter include the distraction of the Jailer's Daughter, which in some points is a direct plagiarism of Ophelia's madness in *Hamlet;* and it is highly improbable that, if the two dramatists had worked together on the tragedy, Fletcher would have ventured to make so free with the poetical property of Shakespeare: indeed, I fully assent to the truth of Mr. Knight's remark, that "the underplot, — the love of the Jailer's Daughter for Palamon, her agency in his escape from prison, her subsequent madness, and her unnatural and revolting union with one who is her lover under these circumstances, — is of a nature not to be conceived by Shakespeare, and further not to be tolerated in any work with which he was concerned." Finally, — I would suppose that Fletcher, towards the close of his career, undertook to remodel the *Kinsmen;* that he retained all those additions which had been made to it by Shakespeare, but tampering with them here and there; and that he wrought it into the drama which we now possess under the title of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.[5]

[1] This piece has perished. Weber, Mr. Spalding, and others (deceived by that arch-inventor of editions, Chetwood) mentions it as having been printed in 1585.

[2] Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 41, 43, 44, ed. Collier.

[3] *Id.* p. 41.

[4] Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. ccxxix.

[5] According to the title-page of 4to 1634, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was "*presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Majesties Servants.*" Mr. Spalding understands "*the Kings Majesties Servants*" to mean the servants of King James. I believe that those of Charles the First are intended: Sir Aston Cokaine (in some lines already cited, p. 38) says that Fletcher, after Beaumont's death,

"suffered not the Globe and *Black-Friers Stage*
T' envy the glories of a former Age."

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

P. 10. *At the age of twelve, 4th February*, 1596–7, &c.] Since the earlier part of this Memoir was printed, Dr Bliss has kindly furnished me with the following extract from the Matriculation Register:

"Broadgates.
1596 Feb. 4.
Henric. Beawmont Lecest. Baron. fil. ætat. 15.
Joh. Beawmont Lecest. Baron. fil. 14.
Francisc. Beawmont Lecest. Baron. fil. ætat. 12."

APPENDIX I.

THE WILL OF BISHOP FLETCHER.

(FROM THE REGISTRY OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.)

In the name of God Amen, vicesimo sexto die mensis Octobris (1593), I, Richarde Bishopp of Wigorn, hir Majesties Highe Almner, doe make and ordeyne this my last will and testamente in manner and forme followinge. My sowle sanctefyed by faith in Ihesus Christe I doe resigne willinglye vnto God that gaue yt me, and my bodye to the earthe from whence yt was taken, theare to sleepe till the daie of the restoringe of all thinges, att which tyme I knowe, my Redeemer livinge, I shall see God in my fleshe, and shall then in bodye and soule receaue the fruition of everlastinge glorye with all his Sainctes: this hope hath the God of all comforte laide vpp in my breste. Item, I geue to the poore of Watforde in Hartfordshire tenne poundes; Item, I geue to the poore of Cranbroke in Kente ffyve powndes; Item, I geue to the poore of Rye ffyve powndes; Item, I geue to the poore of Peterboroughe ffyve powndes; Item, I geue to the poore of Chelsey ffyve powndes; to be distributed by the Ministers of eche place where they shall thincke most needefull. Item, I geue to Bennett Colledge in Cambridge my peece of plate of one estriges egge. Item, I will that my house att Chelsea wherein I dwell, and the house which I boughte of Mr. Hungerforde, and the leasse of Fishers house and gardeyne, shalbe all soulde by my executours to the beste value, and the money thereof arrysinge to be disposed and ymployed, by suche couenient vse as shalbe thought best by myne executours, towardes the educacion of my children. Also, I will that my plate and all my moveables whatsoever, goodes and chattells, shall likewyse be solde to the beste advauntage, and the money thereof to be imployed to the educacion of my children. And my will is, that as my children come to the age of one and twentye yeares or marriage, everie one shall haue his or their porcion accordinge to proporcion, that is, the whole beinge devyded into so manie partes as I haue children nowe livinge, that is, nyne, everie one to haue and receaue att suche tyme before saide equall rate and soome of money. Item, I geue to Nathaniell Fletcher and John Fletcher all my bookes, to be devyded betwene them equallie. And yf anye of my children die before the saide age or marriage, then I will that suche porcion of money as they should haue hadd shalbe equallye devyded amounges the rest. Item, I geue vnto my brother Doctor Fletcher twenty powndes and all my apparrell, save my Parliamente robes. Item, I geue vnto my sister Pownoll twentye powndes. Item, I geve vnto Mr. Doctor James of Bristoll my standinge cuppe of cristall; which Doctor James and my brother Doctor Fletcher I doe make and ordeyne my executours of this my last will and testamente, earnestlie and with all instaunce desyringe them to see the same executed and all thinges therein donn and performed to the good of my children and their Chrystian and godlie educacion, that, as by Goddes holie ordynaunce I haue bene their life father of their liefe, so God in mercye woulde vouchsaufe to bee the fynisher of their ioye in Heaven, wheare I truste to receaue them. And I doe heartelie praie my good and lovinge freindes Mr. Doctor Bancrofte and Mr. Doctor Cosen to be assistauntes to my executours and ouerseers thereof for the better performinge of all things ? therein; and I doe giue eche one of them a ringe of golde, thone with a deathes heade, and the other which Sir Fraunces Drake gaue me. And I doe geue to Mr. Warde a ringe of goulde that was my ffathers with a heade graven in yt. I giue to Nathaniell all my wearinge lynnen for my bodye, shirtes, bandes, handkerchers. In witnes whereof I haue hereto putt my hande and seale, and declared the same to be my testamente, so signed and sealed the daie and yeare aboue wrytten in the presence of Rich: Wigorn.

Probatum fuit Testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram venerabili viro Magistro Willielmo Lewin, Legum Doctore, Curie Prerogatiue Cantuar. Magistro, Custode, siue Commissario, vicesimo secundo die mensis Junij anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo sexto, &c.

APPENDIX II.

THE WILL OF JUDGE BEAUMONT.

(FROM THE REGISTRY OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.)

In the name of God Amen, I Francis Beamounte, of Gracedew in the countie of Leicester, one of thee Queenes Majesties Justices of her heighnes Courte of Common Pleas, being sicke of bodie, but of good and perfect rememberaunce, thankes be to Almightie God, doe make and ordaine this my laste will and testamente in manner and forme followinge. First, I giue and bequeathe my soule to Almightie God, hopinge to be saued by the merrittes, death, and passion of Jesus Christe, and by no other meanes. Item, my bodye to be buryed at the discrecion of my executors. Item, I giue and bequeath vnto my daughter Elizabeth Beawmounte seaven hundered poundes of lawfull money of England; the same to be leyvied of the issues and proffittes of my tithes of Shepshed and Belton in the said countie of Leicester, after the rate of fowerscore poundes a yeare, for both the said tythes, to the vse of the saide Elizabeth, by Henrye Beawmounte of Colderton Esquier, or by such as the said Henry shall nominate or appoynt by his last will and testamente for that purpose. Item, I doe by this my present last will and testamente ordaine that the profittes and comodities of the tythe of Chaddesden in the countie of Derb., and the rentes, issues, profittes, and commodities of the lordshipp of Cottens in the said countie of Derb. shalbe levyed for the payment of my debtes, togither with my goodes and chattells, vntill the same be fullie contented and payed by my said executors. Item, I doe giue vnto William Harley, my oulde and faythefull servaunte, in consideracion of his good and paynefull service, a lease of the messuage or tenemente in Swannington in the said countie of Leicester, nowe in his occupacion, or of his assignes, with all the landes, closes, commons, proffites, and commodites to the same belonginge, for the terme of twentie and one yeares from Michaelmas next comminge, paying the oulde and accustomed rente. Item, I doe giue vnto Richarde Hall my servaunte, in consideracion of his good service, howseroemeth in the Manner Howse of Normanton, and a close ther called the Parke, adioyninge to the sayed Mannor Howse, and thre acres of arable lande in every of the feildes of Normanton aforesaid, with commons answerable to the same, in the feilde and precinctes of Normanton aforesaide, for the tearme of eleauen yeares from the feast of the Annunciacion of our Ladye last paste. Item, I doe giue vnto John Copelande my servaunte, for his good service, during his life, one annuitie or yearelie rente of five markes, to be issuing oute of all my landes and tenementes. Item, I doe giue vnto Roberte Kirkly, James Hepe, and Robert Lingard, my servauntes, tenn poundes, to be equallie deuided amongest them. Item, my will and mind is, that Edwarde Sharpe, Mr. Robinson the person of Osgathorpe, Hughe Lowe, and John Smithe, or anie els whosoever that have taken anie groundes or closes of me for one and twentie yeares or lesse tearme, and have payed theire money for them, shall enioy the same closes and groundes according to theire bargaine and bargaines, albeit the same leases be not sealed. Item, I giue vnto John Wrighte and Gawin Grenolde, my servauntes, twentie nobles, to be equallie devided amongest them. And executors of this my last will and testamente, I nominate and appoynte Henry Beawmounte of Colerton in the said countie of Leicester, George Sherley of Staunton in the saide countie of Leicester, and Roberte Brokesley of Sholeby in the said countye of Leicester, Esquiers, executors of this my last will and testamente, the one and twentith daye of Aprill in the fortith yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne ladie Queene Elizabeth, &c. Item, I doe further giue vnto Phillipp Vincente and John Towne, my servauntes, in consideracion of theire goode service, twentie nobles a yeare a peece, to ech of them during theire lives, to be issuing out of all my landes and tenementes within the realme of England, to be payed equallie by even porcions at the feastes of St. Michaell tharkeangell and the Annunciacion of our blessed Lady St. Mary the Virgin, the first payment thereof to begin at the feast of St. Michaell tharcheangell next comminge. Item, I do giue vnto my servauntes, William Eyre, Humphrey Woolverston, George Tate, and James Royle, twentye poundes, to be equallie deuided amongest

them. Wittnesses Phillipp Vincent, Humfrey Woolferstone, William Eyre, George Tate, James Royle, Libbews Darby.

A Codicill to be annexed to the last will and testament of Frauncis Beawmounte, one of her Majesties Justices of her Highenes Court of Common Pleas, as followeth, vizt.

Vppon the two and twentith daye of Aprill, anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo octavo, Regnique Domine nostre Regine Elizabeth, &c., quadragesimo, and in the morning of the same daye, the said Mr. Beawmount, being of perfect minde and memory, and purposinge to add some thinge vnto his last will and testamente made the daye next before, spake theise wordes or the like in effecte, that is to saye, I haue lefte somewhat oute of my will which is this, I will that my daughter Elizabeth haue all the jewells that were her mothers, beinge then and theire present diuerse and sonndry credible wittnesses.

Probatum fuit Testamentum, vnacum Codicillo, apud London, coram venerabili viro Magistro Johanne Gibson, Legum Doctore, Curie prerogat. Cant. Magistro, Custode, siue Commissario, octavo die mensis Maij, anno Domini millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo octauo, &c.

DEDICATION OF THE PLAYERS.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1647.

To the Right Honorable Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Cardiff and Shurland, Lord Parr and Ross of Kendal, Lord Fitzhugh, Marmyon, and Saint Quintin, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and one of His Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council; and our singular good Lord.

MY LORD,

There is none among all the names of honor that hath more encouraged the legitimate Muses of this latter age than that which is owing to your family; whose coronet shines bright with the native lustre of its own jewels, which, with the access of some beams of Sidney twisted with their flame, presents a constellation from whose influence all good may be still expected upon wit and learning.

At this truth we rejoice; but yet aloof, and in our own valley; for we dare not approach with any capacity in ourselves to apply your smile, since we have only preserved, as trustees to the ashes of the authors, what we exhibit to your honor, it being no more our own than those imperial crowns and garlands were the soldiers' who were honórably designed for their conveyance before the triumpher to the Capitol.

But directed by the example of some[1] who once steered in our quality, and so fortunately aspired to choose your Honor, joined with your (now glorified) brother, patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon, Shakespeare; and since, more particularly bound to your lordship's most constant and diffusive goodness, from which we did for many calm years derive a subsistence to ourselves, and protection to the scene (now withered, and condemned, as we fear, to a long winter and sterility), we have presumed to offer to yourself what before was never printed of these authors.

Had they been less than all the treasure we had contracted in the whole age of poesy (some few poems of their own excepted, which, already published, command their entertainment with all lovers of art and language), or were they not the most justly admired and beloved pieces of wit and the world, we should have taught ourselves a less ambition.

Be pleased to accept this humble tender of our duties; and, till we fail in our obedience to all your commands, vouchsafe we may be known by the cognizance and character of,

MY LORD,

Your Honor's most bounden,

JOHN LOWIN,	JOSEPH TAYLOR,
RICHARD ROBINSON,	ROBERT BENFEILD,
EYLÆRD SWANSTON,	THOMAS POLLARD,
HUGH CLEARKE,	WILLIAM ALLEN,
STEPHEN HAMMERTON,	THEOPHILUS BYRD.

[1] *the example of some, &c.*] "i. e. Heminge and Condell, who in 1623 published the first edition of Shakespeare's Works. They dedicated them to this same nobleman, then Earl of Montgomery, and his elder brother William Earl of Pembroke." *Ed.* 1778.

TO THE READER.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1647.

POETRY is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition, nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

This, you will say, is a vast comprehension, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it, then, remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention, is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages; for, it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the three hours' spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, was[1] usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir than a costly, dangerous foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing monsieur or signor to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have, from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify: how many passable discoursing dining wits stand yet in good credit upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes!

And now, reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves, which were only showed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented; the landscrap[2] is now brought home by this optic, and the press, thought too pregnant before, shall be now looked upon as greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read; and then stand admiring the subtile tracks of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have the least room left in their souls for another passion; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none but the same hands could work them.

Would thy melancholy have a cure? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself, and but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elysium; and, when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul,) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins.

Infinitely more might be said of these rare copies; but let the ingenuous[3] reader peruse them, and he will find them so able to speak their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet,

[1] *was*] Old ed. "were."

[2] *landscrap*] Altered by the modern editors to "landscape;" but, as the word is variously spelt by our early writers, the present very unusual form is perhaps not an error of the press.

[3] *ingenuous*] Used here (as it frequently is by our old writers) for — ingenious.

since any one of these incomparable pieces, well understood, will prove a preface to the rest; and if the reader can taste the best wit ever trod our English stage, he will be forced himself to become a breathing panegyric to them all.

Not to detain or prepare thee longer, be as capricious and sick-brained as ignorance and malice can make thee, here thou art rectified; or be as healthful as the inward calm of an honest heart, learning, and temper, can state thy disposition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

It is not so remote in time but very many gentlemen may remember these authors; and some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy. He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives: what I have to say is, we have the precious remains; and, as the wisest contemporaries acknowledge they lived a miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

What more specially concern[s] these authors and their works, is told thee by another hand, in the following Epistle of the Stationer to the Readers.

Farewell: read, and fear not thine own understanding; this book will create a clear one in thee; and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself, and at the same time forgive

Thy friend, and these authors' humble admirer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE STATIONER TO THE READERS.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1647.

GENTLEMEN,

Before you engage farther, be pleased to take notice of these particulars. You have here a new book; I can speak it clearly; for of all this large volume of comedies and tragedies, not one, till now, was ever printed before. A collection of plays is commonly but a new impression, the scattered pieces which were printed single being then only re-published together: 'tis otherwise here.

Next, as it is all new, so here is not any thing spurious or imposed: I had the originals from such as received them from the authors themselves; by those, and none other, I publish this edition.

And as here's nothing but what is genuine and theirs, so you will find here are no omissions; you have not only all I could get, but all that you must ever expect: for, besides those which were formerly printed, there is not any piece written by these authors, either jointly or severally, but what are now published to the world in this volume.[1] One only play I must except (for I mean to deal openly); 'tis a comedy called *The Wild-Goose Chase*,[2] which hath been long lost, and, I fear, irrecoverable; for a person of quality borrowed it from the actors many years since, and, by the negligence of a servant, it was never returned; therefore, now I put up this *si quis*, that whosoever hereafter happily meets with it shall be thankfully satisfied, if he please to send it home.

Some plays, you know, written by these authors, were heretofore printed; I thought not convenient to mix them with this volume, which of itself is entirely new. And, indeed, it would have rendered the book so voluminous, that ladies and gentlewomen would have found it scarce manageable, who in works of this nature must first be remembered. Besides, I considered those former pieces had been so long printed and reprinted, that many gentlemen were already furnished; and I would have none say they pay twice for the same book.

One thing I must answer before it be objected; 'tis this. When these comedies and tragedies were presented on the stage, the actors omitted some scenes and passages, with the authors' consent, as occasion led them; and when private friends desired a copy, they then, and justly too, transcribed what they acted: but now you have both all that was acted, and all that was not; even the perfect full originals,[3] without the least mutilation; so that were the authors living (and, sure, they can never die), they themselves would challenge neither more nor less than what is here published; this volume being now so complete and finished, that the reader must expect no future alterations.

For literal errors committed by the printer, 'tis the fashion to ask pardon, and as much in fashion to take no notice of him that asks it; but in this also I have done my endeavor. 'Twere vain to mention the chargeableness of this work; for those who owned the manuscripts too well knew their value to make a cheap estimate of any of these pieces; and though another joined with me in the purchase and printing, yet the care and pains was wholly mine, which I found to be more than you'll easily imagine, unless you knew into how many hands the originals were dispersed: they are all now happily met in this book, having escaped these public troubles free and unmangled. Heretofore, when gentlemen desired but a copy of any of these plays, the meanest piece here (if any may be called mean where every one is best) cost them more than four times the price you pay for the whole volume.

I should scarce have adventured in these slippery times on such a work as this, if knowing persons had not generally assured me that these authors were the most unquestionable wits this kingdom hath afforded. Master Beaumont was ever acknowledged a man of a most strong and searching brain, and, his years

[1] *but what are now published to the world in this volume.*] "The stationer, for the credit of his book, makes an assertion in this place which is not borne out by the fact, as we know, from unquestionable authority, that several plays are lost, probably irrecoverably." WEBER.

[2] *The Wild-Goose Chase*] It was published in 1652 by the two players, Lowin and Taylor, who were then reduced to poverty: see prefatory matter to that comedy.

[3] *even the perfect full originals*] This assertion is certainly not true with respect to some of the plays, and is, in all probability untrue as regards many of them.

considered, the most judicious wit these later ages have produced: he died young, for (which was an invaluable loss to this nation) he left the world when he was not full thirty years old. Master Fletcher survived, and lived till almost fifty; whereof the world now enjoys the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have printed Master Fletcher's works by themselves, because single and alone he would make a just volume; but, since never parted while they lived, I conceive it not equitable to separate their ashes.

It becomes not me to say, though it be a known truth, that these authors had not only high unexpressible gifts of nature, but also excellent acquired parts, being furnished with arts and sciences by that liberal education they had at the university, which, sure, is the best place to make a great wit understand itself; this their works will soon make evident. I was very ambitious to have got Master Beaumont's picture; but could not possibly, though I spared no inquiry in those noble families whence he was descended, as also among those gentlemen that were his acquaintance when he was of the Inner-Temple: the best pictures, and those most like him, you'll find in this volume. This figure of Master Fletcher[1] was cut by several original pieces, which his friends lent me; but withal they tell me, that his unimitable soul did shine through his countenance in such air and spirit, that the painters confessed it was not easy to express him: as much as could be you have here, and the graver hath done his part.

Whatever I have seen of Master Fletcher's own hand is free from interlining; and his friends affirm he never writ any one thing twice: it seems he had that rare felicity to prepare and perfect all first in his own brain; to shape and attire his notions, to add or lop off, before he committed one word to writing, and never touched pen till all was to stand as firm and immutable as if engraven in brass or marble. But I keep you too long from those friends[2] of his, whom 'tis fitter for you to read; only accept of the honest endeavors of

One that is a servant to you all,

HUMPHREY MOSELEY.

AT THE PRINCE'S ARMS, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,
Feb. 14*th*, 1646.

[1] *This figure of Master Fletcher*] i. e. the portrait, engraved by Marshall. For the Latin verses under it, see the last copy but one of the commendatory poems.

[2] *these friends*, &c.] "Alluding to the commendatory verses which follow next in the first folio." WEBER.

THE BOOKSELLERS TO THE READER.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1679.

COURTEOUS READER,

The first edition of these plays in this volume having found that acceptance as to give us encouragement to make a second impression, we were very desirous they might come forth as correct as might be. And we were very opportunely informed of a copy which an ingenious and worthy gentleman had taken the pains, or rather the pleasure, to read over; wherein he had all along corrected[1] several faults, some very gross, which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them; his corrections were the more to be valued, because he had an intimacy with both our authors, and had been a spectator of most of them when they were acted in their lifetime. This, therefore, we resolved to purchase at any rate, and accordingly, with no small cost, obtained it. From the same hand also we received several prologues and epilogues,[2] with the songs appertaining to each play, which were not in the former edition, but are now inserted in their proper places. Besides, in this edition you have the addition of no fewer than seventeen plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to collect, and print out of quarto in this volume, which, for distinction sake, are marked with a star in the catalogue of them facing the first page of the book. And whereas in several of the plays there were wanting the names of the persons represented therein, in this edition you have them all prefixed, with their qualities, which will be a great ease to the reader. Thus, every way perfect and complete, have you all, both tragedies and comedies, that were ever writ by our authors, a pair of the greatest wits and most ingenious poets of their age; from whose worth we should but detract by our most studied commendations.

If our care and endeavors to do our authors right, in an incorrupt and genuine edition of their works, and thereby to gratify and oblige the reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encouraged to bring Ben Jonson's two volumes into one, and publish them in this form, and also to reprint old Shakespeare; both which are designed by

Yours,

Ready to serve you,

JOHN MARTYN,
HENRY HERRINGMAN,
RICHARD MARIOT.

[1] *he had all along corrected, &c.*] "Notwithstanding this boast, in many plays the first folio is more correct than the second." *Ed.* 1778.

[2] *several prologues and epilogues, &c.*] "Several of these had been previously printed in Beaumont's Poems [1653]." WEBER.

COMMENDATORY POEMS

ON

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1647.[1]

TO THE STATIONER.

TELL the sad world that now the laboring press
Has brought forth safe a child of happiness;
The frontispiece[2] will satisfy the wise
And good so well, they will not grudge the price.
'Tis not all kingdoms join'd in one could buy
(If priz'd aright) so true a library
Of man; where we the characters may find
Of every nobler and each baser mind.
Desert has here reward in one good line
For all it lost, for all it might repine;
Vile and ignobler things are open laid,
The truth of their false colors are display'd:
You'll say the poet's both best judge and priest;
No guilty soul abides so sharp a test
As their smooth pen; for what these rare men writ
Commands the world, both honesty and wit.

GRANDISON.[3]

IN MEMORY OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

METHOUGHT our Fletcher, weary of this crowd,
Wherein so few have wit, yet all are loud,
Unto Elysium fled, where he alone
Might his own wit admire, and ours bemoan;

[1] The folio of 1679 retains only (and in the following order) those by Waller, Denham, Jonson, Corbet, Earle, Cartwright, (his first copy), Palmer, Maine, Berkenhead, L'Estrange, and Stanley.

To this original collection of commendatory poems I have added nothing, except the Latin lines by Berkenhead below the engraved portrait of Fletcher, and Sir John Beaumont's Epitaph on his brother. For other commendatory verses, — see the prefatory matter to *The Faithful Shepherdess*, *Monsieur Thomas*, *The Wild-Goose Chase*, and Beaumont's *Poems*.

[2] *The frontispiece*] i. e. the portrait of Fletcher, engraved by Marshall.

[3] *Grandison*] Was, most probably, John Villiers, the second Viscount Grandison. He succeeded to the title in 1643, on the death of his brother William (celebrated by Clarendon), who died at Oxford in consequence of the wounds he had received at the siege of Bristol: but the date of his own death is uncertain; we can only learn (as I am obligingly informed by C. G. Young, Esq. York Herald), that he died before 1672. *Saint Chrysostome, his Parænesis, &c. Translated by the Lord Viscount Grandison, Prisoner in the Tower*, 1654, is, I apprehend, the work of John, Viscount Grandison, — not of his brother William (to whom it is assigned by Park — Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*, v. 188.)

But soon upon those flowery banks a throng,
Worthy of those even numbers which he sung,
Appear'd, and though those ancient laureates strive,
When dead themselves, whose raptures should survive,
For his temples all their own bays allows,
Not sham'd to see him crown'd, with naked brows.
Homer his beautiful Achilles nam'd,
Urging, his brain with Jove's might well be fam'd,
Since it brought forth one full of beauty's charms,
As was his Pallas, and as bold in arms;
But when he the brave Arbaces saw, one — *King and No King.*
That sav'd his people's dangers by his own,
And saw Tigranes by his hand undone
Without the help of any Myrmidon,
He then confess'd, when next he'd Hector slay,
That he must borrow him from Fletcher's play:
This might have been the shame for which he bid
His Iliads in a nutshell should be hid.
Virgil of his Æneas next begun,
Whose godlike form and tongue so soon had won
That queen of Carthage and of beauty too,
Two powers the whole world else were slaves unto,
Urging, that prince, for to repair his fault
On earth, boldly in hell his mistress sought;
But when he Amintor saw revenge that wrong, — *The Maid's Tragedy.*
For which the sad Aspasia sigh'd so long,
Upon himself, to shades hasting away,
Not for to make a visit, but to stay,
He then did modestly confess how far
Fletcher outdid him in a charactar:
Now lastly for a refuge Virgil shews
The lines where Corydon Alexis wooes;
But those in opposition quickly met
The smooth-tongu'd Perigot and Amoret, — *The Faithful Shepherdess.*
A pair whom doubtless had the others seen,
They from their own loves had apostates been:
Thus Fletcher did the fam'd laureate exceed,
Both when his trumpet sounded and his reed.
Now, if the ancients yield that heretofore
None worthier than those e'er laurel wore,
The least our age can say, now thou art gone,
Is that there never will be such a one;
And since t' express thy worth our rhymes too narrow be,
To help it we'll be ample in our prophecy.

H. Howard.[1]

ON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, AND HIS WO[illegible] NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

To flatter living fools is easy slight,[2]
But hard to do the living-dead men right;
To praise a landed lord is gainful art,
But thankless to pay tribute to desert.
This should have been my task: I had intent
To bring my rubbish to thy monument,
To stop some crannies there, but that I found
No need of least repair, all firm and sound.
Thy well-built fame doth still itself advance
Above the world's mad zeal and ignorance:
Though thou diedst not possess'd of that same pelf,
Which nobler souls call dirt, the city, wealth,
Yet thou hast left unto the times so great
A legacy, a treasure so complete,

[1] *H. Howard*] Concerning this person I know nothing.
[2] *slight*] i. e. artifice, contrivance.

That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy will;
Men will be wrangling, and in doubting still,
How so vast sums of wit were left behind,
And yet nor debts nor sharers they can find.
'Twas the kind providence of fate to lock
Some of this treasure up; and keep a stock
For a reserve until these sullen days,
When scorn, and want, and danger, are the bays
That crown the head of merit: but now he,
Who in thy will hath part, is rich and free.
But there's a caveat enter'd by command,
None should pretend but those can understand.

HENRY MOODY, BARONET.[1]

ON MASTER FLETCHER'S WORKS.

THOUGH poets have a license, which they use
As th' ancient privilege of their free Muse,
Yet whether this be leave enough for me
To write, great bard, an eulogy for thee,
Or whether to commend thy work, will stand
Both with the laws of verse and of the land,
Were to put doubts might raise a discontent
Between the Muses and the [Parliament].
I'll none of that. There's desperate wits that be,
As their immortal laurel, thunder-free;
Whose personal virtues, 'bove the laws of fate,
Supply the room of personal estate;
And, thus enfranchis'd, safely may rehearse,
Rapt in a lofty strain, their own neck-verse:[2]
For he that gives the bays to thee, must then
First take it from the military men;
He must untriumph conquests, bid 'em stand,
Question the strength of their victorious hand;
He must act new things, or go near the sin, —
Reader, as near as you and I have been;[3]
He must be that which he that tries will swear
It is not good being so another year.
And now that thy great name I've brought to this,
To do it honor is to do amiss,
What's to be done to those that shall refuse
To celebrate, great soul, thy noble Muse?
Shall the poor state of all those wandering things[4]
Thy stage once rais'd to emperors and kings;
Shall rigid forfeitures, that reach our heirs,
Of things that only fill with cares and fears;
Shall the private [illegible] a friendless life,
Made up of contradictions and strife;
Shall he be entity would antedate
His own poor name and thine annihilate?
Shall these be judgments great enough for one
That dares not write thee an encomion?
Then where am I? But now I've thought upon't,
I'll praise thee more than all have ventured on't.

[1] *Henry Moody, Baronet*] "Was of the number of those gentlemen who had honorary degrees conferred [on them] by King Charles the First, at his return to Oxford, after the battle of Edgehill." SEWARD.

Henry Moody, Esq., of Garesdon in Wiltshire, was created a baronet in 1621-2, and died about 1632. He was succeeded by his son Sir Henry Moody, who sold the estate of Garesdon, and settled in New England, where he is presumed to have died in 1662. See Burke's *Ext. and Dor. Baronetcies*, &c. These verses were, of course, composed by the latter Sir Henry Moody.

[2] *neck-verse*] i.e. the verse (generally the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c.) read by a criminal to entitle him to benefit of clergy.

[3] *been*] The author probably wrote "bin."

[4] *those wandering things*] i. e. the players, during the suppression of the theatres.

I'll take thy noble work, and, like the trade
Where, for a heap of salt, pure gold is laid,
I'll lay thy volume, that huge tome of wit,
About in ladies' closets, where they sit
Enthron'd in their own wills: and if she be
A laic sister, she'll straight fly to thee;
But if a holy habit she have on,
Or be some novice, she'll scarce look upon
Thy lines at first; but watch her then a while,
And you shall see her steal a gentle smile
Upon thy title, put thee nearer yet,
Breathe on thy lines a whisper, and then set
Her voice up to the measures; then begin
To bless the hour and happy state she's in;
Now she lays by her characters,[1] and looks
With a stern eye on all her pretty books;
She's now thy votaress, and the just crown
She brings thee with it, is worth half the town.
  I'll send thee to the army; they that fight
Will read thy tragedies with some delight,
Be all thy reformadoes, fancy scars
And pay too, in thy speculative wars.
  I'll send thy comic scenes to some of those
That for a great while have play'd fast and loose;
New universalists, by changing shapes,
Have made with wit and fortune fair escapes.
  Then shall the country, that poor tennis-ball
Of angry fate, receive thy pastoral,[2]
And from it learn those melancholy strains
Fed the afflicted souls of primitive swains.
  Thus the whole world to reverence will flock
Thy tragic buskin and thy comic sock;[3]
And winged Fame unto posterity
Transmit but only two, this age and thee.

THOMAS PEYTON,[4]
Agricola Anglo-Cantianus.

ON THE DECEASED AUTHOR, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER HIS PLAYS, AND ESPECIALLY THE MAD LOVER.

WHILST his well-organ'd body doth retreat
To its first matter, and the formal heat
Triumphant sits in judgment, to approve
Pieces above our candour[5] and our love,
Such as dare boldly venture to appear
Unto the curious eye and critic ear;
Lo, *The Mad Lover* in these various times
Is press'd to life, t' accuse us of our crimes!
While Fletcher liv'd, who equal to him writ
Such lasting monuments of natural wit?
Others might draw their lines with sweat, like those
That with much pains a garrison enclose,
Whilst his sweet fluent vein did gently run,
As uncontrol'd and smoothly as the sun.

[1] *characters*] i. e., I suppose, Emblems (not books of Characters).
[2] *thy pastoral*] i. e. *The Faithful Shepherdess.*
[3] *sock*] Old ed. "stock."
[4] *Thomas Peyton*] Most probably the "Thomas Peyton of Lincoln's Inn," who was author of *The Glasse of Time in the two first Ages, divinely handled*, 1620.
[5] *candour*] "i. e. indulgence or favor." Heath's *M. S. Notes.* This reading, found also in Sir A. Cokaine's *Poems*, 1658, was altered by Theobald to "censure;" and so his successors.

After his death, our theatres did make
Him in his own unequall'd language speak;
And now, when all the Muses out of their
Approvèd modesty silent appear,
This play of Fletcher's braves the envious light,
As wonder of our ears once, now our sight.
Three-and-fourfold-blest [1] poet, who the lives
Of poets and of theatres survives!
A groom or ostler of some wit may bring
His Pegasus to the Castalian spring;
Boast, he a race o'er the Pharsalian plain
Or happy Tempe-valley dares maintain;
Brag, at one leap, upon the double cliff,
(Were it as high as monstrous Teneriffe,)
Of far-renown'd Parnassus he will get,
And there, t' amaze the world, confirm his seat:
When our admirèd Fletcher vaunts not aught,
And slighted every thing he writ as naught;
While all our English wondering world in's cause
Made this great city echo with applause.
Read him, therefore, all that can read, and those
That cannot, learn, if you're not learning's foes,
And wilfully resolvèd to refuse
The gentle raptures of this happy Muse.
From thy great constellation, noble soul,
Look on this kingdom; suffer not the whole
Spirit of poesy retire to heaven,
But make us entertain what thou hast given.
Earthquakes and thunder diapasons make;
The sea's vast roar, and irresistless shake
Of horrid winds, a sympathy compose;
So in these things [2] there's music in the close;
And though they seem great discords in our ears,
They are not so to them above the spheres.[3]
Granting these [4] music, how much sweeter's that
Mnemosyne's daughters' voices do create?
Since heaven, and earth, and seas, and air consent
To make an harmony, (the instrument
Their own agreeing selves,) shall we refuse
The music which the deities do use?
Troy's ravish'd Ganymede doth sing to Jove,
And Phœbus' self plays on his lyre above.
The Cretan gods, or glorious men, who will
Imitate right, must wonder at thy skill,
Best poet of thy times, or he will prove
As mad as thy brave Memnon [5] was with love.

ASTON COKAINE, BARONET.[6]

1 *blest*] Sir A. Cokaine's *Poems*, 1658, "best."

2 *So in these things*] *Ibid.* "*So* that *in these.*"

3 *They are not so to them above the spheres*] *Ibid.* "The cause is *not* in *them*, but in our fears."

4 *these*] *Ibid.* "them."

5 *Memnon*] See *The Mad Lover.*

6 *Aston Cokaine, Baronet*] The son of Thomas Cokaine, Esqre., of Ashbourne Hall in Derbyshire and of Pooley in Warwickshire, was born in 1608, (according to his own account) at Elvaston in Derbyshire, the seat of the family of his mother Anne, daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston, Knight (though it appears that the register of his baptism is dated at Ashbourne.) He was educated (according to Wood) both at Oxford and Cambridge; at the latter he was a fellow-commoner of Trinity College. He afterwards belonged to one of the Inns of Court. In 1632, he set out on his travels through France, Italy, &c. (Wood says in company with Sir K. Digby.) On his return, he married Anne, daughter of Sir Gilbert Kniveton of Mercaston in Derbyshire, Knight, and retiring to his lordship of Pooley, gave himself up to his books and boon companions. Being a Catholic, he is said to have suffered much for his religion, and for the cause of Charles the First, who (according to his own account) rewarded him with a Baronetage, dated about the 10th Jan. 1641, which was, however, afterwards disputed by the Officers of Arms, his patent not being enrolled. Having completely wasted his ancient patrimony, and sold both his lordships of Ashbourne and Pooley, he went to reside at Derby, where he died, on the breaking of the great frost, in Feb. 1683-4. (See *Memoir of Sir A. C.*, (by Brydges,) *Brit. Bibliog.* ii. 449, Wood's *Athenæ.* iv. 128. ed. Bliss, and *Biog. Dram.*) He was author of *Dianea*, a romance from the Italian of G. Fr. Loredano, 1654, and of *Poems. With the Obstinate Lady and Trappolin suppos'd a Prince. Whereunto is added The Tragedy of Ovid*, 1662. (*The Obstinate Lady*

UPON THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

How angels, cloister'd in our human cells,
Maintain their parley, Beaumont-Fletcher tells;
Whose strange, unimitable intercourse
Transcends all rules, and flies beyond the force
Of the most forward souls, all must submit
Until they reach these mysteries of wit.
The intellectual language here's exprest,
Admir'd in better times, and dares the test
Of ours; for from wit, sweetness, mirth, and sense,
This volume springs a new true quintessence.

JOHN PETTUS, KNIGHT.[1]

ON THE WORKS OF THE MOST EXCELLENT DRAMATIC POET, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

HAIL, Fletcher, welcome to the world's great stage!
For our two hours, we have thee here an age
In thy whole works; and may th' impression call
The prætor that presents thy plays to all,
Both to the people, and the lords that sway
That herd, and ladies whom those lords obey.
And what's the loadstone can such guests invite,
But moves on two poles, profit and delight?
Which will be soon, as on the rack, confest,
When every one is tickled with a jest,
And that pure Fletcher's able[2] to subdue
A melancholy more than Burton knew:
And, though upon the by to his designs,
The native may learn English from his lines,
And th' alien, if he can but construe it,
May here be made free denizen of wit.
But his main end does drooping Virtue raise,
And crowns her beauty with eternal bays,
In scenes where she inflames the frozen soul,
While Vice, her paint wash'd off, appears so foul,
She must this blessèd isle and Europe leave,
And some new quadrant of the globe deceive,
Or hide her blushes on the Afric shore,
Like Marius, but ne'er rise to triumph more;

had previously appeared in 1657, and the rest of the volume, exceptin[illegible]e tragedy, in 1658.) His writings are utterly worthless as compositions, but contain some curious notices of the ce[illegible] persons with whom he was acquainted.

[1] *John Pettus, Knight*] Sir John Pettus, of Cheston-hall in Suffolk, [illegible] in 1613, was knighted in 1641,—served under Prince Rupert during the civil wars,—was made one of the deputy-governors of the Mines-royal in 1651,—and sat in Parliament as member for Dunwich in Suffolk. He was lodged in the Fleet in 1679; and in a Dedication written there in 1683, he says, "I am here a confined Person, for my being too kind to others and too unjust to myself, and for not doing what was not in my power to perform, by wanting the Justice of my Debtors, whereby I am rather a Prisoner to them than to my Creditors." (*Fleta Minor*). Besides a copy of verses prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, he was author of *Fodina Regales. Or the History, Laws, and Places of the Chief Mines and Mineral Works in England, Wales, and the English Pale in Ireland, &c.* 1670,—*England's Independency upon the Papal Power, historically and judicially stated, &c.* 1674,—*A Narrative of the Excommunication of Sir John Pettus of the County of Suffolk, Knight. Obtained against him by his Lady a Roman Catholick. And the true state of the Case between them. With his faithful Answers to several Aspersions raised against him by her, to the prepossessing the Judgements of some Honourable Persons and Others*, 1674,—*Volatiles from the History of Adam and Eve, &c.* 1674,—*The Case and Justification of Sir John Pettus, of the County of Suffolk, Knight, Concerning Two Charitable Bills now Depending in the House of Lords under his Care, &c.* 1677-8,—*The Constitution of Parliaments in England, Deduced from the time of King Edward the Second, &c.* 1680,—and *Fleta Minor. The Laws of Art and Nature, in Knowing, Judging, Assaying, Fining, Refining, and Inlarging the Bodies of confin'd Metals. In Two Parts*, (the first Part translated from the German of Erckern,) &c. 1683. According to Bromley (*Cat. of Engr. E. P.*), he died in 1692.

[2] *Fletcher's able*] Old ed. "*Fletcher able.*"

That honour is resign'd to Fletcher's fame;
Add to his trophies, that a poet's name
(Late grown as odious to our modern states
As that of king to Rome) he vindicates
From black aspersions, cast upon't by those
Which only are inspir'd to lie in prose.
And by the court of Muses be't decreed,
What graces spring from poesy's richer seed,
When we name Fletcher, shall be so proclaim'd,
As all that's royal is when Cæsar's nam'd.

ROBERT STAPYLTON, KNIGHT.[1]

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOST HONORED KINSMAN, MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

I'LL not pronounce how strong and clean thou writes,
Nor by what new hard rules thou took'st thy flights,
Nor how much Greek and Latin some refine,
Before they can make up six words of thine;
But this I'll say, thou strik'st our sense so deep,
At once thou mak'st us blush, rejoice, and weep.
Great father Jonson bow'd himself, when he
(Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd he envied thee.
Were thy Mardonius[2] arm'd, there would be more
Strife for his sword than all Achilles wore;
Such wise just rage, had he been lately tried,
My life on't, he had been o' the better side;
And where he found false odds, through gold or sloth,
There brave Mardonius would have beat them both.
Behold, here's Fletcher too! the world ne'er knew
Two potent wits co-operate till you;
For still your fancies are so woven and knit,
'Twas Francis Fletcher or John Beaumont writ.
Yet neither borrow'd, nor were so put to't,
To call poor gods and goddesses to do't,
Nor made nine girls your Muses (you suppose,
Women ne'er write, save love-letters in prose);
But are your own inspirers, and have made
Such powerful scenes as, when they please, invade.
Your plot, sense, language, all's so pure and fit,
He's bold, not valiant, dare dispute your wit.

GEORGE LISLE, KNIGHT.[3]

[1] *Robert Stapylton, Knight*] The third son of Richard Stapylton, Esq., of Carleton in Yorkshire, was educated as a Roman Catholic at Douay; but on returning [illegible] and he became a protestant, and was made gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber to Prince Charles, afterwards Charles the Second. When the king was compelled to leave London, Stapylton followed him, and was knighted in 1642; and after the battle of Edgehill, having attended his majesty to Oxford, he was created a doctor of civil law. During the days of the Commonwealth, he lived in retirement, and applied himself to study. At the Restoration he was again promoted to the service of Charles the Second, who continued to hold him in esteem till his death in 1669. Besides his versions of Musæus, 1647, Juvenal, 1647, and other translations, he was author of three bad plays, — *The Slighted Maid*, 1663, (ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*,) *The Step-mother*, 1664, and *Hero and Leander*, 1669: a drama called *The Royal Choice* was entered as his on the Stationers' Books in 1653.

[2] *Mardonius*] See *A King and No King*.

[3] *George Lisle, Knight*] "This I take to be the same with Sir John Lisle, one of King Charles's judges; for Wood, in his Index to his Athenæ, calls Sir John by the name of George: he might perhaps have had two Christian names," &c. SEWARD.

Surely the writer of these verses could have been no other than the celebrated officer Sir George Lisle, who was knighted by Charles the First, and shot by order of Fairfax on the surrender of Colchester in 1648. The writer of the verses calls Beaumont "his kinsman;" and according to Heath, the gallant royalist "was extracted from a gentile family in Surrey" (*Loyal English Martyrs*, &c., p. 137. n. d.): Lloyd, indeed, states that he was "an honest bookseller's son" (*Memoires*, &c p. 478. ed. 1677), but Lloyd is an author by no means to be trusted.

ON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Had turn'd to their own substances and forms,
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold, more than at first, entire,
As now we do, to see all thine, thine own
In this thy Muse's resurrection;
Whose scatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Actæon from his hounds;
Which first their brains, and then their bellies, fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse, enragèd, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, doth return
To accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abusèd age,
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it;
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase thy coin.
  But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When, labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of Wit:
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear; yet so, that none
Can say, here nature ends and art begins,
But mixt, like th' elements, and born like twins;
So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,
None this mere nature, that mere art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant, nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

JOHN DENHAM.[1]

UPON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER, to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too;
Thy wit repeated, does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine:
What brave commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius[2] in his gallantry?
Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn;
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspatia[3] weeping in her gown.

[1] *John Denham*] Born in 1615, died in 1668.
[2] *Melantius*] See *The Maid's Tragedy*.
[3] *Aspatia*] See id.

I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable maid;
And when I venture at the comic style,
Thy *Scornful Lady* seems to mock my toil:
Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd
Our spot in plays by rendering it too hard.
So, when a sort[1] of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts;
But if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toss the axle-tree a yard
Or more beyond the farthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

EDMUND WALLER.[2]

TO FLETCHER REVIVED.

How have I been religious? what strange good
Has scap'd me that I never understood?
Have I hell-guarded heresy o'erthrown?
Heal'd wounded states? made kings and kingdoms one?
That fate should be so merciful to me,
To let me live t' have said, I have read thee?
  Fair star, ascend! the joy, the life, the light
Of this tempestuous age, this dark world's sight!
Oh, from thy crown of glory dart one flame
May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name,
Like holy flamens to their god of day,
We, bowing, sing, and whilst we praise, we pray.
  Bright spirit! whose eternal motion
Of wit, like time, still in itself did run,
Binding all others in it, and did give
Commission, how far this or that shall live;
Like Destiny of Poems,[3] who, as she
Signs death to all, herself can never die.
  And now thy purple-robèd Tragedy,
In her embroider'd buskins, calls mine eye;
Valentinian. Where brave Aëcius we see betray'd,
T' obey his death, whom thousand lives obey'd,
Whilst that the mighty fool his sceptre breaks,
And through his general's wounds his own doom speaks;
Weaving thus richly Valentinian,
The costliest monarch with the cheapest man.
  Soldiers may here to their old glories add,
The Mad Lover. *The Lover* love, and be with reason *mad;*
Not as of old Ajax furious,
Who, wilder than his bull, did tear the house,
Hurling his language with the canvass stone;
'Twas thought, the monster roar'd the soberer tone.
Tragi-comedies. But, ah! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire
With passions black as is her dark attire,
Archas. Virgins, as sufferers, have wept to see
Bellario. So white a soul, so red a cruelty;
That thou hast griev'd, and, with unthought redress,
Dried their wet eyes who now thy mercy bless;
Yet, loath to lose thy watery jewel, when
Joy wip'd it off, laughter straight sprung't agen.
Comedies. Now ruddy-cheekèd Mirth with rosy wings
The Spanish Curate. Fans every brow with gladness, whilst she sings

[1] *sort*] i. e. set, band.

[2] *Edmund Waller*] Born in 1605, died in 1687. (Both folios, "Edw. *Waller*.")

[4] *Like Destiny of Poems*] Which is the reading too in Lovelace's *Lucasta*, &c., 1649, — was altered by Seward to "*Like Destiny*, thy *poems*;" and so his successors.

Delight to all, and the whole theatre *The humorous Lieutenant.*
A festival in heaven doth appear;
Nothing but pleasure, love, and, like the morn, *The Tamer Tamed.*
Each face a general smiling doth adorn. *The little French Lawyer.*
Hear, ye foul speakers, that pronounce the air
Of stews and shores, I will inform you where,
And how, to clothe aright your wanton wit,
Without her nasty bawd attending it.
View here a loose thought said with such a grace, *The Custom of the Country.*
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face;
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none
But Cupid had Diana's linen on;
And all his naked parts so veil'd, they express
The shape with clouding the uncomeliness;
That, if this reformation, which we
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,
The stage, as this work, might have liv'd and lov'd;
Her lines the austere scarlet had approv'd;
And th' actors wisely been from that offence
As clear as they are now from audience.
Thus with thy genius did the scene expire,
Wanting thy active and enlivening [1] fire,
That now, to spread a darkness over all,
Nothing remains but poesy to fall.
And though from these thy embers we receive
Some warmth, so much as may be said, we live;
That we dare praise thee, blushless, in the head
Of the best piece Hermes to Love e'er read;
That we rejoice and glory in thy wit,
And feast each other with remembering it;
That we dare speak thy thought, thy acts recite:
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write.

RICHARD LOVELACE.[2]

ON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S DRAMATICAL POEMS.

GREAT tutelary spirit of the stage,
Fletcher! I can fix nothing but my rage
Before thy works, 'gainst their officious crime
Who print thee now in the worst scene of time.
For me, uninterrupted hadst thou slept
Among the holy shades, and close hadst kept
The mystery of thy lines, till men might be
Taught how to read, and then how to read thee;

[1] *enlivening*] Lovelace's *Lucasta*, &c., 1649 "correcting."

[2] *Richard Lovelace*] "The eldest son of Sir William Lovelace of Woollidge in Kent, Knight, was born in that county, educated in grammar learning in Charter-house school near London, became a gent. commoner of Glocester hall [Oxford] in the beginning of the year 1634, and in that of his age 16, being then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 460. ed. Bliss. On leaving the university, he attended the court "in great splendour," and being patronized by Goring, served in the Scotch expeditions, first as ensign and then as captain. After the pacification at Berwick, he withdrew to his paternal seat, Lovelace-place, near Canterbury; and possessing considerable estates in Kent, was chosen by that county to present to Parliament the petition for the restoration of the king, &c. In consequence of that obnoxious measure he was committed to prison; from which, after several months, he was released on the enormous bail of 40,000*l.* In 1646, having formed a regiment for the service of the French king, which he commanded as colonel, he was wounded at Dunkirk: and unfortunately, a lady of great beauty and wealth, Lucy Sacheverel (his *Lucasta*,) to whom he had paid his addresses, believing him to be dead of his wounds, became the wife of another. On his return to England in 1648, he was again thrown into prison, where he remained till after the death of the king. His loyalty and liberality had entirely consumed his fortune; and he lingered out a wretched existence in sickness and poverty till 1658, when he died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder-alley near Shoe-lane, (according to Aubrey, "in a cellar in Long-acre.") Besides two plays — *The Scholar* and *The Soldier*, — neither of which has been printed, he was author of *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c.* 1649, and *Lucasta, Posthume Poems*, 1659. The exquisite song, *To Althea from prison*, was written during his first confinement.

But now thou art expos'd to the common fate;
Revive then, mighty soul, and vindicate
From th' age's rude affronts thy injur'd fame;
Instruct the envious with how chaste a flame
Thou warm'st the lover; how severely just
Thou wert to punish, if he burn'd to lust;
With what a blush thou didst the maid adorn,
But tempted, with how innocent a scorn;
How epidemic errors by thy play
Were laugh'd out of esteem, so purg'd away;
How to each sense thou so didst virtue fit
That all grew virtuous to be thought t' have wit.
But this was much too narrow for thy art:
Thou didst frame governments, give kings their part,
Teach them how near to God, while just, they be,
But how dissolv'd, stretch'd forth to tyranny;
How kingdoms in their channel safely run,
But rudely overflowing, are undone.
Though vulgar spirits poets scorn or hate,
Man may beget, a poet can create.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.[1]

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S DRAMATICAL WORKS.

WHAT! now the stage is down, dar'st thou appear,
Bold Fletcher, in this tottering hemisphere?
Yes; poets are like palms, which, the more weight
You cast upon them, grow more strong and straight:
'Tis not Jove's thunderbolt, nor Mars his spear,
Or Neptune's angry trident, poets fear.
Had now grim Ben been breathing, with what rage
And high-swoln fury had he lash'd this age!
Shakespeare with Chapman had grown mad, and torn
Their gentle sock, and lofty buskins worn,
To make their Muse welter up to the chin
In blood; of feignèd scenes no need had bin;
England, like Lucian's eagle, with an arrow
Of her own plumes piercing her heart quite thorow,
Had been a theatre and subject fit
To exercise in real truths their wit:
Yet none like high-wing'd Fletcher had been found,
This eagle's tragic destiny to sound;
Rare Fletcher's quill had soar'd up to the sky,
And drawn down gods to see the tragedy.
Live, famous dramatist! let every spring
Make thy bay flourish and fresh bourgeons[2] bring;
And, since we cannot have thee trod o' the stage,
We will applaud thee in this silent page.

JAMES HOWELL, P. C. C.[3]

[1] *William Habington*] Born in 1605, and son of Thomas Habington of Hendlip in Worcestershire. Being a Roman Catholic, he was educated at St. Omers and Paris; and in order to avoid the importunities of the Jesuits, by whom he was earnestly solicited to join their order, he returned to England, and finished his studies under his father's eye. He married Lucia, daughter of William Lord Powis, (his *Castara*), and dying in 1654, was buried in the family vault at Hendlip. This amiable man was author of the very pleasing volume of poems entitled *Castara*, 1634, of *The Queen of Arragon*, a tragi-comedy, 1640, of *The History of Edward the Fourth, King of England*, (of which his father laid the ground-work), 1640, and of *Observations on History*, 1641.

[2] *bourgeons*] i. e. buds, sprouts.

[3] *James Howell, P. C. C.*] Son of the minister of Abernant in Caermarthenshire, was born about 1594, educated at the free school of Hereford, and thence removed to Jesus College, Oxford, (of which eventually, during his absence from England, he was elected fellow). After finishing his academical course, he came to London, and obtained the situation of steward to a glass manufactory in Broad-street, the proprietors of which, in 1619, having sent him abroad as their agent to procure the best materials and workmen, he visited the chief places of Holland, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy, and acquired a masterly knowledge of modern languages. Having resigned his stewardship, he again travelled on the continent as companion to the son of Baron Altham. Next, he was sent to Spain as British agent to recover a richly-laden English ship

ON THE EDITION.

FLETCHER, whose fame no age can ever waste,
Envy of ours, and glory of the last,
Is now alive again; and with his name
His sacred ashes wak'd into a flame,
Such as before did by a secret charm
The wildest heart subdue, the coldest warm,
And lend the ladies' eyes a power more bright,
Dispensing thus to either heat and light.
  He to a sympathy those souls betray'd,
Whom love or beauty never could persuade;
And in each mov'd spectator could beget
A real passion by a counterfeit:
When first Bellario [1] bled, what lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when Aspatia [2] wept, not any eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad livery;
By him inspir'd, the feign'd Lucina drew
More streams of melting sorrow than the true;
But then *The Scornful Lady* did beguile
Their easy griefs, and teach them all to smile.
  Thus he affections could or raise or lay;
Love, grief, and mirth, thus did his charms obey:
He nature taught her passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that nature art, art nature were.
  Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
In the same urn wherein his dust hath slept;
Nor had he ris' the Delphic wreath to claim,
Had not the dying scene expir'd his name; [3]
Despair our joy hath doubled, he is come
Thrice [4] welcome by this *post-liminium*.
His loss preserv'd him; they that silenc'd wit
Are now the authors to eternize it;

which had been unjustly seized by the viceroy of Sardinia. In 1626 he was appointed secretary to Lord Scrope, afterwards Earl of Sunderland, lord-president of the North; and while he was residing at York, the corporation of Richmond chose him for one of their representatives in the Parliament which began to sit in 1627. In 1632 he accompanied Robert Earl of Leicester, ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Denmark, in the capacity of secretary, and displayed his oratorical talents in sundry Latin speeches before the king and some German princes. During several years after his return, he remained without employment, except that in 1635 he was despatched by secretary Windebank on what he calls a "flying journey as far as Orleans." In 1639 he went to Ireland, and became an assistant clerk to Lord Strafford, for whom he transacted some affairs in Edinburgh and afterwards in London. In 1640 he was sent on a mission to France. According to Chalmers (*Biog. Dict.*), in the same year he was appointed Clerk of the Council; but from his own *Letters* it would seem that his appointment to that office, which was intended to be permanent, must have been of a later date. He did not however, long enjoy it after the king had been obliged to leave Whitehall; for in 1643 (if the date which he gives be correct) having come to London on business of his own, his papers were seized, and he was committed a close prisoner to the Fleet, (according to Wood, because through his extravagance he had run greatly into debt). He had previously appeared as a writer; and he now betook himself indefatigably to book-making, from which he derived a comfortable subsistence during his long stay in prison, where he remained till the king had been some time dead; and after his discharge, having no other means of support, he continued the profession of author. On the Restoration, he was created royal historiographer, being the first in England who had borne that title. He died at London in 1666. The very long list of his various writings may be seen in Wood's *Athenæ*, and in Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.* They are now all forgotten, with the exception of one work which has been often reprinted, — *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ: Familiar Letters, domestic and foreign*, &c. (This valuable and entertaining collection was originally published in portions, 1645, 1647, &c.)

[1] *Bellario*] See *Philaster*.

[2] *Aspatia*] See *The Maid's Tragedy*.

[3] *name*] After this line in Stanley's *Poems*, 1647, is a couplet which both the folios omit:

"Oh, the indulgent Justice of this age,
To grant the Press what it denies the Stage!"

[4] *Thrice*] *Ibid.* "Twice."

Thus poets are in spite of fate reviv'd,
And plays by intermission longer liv'd.

THOMAS STANLEY.[1]

ON THE EDITION OF MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S AND MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS, NEVER PRINTED BEFORE.

I AM amaz'd; and this same ecstasy
Is both my glory and apology.
Sober joys are dull passions; they must bear
Proportion to the subject: if so, where
Beaumont and Fletcher shall vouchsafe to be
That subject, that joy must be ecstasy.
Fury is the complexion of great wits,
The fool's distemper; he that's mad by fits
Is wise so too; it is the poet's Muse,
The prophet's god, the fool's and my excuse,
For in me nothing less than Fletcher's name
Could have begot or justified this flame.
Beaumont } return'd! methinks it should not be;
Fletcher }
No, not in's works; plays are as dead as he.
The palate of this age gusts[2] nothing high,
That has not custard in't or bawdery.
Folly and madness fill the stage: the scene
Is Athens; where the guilty, and the mean,
The fool scapes well enough; learnèd and great
Suffer an ostracism, stand exulate.
  Mankind is fall'n again, shrunk a degree,
A step below his very apostacy:
Nature herself is out of tune, and sick
Of tumult and disorder, lunatic.
Yet what world would not cheerfully endure
The torture or disease, t'enjoy the cure?
  This book's the balsam and the hellebore
Must preserve bleeding nature, and restore
Our crazy stupor to a just quick sense
Both of ingratitude and providence;
That teaches us at once to feel and know
Two deep points, what we want, and what we owe.
Yet great goods have their ills: should we transmit
To future times the power of love and wit
In this example, would they not combine
To make our imperfections their design?

1 *Thomas Stanley*] Born about 1625, was the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, of Laytonstone in Essex and Cumberlow in Herts, Knight. His education, at first carefully conducted by a tutor under his father's roof, was completed at Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, where he was entered a gentleman-commoner, and where he found leisure from his severer studies to compose several of those poems, which will be subsequently mentioned. On leaving the university, he spent some time in foreign travel. While yet a minor, he married Dorothy, daughter and coheir of Sir James Enyon, of Flower in Northamptonshire, Bart. During the usurpation, he resided (it would seem, for a considerable period) in the Middle Temple, having formed there a friendship and community of literary pursuits with his first cousin Edward Sherburne, who was afterwards knighted, and known as a poet and translator. Stanley died at London, in 1678. He was author of *Poems and Translations*, 1647, — of which the fullest edition, with alterations, additions, and some omissions, appeared in 1651, — [*Translations of*] *Anacreon*, *Bion*, *Moschus*, &c. 1651, — (these two publications are generally done up in one volume, together with several minor pieces which have distinct title-pages,) — and *The History of Philosophy* (first vol. 1655, sec. 1656, third 1660, *Hist. of Chaldaic Phil.* 1662). His edition of *Æschylus* appeared in 1663, (according to the title-pages of some copies, 1664). The poetical works of Stanley, in spite of their numerous conceits, are ingenious, elegant, and graceful. His *Æschylus*, though in certain minutiæ it may fail to satisfy the later school of critics, is on the whole a splendid monument of his learning. In variety of acquirements he has been excelled by few. (The bibliographical details given by Sir E. Bridges, in his Preface to the reprint of Stanley's *Poems*, are somewhat incorrect. Dr. Dibdin's account of Stanley, in a note on *Introd. to Gr. and Lat. Classics*, i. 238, is a mass of error.)

2 *gusts*] "i. e. relishes." — WEBER.

They'd study our corruptions, and take more
Care to be ill than to be good before;
For nothing but so great infirmity
Could make them worthy of such remedy.
Have you not seen the sun's almighty ray
Rescue th' affrighted world, and redeem day
From black despair? how his victorious beam
Scatters the storm, and drowns the petty flame
Of lightning, in the glory of his eye;
How full of power, how full of majesty?
When to us mortals nothing else was known,
But the sad doubt, whether to burn or drown.
Choler and phlegm, heat and dull ignorance,
Have cast the people into such a trance,
That fears and danger seem great equally,
And no dispute left now, but how to die:
Just in this nick, Fletcher sets the world clear
Of all disorder, and reforms us here.
The formal youth, that knew no other grace
Or value, but his title and his lace,
Glasses himself; and in this faithful mirror
Views, disapproves, reforms, repents his error.
The credulous, bright girl, that believes all
Language in oaths, if good, canonical,
Is fortified, and taught here to beware
Of every specious bait, of every snare,
Save one; and that same caution takes her more
Than all the flattery she felt before.
She finds her boxes and her thoughts betray'd
By the corruption of the chamber-maid;
Then throws her washes and dissemblings by,
And vows nothing but ingenuity.[1]
The severe statesman quits his sullen form
Of gravity and business; the lukewarm
Religious, his neutrality; the hot
Brainsick illuminate, his zeal; the sot,
Stupidity; the soldier, his arrears;
The court, its confidence; the plebs, their fears;
Gallants, their apishness and perjury;
Women, their pleasure and inconstancy;
Poets, their wine; the usurer, his pelf;
The world, its vanity; and I, myself.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.[2]

[1] *ingenuity*] i. e. ingenuousness.

[2] *Roger L'Estrange*] The youngest son of Sir Hamon L'Estrange, Knight, was born at Hunstanton-hall, Norfolk, in 1616. He was brought up as a zealous royalist by his father, and probably finished his education at Cambridge. In 1639, when about two and twenty, he attended Charles the First on his expedition to Scotland. In 1644, he formed a plot to surprise Lynn in Norfolk for the king; but being betrayed, and his majesty's commission found upon him, he was condemned to death as a spy, and confined in Newgate. He was, however, reprieved; and, after lying four years in prison, he escaped by the connivance of the keeper, withdrew into Kent, and thence with great difficulty made his retreat to the continent. He remained abroad till 1653; when, the Long Parliament being dissolved, he ventured to return, and obtained a discharge from Cromwell on giving bail. After the Restoration, thinking himself unjustly neglected, and making warm remonstrances, he was at length appointed to the profitable post of licenser of the press: but this was the only recompense he received, except being put in the commission of the peace. In 1663 he set up a paper under the titles of *The Intelligencer* and *The News*, which was not long continued; and in 1681 he commenced another, named *The Observator*. He was afterwards knighted and served as member for Winchester in the parliament called by James the Second in 1685. *The Observator* (now swelled to three volumes) was dropped in 1687, because Sir Roger could not agree with the king respecting the doctrine of toleration. After the Revolution, he appears to have been left out of the commission of the peace; and certainly during the rest of his life had to encounter some troubles on account of his presumed disaffection. He died in 1704, his intellect having been previously impaired. He had a daughter who became a Roman Catholic, a circumstance which strengthened the accusations brought against himself of being a Papist. He was a very voluminous author. Of most of his now-forgotten writings the titles may be found in Chalmer's *Biog. Dict.*: those which continued longest in esteem were his *Josephus*, and his *Æsop's Fables*.

ON THE DRAMATIC POEMS OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

WONDER! who's here? Fletcher, long buried,
Reviv'd! 'Tis he, he's risen from the dead;
His winding-sheet put off, walks above ground,
Shakes off his fetters, and is better bound:
And may he not, if rightly understood,
Prove plays are lawful? he hath made them good.
Is any *Lover mad?* see here *Love's cure;*
Unmarried? to *A Wife* he may be sure,
A rare one, *for a month;* if she displease,
The Spanish Curate gives a writ of ease.
Inquire *The Custom of the Country*, then
Shall *The French Lawyer* set you free again.
If the two *Fair Maids* take it wondrous ill
(One *of the Inn*, the other *of the Mill*,)
That *The Lover's Progress* stopt, and they defam'd,
Here's that makes *Women pleas'd* and *Tamer tam'd*.
But who then plays *The Coxcomb*, or will try
His *Wit at several Weapons*, or else die?
Nice Valour, and he doubts not to engage
The Noble Gentleman in *Love's Pilgrimage*,
To take revenge on *The False One*, and run
The Honest Man's Fortune, to be undone
Like *Knight of Malta*, or else *Captain* be,
Or *Th' Humorous Lieutenant;* go to *Sea*,
A Voyage for to starve, he's very loath,
Till we are all at peace, to swear an oath
That then *The Loyal Subject* may have leave
To lie from *Beggars' Bush*, and undeceive
The creditor, discharge his debts; why so,
Since we can't pay to Fletcher what we owe?
Oh, could his *Prophetess* but tell one *Chance*,
When that the *Pilgrims* shall return from France,
And once more make this kingdom, as of late,
The Island Princess, and we celebrate
A Double Marriage; every one to bring
To Fletcher's memory his offering,
That thus at last unsequesters the stage,
Brings back the silver and the golden age!

ROBERT GARDINER.[1]

TO THE MANES OF THE CELEBRATED POETS AND FELLOW-WRITERS, FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER, UPON THE PRINTING OF THEIR EXCELLENT DRAMATIC POEMS.

DISDAIN not, gentle shades, the lowly praise
Which here I tender your immortal bays;
Call it not folly, but my zeal, that I
Strive to etèrnize you that cannot die:
And though no language rightly can commend
What you have writ, save what yourselves have penn'd,
Yet let me wonder at those curious strains
(The rich conceptions of your twin-like brains)
Which drew the gods' attention, who admir'd
To see our English stage by you inspir'd;
Whose chiming Muses never fail'd to sing
A soul-affecting music, ravishing
Both ear and intellect; while you do each
Contend with other, who shall highest reach
In rare invention; conflicts that beget
New strange delight, to see two fancies met

1 *Robert Gardiner*] Verses by "Robert Gardiner, ex ho. M. Templi," [sic] are prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651.

That could receive no foil, two wits in growth
So just as had one soul informèd both:
Thence, learnèd Fletcher, sung thy[1] Muse alone,
As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone;
In whom, as thou, had he outliv'd, so he,
Snatch'd first away, survivèd still in thee.
What though distempers of the present age
Have banish'd your smooth numbers from the stage?
You shall be gainers by't; it shall confer
To the making the vast world your theatre:
The press shall give to every man his part,
And we will all be actors; learn by heart
Those tragic scenes and comic strains you writ,
Unimitable both for art and wit;
And at each exit, as your fancies rise,
Our hands shall clap deservèd plaudities.

JOHN WEB.[2]

TO THE DESERT OF THE AUTHOR IN HIS MOST INGENIOUS PIECES.

THOU art above their censure whose dark spirits
Respect[3] but shades of things and seeming merits;
That have no soul nor reason to their will,
But rhyme as ragged as a gander's quill;
Where pride blows up the error, and transfers
Their zeal in tempests, that so widely errs:
Like heat and air compress'd, their blind desires
Mix with their ends, as raging winds with fires;
Whose ignorance and passions wear an eye
Squint to all parts of true humanity:
All is apocrypha suits not their vein;
For wit, — oh, fie! and learning too, — profane!
But Fletcher hath done miracles by wit,
And one line of his may convert them yet,
Tempt them into the state of knowledge, and
[The] happiness to read and understand.
The way is strow'd with laurel, and every Muse
Brings incense to our Fletcher; whose scenes infuse
Such noble kindlings from her pregnant fire
As charms her critic poet[4] in desire;
And who doth read him that parts less endu'd
Than with some heat of wit or gratitude?
Some crowd to touch the relique of his bays,
Some to cry up their own wit in his praise,
And think they engage it by comparatives,
When from himself himself he best derives.
Let Shakespeare, Chapman, and applauded Ben,
Wear the eternal merit of their pen:
Here I am love-sick; and were I to chuse
A mistress corrival, 'tis Fletcher's Muse.

GEORGE BUCK.[5]

[1] *thy*] Old ed. "the;" and so Weber.

[2] *John Web*] "I find no other traces of a John Webb who was likely to be author of this ingenious copy of verses, but that in 1629, four years after Fletcher's death, one John Webb, M. A., and fellow of Magdalen College, in Oxford, was made master of Croyden school." — SEWARD.

[3] *Respect*] Old ed. "Respects."

[4] *poet*] Old ed. "poets."

[5] *George Buck*] A relation of Sir George Buck, master of the revels, who, in 1646, published, as his own work, *The History of the Life and Reigne of Richard the Third*, which was written by Sir George. See Chalmers's *Supplemental Apology*, &c. p. 204, 205. Verses by George Buck are prefixed to Yorke's *Union of Honour*, 1640, and to Shirley's *Poems*, 1646.

ON MASTER BEAUMONT (WRITTEN THIRTY YEARS SINCE,[1] PRESENTLY AFTER HIS DEATH).

BEAUMONT lies here; and where now shall we have
A Muse like his, to sigh upon his grave?
Ah, none to weep this with a worthy tear,
But he that cannot, Beaumont that lies here!
Who now shall pay thy[2] tomb with such a verse
As thou that lady's dids't,[3] fair Rutland's hearse?
A monument that will then lasting be,
When all her marble is more dust than she.
In thee all's lost: a sudden dearth and want
Hath seiz'd on wit, good epitaphs are scant;
We dare not write thy elegy, whilst[4] each fears
He ne'er shall match that[5] copy of thy tears.
Scarce in an age[6] a poet, — and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to see,
But quickly taken off, and only known,
Is in a minute shut as soon as shown.[7]
Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain
In such a piece, to dash[8] it straight again?
Why should she take such work beyond her skill,
Which,[9] when she cannot perfect, she must kill?
Alas, what is't to temper slime or[10] mire?
But Nature's puzzled when she works in fire:[11]
Great brains, like brightest glass, crack[12] straight, while those
Of stone or[13] wood hold out, and fear not[14] blows;
And we their ancient hoary heads can see,
Whose wit was never their mortality:
Beaumont dies young; so Sidney died[15] before;
There was not poetry he could live to more;[16]
He could not grow up higher; I[17] scarce know
If th' art itself unto that pitch could grow,
Were't not in thee, that hadst arriv'd the height[18]
Of all that wit[19] could reach, or nature might.
Oh, when I read those excellent things of thine,
Such strength, such sweetness, couch'd in every line,
Such life of fancy, such high choice of brain,
Nought of the vulgar wit[20] or borrow'd strain,
Such passion,[21] such expressions meet my[22] eye,
Such wit untainted with obscenity,

1 *since*] i. e. anterior to 1647.
2 *thy*] In Beaumont's *Poems*, 1640, "this."
3 *As thou that lady's didst*, &c.] "Earle refers to Beaumont's *Elegy on the Countess of Rutland*." WEBER.
4 *whilst*] In Beaumont's *Poems*, 1640, "for."
5 *that*] *Ibid.* "a."
6 *in an age*] *Ibid.* "yet *in age*."
7 *shown*] *Ibid.* "blowne."
8 *to dash*] *Ibid.* "and cast."
9 *Which*] *Ibid.* "And."
10 *or*] *Ibid.* "and."
11 *But Nature's puzzled when she works in fire*] *Ibid.* "Then's *nature puzzeld when* the work's intyre."
12 *like brightest glass, crack*] *Ibid.* "*like* bright *glasse*, crackle."
13 *or*] *Ibid.* "and."
14 *not*] *Ibid.* "no."
15 *died*] So *ibid.* Both follos, "did."
16 *poetry he could live to more*] *Ibid.* "*poetry, he could live* no *more*."
17 *I*] *Ibid.* "nay, *I*."
18 *that hadst arriv'd the height*] *Ibid.* "who *hadst arrived* to *th' height*."
19 *wit*] *Ibid.* "art."
20 *wit*] "*Ibid.* "mint."
21 *passion*] *Ibid.* "passions."
22 *my*] *Ibid.* "mine."

And these so unaffectedly exprest,
All in a language purely-flowing drest,[1]
And all so born within thyself, thine own,
So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon,
I grieve not now, that old Menander's vein
Is ruin'd, to survive in thee again;
Such in his time was he, of the same piece,
The smooth, even, natural wit, and love of Greece,
Whose[2] few sententious fragments shew more worth
Than all the poets Athens e'er brought forth;
And I am sorry we[3] have lost those hours
On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,
And dwelt[4] not more on thee, whose every page
May be a pattern for[5] their scene and stage.
I will not yield thy works[6] so mean a praise;
More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are plays,
Nor with that dull supineness to be read,
To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.
How do the Muses suffer every where,
Taken in such mouths' censure, in such ears,[7]
That, twixt a whiff, a line or two rehearse,
And with their rheum together spawl a verse!
This all a poem's leisure,[8] after play,
Drink, or[9] tobacco, it may keep[10] the day;
Whilst even their very idleness, they think,
Is lost in these, that lose their time[11] in drink.
Pity their dulness; we that[12] better know,
Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.
Why should not Beaumont in the morning please,
As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?
Who, if my pen may as my thoughts[13] be free,
Were scurril[14] wits and buffons[15] both to thee;
Yet these[16] our learnèd of severest brow
Will deign to look on, and to[17] note them too,
That will defy[18] our own; 'tis English stuff,
And th' author is not rotten long enough.
Alas, what phlegm[19] are they, compar'd to thee
In thy *Philaster* and[20] *Maid's Tragedy!*
Where's such an humour as thy Bessus, pray?[21]
Let them put all their Thrasoes[22] in one play,
He shall out-bid them; their conceit was poor,
All in a[23] circle of a bawd or whore;

[1] *All in a language purely-flowing drest*] *Ibid.* "But *all in a* pure *flowing language drest;*" and the next two lines transposed.

[2] *Whose*] So *ibid.* Both folios "Those."

[3] *we*] *Ibid.* "I."

[4] *dwelt*] So *ibid.* Both folios "dwell."

[5] *for*] *Ibid.* "to."

[6] *works*] *Ibid.* "worth."

[7] *mouths' censure, in such ears*] *Ibid.* "*mouthes* sensur'd *in such eares.*" The rhyme at least requires "ear."

[8] *This all a poem's leisure*] *Ibid.* "Tis *all a* Punies *leasure.*" Seward printed "*This all a poem's* pleasure." Heath (*MS. Notes*) explains the text to mean, — This is all the leisure the people here spoken of will afford a poem.

[9] *or*] *Ibid.* "and."

[10] *keep*] *Ibid.* "spend." Seward printed "eke."

[11] *time*] *Ibid.* "times."

[12] *Pity their dulness; we that*] So *ibid.* Both folios "*Pity* then dull we, *we that.*" Seward printed "*Pity* them dull; we *we that.*"

[13] *thoughts*] *Ibid.* "faults."

[14] *scurril*] *Ibid.* "humble."

[15] *buffons*] i. e. buffoons.

[16] *these*] *Ibid.* "those."

[17] *to*] *Ibid.* "so."

[18] *defy*] i. e. reject.

[19] *what phlegm*] *Ibid.* "how ill."

[20] *and*] *Ibid.* "or."

[21] *an humour as thy Bessus, pray*] *Ibid.* "a humour *as thy Bessus?* nay." See *A King and No King.*

[22] *Thrasoes*] *Ibid.* "*treasures.*"

[23] *a*] *Ibid.* "the."

A cozening Davus,[1] — take the fool away,
And not a good jest extant in a play.
Yet these are wits, because they're old,[2] and now,
Being Greek and[3] Latin, they are learning too:
But those their own times were content t' allow
A thriftier[4] fame, and thine is lowest now.
But thou shalt live, and, when thy name is grown
Six ages older,[5] shalt[6] be better known;
When thou'rt of Chaucer's standing in the[7] tomb,
Thou shalt not share, but take up all his room.

JOHN EARLE.[8]

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

THE poet lives: wonder not how or why
Fletcher revives, but that he e'er could die:
Safe mirth, full language, flow in every page,
At once he doth both heighten and assuage;
All innocence and wit, pleasant and clear,
Nor church nor laws were ever libell'd here;
But fair deductions drawn from his great brain,
Enough to conquer all that's false or vain;
He scatters wit, and sense so freely flings,
That very citizens speak handsome things,
Teaching their wives such unaffected grace,
Their looks are now as handsome as their face.
Nor is this violent: he steals upon
The yielding soul until the frenzy's gone;
His very lancings do the patient please,
As when good music cures a mad disease.
Small poets rifle him, yet think it fair,
Because they rob a man that well can spare:
They feed upon him, owe him every bit;
They're but sub-excisemen of his wit.

J. M.[9]

ON THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, NOW AT LENGTH PRINTED.

GREAT pair of authors, whom one equal star
Begot so like in genius, that you are

1 *Davus*] *Ibid.* "—" Both folios "dance;" for which "dunce" was proposed by Sympson. "Davus" (see the *Andria* of Terence, &c.) is Theobald's correction.

2 *because they're old*] *Ibid.* "*their old*, that's it."

3 *and*] *Ibid.* "or."

4 *thriftier*] So *ibid.* Both folios "thirsty."

5 *older*] *Ibid.* "elder."

6 *shalt*] So *Ibid.* Both folios "shall."

7 *the*] *Ibid.* "thy."

8 *John Earle*] Was born at York about 1601. Having been entered, at an early age, as a commoner of Christ-church, Oxford, he was admitted probationary fellow of Merton College, — became one of the proctors of that university, — was made chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke (who gave him the living of Bishopston in Wilts), — was appointed chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, afterwards Charles the Second, — and was elected chancellor of the cathedral of Salisbury. In consequence of his adherence to the royal cause, he was deprived of all his possessions, and obliged to withdraw to the continent, where Charles the Second created him his chaplain and clerk of the closet. After the Restoration, he was successively bishop of Worcester and Salisbury. He died at Oxford in 1665. His *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World discovered, in Essays and Characters*, 1628, has been often reprinted, and is still held in deserved estimation. He published also a Latin translation of the *Eikon Basilike*, 1649; and, besides a Latin translation of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which was never printed (the MS. having been almost wholly destroyed), he was author of several minor pieces: see Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 718–19. ed. Bliss, and Earle's *Microcosmography* by the same editor.

9 *J. M.*] "This poem is probably by Jasper Maine, as well as the [illegible]; for the stationer, in his concluding verses, mentions 'thirty-four witnesses,' and as the number of poems besides his [illegible] is thirty-six, that of the encomiasts is thirty-four, there being two copies of verses by Cartwright and two by Maine." WEBER.

In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit,
Much less your praise; you, who had equal fire,
And did each other mutually inspire;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one fram'd the plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th' other dress,
Or th' one dispos'd what th' other did express;
Where'er your parts between yourselves lay, we,
In all things which you did, but one thread see,
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That art with nature ne'er did smoother run; —
Where shall I fix my praise, then? or what part
Of all your numerous labours hath desert,
More to be fam'd than other? Shall I say,
I've met a lover so drawn in your play,
So passionately written, so inflam'd,
So jealously enrag'd, then gently tam'd,
That I, in reading, have the person seen,
And your pen hath part stage and actor been?
Or shall I say, that I can scarce forbear
To clap, when I a captain[1] do meet there,
So lively in his own vain humour drest,
So braggingly, and like himself exprest,
That modern cowards, when they saw him play'd,
Saw, blush'd, departed guilty and betray'd?
You wrote all parts right; whatsoe'er the stage
Had from you, was seen there as in the age,
And had there equal life: vices, which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there;
They who possess'd a box, and half-crown spent,
To learn obsceneness, return'd innocent,
And thank'd you for this cozenage, whose chaste scene
Taught loves so noble, so reform'd, so clean,
That they who brought foul fires, and thither came
To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your praise too, that your stock and vein
Held both to tragic and to comic strain:
Where'er you listed to be high and grave,
No buskin shew'd more solemn, no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw tears from eyes,
Spectators sate part[s] in your tragedies;
And where you listed to be low and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole house into comedy,
So piercing, where you pleas'd, hitting a fault,
That humours from your pen issu'd all salt.
Nor were you thus in works and poems knit,
As to be but two halfs, and make one wit;
But as some things, we see, have double cause,
And yet the effect itself from both whole draws,
So, though you were thus twisted and combin'd,
As two bodies[2] to have but one fair mind,
Yet, if we praise you rightly, we must say,
Both join'd, and both did wholly make the play.
For, that you could write singly, we may guess
By the divided pieces which the press
Hath severally sent[3] forth; nor were join'd[4] so,
Like some our modern authors, made to go
One merely by the help of th' other, who
To purchase fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you so, that one's part was to lick
The other into shape; nor did one stick

[1] *a captain*] i. e. Bessus in *A King and No King*.
[2] *As two bodies*] Altered by Seward (rightly perhaps) to "*As in two bodies*;" and so his successors.
[3] *sent*] In Beaumont's *Poems*, 1653, "*set*."
[4] *join'd*] The correction of Theobald. Bo[illegible]s, and Beaumont's *Poems*, 1653, have "gone;" but it must be a misprint. Compare the third line above.

The other's cold inventions with such wit,
As serv'd, like spice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor, out of mutual want or emptiness,
Did you conspire to go still twins to the press;
But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and stor'd with the same worth
That thus united them: you did join sense;
In you 'twas league, in others impotence;
And the press, which both thus amongst us sends,
Sends us one poet in a pair of friends.

JASPER MAINE.[1]

UPON THE REPORT OF THE PRINTING OF THE DRAMATICAL POEMS OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, [NEVER] COLLECTED BEFORE, AND NOW SET FORTH IN ONE VOLUME.

THOUGH when all Fletcher writ, and the entire
Man was indulg'd unto that sacred fire,
His thoughts, and his thoughts' dress, appear'd both such,
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
To knowing Beaumont, ere it did come forth,
Working again, until he said 'twas fit,
And made him the sobriety of his wit;
Though thus he call'd his judge into his fame,
And for that aid allow'd him half the name,
'Tis known that sometimes he did stand alone,
That both the sponge and pencil were his own,
That himself judg'd himself, could singly do,
And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too:
Else we had lost his *Shepherdess*,[2] a piece
Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece;
Where softness reigns, where passions passions greet,
Gentle and high, as floods of balsam meet;
Where, dress'd in white expressions, sit bright Loves,
Drawn, like their fairest queen, by milky doves;
A piece which Jonson[3] in a rapture bid
Come up a glorified work; and so it did.
Else had his Muse set with his friend; the stage
Had miss'd those poems, which yet take the age;
The world had lost those rich exemplars, where
Art, language,[4] wit, sit ruling in one sphere;
Where the fresh matters soar above old themes,
As prophets' raptures do above our dreams;
Where, in a worthy scorn, he dares refuse
All other gods, and makes the thing his Muse;
Where he calls passions up,[5] and lays them so,
As spirits aw'd by him to come and go;
Where the free author did whate'er he would,
And nothing will'd but what a poet should.

[1] *Jasper Maine*] — Or Mayne, — born in 1604 at Hatherleigh, Devon, was educated at Westminster-school, and thence removed to Christ-church, Oxford. Having taken orders, he was preferred to two livings in the gift of his college, — Cassington near Woodstock, and Pyrton near Watlington. As he had shown himself a devoted royalist, he was ejected by Cromwell not only from Christ-church but from his vicarages: he, however, found an asylum in the house of the Earl of Devonshire, as chaplain to that nobleman. There he continued chiefly to reside till the Restoration, when he was amply recompensed for his sufferings by being reinstated in both his livings, made canon of Christ-church, chaplain in ordinary to the king, and archdeacon of Chichester. He died in 1672. Maine appears to have possessed considerable learning; he was much admired for his preaching (in the quaint style which was then fashionable); and he had a great reputation for his wit and humour. Besides two comedies, which are far above mediocrity, — *The City Match*, 1639, and *The Amorous War*, 1648, — he was author of several *Sermons*, of *Part of Lucian made English from the Originall*, &c.

[2] *Shepherdess*] i. e. *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Seward having misunderstood this passage, the Editors of 1778 observe that Cartwright means "If Fletcher could not have wrote without Beaumont, we should not have had *The Faithful Shepherdess*, in which the latter had no concern."

[3] *which Jonson*, &c.] See Jonson's verses prefixed to that drama, p.

[4] *language*] in Cartwright's works, 1651, "learning."

[5] *up*] *Ibid.* "forth."

No vast uncivil bulk swells any scene,
The strength's ingenious,[1] and the vigour clean;
None can prevent[2] the fancy, and see through
At the first opening; all stand wondering how
The thing will be, until it is; which thence,
With fresh delight[3] still cheats, still takes the sense;
The whole design, the shadows, the lights, such
That none can say he shows or hides too much:
Business grows up, ripen'd by just increase,
And by as just degrees again doth cease;
The heats and minutes of affairs are watch'd,
And the[4] nice points of time are met, and snatch'd;
Nought later than it should, nought comes before, —
Chemists and calculators do err more;
Sex, aged, egree, affections, country, place,
The inward substance, and the outward face,
All kept precisely, all exactly fit;
What he would write, he was before he writ.
'Twixt Jonson's grave, and Shakespeare's lighter sound,
His Muse so steer'd, that something still was found,
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,
That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known:
Hence did he take true judgments; hence did strike
All palates some way, though not all alike:
The god of numbers might his numbers crown,
And, listening to them, wish they were his own.
Thus, welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit,
Durst yet produce, that is, what Fletcher writ!

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

ANOTHER.

FLETCHER, though some call it thy fault, that wit
So overflowed thy scenes, that, ere 'twas fit
To come upon the stage, Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull, — that's, write again,
And bate some of thy fire, which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame, —
And, after all, finding thy genius such,
That, blunted and allay'd, 'twas yet too much,
Added his sober sponge, and did contract
Thy plenty to less wit, to make 't exact;
Yet we, through his corrections, could see
Much treasure in thy superfluity;
Which was so fil'd away, as, when we do
Cut jewels, that that's lost is jewel too;
Or as men use to wash gold, which we know
By losing makes the stream thence wealthy grow.
They who do on thy works severely sit,
And call thy store the over-births of wit,
Say thy miscarriages were rare, and when
Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitful pen
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
Out in one scene what might well serve a play;
And hence do grant, that what they call excess,
Was to be reckon'd as thy happiness,
From whom wit issued in a full spring-tide;
Much did enrich the stage, much flow'd beside.
For, that thou couldst thine own free fancy bind
In stricter numbers, and run so confin'd

[1] *ingenious*] *Ibid.* "ingenuous." (The words were formerly synonymous.)
[2] *prevent*] i. e. anticipat[illegible]
[3] *delight*] *Ibid.* and seco[illegible] "delights."
[4] *the*] Second folio "these."

As to observe the rules of art, which sway
In the contrivance of a true-born play,
Those[1] works proclaim which thou didst write retir'd
From Beaumont, by none but thyself inspir'd;
Where, we see, 'twas not chance that made them hit,
Nor were thy plays the lotteries of wit;
But, like to Durer's pencil, which first knew
The laws of faces, and then faces drew,
Thou knew'st[2] the air, the colour, and the place,
The symmetry which gives a poem grace;
Parts are so fitted unto parts, as do
Shew thou hadst wit and mathematics too;
Knew'st where by line to spare, where to dispense,
And didst beget just comedies from thence,
Things unto which thou didst such life bequeathe,
That they, their own Blackfriars, unacted,[3] breathe.
Jonson hath writ things lasting and divine,
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and express[4] love so,
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow;
Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts
Which burn and reign in noble lovers' hearts,
Hast cloth'd affections in such native tires,
And so describ'd them in their own true fires,
Such moving sighs, such undissemblod tears,
Such charms of language, such hopes mix'd with fears,
Such grants after denials, such pursuits
After despair, such amorous recruits,
That some, who sate spectators, have confest
Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest,
And felt such shafts steal through their captiv'd sense,
As made them rise parts, and go lovers thence.
Nor was thy style wholly compos'd of groves,
Or the soft strains of shepherds and their loves;
When thou wouldst comic be, each smiling birth,
In that kind, came into the world all mirth,
All point, all edge, all sharpness; we did sit
Sometimes five acts out in pure sprightful wit,
Which flow'd in such true salt, that we did doubt
In which scene we laugh'd most two shillings out.
Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I' the ladies' questions, and the fools' replies;
Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
In turn'd hose,[5] which our fathers call'd the clown,
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made bawdry pass for comical;
Nature was all his art; thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility;
From whom mirth came unforc'd, no jest perplex'd,
But, without labour, clean, chaste, and unvex'd.
Thou wert not like some, our small poets, who
Could not be poets, were not we poets too;
Whose wit is pilfering, and whose vein and wealth
In poetry lies merely in their stealth:
Nor didst thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,
Their rack in writing, who do write for alms,
Whose wretched genius, and dependent fires,
But to their benefactors' dole aspires:
Nor hadst thou the sly trick, thyself to praise
Under thy friends' names; or, to purchase bays
Didst write stale commendations to thy book,
Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Jonson's took:

1 *Those*] Old ed. "These."

2 *knew'st*] Old ed. "know'st;" but see the fourth line after.

3 *unacted*] i. e. though unacted on account of the suppression of the theatres.

4 *express*] Old ed. "exprest."

5 *In turn'd hose*] Altered to "*In* trunk-*hose*" by Theobald, who c[illegible]m Sir John Birkenhead's verses (see p. 801 [illegible] expression "*trunk-hose* wit;" and so his successors.

That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.[1]

ON MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT (THEN NEWLY DEAD).

HE that hath such acuteness and such wit,[2]
As would ask ten good heads[3] to husband it;
He that can write[4] so well that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead; by whose sole death[5] appears,
Wit 's a disease consumes men[6] in few years.

RICHARD CORBET, D. D.[7]

TO MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT (THEN LIVING).

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st,
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves!
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives,
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee!

BEN JONSON.[8]

[1] *William Cartwright*] Born in 1611 at Northway, near Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire, was the son of a William Cartwright, who, having dissipated a fair estate, was at length reduced to keep an inn at Cirencester. (This is Wood's account, *Athenæ*, iii. 69. ed. Bliss: Lloyd in his *Memoires*, &c. states — there is reason to believe, incorrectly, — that he was born in 1615, and the son of Thomas Cartwright of Burford in Oxfordshire.) He was first sent to the free-school at Cirencester, afterwards to Westminster as a king's scholar, and being thence removed to Oxford, was elected a student of Christ-church in 1628. Having been ordained, he became, according to Wood, "the most florid and seraphical preacher in the university." He was also much admired for the lectures which he delivered as metaphysical reader. In 1642 he was made succentor in the Cathedral of Salisbury, and in 1643 was chosen junior Proctor of the university. There he died, during the latter year, of a malignant fever (called the camp-disease); and, as he had acquired a great celebrity for his abilities and learning, his early death was very widely lamented, — the king (who was then at Oxford) appearing in black on the day of his burial. Ben Jonson used to say, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man;" and bishop Fell declared that he "was the utmost man could come to." He was author of four plays, — *The Royal Slave*, *The Lady Errant*, *The Ordinary* (an excellent comedy), and *The Siege, or Love's Convert*: the first of these was published in 1639, the others were originally printed in the collection of his *Plays and Poems*, 1651, to which are prefixed more copies of commendatory verses than even to the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works. A sermon by Cartwright, entitled *An Offspring of Mercy issuing out of the Womb of Cruelty*, &c. appeared in 1652.

[2] *He that hath*, &c.] In Beaumont's *Poems*, 1640, "*He that* had Youth, and Friends, *and* so much *Wit*."

[3] *ten good heads*] *Ibid.* "five *good* Wits."

[4] *can write*] *Ibid.* "hath wrote."

[5] *whose sole death*] *Ibid.* "which our Art."

[6] *men*] *Ibid.* "one."

[7] *Richard Corbet, D. D.*] Said to be descended from an ancient family in Shropshire, and born at Ewell, Surrey, in 1582, was the son of Vincent Corbett, a man of some eminence for his skill in gardening, who usually resided at Whitton near Twickenham, and who died at a very advanced age, leaving considerable property. He was educated at Westminster school, from which he was removed to Oxford, where he was first entered at Broadgate Hall, and afterwards admitted a student of Christ Church. "In 1605, he proceeded M. of A., being then esteemed one of the most celebrated wits in the university, as his poems, jests, romantic fancies and exploits, which he made and perform'd extempore, shew'd. Afterwards entering into holy orders, he became a most quaint preacher, and therefore much followed by ingenious men." (Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 594, ed. Bliss.) Having been made by King James one of his chaplains in ordinary, and having received considerable preferment, he was promoted in 1620 to the deanery of Christ Church. In 1629 he was raised to the see of Oxford, and in 1632 he was translated to that of Norwich. His wife was the daughter of Dr. Leonard Hutten (or Hutton); but the date of his marriage (perhaps about 1625) has not been discovered. He died in 1635. The *Poems* of this facetious writer were first printed in 1647: the best edition of them (with various additions) is that by O. Gilchrist, 1807.

[8] *Ben Jonson*] Born in 1574, died in 1637.

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

Apollo sings, his harp resounds : give room,
For now, behold, the golden pomp is come !
Thy pomp of plays, which thousands come to see,
With admiration both of them and thee.
O volume, worthy, leaf by leaf and cover,
To be with juice of cedar wash'd all over !
Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent,
To raise an act to full astonishment ;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to swoon, and maids to die for love :
Love lies a-bleeding[1] here; Evadne[2] there
Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where;
Here's a *Mad Lover;* there that high design
Of *King and No King*, and the rare plot thine.
So that whene'er we circumvolve our eyes,
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties
Ravish our spirits, that entranced we see,
None writes love's passion[3] in the world like thee.

Robert Herrick.[4]

ON THE HAPPY COLLECTION OF MASTER FLETCHER'S WORKS, NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

Fletcher, arise ! usurpers share thy bays,
They canton thy vast wit to build small plays :
He comes ! his volume breaks through clouds and dust ;
Down, little wits ! ye must refund, ye must.
  Nor comes he private; here's great Beaumont too :
How could one single world encompass two ?
For these coheirs had equal power to teach
All that all wits both can and cannot reach.
Shakespeare was early up, and went so drest
As for those dawning hours he knew was best;
But, when the sun shone forth, you two thought fit
To wear just robes, and leave off trunk-hose wit.
Now, now 'twas perfect; none must look for new;
Manners and scenes may alter, but not you,
For yours are not mere humours, gilded strains;
The fashion lost, your massy sense remains.
  Some think your wits of two complexions fram'd,
That one the sock, th' other the buskin claim'd;
That, should the stage embattail all its force,
Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horse.
But you were both for both, not semi-wits;
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits :

[1] *Love lies a-bleeding*] The second title of *Philaster*.

[2] *Evadne*] See *The Maid's Tragedy*.

[3] *passion*] Weber prints "passions."

[4] *Robert Herrick*] Descended from an ancient family in Leicestershire, and born in Cheapside in 1591, was the fourth son of Nicholas Herrick, goldsmith. (Chalmers says, "Nicholas Herrick, *of St. Vedast*, Foster Lane." *Biog. Dict.* St. Vedast was the church at which the poet was baptized.) Being sent to Cambridge by his uncle and guardian Sir William Herrick, he was entered, about 1615, a fellow-commoner of St. John's College; and about 1618 he removed to Trinity Hall, where he studied the law. (Wood, by mistake, has placed Herrick in his *Athenæ*; see vol. iii. 250, ed. Bliss.) He, however, took orders; and having the Earl of Exeter for his patron, he was presented in 1629, by Charles the First, to the vicarage of Dean Prior, Devon. During the civil wars, he was ejected from his living, and resided in St. Anne's parish, Westminster. After the Restoration, he again took possession of his vicarage; and there he is believed to have died, but the date of his death has not been ascertained. (See Nichols's *Hist. of Leicest.* vol. ii. P. ii. 631–633.) *Hesperides: or The Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.*, appeared in 1648. (*His Noble Numbers: or His Pious Pieces, &c.*, which come last in the volume, have a distinct title-page, dated 1647 : *Esq.* means perhaps that during the civil wars he had laid aside his gown.) He is a very unequal writer; but in his best poems he displays a fine vein of fancy and great beauty of versification.

Ye're not two faculties, and one soul still,
He th' understanding, thou the quick free will;
But,[1] as two voices in one song embrace,
Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base,
Two full, congenial souls; still both prevail'd;
His Muse and thine were quarter'd, not impal'd;
Both brought your ingots, both toil'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, sifted, till no dross stuck in't,
Then in each other's scales weigh'd every grain,
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again,
Stamp'd both your names upon't, at one bold hit, —
Then, then 'twas coin, as well as bullion-wit.
Thus twins: but as when fate one eye deprives,
That other strives to double, which survives,
So Beaumont died, yet left in legacy
His rules and standard-wit, Fletcher, to thee;
Still the same planet, though not fill'd so soon,
A two-horn'd crescent then, now one full moon.
Joint love before, now honour, doth provoke:
So th' old twin giants forcing a huge oak,
One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all.
Imperial Fletcher! here begins thy reign;
Scenes flow like sun-beams from thy glorious brain;
Thy swift-despatching soul no more doth stay,
Than he that built two cities in one day;
Ever brim-full, and sometimes running o'er,
To feed poor languid wits that wait at door,
Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above ground stood,
For creatures have most feet which have least blood;
But thou art still that bird of paradise,
Which hath no feet, and ever nobly flies;
Rich, lusty sense, such as the poet ought,
For poems, if not excellent, are nought;
Low wit in scenes in state a peasant goes;
If mean and flat, let it foot yeoman prose,
That such may spell, as are not readers grown;
To whom he, that writes wit, shews he hath none.
Brave Shake-peare flow'd, yet had his ebbings too,
Often above himself, sometimes below:
Thou always best; if aught seem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging rout's[2] mistake, not thine:
Thus thy fair Shepherdess,[3] which the bold heap,
False to themselves and thee, did prize so cheap,
Was found, when understood, fit to be crown'd;
At worst 'twas worth two hundred thousand pound.
Some blast thy works, lest we should track their walk,
Wit-burglary must chide those it feeds on,
Where they steal all those few good things they talk;
For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon;
But, as stoln goods go off at half their worth,
Thy strong sense palls, when they purloin it forth.
When didst thou borrow? where's the man e'er read
Aught begged by thee from those alive or dead?
Or from dry goddesses? as some, who, when
They stuff their page with gods, write worse than men;
Thou wast thine own Muse, and hadst such vast odds,
Thou outwritt'st[4] him whose verse made all those gods,
Surpassing those our dwarfish age uprears,
As much as Greeks or Latins thee in years.
Thy ocean-fancy knew nor banks nor dams:
We ebb down dry to pebble-anagrams;
Dead and insipid, all despairing sit,
Lost to behold this great relapse of wit;

[1] *But*] Altered by Seward to "Not;" and so his successors.

[2] *rout's*] i. e. multitudes.

[3] *Shepherdess*] i. e. *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

[4] *outwritt'st*] So in Beaumont's *Poems*, 1653. Both folios "outwrit'st;" and so the modern editors.

What strength remains, is like that, wild and fierce,
Till Jonson made good poets and right verse.
  Such boisterous trifles thy Muse would not brook,
Save when she'd shew how scurvily they look;
No savage metaphors, things rudely great,
Thou dost display, not[1] butcher a conceit;
Thy nerves have beauty, which invades and charms, —
Looks like a princess harness'd in bright arms.
  Nor art thou loud and cloudy: those that do
Thunder so much, do't without lightning too,
Tearing themselves, and almost split their brain,
To render harsh what thou speak'st free and clean:
Such gloomy sense may pass for high and proud,
But true-born wit still flies above the cloud;
Thou knew'st 'twas impotence, what they call height;
Who blusters strong i' the dark, but creeps i' the light.
  And as thy thoughts were clear, so innocent,
Thy fancy gave no unswept language vent;
Slander'st not laws, profan'st no holy page,
As if thy father's crosier aw'd the stage:
High crimes were still arraign'd; though they made shift
To prosper out four acts, were plagued i' the fifth:
All's safe and wise; no stiff affected scene,
Nor swoln, nor flat, a true full natural vein;
Thy sense, like well-dress'd ladies, cloth'd as skinn'd,
Not all unlac'd, nor city-starch'd and pinn'd;
Thou hadst no sloth, no rage, no sullen fit,
But strength and mirth; Fletcher's a sanguine wit.
  Thus two great consul-poets all things sway'd,
Till all was English-born or English-made:
Mitre and coif here into one piece spun,
Beaumont a judge's, this a prelate's son.
What strange production is at last display'd,
Got by two fathers, without female aid!
Behold, two masculines espous'd each other!
Wit and the world were born without a mother.

JOHN BERKENHEAD.[2]

TO THE MEMORY OF MASTER FLETCHER.

THERE's nothing gain'd by being witty; fame
Gathers but wind to blather up[3] a name.
Orpheus must leave his lyre, or, if it be
In heaven, 'tis there a sign, no harmony;

[1] *not*] Weber prints "nor."

[2] *John Berkenhead*] — or Birkenhead, — the son of a saddler, was born, about 1615, at Northwich in Cheshire. Having received a common grammar-school education, he was entered, in 1632, a servitor of Oriel College, Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Humphrey Lloyd (afterwards Bishop of Bangor). At the recommendation of Lloyd, he became amanuensis to Archbishop Laud; who created him by diploma A. M., and on whose letters commendatory he was elected a probationary fellow of All-Souls College. During the civil war, when Charles the First had made Oxford his headquarters, Berkenhead was employed to support the royal cause, and to ridicule its opponents, by writing a newspaper, entitled, *Mercurius Aulicus, communicating the Intelligence and Affairs of the Court to the rest of the Kingdom*. He commenced it in 1642, and gained by it a great reputation. (His place as journalist was frequently supplied by Dr. Peter Heylin, but with inferior humour.) At the desire of the king, he was appointed reader in moral philosophy; and he continued to hold that office, though with very little profit, till 1648, when he was expelled by the parliamentary visitors not only from it but also from his fellowship. "Afterwards he retired to London, suffered several imprisonments for his majesty's cause, lived by his wits in helping young gentlemen out at dead lifts in making poems, songs, and epistles, on, and to, their respective mistresses, as also in translating and writing several little things, and other petite employments." (Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 1203, ed. Bliss.) On the Restoration, he was created, by virtue of the king's letters, D. C. L. at Oxford, was chosen burgess to serve in parliament for Wilton, was knighted in 1662, and next year succeeded Sir Richard Fanshawe as master of requests, "being then also master of the faculties and a member of the royal society." (Wood, *ibid.*) He died at Westminster in 1679. For the titles of his various writings, in several of which he has exhibited great powers of ridicule, see Wood's *Athenæ*, and Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.*: his spirited satire, *Paul's-Churchyard*, &c., may be found reprinted in *The Harl. Miscell.*, ix. 408. ed. Park.

[3] *blather up*] i. e. gabble up (written also *blatter* and *blether*), — unless the word is used here for *bladder*.

And stones that follow'd him may now become
New,[1] stones again, and serve him for his tomb.
The Theban Linus, that was ably skill'd
In Muse and music, was by Phœbus kill'd,
Though Phœbus did beget him: sure, his art
Had merited his balsam, not his dart.
  But here Apollo's jealousy is seen,
The god of physic's troubled with the spleen;
Like timorous kings, he puts a period
To high-grown parts, lest he should be no god.
  Hence those great master-wits of Greece, that gave
Life to the world, could not avoid a grave;
Hence the inspirèd prophets of old Rome,
Too great for earth, fled to Elysium.
  But the same ostracism benighted one
To whom all these were but illusion;
It took our Fletcher hence, Fletcher, whose wit
Was not an accident to the soul, but it,
Only diffus'd; thus we the same sun call,
Moving i' the sphere, and shining on a wall;
Wit so high plac'd at first, it could not climb,
Wit that ne'er grew, but only shew'd, by time;
No fire-work of sack, no seldom-shown
Poetic rage, but still in motion,
And with far more than spheric excellence
It mov'd, for 'twas its own intelligence;
And yet so obvious to sense, so plain,
You'd scarcely think't allied unto the brain;
So sweet, it gain'd more ground upon the stage
Than Jonson with his self-admiring rage
E'er lost; and then so naturally it fell,
That fools would think that they could do as well.
  This is our loss; yet, spite of Phœbus, we
Will keep our Fletcher, for his wit is he.

EDWARD POWELL.[2]

UPON THE EVER-TO-BE-ADMIRED MASTER JOHN FLETCHER AND HIS PLAYS.

WHAT's all this preparation for? or why
Such sudden triumphs? Fletcher! the people cry:
Just so, when kings approach, our conduits run
Claret, as here the spouts flow Helicon:
See, every sprightful Muse, dress'd trim and gay,
Strews herbs and scatters roses in his way!
  Thus th' outward yard set round with bays we've seen,
Which from the garden hath transplanted been;
Thus, at the prætor's feast,[3] with needless costs,
Some must be employ'd in painting of the posts;
And some, as dishes made for sight, not taste,
Stand here as things for show to Fletcher's feast.
Oh, what an honour, what a grace 't had been,[4]
T' have had his cook in *Rollo* serv'd[5] them in!
  Fletcher, the king of poets! such was he,
That earn'd all tribute, claim'd all sovereignty;
And may he that denies it, learn to blush
At 's *Loyal Subject*, starve at 's *Beggar's Bush*;
And, if not drawn by example, shame, nor grace,
Turn o'er to 's *Coxcomb* and *The Wild-Goose Chase*.

[1] *New*] Old ed. "Now."

[2] *Edward Powell*] Verses by this person are prefixed to Shirley's *Poems*, 1646. He was perhaps the "ancient Player, lately dead," mentioned by Gildon as the father of George Powell the actor: *Lives and Characters of Engl. Dram. Poets*, 1698, p. 113.

[3] *at the prætor's feast*, &c.] i. e. at the Lord Mayor's feast: when he entered into office, the posts which were set up at his door (and at the doors of sheriffs) were usually new-painted.

[4] *been*] The writer's word probably was "bin," a common form.

[5] *serv'd*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "serve."

Monarch of wit! great magazine of wealth!
From whose rich bank, by a Promethean stealth,
Our lesser flames do blaze! his the true fire,
When they, like glow-worms, being touch'd, expire.
'Twas first believ'd, because he always was
The *ipse dixit* and Pythagoras
To our disciple-wits, his soul might run,
By the same dreamt-of transmigration,
Into their rude and indigested brain,
And so inform their chaos-lump again;
For many specious brats of this last age
Spoke Fletcher perfectly in every page.
This rous'd his rage to be abusèd thus,
Made 's *Lover Mad*, *Lieutenant Humorous*.
Thus ends-of-gold-and-silver-men [1] are made,
As th' used to say, goldsmiths of his own trade;
Thus rag-men from the dunghill often hop,
And publish forth by chance a broker's shop:
But by his own light now we have descried
The dross from that hath been so purely tried.
Proteus of wit! who reads him doth not see
The manners of each sex, of each degree?
His full-stor'd fancy doth all humours fill,
From *The Queen of Corinth* to *The Maid o' the Mill*;
His *Curate*, *Lawyer*, *Captain*, *Prophetess*,
Shew he was all and every one of these;
He taught, so subtly were their fancies seiz'd,
To *Rule a Wife*, and yet the *Women Please'd*.
Parnassus is thine own; claim it as merit;
Law makes *The Elder Brother* to inherit.

G. Hills.[2]

IN HONOUR OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

So Fletcher now presents to fame
His alone self and unpropt name,
As rivers rivers entertain,
But still fall single into the main;
So doth the moon in consort shine,
Yet flows alone into its mine,
And though her light be jointly thrown,
When she makes silver, 'tis her own.
Perhaps his quill flew stronger when
'Twas weavèd with his Beaumont's pen,
And might with deeper wonder hit, —
It could not shew more his, more wit;
So Hercules came by sex and love,
When Pallas sprang from single Jove:
He took his Beaumont for embrace,
Not to grow by him and increase,
Nor for support did with him twine, —
He was his friend's friend, not his vine;
His wit with wit he did not twist
To be assisted, but t' assist.
And who could succour him whose quill
Did both run sense and sense distill,
Had time and art in't, and the while
Slid even as theirs wh' are only style?
Whether his chance did cast it so,
Or that it did like rivers flow
Because it must, or whether 'twere
A smoothness from his file and ear,

[1] *ends-of-gold-and-silver-men*] i. e. itinerant purchasers of broken pieces of gold and silver: see *The Beggar's Bush*, act iii. sc. 1.

[2] *G. Hills*] Perhaps the "Geo. Hill," who wrote two copies of verses (one Latin, one English) prefixed to Shirley's *Poems*, 1646, and some lines before Cartwright's *Works*, 1651

Not the most strict enquiring nail
Could e'er find where his piece did fail
Of entire oneness; so the frame
Was composition, yet the same.
How does he breed his *Brother*,[1] and
Make wealth and estate understand!
Suits land to wit, makes luck match merit,
And makes an *Eldest* fitly inherit!
How was he Ben, when Ben did write
To the stage, not to his judge indite!
How did he do what Jonson did,
And earn what Jonson would have s'ed![2]

JOSIAS HOWE of Trin. Coll. Oxon.[3]

[ON] MASTER JOHN FLETCHER HIS DRAMATICAL WORKS, NOW AT LAST PRINTED.

I COULD praise Heywood now, or tell how long
Falstaff from cracking nuts[4] hath kept the throng;
But for a Fletcher I must take an age,
And scarce invent the title for one page.
Gods must create new spheres, that should express
The several accents, Fletcher, of thy dress;
The pen of Fates should only write thy praise,
And all Elysium for thee turn to bays.
Thou felt'st no pangs of poetry, such as they
Who the heavens quarter still before a play,
And search the ephemerides to find
When the aspect for poets will be kind.
Thy poems, sacred spring, did from thee flow
With as much pleasure as we read them now:
Nor need we only take them up by fits,
When love or physic hath diseas'd our wits,
Or construe English, to untie a knot
Hid in a line far subtler than the plot.
With thee the page may close his lady's eyes,
And yet with thee the serious student rise:
The eye, at several angles darting rays,
Makes, and then sees, new colours; so thy plays
To every understanding still appear
As if thou only meant'st to take that ear;
The phrase so terse and free, of a just poise;
Where every word has weight, and yet no noise;
The matter too so nobly fit, no less
Than such as only could deserve thy dress;
Witness thy comedies, pieces of such worth,
All ages shall still like, but ne'er bring forth.
Other in season last scarce so long time
As cost the poet but to make the rhyme;
Where, if a lord a new way does but spit,
Or change his shrug, this antiquates the wit:
That thou didst live before, nothing would tell
Posterity, could they but write so well;

[1] *Brother*] "Alluding to *The Elder Brother*." WEBER.

[2] *And earned what Jonson would have s'ed*] Weber supposes that "*s'ed*" is put for "sow'd." The Rev. J. Mitford would read, "*And* learn *what Jonson would have* said."

[3] *Josias Howe of Trin. Coll. Oxon*] The son of Thomas Howe, minister of Grendon in Buckinghamshire, was born about 1611. He was elected scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, took orders, and became fellow of the college in 1637. Being a very warm loyalist, he was ejected from his fellowship by the parliamentarian visitors in 1648. He was restored to it in 1660, "but," says Wood, "was no gainer by his sufferings as many honest cavaliers were not by theirs." (*Fasti*, Part Sec. p. 97. ed. Bliss). He died at Oxford in 1701. He was author of *A Sermon before the King at Ch. Ch.*, &c., printed in red letters about 1644, and, according to Wood, of another sermon. Verses by him are prefixed to Randolph's *Poems*, 1643, to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, and, I believe, to several other books.

[4] *cracking nuts*] A common amusement of the audience at our old theatres.

Thy catholic fancy will acceptance find,
Not whilst an humour's living, but mankind;
Thou, like thy writings, innocent and clean,
Ne'er practis'd a new vice, to make one scene;
None of thy ink had gall, and ladies can
Securely hear thee sport without a fan.
  But when thy tragic Muse would please to rise
In majesty, and call tribute from our eyes,
Like scenes, we shifted passions, and that so,
Who only came to see, turn'd actors too.
How didst thou sway the theatre! make us feel
The players' wounds were true, and their swords steel!
Nay, stranger yet, how often did I know
When the spectators ran [1] to save the blow!
Frozen with grief, we could not stir away
Until the epilogue told us 't was a play.
What shall I do? all commendations end,
In saying only, — thou wert Beaumont's friend!
Give me thy spirit quickly, for I swell,
And like a raving prophetess cannot tell
How to receive thy genius [2] in my breast:
Oh, I must sleep! and then I'll sing the rest.

FRANCIS PALMER of Ch. Ch. Oxon.[3]

UPON THE UNPARALLELED PLAYS WRITTEN BY THOSE RENOWNED TWINS OF POETRY, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WHAT's here? another library of praise,[4]
Met in a troop t' advance contemnèd plays,
And bring exploded wit again in fashion!
I can't but wonder at this reformation;
My skipping soul surfeits with so much good,
To see my hopes into fruition bud.
A happy chemistry! blest viper, Joy,
That through thy mother's bowels gnaw'st thy way!
  Wits flock in shoals, and club to re-erect,
In spite of ignorance, the architect
Of occidental poesy; and turn
God's, to recal Wit's ashes from their urn:
Like huge Colosses, they've together met [5]
Their shoulders, to support a world of wit.
  The tale of Atlas, though of truth it miss,
We plainly read mythologiz'd in this;
Orpheus and Amphion, whose undying stories
Made Athens famous, are but allegories:
'Tis poetry has power to civilize
Men worse than stones, more blockish than the trees.
I cannot choose, but think, now things so fall,
That wit is past its climacterical;
And though the Muses have been dead and gone,
I know they'll find a resurrection.
  'Tis vain to praise; they're to themselves a glory,
And silence is our sweetest oratory;
For he that names but Fletcher must needs be
Found guilty of a loud hyperbole;

1 *When the spectators ran*, &c.] "This alludes to those spectators who were accommodated with chairs [stools] on the stage." WEBER.

2 *thy genius*] The second folio, "the full god."

3 *Francis Palmer of Ch. Ch. Oxon*] So the second folio gives the Christian name. The first folio has "*T. Palmer*," &c. Among the commendatory verses prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, a copy is signed "Fr. Palmer, Student of Ch. Ch. Oxon."

4 *another library of praise*] "This alludes to the numerous commendatory copies of verses on Tom Coryat's *Crudities*, which swelled into an entire volume." THEOBALD.

5 *met*] Altered (it may be, rightly) to "knit" by Theobald; and so his successors.

His fancy so transcendently aspires,
He shews himself a wit who but admires.
  Here are no volumes stuff'd with cheverel sense,[1]
The very anagrams of eloquence;
Nor long long-winded sentences that be,
Being rightly spell'd, but wit's stenography;
Nor words as void of reason as of rhyme,
Only cæsura'd to spin out the time.
But here's a magazine of purest sense,
Cloth'd in the newest garb of eloquence;
Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose veins
Bubbles the quintessence of sweet high strains;
Lines, like their authors, and each word of it
Does say, 'twas writ by a gemini of wit.
  How happy is our age, how blest our men,
When such rare souls live themselves o'er agen!
We err, that think a poet dies; for this
Shews that 'tis but a metempsychosis.
Beaumont and Fletcher here, at last, we see
Above the reach of dull mortality,
Or power of fate: and thus the proverb hits,
(That's so much cross'd,) These men live by their wits.

ALEXANDER BROME.[2]

ON THE DEATH AND WORKS OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

MY name, so far from great that 'tis not known,
Can lend no praise but what thou'dst blush to own;
And no rude hand or feeble wit should dare
To vex thy shrine with an unlearnèd tear.
  I'd have a state of wit convok'd, which hath
A power to take up on common faith,
That, when the stock of the whole kingdom's spent
In but preparative to thy monument,
The prudent council may invent fresh ways
To get new contribution to thy praise.
And rear it high, and equal to thy wit,
Which must give life and monument to it.
  So when, late, Essex died,[3] the public face
Wore sorrow in't; and to add mournful grace
To the sad pomp of his lamented fall,
The Commonwealth serv'd at his funeral,
And by a solemn order built his hearse; —
But not like thine, built by thyself in verse,
Where thy advancèd image safely stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands:
Base hands, how impotently you disclose
Your rage 'gainst Camden's learnèd ashes, whose
Defacèd statua[4] and martyr'd book
Like an antiquity and fragment look!

[1] *cheverel sense*] i. e. sense that stretches, is pliant, like *cheverel*, or kid-leather.

[2] *Alexander Brome*] Born in 1620, was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court. Of his personal history very little is known. During the civil wars and the protectorship, he displayed his fervent loyalty in a variety of songs and poems by which he acquired a great celebrity among his own party. He died in 1666. The most complete edition of his *Songs and other Poems* is that of 1668. He was also author of a comedy, called *The Cunning Lovers*, 1664; of portions of a complete translation of *The Poems of Horace*, 1666; and he edited two volumes of plays by Richard Brome, (to whom — as he tells us in a copy of verses, — he was not related.)

[3] *So when, late, Essex died, &c.*] "The Earl of Essex, who had been General for the Parliament in the civil war against King Charles the First, died on the 14th of September, 1646, and the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works* was published in 1647." THEOBALD. "After these things were done, was a monument erected on the West-wall of the said S. cross isle [of Westminster Abbey] with the bust of the defunct [Camden] resting his hand on a book with Britannia insculp'd on the leaves thereof. This monument, which was composed of black and white marble, was somewhat defaced in 1646, when the hearse and effigies of Robert Earl of Essex, the parliamentarian general, were cut in pieces and defaced." Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 348. ed. Bliss.

[4] *statua*] See note vol. i.

Nonnulla desunt's legibly appear,
So truly now Camden's *Remains* lie there:
Vain malice! how he mocks thy rage, while breath
Of Fame shall speak his great *Elizabeth!*
'Gainst time and thee he well provided hath;
Britannia is the tomb and epitaph.
Thus princes honours,[1] but wit only gives
A name which to succeeding ages lives.
Singly we now consult ourselves and fame,
Ambitious to twist ours with thy great name:
Hence we thus bold to praise. For as a vine
With subtle wreath and close embrace doth twine
A friendly elm, by whose tall trunk it shoots,
And gathers growth and moisture from its roots;
About its arms the thankful clusters cling
Like bracelets, and with purple amelling[2]
The blue-cheek'd grape, stuck in its vernant hair,
Hangs like rich jewels in a beauteous ear;
So grow our praises by thy wit; we do
Borrow support and strength, and lend but show:
And but thy male wit, like the youthful sun,
Strongly begets upon our passion,
Making our sorrow teem with elegy,
Thou yet unwept and yet unprais'd mightst be.
But they're imperfect births; and such are all
Produced by causes not univocal,
The scapes of nature, passives being unfit;
And hence our verse speaks only mother-wit.
Oh, for a fit o' the father! for a spirit
That might but parcel of thy worth inherit;
For but a spark of that diviner fire,
Which thy full breast did animate and inspire!
That souls could be divided, thou traduce
But a small parcel of thine to us!
Of thine, which we admir'd when thou didst sit
But as a joint-commissioner in wit;
When it had plummets hung on, to suppress
Its too luxuriant-growing mightiness;
Till, as that tree which scorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'st to govern the whole stage alone:
In which orb thy throng'd light did make the star;
Thou wert th' intelligence did move that sphere.
Thy fury was compos'd; rapture no fit
That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in wit
As men in a disease; thy fancy clear,
Muse chaste, as those flames[3] whence they took their fire;
No spurious composures amongst thine,
Got in adultery 'twixt wit and wine.
And as th' hermetical physicians draw
From things that curse of the first-broken law,
That *ens venenum*, which, extracted thence,
Leaves nought but primitive good and innocence;
So was thy spirit calcin'd; no mixtures there
But perfect, such as next to simples are:
Not like those meteor-wits, which wildly fly
In storm and thunder through th' amazed sky,
Speaking but th' ills and villanies in a state,
Which fools admire, and wise men tremble at,
Full of portent and prodigy, whose gall
Oft scapes the vice, and on the man doth fall:
Nature us'd all her skill, when thee she meant
A wit at once both great and innocent.
Yet thou hadst tooth; but 'twas thy judgment, not,
For mending one word, a whole sheet to blot.
Thou couldst anatomise, with ready art
And skilful hand, crimes lock'd close up i' the heart;

[1] *princes honours*] i. e. princes *give* honours. Weber prints "princes' honours."
[2] *amelling*] i. e. enamelling.
[3] *flames*] Old ed. "frames."

Thou couldst unfold dark plots, and shew that path
By which ambition climbed to greatness hath;
Thou couldst the rises, turns, and falls of states,
How near they were their periods and dates;
Couldst mad the subject into popular rage,
And the grown seas of that great storm assuage;
Dethrone usurping tyrants, and place there
The lawful prince and true inheriter;
Knew'st all dark turnings in the labyrinth
Of policy, which who but knows, he sinn'th,
Save thee, who un-infected dîdst walk in't,
As the great genius of government.
And when thou laid'st thy tragic buskin by,
To court the stage with gentle comedy,
How new, how proper th' humours, how express'd
In rich variety, how neatly dress'd
In language, how rare plots, what strength of wit
Shin'd in the face and every limb of it!
The stage grew narrow, while thou grew'st to be
In thy whole life an excellent comedy.
To these a virgin modesty, which first met
Applause with blush and fear, as if he yet
Had not deserv'd; till, bold with constant praise,
His brows admitted the unsought-for bays.
Nor would he ravish fame; but left men free
To their own vote and ingenuity:[1]
When his fair Shepherdess[2] on the guilty stage,
Was martyr'd between ignorance and rage,
At which the impatient virtues of those few
Could judge, grew high, cried murder! though he knew
The innocence and beauty of his child,
He only, as if unconcerned, smil'd.
Princes have gather'd since[3] each scatter'd grace,
Each line and beauty of that injur'd face,
And on th' united parts breath'd such a fire
As, spite of malice, she shall ne'er expire.
Attending, not affecting, thus the crown,
Till every hand did help to set it on,
He came to be sole monarch, and did reign
In wit's great empire absolute sovereign.

JOHN HARRIS.[4]

[1] *ingenuity*] i. e. ingenuousness.

[2] *fair Shepherdess*] i. e. *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

[3] *Princes have gathered since, &c.*] "This relates to King Charles the First causing *The Faithful Shepherdess* to be revived and acted before him." SEWARD.

[4] *John Harris*] "John Harris, son of Rich. Harris of Padbury in Bucks, sometime fellow of New coll. and afterwards rector of Hardwick in the same county, was born in the parsonage house at Hardwick, educated in grammar learning at Wykeham's school near Winchester, admitted perpetual fellow of New college in 1606, took the degrees in arts, and became so admirable a Grecian, and so noted a preacher, that Sir Hen. Savile used frequently to say that he was second to St. Chrysostome. In 1617 he was unanimously elected one of the proctors of the university, and two years after was made Greek professor thereof; both which offices he executed to his great honour and credit. Afterwards he became prebendary of Winchester, rector of Meonstoke in Hampshire, doct. of divinity, and at length in Sept. 1630 warden of Wykeham's coll. near Winchester, he being then preb. of Whitchurch in the church of Wells. In the beginning of the grand rebellion raised by the presbyterians, he sided with them, was elected one of the assembly of divines, took the covenant and other oaths, and so kept his wardenship to his dying day. He hath written *A Short View of the Life and Virtues of Dr. Arth. Lake, sometime Bishop of Bath and Wells.* Lond. 1629 in 6 sh. and an half in fol. As also several letters to the noted anti-arminian Dr. W. Twysse, of which one was *Of God's finite and indefinite Decrees*, another *Of the Object of Predestination*, which, with Twysse's Answers, were published by Hen. Jeanes in a folio book which he published at Oxon 1653. Our author Harris died at Winchester on the eleventh day of August in sixteen hundred fifty and eight, aged 70 years, and was buried in the chappel belonging to the coll. of W. of Wykeham near Winchester." Wood's *Athenæ*, iii. 455. ed. Bliss. I know not if any other verses by Harris are extant besides the present poem, which has considerable (Seward says, great) merit.

ON MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S EVER-TO-BE-ADMIRED DRAMATICAL WORKS.

I've thought upon't; and thus I may gain bays;
I will commend thee, Fletcher, and thy plays.
But none but wits can do't: how, then, can I
Come in amongst them, that could ne'er come nigh?
There is no other way; I'll throng to sit,
And pass i' the crowd amongst them for a wit:
Apollo knows me not, nor I the Nine;
All my pretence to verse is love and wine.
By your leave, gentlemen: you wits o' the age,
You that both furnish'd have and judg'd the stage,
You who the poet and the actors fright,
Lest that your censure thin the second night,[1] —
Pray, tell me, gallant wits, could critics think
There e'er was solecism in Fletcher's ink,
Or lapse of plot or fancy in his pen?
A happiness not still allowed to Ben;
After of time and wit h'ad been at cost,
He of his own *New-Inn*[2] was but an host.
Inspired Fletcher! here's no vain-glorious words;
How even thy lines, how smooth thy sense accords!
Thy language so insinuates, each one
Of thy spectators has thy passion;
Men seeing, valiant, ladies amorous prove,
Thus owe to thee their valor and their love:
Scenes chaste, yet satisfying; ladies can't say,
Though Stephen[3] miscarried, that so did the play;
Judgment could ne'er to this opinion lean,
That Lowin, Taylor e'er could grace thy scene;
'Tis richly good unacted, and to me
Thy very farce appears a comedy;
Thy drollery is design, each looser part
Stuffs not thy plays, but makes 'em up an art
The stage has seldom seen: how often vice
Is smartly scourg'd to check us! to entice,
How well encourag'd virtue is! how guarded!
And, that which makes us love her, how rewarded!
Some, I dare say, that did with loose thoughts sit,
Reclaim'd by thee, came converts from the pit;
And many a she that to be ta'en up came,
Took up themselves, and after left the game.

HENRY HARINGTON.[4]

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED, BUT EVER-LIVING AUTHOR IN THESE HIS POEMS, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

On the large train of Fletcher's friends let me,
Retaining still my wonted modesty,
Become a waiter, in my ragged verse,
As follower to the Muses' followers.
Many here are of noble rank and worth,
That have by strength of art set Fletcher forth
In true and lively colors, as they saw him,
And had the best abilities to draw him;
Many more are abroad, that write, and look
To have their lines set before Fletcher's book;

[1] *the second night*] When the poet was interested in the profits.

[2] *New-Inn*] Jonson's last and unsuccessful drama.

[3] *Stephen*] i. e. Stephen Hammerton, "who was at first a most noted and beautiful woman actor, but afterwards he acted, with equal grace and applause, a young lover's part." *Hist. Histrion.*, 1699, (see p. cxlvii. of prefatory matter to the last ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*). He was one of the players who signed the Dedication of the first folio.

[4] *Henry Harington*] Another copy of verses by this person will be found prefixed to *The Wild-Goose Chase.*

Some that have known him too, some more, some less,
Some only but by hearsay, some by guess;
And some for fashion-sake would take the hint,
To try how well their wits would shew in print.
You, that are here before me, gentlemen,
And princes of Parnassus, by the pen
And your just judgments of his worth, that have
Preserv'd this author's memory from the grave,
And made it glorious, — let me at your gate
Porter it here, 'gainst those that come too late,
And are unfit to enter. Something I
Will deserve here; for, where[1] you versify
In flowing numbers, lawful weight, and time,
I'll write, though not rich verses, honest rhyme.
I am admitted. Now, have at the rout[2]
Of those that would crowd in, but must keep out!
Bear back, my masters; pray, keep back; forbear;
You cannot, at this time, have entrance here.
You, that are worthy, may, by intercession,
Find entertainment at the next impression;
But let none then attempt it, that not know
The reverence due, which to this shrine they owe:
All such must be excluded; and the sort,[3]
That only upon trust, or by report,
Have taken Fletcher up, and think it trim
To have their verses planted before him,
Let them read first his works, and learn to know him,
And offer then the sacrifice they owe him.
But far from hence be such as would proclaim
Their knowledge of this author, not his fame;
And such as would pretend, of all the rest,
To be the best wits that have known him best:
Depart hence, all such writers, and before
Inferior ones thrust in by many a score;
As formerly before Tom Coryate,
Whose work, before his praisers, had the fate
To perish; for the witty copies took
Of his encomiums made themselves a book.[4]
Here's no such subject for you to out-do,
Out-shine, out-live, (though well you may do too
In other spheres); for Fletcher's flourishing bays
Must never fade while Phœbus wears his rays:
Therefore forbear to press upon him thus.
Why, what are you, cry some, that prate to us?
Do not we know you for a flashy meteor,
And styl'd, at best, the Muses' serving-creature?
Do you control? Ye've had your jeer: sirs, no;
But in an humble manner let you know,
Old serving-creatures oftentimes are fit
T' inform young masters, as in land, in wit,
What they inherit, and how well their dads
Left one, and wish'd the other to their lads;
And, from departed poets, I can guess
Who has a greater share of wit, who less.
'Way, fool! another says. Ay,[5] let him rail,
And 'bout his own ears flourish his wit-flail,
Till with his swingle he his noddle break,
While this of Fletcher and his works I speak; —
His works! says Momus; nay, his plays, you'd say.
Thou hast said right, for that to him was play
Which was to others' brains a toil; with ease
He play'd on waves, which were their troubled seas:
His nimble births have longer liv'd than theirs
That have, with strongest labour, divers years

[1] *where*] i. e. whereas.
[2] *rout*] i. e. multitude.
[3] *sort*] i. e. set, band.
[4] *made themselves a book*] See note, p. 86.
[5] *Ay*] Old. ed. "I," with a comma after it, — evidently intended to stand for "Ay." The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "I."

Been sending forth the issues of their brains
Upon the stage; and shall, to the stationers' gains,
Life after life take, till some after-age
Shall put down printing, as this doth the stage,
Which nothing now presents unto the eye
But in dumb-shows her own sad tragedy.
Would there had been no sadder works abroad,
Since her decay, acted in fields of blood!
But to the man again, of whom we write,
The writer that made writing his delight,
Rather than work. He did not pump, nor drudge,
To beget wit, or manage it; nor trudge
To wit-conventions with note-book, to glean
Or steal some jests to foist into a scene:
He scorn'd those shifts. You, that have known him, know
The common talk that from his lips did flow,
And run at waste, did savour more of wit
Than any of his time, or since, have writ,
But few excepted, in the stage's way:
His scenes were acts, and every act a play.
I knew him in his strength; even then when he,
That was the master of his art and me,
Most knowing Jonson, proud to call him son,
In friendly envy, swore he had out-done
His very self: I knew him till he died;
And, at his dissolution, what a tide
Of sorrow overwhelm'd the stage; which gave
Volleys of sighs to send him to his grave,
And grew distracted in most violent fits,
For she had lost the best part of her wits.
In the first year, our famous Fletcher fell,
Of good King Charles, who grac'd these poems well,
Being then in life of action; but they died
Since the king's absence, or were laid aside,
As is their poet. Now, at the report
Of the king's second coming to his court,
The books creep from the press to life, not action,
Crying unto the world, that no protraction
May hinder sacred majesty to give
Fletcher, in them, leave on the stage to live.
Others may more in lofty verses move;
I only thus express my truth and love.

RICHARD BROME.[1]

UPON THE PRINTING OF MASTER JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

WHAT means this numerous guard? or do we come
To file our names or verse upon the tomb
Of Fletcher, and, by boldly making known
His wit, betray the nothing of our own?
For if we grant him dead, it is as true
Against ourselves, — no wit, no poet now;
Or if he be return'd from his cool shade
To us, this book his resurrection's made;
We bleed ourselves to death, and but contrive
By our own epitaphs to shew him alive.

[1] *Richard Brome*] Concerning this person no particulars are known, except that, before commencing dramatist, he attended on Ben Jonson in a menial capacity: "To my old faithful servant, and (by his continued virtue) my loving friend, the author of this work," is the heading of some verses by Jonson which are prefixed to Brome's earliest play, *The Northern Lass*, 1632. The date of his death is uncertain; but he was dead in 1653. Besides a drama which he wrote in conjunction with Heywood, fifteen of his plays are extant. Some of them possess no ordinary merit, especially *The Northern Lass*, *The Antipodes*, and *The Jovial Crew*: the last-mentioned piece, turned into an opera, has been acted during the present century. Commendatory poems by Brome occur in several publications of the time.

But let him live; and let me prophesy,
As I go swan-like out, our peace is nigh;
A balm unto the wounded age I sing,
And nothing now is wanting but the king.

JAMES SHIRLEY.[1]

THE STATIONER.

As after th' epilogue there comes some one
To tell spectators what shall next be shown,
So here am I; but, though I've toil'd and vext,
Cannot devise what to present ye next;
For, since ye saw no plays this cloudy weather,
Here we have brought ye our whole stock together:
'Tis new, and all these gentlemen attest,
Under their hands, 'tis right and of the best;
Thirty-four witnesses,[2] without my task, —
Y' have just so many plays, besides a masque;
All good, I'm told, as have been read or play'd:
If this book fail, 'tis time to quit the trade.

HUMPHREY MOSELEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

WE forgot to tell the reader that some prologues and epilogues here inserted were not written by the authors of this volume, but made by others on the revival of several plays. After the comedies and tragedies were wrought off, we were forced, for expedition, to send the gentlemen's verses to several printers, which was the occasion of their different character; but the work itself is one continued letter, which, though very legible, is none of the biggest, because, as much as possible, we would lessen the bulk of the volume.

VERSES UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FLETCHER, ENGRAVED BY MARSHALL, PREFIXED TO THE TWO FOLIOS.

Felicis ævi ac præsulis natus, comes
Beaumontio, sic, quippe Parnassus, biceps,
Fletcherus unam in pyramida furcas agens,
Struxit chorum plus simplicem vates duplex,
Plus duplicem solus; nec ullum transtulit,
Nec transferendus: dramatum æterni sales,
Anglo theatro, orbi, sibi, superstites.
Fletchere, facies absque vultu pingitur;
Quantus, vel umbram circuit nemo tuam.

JOHN BERKENHEAD.[3]

[1] *James Shirley*] Born in 1596, died in 1666.

[2] *Thirty four witnesses*] "Humphrey Moseley makes a similar enumeration at the conclusion of the commendatory verses on Cartwright [prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, of which Moseley was the publisher];

'as many hands attest it here
As there are shires in England, weeks i' th' year.'" — WEBER.

[3] *John Berkenhead*] See note p. 58

AN EPITAPH UPON MY DEAR BROTHER, FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

(FROM SIR JOHN BEAUMONT'S POEMS, 1629.)

On Death, thy murderer, this revenge I take;
I slight his terror, and just question make
Which of us two the best precedence have,
Mine to this wretched world, thine to the grave;
Thou shouldst have follow'd me, but Death, to blame,
Miscounted years, and measur'd age by fame:
So dearly hast thou bought thy precious lines;
Their praise grew swiftly, so thy life declines:
Thy Muse, the hearer's queen, the reader's love,
All ears, all hearts, but Death's, could please and move.

THE WOMAN-HATER.

a *The Woman Hater. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Children of Paules. London Printed, and are to be sold by John Hodgets in Paules Church-yard.* 1607, 4to.

b Some copies of this 4to have on the title-page "*Printed* by R. R. *and are to be sold*" &c.; and exhibit one or two corruptions of the text from which the other copies are free. The latter must have been altered after part of the impression had been struck off.

The Woman Hater. As it hath beene Acted by his Majesties Servants with great Applause. Written by John Fletcher Gent. &c. 1648, 4to.

This impression, with the addition of a prologue and an epilogue (the former by Davenant), and with a new title-page, was put forth as —

The Woman Hater, or the Hungry Courtier. A Comedy, as it hath been Acted by his Majesties Servants with great Applause. Written by
Francis Beaumont and *John Fletcher.* } *Gent.* &c. 1649, 4to.

The Woman Hater is also in the Folio of 1679.

This drama, according to the Stationers' Books, was licensed by Sir George Buc, 20th. May, 1607 (Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.* p. 200): and as both the entry in those books, and the title-page of the first 4to state that it had been "lately acted," we may conclude that it was originally brought upon the stage either in 1606 or 1607. The title-page of 1649, attributes a portion of it to Beaumont, but there is every reason to believe that it was the unassisted composition of Fletcher.

The source from which the poet derived (though perhaps not immediately) the underplot of Lazarillo and the umbrana's head, was first pointed out by a writer in *The Athenæum* for 1807, who, while turning over Bayle's *Dictionary*, accidentally discovered it in a quotation from Paulus Jovius *On Roman Fishes.*[1] The passage (with a better text than Bayle has chosen) is as follows. "Extat adhuc in ore quorundam facetorum ridenda fabula de T. Tamisio, qui Romanis aulicisque salibus erat insignis, sed gulæ adeo prostitutæ ut infamis haberetur. Is quum per servum, qui in foro piscario in eam curam intentus excubare solebat, ingentis umbrinæ caput Triumviris delatum esse cognovisset, in Capitolium protinus ascendit, ut simulato apud magistratum negotio, sermoneque de industria protracto, prandium captaret. Verum illud Triumviri jam Riario Cardinali donandum decreverant: ita Tamisius, quum limine curiæ efferri ingenti coronataque patina caput illud nobile conspexisset, primo deceptus consilio, illud subsecutus est, præmisso servo qui vestigiis deferentium ministrorum insisteret. Nec multo post quum Riarianis ædibus inferretur, Bene habet, salva res est, inquit Tamisius, opipare excipiemur; erat enim in primis mensæ Riarianæ, quæ longe omnium semper lautissima fuit, familiaris. At Riarius, ut erat natura munificus, Maximum, inquit, hoc Triumvirale caput maximo debetur cardinali; statimque Federico Sanseverino proceritatis admirandæ cardinali transmittitur. Colligit extemplo togam Tamisius, Riarium intempestivæ munificentiæ incusans, in mulamque resilit, et munus ad Sanseverinianam domum consequitur. Idem pari liberalitate facit Federicus, caputque ipsum, splendidis exornatum verbis,[2] auratamque illatum patina, Chisio[3] publicano ditissimo deferri jubet, quod ei multo ære alieno gravibusque usuris obstrictus erat. Volitat, tertia jam spe avidam frustratus gulam, æstuans Tamisius, festinabundusque incalescente jam die in Transtiberinos hortos, quos ipse Chisius magnificentissimos extruebat, contendit: ibique fessus admodum et multo sudore madidus, quod gravis erat abdominis, quarto a fortuna decipitur; quippe qui Chisium caput illud recentibus floribus redimitum adamato scorto, cui ab forma eruditisque illecebris Imperiæ cognomen fuit, ut extemplo deferretur curantem reperit. Flectit itaque indignabundus habenas retro, nec tamen subiratus gulæ, quæ Herculeos labores attulerat, et ad Imperiam jam multo solo Sixtini Pontis semitam exurente adequitat. Ad extremum anhelantis gulæ ea vis atque libido fuit, ut qui per totam urbem fuerat raptatus, idem et togatus et senex, cum scorto, admirante novi hominis adventum, nullo pudore discubuerit." *De Rom. Pisc.* cap. v. Sig. C 5. sqq. ed. Antwerp, 1528, 12mo.

PROLOGUE.

GENTLEMEN, Inductions[4] are out of date, and a Prologue in verse is as stale as a black velvet cloak and a bay garland;[5] therefore you shall have it plain prose, thus. If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all two-penny gallery-men,[6] you shall have no bawdry in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with table-books,[7] who have some hope to find fit matter

[1] Bayle's *Dict.* Art. *Chigi (Augustin)*, Note A.

[2] Bayle supposed that "verbis" (which evidently means *words of compliment*) was an error of the press for "herbis."

[3] i. e. Augustin Chigi: see Bayle *ubi supra.*

[4] *Inductions*] "Such as precede [B. Jonson's] *Cynthia's Revels, Bartholomew Fair,* [Shakespeare's] *Taming of the Shrew,* and many other plays of that period." REED.

[5] *a black velvet cloak and a bay garland*] A black cloak was the usual dress of the person, who spoke the prologue; and in the tragedy played before the King in Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* the prologue-speaker still wears it on the modern stage. A bay garland was also a customary addition to his attire. "The bay was the emblem of authorship, and the use of the garland arose out of the custom for the author, or a person representing him, to speak the prologue." Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 422.

[6] *two-penny gallery-men*] The two-penny rooms, or galleries, were the cheapest parts of the large public theatres: see Collier's *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 343.

[7] *table-books*] i. e. memorandum books, which persons used to take to the theatre for the purpose of noting down particular passages.

to feed his ——[1] malice on, let them clasp them up and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this play means to please auditors so as he may be an auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dear loss of his ears. I dare not call it comedy or tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: a play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it will please you, is not written in my part; for though you should like it to-day, perhaps yourselves know not how you should digest it to-morrow. Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: a duke there is, and the scene lies in Italy, as those two things lightly[2] we never miss; but you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn trade of jesting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: such, he that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, that he did never think but that a lord lord-born might be a wise man, and a courtier an honest man.

PROLOGUE,[3]

AT A REVIVAL OF THE PLAY.

LADIES, take't as a secret in your ear,
Instead of homage and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish you all were gone;
For if you stay, good faith, we are undone.
Alas, you now expect the usual ways
Of our address, which is your sex's praise!
But we to-night, unluckily, must speak
Such things will make your lovers' heart-strings break,
Belie your virtues, and your beauties stain,
With words contriv'd long since in your disdain.
'Tis strange you stir not yet; not all this while
Lift up your fans to hide a scornful smile,
Whisper, or jog your lords to steal away;
So leave us to act unto ourselves our play.
Then, sure, there may be hope you can subdue
Your patience to endure an act or two;
Nay more, when you are told our poet's rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
Wherein he liv'd produc'd; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the variety.
His Muse believ'd not what she then did write;
Her wings were wont to make a nobler flight,
Soar'd high, and to the stars your sex did raise;
For which, full twenty years he wore the bays:
'Twas he reduc'd Evadne[4] from her scorn,
And taught the sad Aspatia[5] how to mourn;
Gave Arethusa's love[6] a glad relief;
And made Panthea[7] elegant in grief.
If those great trophies of his noble Muse
Cannot one humour 'gainst your sex excuse,
Which we present to-night, you'll find a way
How to make good the libel in our play:
So you are cruel to yourselves; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integrity)
Will be a prophet, not a poet thought,
And this fine web last long, though loosely wrought.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN.
VALORE, *a count, brother to* ORIANA.
GONDARINO, *a lord and general.*
LUCIO, *a lord.*
ARRIGO, *a knight.*
LAZARILLO, *a needy courtier.*
Secretary to LUCIO.
Mercer.
Pandar.
Two Intelligencers.
Boy, page to LAZARILLO.
Gentlemen, Prentices, Pages, Servants.

ORIANA, *sister to* VALORE.
JULIA, } *courtesans.*
FRANCISSINA, }
Old Gentlewoman.
Waiting-woman to ORIANA.
Ladies.

SCENE, — MILAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Duke. 'Tis now the sweetest time for sleep; the night's
Scarce spent: Arrigo, what's o'clock?
Arr. Past four.
Duke. Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?
See yonder, where the shame-fac'd maiden comes!
Into our sight how gently doth she slide,
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest bride,

[1] ——] So old eds. Gifford, without any authority, cites the passage thus; "*feed* their *malice.*" Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, ii. 90.
[2] *lightly*] i. e. commonly.
[3] *Prologue*] Prefixed to 4to 1649: it was written by Sir William Davenant, when he revived this play; see his *Works*, p. 239.
[4] *Evadne*] See *The Maid's Tragedy.*
[5] *Aspatia*] See the same.
[6] *Arethusa's love*] See *Philaster.*
[7] *Panthea*] See *A King and No King.*

With a red veil of blushes! as is she,[1]
Even such all modest virtuous women be.
Why thinks your lordship I am up so soon?
Lucio. About some weighty state-plot.
Duke. And what thinks
Your knighthood of it?
Arr. I do think, to cure
Some strange corruptions in the commonwealth.
Duke. Ye're well conceited of yourselves, to think
I chuse you out to bear me company
In such affairs and business of state!
But am not I a pattern for all princes,
That break my soft sleep for my subjects' good?
Am I not careful? very provident?
Lucio. Your grace is careful.
Arr. Very provident.
Duke. Nay, knew you how my serious working plots
Concern the whole estates of all my subjects,
Ay, and their lives; then, Lucio, thou wouldst swear,
I were a loving prince.
Lucio. I think your grace
Intends to walk the public streets disguis'd,
To see the streets' disorders.
Duke. 'Tis not so.
Arr. You secretly will cross some other states,
That do conspire against you.
Duke. Weightier far:
You are my friends, and you shall have the cause;
I break my sleeps thus soon to see a wench.
Lucio. You're wondrous careful for your subjects' good!
Arr. You are a very loving prince indeed!
Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes
Are clos'd with heavy slumbers.
Arr. Then you rise
To see your wenches.
Lucio. What Milan beauty hath the power
To charm her sovereign's[2] eyes and break his sleeps?
Duke. Sister to count Valore: she's a maid
Would make a prince forget his throne and state,
And lowly kneel to her: the general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.
Lucio. My lord, the day grows clear; the court will rise.
Duke. We stay too long. Is the umbrana's head,[3] as we commanded, sent to the sad Gondarino, our general?
Arr. 'Tis sent.
Duke. But stay: — where shines that light?
Arr. 'Tis in the chamber of Lazarillo.
Duke. Lazarillo! what is he?
Arr. A courtier, my lord; and one that I wonder your grace knows not, for he hath followed your court, and your last predecessor's, from place to place, any time this seven year, as faithfully as your spits and your dripping-pans[4] have done, and almost as greasily.
Duke. Oh, we know him: as we have heard, he keeps a calendar of all the famous dishes of meat, that have been in the court ever since our great-grandfather's time; and when he can thrust in at no table, he makes his meat[5] of that.
Lucio. The very same, my lord.
Duke. A courtier call'st thou him?
Believe me, Lucio, there be many such
About our court, respected, as they think,
Even by ourself. With thee I will be plain:
We princes do use to prefer many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledge, almost in the nature of acquaintance, of many whom we do use only for our pleasures; and do give largely to numbers, more out of policy to be thought liberal, and by that means to make the people strive to deserve our love, than to reward any particular desert of theirs to whom we give; and do suffer ourselves to hear flatterers, more for recreation than for love of it, though we seldom hate it:
And yet we know all these; and when we please,
Can touch the wheel, and turn their names about.
Lucio. I wonder they that know their states so well,
Should fancy such base slaves.
Duke. Thou wonder'st, Lucio!
Dost not thou think, if thou wert Duke of Milan,
Thou shouldst be flatter'd?
Lucio. I know, my lord, I would not.
Duke. Why, so I thought till I was Duke; I thought I should have left me no more flatterers than there are now plain-dealers; and yet, for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flattered. The poor man may loathe covetousness and flattery, but fortune will alter the mind when the wind turns; there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the billows before it. — Arrigo, it grows late;
For see, fair Thetis[6] hath undone the bars
To Phœbus' team; and his unrivall'd light
Hath chas'd the morning's modest blush away:
Now must we to our love. — Bright Paphian queen,
Thou Cytherean goddess, that delights
In stirring glances, and art still thyself
More toying than thy team of sparrows be;
Thou laughing Erycina,[7] Oh, inspire
Her heart with love, or lessen my desire!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *as is she*] So 4to 1607. Other eds. "*as if she.*"
[2] *sovereign's*] So 4to 1607. Other eds. "sovereign."
[3] *the umbrana's head*] The *umbrina* — *sciæna aquila*, or *maigre*, "appears always to have been in great request with epicures; and as, on account of its large size [being taken seldom less than three, and sometimes six feet in length], it was always sold in pieces, the fishermen of Rome were in the habit of presenting the head, which was considered the finest part, as a sort of tribute to the three local magistrates who acted for the time as conservators of the city." Yarrell's *Hist. of Brit. Fishes*, i. 91.
[4] *your spits and your dripping-pans*] i. e. according to the English custom in the poet's own time, — when, during the royal progresses, these utensils, with all other articles of furniture, were moved in carts from palace to palace.
[5] *meat*] Qy. "meal"?
[6] *Thetis*] Altered by the modern editors to "Tethys."
[7] *laughing Erycina*] "Erycina ridens." Hor. *Carm.* i. 2.

SCENE II. — LAZARILLO'S *Lodging*.

Enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

Laz. Go, run, search, pry in every nook and angle[1] of the kitchens, larders, and pastries; know what meat's boiled, baked, roast, stewed, fried, or soused, at this dinner, to be served directly, or indirectly, to every several table in the court; begone!

Boy. I run; but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of eleven.[2] [*Exit.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he did give him a good stomach! What unbounded graces there are poured upon them that have the continual command of the very best of these blessings! 'Tis an excellent thing to be a prince; he is served with such admirable variety of fare, such innumerable choice of delicacies: his tables are full-fraught with most nourishing food, and his cupboards heavy-laden with rich wines: his court is still filled with most pleasing varieties; in the summer his palace is full of green-geese, and in winter in swarmeth woodcocks. Oh, thou Goddess of Plenty,

Fill me this day with some rare delicates,
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day, celebrate a sumptuous feast,
If thou wilt send me victuals, in thine honour!
And to it shall be bidden, for thy sake,
Even all the valiant stomachs in the court;[3]
All short-cloak'd knights, and all cross-garter'd[4] gentlemen,
All pump and pantofle,[5] foot-cloth[6] riders,
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks,[7] short pan'd hose,[8] and huge stuff'd doublets:[9]
All these shall eat, and, which is more than yet
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied! —
I wonder my ambassador returns not.

Re-enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, master.

Laz. And welcome:

Never did that sweet virgin in her smock,
Fair-cheek'd Andromeda, when to the rock
Her ivory limbs were chain'd, and straight before
A huge sea-monster, tumbling to the shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing sight
Expect the coming of some hardy knight,
That might have quell'd his pride and set her free,
Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your Perseus is come, master, that will destroy him;

The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster Hunger from your yelping guts.

Laz. Brief, boy, brief!

Discourse the service of each several table
Compendiously.

Boy. Here's a bill of all, sir.

Laz. Give it me. [*Reads.*] *A bill of all the several services this day appointed for every table in the court.*

Ay, this is it on which my hopes rely;
Within this paper all my joys are clos'd.
Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. [*Reads.*] *For the Captain of the guard's table, three chines of beef and two joles of sturgeon.*

Laz. A portly service, but gross, gross. Proceed to the Duke's own table, dear boy, to the Duke's own table.

Boy. [*Reads.*] *For the Duke's own table, the head of an umbrana.*

Laz. Is't possible?

Can heaven be so propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, sir, 'tis possible; heaven is so propitious to him.

Laz. Why, then, he is the richest prince alive;

He were the wealthiest monarch in all Europe,
Had he no other territories, dominions,
Provinces, seats, nor palaces, but only
That umbrana's head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, sir; the fish was taken but this night, and the head, as a rare novelty, appointed by special commandment for the Duke's own table, this dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house; a board groaning under the heavy burden of the beast[10] that cheweth the cud, and the fowl that cutteth the air. It shall not, like the table of a country-justice, be sprinkled over with all manner of cheap salads, sliced beef, giblets, and pettitoes, to fill up room; nor should there stand any great, cumbersome, uncut-up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and stones, partly to make a show with, and partly to keep the lower mess[11] from eating; nor shall my meat come in sneaking, like the city-service, one dish a quarter of an hour after another, and gone as if they had appointed to meet there and had mistook the hour; nor should it, like the new

[1] *angle*] i. e. corner.

[2] *upon the stroke of eleven.*] "The usual dinner hour at the time. See the Knight of the Burning Pestle, *passim.*" WEBER.

[3] *Even all the valiant, &c.*] "This scene," says Coleridge, "from the beginning is prose printed as blank verse, down to the line — 'E'en all the valiant,' &c., where the verse recommences. This transition from the prose to the verse enhances, and indeed forms, the comic effect." *Remains*, ii. 322. Surely, the verse recommences at "Fill me this day," &c.

[4] *cross-garter'd*] i. e. having the garter crossed on the leg, — which, as well as the other peculiarities of dress here mentioned, was a mode highly fashionable at the time this play was produced.

[5] *pantofle*] i. e. a kind of slipper.

[6] *foot-cloth*] i. e. a cloth to protect the feet, — housings of cloth, hanging down on each side of the horse.

[7] *stocks*] i. e. stockings.

[8] *pan'd hose*] i. e. a sort of breeches (generally full and bombasted) made of stripes (*panes*) of various-coloured cloth stitched together, having slips of silk or velvet occasionally intermixed.

[9] *huge stuff'd doublets*] i. e. doublets, bombasted to a ridiculous size.

[10] *beast*] Old eds. "beasts."

[11] *the lower mess*] "That is, those who used to sit at the table below the salt; a custom frequently mentioned in our ancient writers. Mr. Whalley [Note on B. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, act ii. sc. 1.] gives the following account of the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals: 'The tables being long, *the salt* [i. e. salt-cellar, of a very large size] was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependants or inferior relations of the master of the house.'" REED.

court-service, come in in haste, as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast:[1] but I would have my several courses and my dishes well filed;[2] my first course should be brought in after the ancient manner, by a score of old blear-eyed serving-men in long blue coats,[3] — marry, they shall buy silk-facing and buttons themselves, but that's by the way —

Boy. Master, the time calls on; will you be walking?

Laz. Follow, boy, follow: my guts were half an hour since in the privy-kitchen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in the house of* VALORE.

Enter VALORE *and* ORIANA.

Ori. Faith, brother, I must needs go yonder.

Val. And i'faith, sister, what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the lady Honoria will be glad to see me.

Val. Glad to see you? Faith, the lady Honoria cares for you as she doth for all other young ladies; she's glad to see you, and will shew you the privy-garden, and tell you how many gowns the Duchess had. Marry, if you have ever an old uncle that would be a lord, or ever a kinsman that hath done a murder or committed a robbery, and will give good store of money to procure his pardon, then the lady Honoria will be glad to see you.

Ori. Ay, but they say one shall see fine sights at the court.

Val. I'll tell you what you shall see. You shall see many faces of man's making, for you shall find very few as God left them: and you shall see many legs too; amongst the rest you shall behold one pair, the feet of which were in times past sockless, but are now, through the change of time (that alters all things), very strangely become the legs of a knight and a courtier; another pair you shall see, that were heir-apparent legs to a glover; these legs hope shortly to be honourable; when they pass by they will bow, and the mouth to these legs will seem to offer you some courtship; it will swear, but it will lie; hear it not.

Ori. Why, and are not these fine sights?

Val. Sister, in seriousness you yet are young,
And fair; a fair young maid, and apt ——

Ori. Apt!

Val. Exceeding apt; apt to be drawn to —

Ori. To what?

Val. To that you should not be; 'tis no dispraise;
She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath no power to rule that will:
For there you shall be woo'd in other kinds
Than yet your years have known;
The chiefest men will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your service, kiss your hand,
Prepare you banquets, masques, shows, all enticements
That wit and lust together can devise,
To draw a lady from the state of grace
To an old lady widow's gallery;[4]
And they will praise your virtues; beware that:
The only way to turn a woman whore,
Is to commend her chastity. You'll go?

Ori. I would go, if it were but only to shew you that I could be there, and be moved with none of these tricks.

Val. Your servants are ready?

Ori. An hour since.

Val. Well, if you come off clear for this hot service,
Your praise will be the greater. Farewell, sister.

Ori. Farewell, brother.

Val. Once more, — if you stay in the presence till candle-light, keep on the foreside o' the curtain; and, do you hear, take heed of the old bawd in the cloth-of-tissue sleeves and the knit mittens. Farewell, sister. — [*Exit* ORIANA.] Now am I idle. I would I had been a scholar, that I might have studied now! the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do. I must take some of the common courses of our nobility, which is thus. If I can find no company that likes[5] me, pluck off my hat-band, throw an old cloak over my face, and, as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets till I be discovered: then "There goes count Such-a-one," says one; "There goes count Such-a-one," says another; "Look how fast he goes," says a third; "There's some great matters in hand questionless," says a fourth; when all my business is to have them say so. This hath been used. Or, if I can find any company,[6] I'll after dinner to the stage to see a play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the house; every one that does not know, cries, "What nobleman is that?" all the gallants on the stage[7] rise, vail[8] to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places; then I pick out some one whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him; the poor gentleman imagines himself most highly graced, thinks all

[1] *nor should it, like the new court service, come in in haste, as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast*] "It appears to have been an usual trick at the court-entertainments at that time, for the servants to remove the dishes before the guests had time to eat of them. When the Muscovite ambassadors were entertained at King James's court in 1617, Sir John Finett, then master of ceremonies, informs us, 'their servants (about fifty of them) had a dinner provided in the guard-chamber, where the guard that waited on them failed not of their accustomed care (by some shifting away their dishes) to keep them from surfeiting.' — *Finetti Philoxenis*, London, 1656, 8vo, p. 47." WEBER (qy. Sir W. Scott?).

[2] *filed*] "i. e. arranged, ranked." WEBER.

[3] *blue coats*] The usual habit of servants.

[4] *an old lady widow's gallery*] See Middleton's *Women beware Women*, act ii. sc. 2. (vol. iv. of my ed. of his *Works*), where Bianca is seduced by the Duke at the house of Livia.

[5] *likes*] "i. e. pleases." REED.

[6] *company*] "Means here a company of comedians, not companions, as Seward supposes." MASON.

[7] *gallants on the stage*] i. e. gallants who, during the performance, sat upon the stage on stools and smoked tobacco, — a fashionable affectation which prevailed long after this play was written.

[8] *vail*] "i. e. pull off their hats." MASON.

powdering-tub

the auditors esteem him one of my bosom-friends, and in right special regard with me. But here comes a gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport than either street and stage fooleries. [*Retires.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

This man loves to eat good meat; always provided he do not pay for it himself. He goes by the name of the Hungry Courtier; marry, because I think that name will not sufficiently distinguish him; (for no doubt he hath more fellows there), his name is Lazarillo: he is none of these same ordinary[1] eaters that will devour three breakfasts, and as many dinners, without any prejudice to their bevers,[2] drinkings, or suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty than plenty. I'll over-hear him. [*Aside.*

Laz. Oh, thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomach feels,
Oh, leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me!
Three several salads have I sacrific'd,
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy wrath. —
Boy!

Boy. Sir?

Laz. Will the count speak with me?

Boy. One of his gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, sir.

Laz. There is no way left for me to compass this fishhead, but by being presently made known to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard, sir.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my father's tomb
In peace; then shall I die most willingly,
And as a dish be serv'd to satisfy
Death's hunger; and I will be buried thus.
My bier shall be a charger[3] borne by four;
The coffin where I lie a powdering-tub,[4]
Bestrew'd with lettuce and cool salad-herbs;
My winding-sheet of tansies; the black guard[5]
Shall be my solemn mourners; and — instead
Of ceremonies, wholesome burial prayers —
A printed dirge in rhyme shall bury me;
Instead of tears let them pour capon-sauce
Upon my hearse, and salt instead of dust;
Manchets[6] for stones; for other glorious shields
Give me a voider;[7] and above my hearse,
For a trutch sword,[8] my naked knife stuck up!
[VALORE *comes forward.*

Boy. Master, the count's here.

Laz. Where? — My lord, I do beseech you —— [*Kneels.*

Val. You're very welcome, sir; I pray you stand up; you shall dine with me.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship, by the love I still have borne to your honourable house——

Val. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me. I pray, rise.

Laz. [*Rising.*] Perhaps your lordship takes me for one of these same fellows, that do, as it were, respect victuals.

Val. Oh, sir, by no means.

Laz. Your lordship has often promised that, whensoever I should affect greatness, your own hand should help to raise me.

Val. And so much still assure yourself of.

Laz. And though I must confess I have ever shunned popularity, by the example of others, yet I do now feel myself a little ambitious. Your lordship is great, and, though young, yet a privy-councillor.

Val. I pray you, sir, leap into the matter; what would you have me do for you?

Laz. I would entreat your lordship to make me known to the Duke.

Val. When, sir?

Laz. Suddenly, my lord; I would have you present me unto him this morning.

Val. It shall be done: but for what virtues would you have him take notice of you?

Laz. Your lordship shall know that presently.

Val. 'Tis pity of this fellow; he is of good wit and sufficient understanding, when he is not troubled with this greedy worm. [*Aside.*

Laz. Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me for any thing; for being an excellent farrier, for playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives in walls, for being impudent, or for nothing. Why may not I be a favourite on the sudden? I see nothing against it.

Val. Not so, sir; I know you have not the face to be a favourite on the sudden.

Laz. Why, then, you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Val. In what, sir? as how?

Laz. Marry, as thus ——

Enter Intelligencer.

Val. Yonder's my old spirit, that hath haunted me daily, ever since I was a privy-councillor; I must be rid of him [*Aside*]. — [*To* Intelligencer.] I pray you stay there, I am a little busy; I will speak with you presently.

[1] *ordinary*] "i. e. common, [not eaters at an ordinary]." *Ed.* 1778.

[2] *bevers*] i. e. slight repasts between meals. "As our ancestors dined at eleven o'clock, it was customary to take some further refreshment in the afternoon, which custom is still retained in some parts of England, and is called a *bever*." WEBER.

[3] *a charger*] "i. e. a great dish." WEBER.

[4] *a powdering tub*] "i. e. a tub for powdering or salting meat." WEBER.

[5] *the black guard*] A nick-name given to the lowest menials in great houses, but more particularly in royal residences, who carried coals, &c., and who, during the progresses, rode in the carts with the pots, kettles, &c. See note, p. 13, and Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, ii. 169.

[6] *Manchets*] i. e. small loaves, or rolls, of the finest white bread.

[7] *a voider*] Which Weber most erroneously explains — was a basket or tray, into which the relics of a dinner or other meal, the trenchers, &c., were swept from the table with a wooden knife.

[8] *a trutch sword*] "From the context it means apparently a sort of sword of ceremony displayed at funerals; but it is somewhat extraordinary that the term has not been found except in this humorous description of a gourmand's funeral." Nares's *Gloss. in v.* — *Truchman*, making an interpreter, is a not uncommon word; and perhaps the right reading here is "*truch-sword*" — i. e. a sword which *interprets* the profession of the deceased, and shows that he was a soldier: by the mention of "shields," it would seem that the funeral which Lazarillo did *not* wish to have was a military one.

Laz. You shall bring me in, and after a little other talk, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the Duke: "May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and throughly[1] grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and potherbs whatsoever."

Val. 'Twill be rare. If you will walk before, sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Laz. Your lordship's ever.

[*Exit with* Boy.

Val. This fellow is a kind of informer,[2] one that lives in ale-houses and taverns; and because he perceives some worthy men in this land, with much labour and great expence, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the state, he thinks to discover as much out of the talk of drunkards in tap-houses. He brings me informations, picked out of broken words in men's common talk, which with his malicious misapplication he hopes will seem dangerous; he doth, besides, bring me the names of all the young gentlemen in the city that use ordinaries or taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teach them without any further ends, for dangerous and seditious spirits. He is, besides, an arrant whoremaster as any is in Milan, of a layman, — I will not meddle with the clergy. He is parcel lawyer,[3] and, in my conscience, much of their religion. I must put upon him some piece of service. [*Aside.*] — Come hither, sir: what have you to do with me?

Int. Little, my lord; I only come to know how your lordship would employ me.

Val. Observed you that gentleman that parted from me but now?

Int. I saw him now, my lord.

Val. I was sending for you; I have talked with this man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your lordship in good earnest?

Val. Hark you, sir; there may perhaps be some within ear-shot. [*Whispers.*

Re-enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the fish-head to my lord?

Boy. Sir, if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me.

Laz. How uncertain is the state of all mortal things! I have these crosses from my cradle, from my very cradle, insomuch that I do begin to grow desperate. Fortune, I do despise thee, do thy worst! Yet, when I do better gather myself together, I do find it is rather the part of a wise man to prevent the storms of fortune by stirring, than to suffer 'em, by standing still, to pour themselves upon his naked body. I will about it. [*Aside.*

Val. Who's within there?

Enter Servant.

Let this gentleman out at the back-door. — Forget not my instructions: if you find any thing dangerous, trouble not yourself to find out me, but carry your informations to the lord Lucio; he is a man grave, and well-experienced in these businesses.

Int. Your lordship's servant.

[*Exeunt* Intelligencer *and* Servant.

Laz. Will it please your lordship walk?

Val. Sir, I was coming; I will overtake you.

Laz. I will attend you over against the lord Gondarino's house.

Val. You shall not attend there long.

Laz. Thither must I
To see my love's face, the chaste virgin-head
Of a dear fish, yet pure and undeflower'd,
Not known of man. No rough-bred country-hand
Hath once touch'd thee, no pandar's wither'd paw;
Nor an unnapkin'd lawyer's greasy fist
Hath once slubber'd thee; no lady's supple hand,
Wash'd o'er with urine, hath yet seiz'd on thee
With her two nimble talons;[4] no court-hand,
Whom his own natural filth, or change of air,
Hath bedeck'd with scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter grace:
Oh, let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginity!

[*Aside, and exit with* Boy.

Val. This day I am for fools; I am all theirs;
Though, like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
Who do affect those men above the rest
In whose base company they still are best,
I do not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the company;
But for[5] a fool our wisdom oft amends,
As enemies do teach us more than friends.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the house of* GONDARINO.

Enter GONDARINO *meeting a* Servant.

Serv. My lord —

Gond. Ha!

Serv. Here's one hath brought you a present.

Gond. From whom? from a woman? if it be from a woman, bid him carry it back, and tell her she's a whore. What is it?

Serv. A fish-head, my lord.

Gond. What fish-head?

Serv. I did not ask that, my lord.

Gond. Whence comes it?

[1] *throughly*] Altered by the editors of 1778 and Weber, to "thoroughly."

[2] *informer*] The modern editors give with folio 1679 "an *informer*."

[3] *parcel lawyer*] "i. e. partly lawyer." SEWARD.

[4] *talons*] Old eds. "talents;" but since in a line towards the end of the play, where 4to 1607 has "talents" the other eds. have "talons," I prefer giving the latter form here. Besides the passage in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, "If a *talent* be a claw, look how he claws him with a *talent*," act iv. sc. 2, many quotations might be adduced from our early writers to shew that the words were formerly confounded. I may add that "her two nimble talons," (which Seward altered to "her *too* nimble," &c.), means — two of her nimble, &c.

[5] *for*] "i. e. because." SEWARD.

Serv. From the court.

Gond. Oh, 'tis a cod's head.

Serv. No, my lord; 'tis some strange head; it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my mercer; I do owe him money for silks; stop his mouth with that. — [*Exit* Servant.] Was there ever any man that hated his wife after death but I? and, for her sake, all women? women that were created only for the preservation of little dogs.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the count's sister being overtaken in the streets with a great hail-storm, is light[1] at your gate, and desires room till the storm be overpast.

Gond. Is she a woman?

Serv. Ay, my lord, I think so.

Gond. I have none for her then; bid her get her gone; tell her she is not welcome.

Serv. My lord, she is now coming up.

Gond. She shall not come up: tell her any thing; tell her I have but one great room in my house, and I am now in it at the close-stool.

Serv. She's here, my lord. [*Exit.*

Gond. Oh, impudence of women! I can keep dogs out of my house, or I can defend my house against thieves; but I cannot keep out women.

Enter ORIANA, Waiting-woman, *and* Page.

Now, madam; what hath your ladyship to say to me?

Ori. My lord, I was bold to crave the help of your house against the storm.

Gond. Your ladyship's boldness in coming will be impudence in staying; for you are most unwelcome.

Ori. Oh, my lord!

Gond. Do you laugh? by the hate I bear to you, 'tis true!

Ori. You're merry, my lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death, if I be, or can be, whilst thou art here, or livest, or any of thy sex!

Ori. I commend your lordship.

Gond. Do you commend me? why do you commend me? I give you no such cause. Thou art a filthy, impudent whore; a woman, a very woman!

Ori. Ha, ha, ha!

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.

Ori. Your lordship hath a good wit.

Gond. How? what? have I a good wit?

Ori. Come, my lord; I have heard before of your lordship's merry vein in jesting against our sex; which I being desirous to hear, made me rather chuse your lordship's house than any other; but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live, if you be! Methinks it doth not become you to come to my house, being a stranger to you; I have no woman in my house to entertain you, nor to shew you your chamber: why should you come to me? I have no galleries, no banqueting-houses, nor bawdy pictures to shew your ladyship.

Ori. Believe me, this your lordship's plainness makes me think myself more welcome than if you had sworn by all the pretty court-oaths that are, I had been welcomer than your soul to your body.

Gond. Now she's in, talking treason will [not[2]] get her out: I durst sooner undertake to talk an intelligencer out of the room, and speak more than he durst hear, than talk a woman out of my company. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the Duke being in the streets, and the storm continuing, is entered your gate, and now coming up. [*Exit.*

Gond. The Duke! — Now I know your errand, madam; you have plots and private meetings in hand. Why do you chuse my house? are you ashamed to go to't in the old coupling place? though it be less suspicious here (for no Christian will suspect a woman to be in my house), yet you may do it cleanlier there, for there is a care had of those businesses: and wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer and you shall have your lodgings directly opposite; it is but putting on your night-gown and your slippers. Madam, you understand me?

Ori. Before, I would not understand him: but now he speaks riddles to me indeed. [*Aside.*

Enter DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Duke. 'Twas a strange hail-storm.

Lucio. 'Twas exceeding strange.

Gond. Good morrow to your grace.

Duke. Good morrow, Gondarino.

Gond. Justice, great prince!

Duke. Why should you beg for justice?
I never did you wrong: what's the offender?

Gond. A woman.

Duke. Oh, I know your ancient quarrel against that sex; but what heinous crime hath she committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke. What? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke. How! I never heard of any woman that did so before.

Gond. If she have not laid by that modesty
That should attend a virgin, and, quite void
Of shame, hath left the house where she was born,
(As they should never do,) let me endure
The pains that she should suffer!

Duke. Hath she so?
Which is the woman?

Gond. This, this!

Duke. How! — Arrigo, Lucio!

Gond. Ay, then it is a plot: no prince alive
Shall force me make my house a brothel-house;
Not for the sin's, but for the woman's sake,
I will not have her in my doors so long:
Will they make my house as bawdy as their own are? [*Aside.*

Duke. Is it not Oriana?

[1] *light*] Altered by the editors of 1778, and Weber to "lit."

[2] [not] Inserted by Seward.

Lucio. It is.
Duke. Sister to count Valore?
Arr. The very same.
Duke. She that I love?
Lucio. She that you love.
Duke. I do suspect ——
Lucio. So do I.
Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit;
One that doth seem to loathe all woman-kind,
To hate himself because he hath some part
Of woman in him; seems not to endure
To see or to be seen of any woman,
Only because he knows it is their nature
To wish to taste that which is most forbidden;
That[1] with this show he may the better compass
(And with far less suspicion) his base ends.
Lucio. Upon my life, 'tis so.
Duke. And I do know,
Before his slain wife[2] gave him that offence,
He was the greatest servant to that sex
That ever was. What doth this lady here
With him alone? why should he rail at her
To me?
Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.
Duke. It was so. I do love her strangely:
I would fain know the truth; counsel me.
[DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO *whisper.*

Enter VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.

Val. It falls out better than we could expect, sir, that we should find the Duke and my lord Gondarino together, both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Laz. 'Twas very happy. — Boy, go down into the kitchen, and see if you can spy that same. — [*Exit* Boy.] I am now in some hope; I have methinks a kind of fever upon me, a certain gloominess within me, doubting, as it were, betwixt two passions. There is no young maid upon her wedding-night, when her husband sets first foot in the bed, blushes and looks pale again, oftner than I do now. There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of his new play, (when he's in that case that he stands peeping betwixt the curtains, so fearfully that a bottle of ale cannot be opened but he thinks somebody hisses,) than I am at this instant. [*Aside.*

Val. Are they in consultation? If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some bastard, and is persuading my knight yonder to father the child and marry the wench, or else some cockpit is to be built. [*Aside.*

Laz. My lord, what nobleman's that?

Val. His name is Lucio; 'tis he that was made a lord, at the request of some of his friends, for his wife's sake; he affects to be a great statesman, and thinks it consists in nightcaps, and jewels, and toothpicks.

Laz. And what's that other?

Val. A knight, sir, that pleaseth the Duke to favour and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes: he can make as good men as himself every day in the week, and doth.

Laz. For what was he raised?

Val. Truly, sir, I am not able to say directly for what, but for wearing of red breeches, as I take it: he's a brave man; he will spend three knighthoods at a supper without trumpets.

Laz. My lord, I'll talk with him; for I have a friend that would gladly receive the honour.[3]

Val. If he have the itch of knighthood upon him, let him repair to that physician, he'll cure him. But I will give you a note: is your friend fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

Val. 'Twill be the worse for him.

Laz. I hope that's not material.

Val. Very much, for there is an impost set upon knighthoods, and your friend shall pay a noble[4] in the pound.

Duke. I do not like examinations;
We shall find out the truth more easily
Some other way less noted; and that course
Should not be us'd till we be sure to prove
Something directly; for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.
Lucio. Doth she know
Your grace doth love her?
Duke. She hath never heard it.
Lucio. Then thus, my lord.
[DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO *whisper.*

Laz. What's he that walks alone so sadly, with his hands behind him?

Val. The lord of the house, he that you desire to be acquainted with. He doth hate women for the same cause that I love them.

Laz. What's that?

Val. For that which apes want: you perceive me, sir?

Laz. And is he sad? can he be sad that hath
So rich a gem under his roof, as that
Which I do follow! [*Aside.*] — What young lady's that?

Val. Which? — Have I mine eyesight perfect? 'tis my sister! Did I say the Duke had a bastard? what should she make here with him and his council? she hath no papers in her hand to petition to them; she hath never a husband in prison, whose release she might sue for: that's a fine trick for a wench, to get her husband clapt up, that she may more freely and with less suspicion visit the private studies of men in authority. Now I do discover their consultation: yon fellow is a pandar without all salvation. But let me not condemn her too rashly, without weighing the matter. She's a young lady; she went forth early this morning with a waiting-woman and a page or so; this is no garden-house:[5] in my conscience, she

[1] *That*] Old eds. "And" — a mistake of the original compositor, his eye having caught the word at the beginning of the next line.

[2] *slain wife*] Seward "ventured to alter this to '*late wife*;' there not being the least hint of his wife's being *slain* by him or any other. *Latin* for *buried* might probably be allowed." The editors of 1778 retained "slain." Mason "agreed with Seward in reading '*lain wife*'"! and Weber printed "late wife." —— If we could recover the tale from which the character of Gondarino was borrowed, it would no doubt inform us why and by whom his wife was "slain."

[3] *honour*] Old eds. "humour."

[4] *a noble*] i. e. a gold coin worth 6*s.* 8*d.*

[5] *garden-house*] i. e. summer-house. Buildings of this kind abounded formerly in the suburbs of London, and were often used as places of intrigue.

went forth with no dishonest intent; for she did not pretend going to any sermon in the further end of the city; neither went she to see any odd old gentlewoman that mourns for the death of her husband or the loss of her friend, and must have young ladies come to comfort her; those are the damnable bawds. 'Twas no set meeting certainly, for there was no wafer-woman[1] with her these three days, on my knowledge. I'll talk with her. [*Aside.*] — Good morrow, my lord.

Gond. You're welcome, sir. — Here's her brother come now to do a kind office for his sister: is it not strange? [*Aside.*

Val. I am glad to meet you here, sister.

Ori. I thank you, good brother; and if you doubt of the cause of my coming, I can satisfy you.

Val. No, faith, I dare trust thee: I do suspect thou art honest; for it is so rare a thing to be honest amongst you, that some one man in an age may perhaps suspect some two women to be honest, but never believe it verily.

Lucio. Let your return be sudden.

Arr. Unsuspected by them.

Duke. It shall; so shall I best perceive their love,
If there be any. — Farewell.

Val. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman to whom yourself
Is much beholding[2] he hath made the sport
For your whole c[illegible] these eight years, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Val. Lazarillo.

Duke. I heard of him this morning: which is he?

Val. Lazarillo, pluck up thy spirits, thy fortunes are now raising; the Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

Laz. He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon business.

Val. 'Tis all one; thou shalt know him first.

Laz. Stay a little. —
If he should offer to take me away with him,
And by that means I should lose that I seek for?
But if he should, I will not go with him.
[*Aside.*

Val. Lazarillo, the Duke stays: wilt thou lose this opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Val. 'Twas well thought of. You must not talk to him as you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him:
For example; if he should ask you what o'clock it is,
You must not say, "If it please your grace, 'tis nine;"
But thus, "Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign;"
Or thus, "Look how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learnèd well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"
And so forth: and you must now and then enter
Into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall do it.

Val. Come. — May it please your grace[3] to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all salads and potherbs whatsoever.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.[4]

Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your grace's foot.

Val. Very well! — Will your grace question him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks[5]
Have been compilèd, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath; four 'prentice-ships
Have I most truly servèd in this world;
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly course since ——

Duke. I understand you, sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks! [*Aside.*

Duke. You are eight-and-twenty year old. What time of the day do you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives[6]
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs;
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now; now the tables all —

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Val. Your grace shall find him, in your further conference, grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, understandingly read in the necessities of the life of man:
He knows that man is mortal by his birth;
He knows that man must die, and therefore live;
He knows that man must live, and therefore eat.
And if it shall please your grace to accompany

[1] *wafer-woman*] "One that sells cakes." WEBER. Wafer-women appear from various passages of our old plays to have been frequently employed as the bearers of letters or messages in affairs of love.

[2] *beholding*] i. e. beholden — a form common in our early writers.

[3] *May it please your grace*, &c.] See p. 23.

[4] *inwardly*] i. e. intimately.

[5] *Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks*, &c.] "There is a serious passage in Shakespeare, which exactly resembles this comical one of our authors: it is in All's Well that Ends Well, act ii., where Helena says to the King,

——'The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly.'"
MASON

[6] *About the time that mortals whet their knives*, &c.] "Lazarillo means to say, when they make preparations for dinner. From Valore's speech on the last page, it was then nine o'clock, or two hours before the usual dinner-hour, which was generally at eleven." WEBER.

yourself with him, I doubt not but that he will, at the least, make good my commendations.

Duke. Attend us, Lazarillo; we do want
Men of such action, as we have receiv'd you
Reported from your honourable friend.

Laz. Good my lord, stand betwixt me and my overthrow: you know I am tied here, and may not depart. — My gracious lord, so weighty are the businesses of mine own, which at this time do call upon me, that I will rather choose to die than to neglect them.

Val. Nay, you shall well perceive, besides the virtues that I have already informed you of, he hath a stomach which will stoop to no prince alive.

Duke. Sir, at your best leisure; I shall thirst to see you.

Laz. And I shall hunger for it.

Duke. Till then, farewell, all!

Gond. Val. Long life attend your grace!

Duke. I do not taste this sport. — [*Aside.*] Arrigo, Lucio!

Arr. Lucio. We do attend.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left his Helen with me: I am no pandar for him; neither can I be won, with the hope of gain or the itching desire of tasting my lord's lechery to him, to keep her at my house or bring her in disguise to his bedchamber.

The twines of adders and of scorpions
About my naked breast will seem to me
More tickling than those clasps which men adore,
The lustful, dull, ill-spirited embraces
Of women. The much-praised Amazons,
Knowing their own infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what men
They take amongst them they condemn to die;
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer that would willingly
Come in the worthless presence of a woman.
I will attend, and see what my young lord will do with his sister. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Boy.

Boy. My lord, the fish-head is gone again.

Val. Whither?

Boy. I know whither, my lord.

Val. Keep it from Lazarillo. — Sister, shall I confer with you in private, to know the cause of the Duke's coming hither? I know he makes you acquainted with his business of state.

Ori. I'll satisfy you, brother; for I see you are jealous of me.

Gond. Now there shall be some course taken for her conveyance. [*Aside.*

Laz. Lazarillo, thou art happy! thy carriage hath begot love, and that love hath brought forth fruits. Thou art here in the company of a man honourable, that will help thee to taste of the bounties of the sea; and when thou hast so done, thou shalt retire thyself unto the court, and there taste of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes of thy sovereign. Now no more shalt thou need to scramble for thy meat, nor remove thy stomach with the court; but thy credit shall command thy heart's desire, and all novelties shall be sent as presents unto thee. [*Aside.*

Val. Good sister, when you see your own time, will you return home?

Ori. Yes, brother, and not before.

Laz. I will grow popular in this state, and overthrow the fortunes of a number that live by extortion. [*Aside.*

Val. Lazarillo, bestir thyself nimbly and suddenly, and hear me with patience.

Laz. Let me not fall from myself! [*Aside.*
Speak, I am bound to hear.

Val. *So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear;*[1]
The fish-head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laz. I will not curse nor swear, nor rage nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue accuse my fate,
Though I might justly do it; nor will I
Wish myself uncreated for this evil! —
Shall I entreat your lordship to be seen
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by fortune?

Val. I hate to leave my friend in his extremities.

Laz. 'Tis noble in you: then I take your hand,
And do protest, I do not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love as gentle and as chaste
As that a brother to his sister bears;
And if I see this fish-head yet unknown,
The last words that my d[illegible]ther spake,
Before his eye-strings bra[illegible]ll not of me
So often be remember'd as [illegible] meeting.
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love and free from servile lust!

Val. [*To* GONDARINO.] Farewell, my lord: I was entreated to invite your lordship to a lady's upsitting.[2]

Gond. Oh, my ears! [*Exeunt* VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.] Why, madam, will not you follow your brother? you are waited for by great men; he'll bring you to 'em.[3]

Ori. I'm very well, my lord; you do mistake me, if you think I affect greater company than yourself.

Gond. What madness possesseth thee, that thou canst imagine me a fit man to entertain ladies? I tell thee, I do use to tear their hair, to kick them, and to twinge their noses, if they be not careful in avoiding me.

Ori. Your lordship may descant upon your own behaviour as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it appears in my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

Gond. I shall grow rough.

Ori. A rough carriage is best in a man. I'll dine with you, my lord.

Gond. Why, I will starve thee; thou shalt have nothing.

[1] *Speak, &c. when thou shalt hear*] A quotation from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act i. sc 5.

[2] *upsitting*] "Cotgrave interprets *relevailles d'une femme* 'the uprising or upsitting, also the churching of a woman.'" WEBER. — Jamieson gives "*Upsitting.* A term used to denote a sort of wake after the baptism of a child." Suppl. to *Et. Dict. of Scott. Lang.*

[3] *'em*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "him." These words are frequently confounded by the early printers.

Ori. I have heard of your lordship's nothing; I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well, thou shalt have meat; I'll send it to thee.

Ori. I'll keep no state, my lord; neither do I mourn; I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thing as this allow'd to live?
What power hath let thee loose upon the earth
To plague us for our sins? Out of my doors!

Ori. I would your lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you! it doth shew
So near the life as it were natural.

Gond. Oh, thou damn'd woman! I will fly the vengeance
That hangs above thee: follow, if thou darest!
[*Exit.*

Ori. I must not leave this fellow; I will torment him to madness:
To teach his passions against kind[1] to move,
The more he hates, the more I'll seem to love.
[*Exeunt* ORIANA, Waiting-woman, *and* Page.

SCENE II. — *The Street before* JULIA'S *house.*

Enter Pandar *and* Mercer.

Pandar. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done; I wear not this black cloak for nothing.

Mercer. Perform this, help me to this great heir by learning, you shall want no black cloaks; taffatics, grograms, satins, and velvets are mine; they shall be yours: perform what you have promised, and you shall make me a lover of sciences; I will study the learned languages, and keep my shop-book in Latin.

Pandar. Trouble me not now; I will not fail you within this hour at your shop.

Mercer. Let art have her course!

Pandar. 'Tis well spoken. — [*Exit* Mercer. Madonna!

Enter JULIA *from the house.*

Julia. Hast thou brought me any customers?

Pandar. No.

Julia. What the devil dost thou in black?

Pandar. As all solemn professors of settled courses do,[2] cover my knavery with it. Will you marry a citizen, reasonably rich and unreasonably foolish, silks in his shop, money in his purse, and no wit in his head?

Julia. Out upon him! I could have been otherwise than so; there was a knight swore he would have had me, if I would have lent him but forty shillings to have redeemed his cloak to go to church in.

Pandar. Then your waistcoat-waiter[3] shall have him: call her in.[4]

Julia. Francissina!

Enter FRANCISSINA.

Fran. Anon.

Julia. Get you to the church and shrive yourself,[5] for you shall be richly married anon.
[*Exit* FRANCISSINA.

Pandar. And get you after her. I will work upon my citizen whilst he is warm; I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours: the openest fools are hardly cozened, if they once grow jealous. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of* GONDARINO.

Enter GONDARINO *hastily.*

Gond. Save me, ye better powers! let me not fall
Between the loose embracements of a woman!
Heaven, if my sins be ripe, grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprieve a while thy punishment;
Only I crave, (and hear me, equal[6] Heavens!)
Let not your furious rod, that must afflict me,
Be that imperfect piece of Nature
That Art makes up, woman, unsatiate woman!
Had we not knowing souls, at first infus'd
To teach a difference 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made ourselves, free, unconfin'd,
Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be that this most perfect creature,
This image of his Maker, well-squar'd man,
Should leave the handfast[7] that he had of grace,
To fall into a woman's easy arms?

Enter ORIANA.

Ori. Now, Venus, be my speed! inspire me with all the several subtle temptations that thou hast already given or hast in store hereafter to bestow upon our sex! Grant that I may apply that physic that is most apt to work upon him; whether he will soonest be moved with wantonness, singing, dancing, or (being passionate) with scorn; or with sad and serious looks, cunningly mingled with sighs, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and making short curtsies; or with whatsoever other nimble power he may be caught, do thou infuse into me; and when I have him, I will sacrifice him up to thee! [*Aside.*

Gond. It comes again! new apparitions,
And tempting spirits! [*Aside.*] — Stand and reveal thyself;
Tell why thou followest me? I fear thee,
As I fear the place thou camest from, hell.

[1] *kind*] "i. e. nature." WEBER.

[2] *do*] Omitted in Weber's ed.

[3] *waistcoat-waiter*] From innumerable passages in our old dramas it appears that courtesans generally wore a waistcoat, and hence the lowest strumpets were called waistcoateers. The waistcoat, however, formed part of a fine lady's attire, and was sometimes very expensive. "It was only when it was worn without a gown or upper dress, that it was considered as the mark of a profligate woman." Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[4] *call her in*] The conversation between the Pandar and Mercer seems to take place in the street; but, I suspect, that on the exit of the latter, our author intended the audience to suppose (for there was then no movable painted scenery) that the stage represented the interior of Julia's house.

[5] *shrive yourself*] "i. e. go to confession." ED. 1778.

[6] *equal*] i. e. just.

[7] *handfast*] i. e. hold, connexion with.

Ori. My lord, I am a woman, and such a one —
Gond. That I hate truly: thou hadst better been a devil.
Ori. Why, my unpatient lord?
Gond. Devils were once good; there they excell'd you women.
Ori. Can you be so uneasy? can you freeze,
And such a summer's heat so ready to dissolve?
Nay, gentle lord, turn not away in scorn,
Nor hold me less fair than I am! Look on these cheeks,
They have yet enough of nature, true complexion;
If to be red and white, a forehead high,
An easy melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the ear
Of strict religion and men most austere;
If these may hope to please, look here![1]
Gond. This woman with entreaty would shew all. [*Aside.*
Lady, there lies your way; I pray you, farewell.
Ori. You are yet too harsh, too dissonant;
There's no true music in your words, my lord.
Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone? Here stay,
An thou want'st[2] lodging; take my house, 'tis big enough,
'Tis thine own; 'twill hold five lecherous lords
And their lackeys, without discovery:
There's stoves and bathing-tubs.
Ori. Dear lord, you are
Too wild.
Gond. 'Shalt have a doctor too, thou shalt,
'Bout six and twenty, 'tis a pleasing age;
Or I can help thee to a handsome usher;
Or if thou lack'st a page, I'll give thee one:
Prithee, keep house, and leave me!
Ori. I do
Confess I am too easy, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection.
Yet I can frown, and nip a passion
Even in the bud; I can say,
Men please their present heats, then please to leave us;
I can hold off, and by my chymic power
Draw sonnets from the melting lover's brain,
Aye-me's and elegies. Yet to you, my lord,
My love, my better self, I put these off,
Doing that office not befits our sex,
Entreat a man to love. Are you not yet
Relenting? ha' you blood and spirit in those veins?
You are no image, though you be as hard
As marble: sure you have no liver;[3] if you had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heat
To every member. Is not this miserable?
A thing so truly form'd, shap'd out by symmetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working too, yet to shew all these
Like dead motions[4] moving upon wires?
Then, good my lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were first intended for,
A man.
Gond. Thou art a precious piece of sly damnation.
I will be deaf; I will lock up my ears:
Tempt me not; I will not love: if I do —
Ori. Then I'll hate you.
Gond. Let me be 'nointed with honey and turn'd
Into the sun, to be stung to death with horse-flies!
Hearest thou, thou breeder? here I will sit,
And, in despite of thee, I will say nothing.
[*Sits down.*
Ori. Let me, with your fair patience, sit beside you! [*Sits down.*
Gond. Madam, lady, tempter, tongue, woman, air,
Look to me, I shall kick! I say again,
Look to me, I shall kick!
Ori. I cannot think your better knowledge
Can use a woman so uncivilly.
Gond. I cannot think I shall become a coxcomb,
To ha' my hair curled by an idle finger,
My cheeks turn tabors and be play'd upon,
Mine eyes look'd babies in, and my nose blow'd to my hand:
I say again, I shall kick! I shall.
Ori. 'Tis but
Your outside that you shew; I know your mind
Never was guilty of so great a weakness:
Or, could the tongues of all men join'd together
Possess me with a thought of your dislike,
My weakness were above a woman's, to fall off
From my affection for one crack of thunder.
Oh, would you could love, my lord!
Gond. I would thou wouldst
Sit still, and say nothing! What madman let thee loose,
To do more mischief than a dozen whirlwinds?
Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the idle
Worms in thy fingers' ends. Will you be doing still?
Will no entreating serve you? no lawful warning?
I must remove, and leave your ladyship:
Nay, never hope to stay me; for I will run from that smooth, smiling, witching, cozening, tempting, damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land, where I will put myself into a daily course of curses for thee and all thy family.
Ori. Nay, good my lord, sit still; I'll promise peace,
And fold mine arms up; let but mine eye discourse;
Or let my voice, set to some pleasing chord, sound out
The sullen strains of my neglected love.
Gond. Sing till thou crack thy treble-string in pieces,

[1] *If these may hope to please, look here*] One of the many corrupted passages in this play. Seward printed: "If these may hope to please *you*, look *you* here."
[2] *Here stay*
An thou want'st] Restored by Sympson. Old eds. "Heares [*and* Here's] ta, and tha wants."
[3] *Sure you have no liver.*] "The liver was anciently imagined to be the residence of love." WEBER.
[4] *motions*] "i. e. puppet-shows." WEBER.

And when thou hast done, put up thy pipes and walk!
Do any thing: sit still and tempt me not!

Ori. I had[1] rather sing at doors for bread than sing to this fellow but for hate. If this should be told in the court, that I begin to woo lords, what a troop of the untrussed nobility should I have at my lodging to-morrow morning! [*Aside.* — *Sings.*

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight a while;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies: that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have some abiding!

Gond. Have you done your wassail?[2] 'tis a handsome drowsy ditty, I'll assure you: now I had as lief hear a cat cry when her tail is cut off, as hear these lamentations, these lowsy lovelays, these bewailments. You think you have caught me, lady; you think I melt now, like a dish of May-butter, and run all into brine and passion: yes, yes, I am taken; look how I cross my arms, look pale and dwindle, and would cry but for spoiling my face! We must part: nay, we'll avoid all ceremony; [*They rise*] no kissing, lady; I desire to know your ladyship no more.

Enter DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Death of my soul, the Duke!

Ori. God keep your lordship!

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Ori. I'll be the clerk, and cry, Amen. Your lordship's ever-assured enemy, Oriana. [*Exit.*

Gond. All the day's good attend your lordship!

Duke. We thank you, Gondarino. Is it possible?
Can belief lay hold on such a miracle?
To see thee (one that hath cloistered up all passion,
Turn'd wilful votary, and forsworn converse
With women,) in company and fair discourse
With the best beauty of Milan?

Gond. 'Tis true; and if your grace, that hath the sway
Of the whole state, will suffer this lewd sex,
These women, to pursue us to our homes,
Not to be pray'd nor to be rail'd away,
But they will woo, and dance, and sing,
And, in a manner looser than they are
By nature (which would seem impossible),
To throw their arms on our unwilling necks ——

Duke. No more! I can see through your visor; dissemble it
No more! Do not I know thou hast us'd all art
To work upon the poor simplicity
Of this young maid, that yet hath known none ill,
Thinks[3] that damnation will fright those that woo
From oaths and lies? But yet I think her chaste,
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My lord, I speak not this to gain new grace;
But howsoever you esteem my words,
My love and duty will not suffer me
To see you favour such a prostitute.
And I stand by dumb; without rack, torture,
Or strapado, I will unrip myself:
I do confess, I was in company with
That pleasing piece of frailty that we call woman;
I do confess,
After a long and tedious siege, I yielded.

Duke. Forward!

Gond. Faith, my lord, to come quickly to the point,
The woman you saw with me is a whore,
An arrant whore.

Duke. Was she not count Valore's sister?

Gond. Yes; that count Valore's sister is naught.

Duke. Thou darest not say so!

Gond. Not if it be distasting to your lordship;
But give me freedom, and I dare maintain
She has embrac'd this body, and grown to it
As close as the hot youthful vine to the elm.

Duke. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my thoughts
Were prompted by mine eye to hold thy strictness
False and imposterous.
Is this your mewing-up, your strict retirement,
Your bitterness and gall against that sex?
Have I not heard thee say, thou would'st sooner meet
The basilisk's dead-doing eye than meet
A woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me,
Or, by our country's saint, your head goes off! —
If thou prove a whore,
No woman's face shall ever move me more.
[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ARRIGO, *and* LUCIO.

Gond. So, so! 'tis as't should be.
Are women grown so mankind?[4] must they be wooing?
I have a plot shall blow her up; she flies, she mounts!
I'll teach her ladyship to dare my fury!
I will be known and feared, and more truly hated
Of women than an eunuch. She's here again:

[1] *had*] Altered by Weber to "would."

[2] *wassail*] "In the present place the word is not used in its general sense of a festivity, nor does it allude to the drinking the wassel cup, but to a drinking song which was sung on Twelfth day." WEBER. Gondarino uses the word merely as a term of contempt.

[3] *Thinks*] Old eds. "Thinkst" and "Thinkest."— "*Thinks* is surely the true reading, and it is the supposed simplicity of the young maid, who *thinks* that the fear of damnation will deter men from lying and falsely swearing to them." SEWARD.

[4] *mankind*] i. e. "masculine." MASON.

Re-enter ORIANA.

Good gall, be patient! for I must dissemble.
[*Aside.*

Ori. Now, my cold frosty lord, my woman-hater,
You that have sworn an everlasting hate
To all our sex!
By my troth, good lord, and as I am yet a maid,
Methought 'twas excellent sport to hear your honour
Swear out an alphabet, chafe nobly like a general,
Kick like a resty jade, and make ill faces!
Did your good honour think I was in love?
Where did I first begin to take that heat?
From those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight?
Oh, they were lovely, if the balls stood right!
And there's a leg made out of a dainty stuff,[1]
Where, the gods be thanked, there is calf enough!

Gond. Pardon him, lady, that is now a convertite:
Your beauty, like a saint, hath wrought this wonder.

Ori. Alas, has it been pricked at the heart? is the stomach come down? will it rail no more at women, and call 'em devils, she cats, and goblins?

Gond. He that shall marry thee had better spend the poor remainder of his days in a dung barge for two-pence a-week and find himself.

Down again, spleen! I prithee, down again!
[*Aside.*
Shall I find favour, lady? shall at length
My true unfeigned penitence get pardon
For my harsh unseasoned follies?
I am no more an atheist; no, I do
Acknowledge that dread powerful deity,
And his all-quickening heats burn in my breast:
Oh, be not, as I was, hard, unrelenting,
But, as I am, be partner of my fires!

Ori. Sure, we shall have store of larks; the skies will not
Hold up long: I should have looked as soon for frost
In the Dog-days, or another inundation,
As hop'd this strange conversion above miracle.
Let me look upon your lordship: is your name
Gondarino? are you Milan's general, that
Great bugbear Bloody-bones, at whose very name
All women, from the lady to the laundress,
Shake like a cold fit?

Gond. Good patience, help me!
This fever will enrage my blood again. — [*Aside.*
Madam, I am that man; I am even he
That once did owe unreconciled hate
To you and all that bear the name of woman;
I am the man that wrong'd your honour to the Duke;
I am he[2] that said you were unchaste and prostitute;
Yet I am he that dare deny all this.

Ori. Your big nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wronged you thus,
And my contrition is as true as that;
Yet have I found a means to make all good again.
I do beseech your beauty, not for myself,
(My merits are yet in conception,)
But for your honour's safety and my zeal,
Retire a while,
Whilst I unsay myself unto the Duke,
And cast out that ill spirit I have possess'd him with!
I have a house conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence;
But thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond. By the true honest service that I owe those eyes,
My meaning is as spotless as my faith!

Ori. The Duke doubt mine honour? a' may judge strangely.
'Twill not be long before I'll be enlarg'd again?

Gond. A day or two.

Ori. Mine own servants shall attend me?

Gond. Your ladyship's command is good.

Ori. Look you be true!

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soul aspires to! [*Exit* ORIANA.

I will be a scourge to all females in my life, and, after my death, the name of Gondarino shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth: they shall shake at my name, and at the sound of it their knees shall knock together; and they shall run into nunneries, for they and I are beyond all hope irreconcileable. For if I could endure an ear with a hole in't, or a plaited lock, or a barcheaded coachman that sits like a sign where great ladies are to be sold within, agreement betwixt us were not to be despaired of: if I could be but brought to endure to see women, I would have them come all once a-week and kiss me where[3] witches do the devil in token of homage.

I must not live here; I will to the court,
And there pursue my plot; when it hath took,
Women shall stand in awe but of my look.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Court in the Palace.*

Enter two Intelligencers.

First Int. There take your standing; be close and vigilant. Here will I set myself: and let him look to his language! 'a shall know the Duke has more ears in court than two.

Sec. Int. I'll quote him to a tittle: let him speak wisely, and plainly, and as hidden as 'a can, I shall crush him; 'a shall not 'scape characters;[4] though 'a speak Babel, I shall crush

[1] *staff*] Old eds. "staffe." That the rhyme should not have led the modern editors to the right reading, is marvellous. The expression "dainty stuff" occurs again, act iv. sc. 2.

[2] *I am he*] So 4to 1607. The modern editors follow the reading of the other eds. "*I am* the man."

[3] *where*] So 4to 1607. Other eds. "as;" which the modern editors give!

[4] *I'll quote him to a tittle . . . 'scape characters*] The editors of 1778, and Weber, give "*scape* by *characters*," an unhappy alteration of Seward, who, however, very properly observed, that "from *writing* the metaphor before is taken," though Weber declares authoritatively that "Seward does not understand the word *quote*." From the hundred passages which might be adduced to shew that *quote* was used

him. We have a fortune by this service hanging over us, that, within this year or two, I hope
We shall be call'd to be examiners,
Wear politic gowns garded [1] with copper-lace,
Making great faces full of fear and office;
Our labours may deserve this.

First Int. I hope it shall.
Why, have [2] not many men been raisèd from
This worming trade, first to gain good access
To great men, then to have commissions out
For search, and lastly to be worthily nam'd
At a great arraignment? Yes; and why not we?
They that endeavour well deserve their fee.
Close, close! 'a comes; mark well, and all goes well. [*They retire.*

Enter VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.

Laz. Farewell, my hopes! my anchor now is broken:
Farewell, my quondam joys, of which no token
Is now remaining! such is the sad mischance,
Where lady Fortune leads the slippery dance.
Yet at the length let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes or a wishèd grave!

Val. The gods defend,[3] so brave and valiant maw
Should slip into the never-satiate jaw
Of black Despair! No; thou shalt live and know
Thy full desires; Hunger, thy ancient foe,
Shall be subdu'd; those guts that daily tumble
Through air and appetite, shall cease to rumble;
And thou shalt now at length obtain thy dish,
That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.

Sec. Int. There, there's a notable piece of treason! greater than the Duke; mark that.

Val. But how, or where, or when this shall be compass'd,
Is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I
Be now knock'd o' the head, with all my heart
I would forgive a dog-killer.

Val. Yet do I see,
Through this confusedness, some little comfort.

Laz. The plot, my lord, as e'er you came of a woman, discover!

First Int. Plots, dangerous plots! I will deserve by this most liberally.

Val. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. Oh, that it would stand me, that I might fight, or have some venture for it! that I might be turned loose, to try my fortune amongst the whole fry in a college or an inn of court, or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon!
Nay, were it set down in the outer court,
And all the guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawn, (which were a dismal sight,)
And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose only in my shirt,
To try the[ir] [4] valour, how much of the spoil
I could [5] recover from the enemies' mouths,
I would accept the challenge.

Val. Let it go! Hast not thou been held to have some wit in the court, and to make fine [6] jests upon country-people in progress-time? and wilt thou lose this opinion [7] for the cold head of a fish? I say, let it go! I'll help thee to as good a dish of meat.

Laz. God, let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men should talk so profanely!
But 'tis not in the power of loose words
Of [8] any vain or misbelieving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Shew me but any lady in the court
That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh. This doth not lie
In almond-gloves,[9] nor ever hath been wash'd
In artificial baths; no traveller
That hath brought doctor home with him,[10] hath dar'd,
With all his waters, powders, fucuses,[11]
To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.

Val. I have it; 'tis now infus'd; be comforted!

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left in nature? Shall I once more erect up trophies?
Shall I enjoy the sight of my dear saint,
And bless my palate with the best of creatures?
Ah, good my lord, by whom I breathe again,
Shall I receive this being? [12]

Val. Sir, I have found by certain calculation,
And settled revolution of the stars,
The fish is sent by the lord Gondarino
To his mercer: now, it is a growing hope
To know where 'tis.

Laz. Oh, it is far above
The good of women; the pathick cannot yield
More pleasing titillation!

Val. But how to compass it? Search, cast about,
And bang your brains, Lazarillo! thou art
Too dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.

Laz. My lord, I will not be idle. — Now, Lazarillo, think, think, think! [*Aside.*

Val. Yonder's my informer and his fellow, with table-books; [13] they nod at me: upon my

in the sense of note, write down, I select the following, because it also proves how unnecessarily "by" has been thrust into our text;

"Fine madam Tiptoes, in her velvet gown,
That *quotes* her paces in *chardcters* down."

Micro-cynicon — Middleton's *Works*, V. 439, ed. Dyce. Valore presently says, "Yonder's my informer and his fellow, with *table-books*," i. e. memorandum-books —and they accordingly proceed to *write down*, as treasonble, certain expressions of Lazarillo.

1 *garded*] i. e. adorned with *gards*, trimmings, facings.
2 *have*] Old eds. "has."
3 *defend*] i. e. forbid.

4 *the*[*ir*] A conjecture of Seward; who, however, printed "by."
5 *could*] A conjecture of Seward; who, however, gave with the old eds. "would" — a mistake of the original compositor, caused by the occurrence of the word in the following line.
6 *fine*] Weber chose to print "some *fine*."
7 *opinion*] "i. e. reputation." WEBER.
8 *Of*] In Weber's ed. "Or."
9 *almond-gloves*] "To render the skin white," as Weber, perhaps unnecessarily, explains it.
10 *hath brought doctor home with him*] "i e. has had a doctor's degree in some foreign university." SEWARD.
11 *fucuses*] *Fucus* was a term repeatedly used by our early writers to signify the colours with which ladies improved their complexions.
12 *being*] Qy. "blessing?" compare the next speech but one of Valore.
13 *table-books*] See supra.

life, they have poor Lazarillo (that beats his brains about no such weighty matter) in for treason before this. [*Aside.*

Laz. My lord, what do you think, if I should shave myself, put on midwife's apparel, come in with a handkercher, and beg a piece for a great-bellied woman or a sick child?

Val. Good, very good!

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting 'prentice to betray the reversion?

First Int. There's another point in's plot; corrupt with money to betray! sure, 'tis some fort 'a means. Mark; have a care.

Laz. An 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with, it would in some sort satisfy nature: but might I once attain the dish itself, though I cut out my means through sword and fire, through poison, through any thing that may make good my hopes —

Sec. Int. Thanks to the gods and our officiousness, the plot's discovered! fire, steel, and poison; burn the palace, kill the Duke, and poison his privy-council!

Val. To the mercer's — let me see: how if, before we can attain the means to make up our acquaintance, the fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here he stands that is the most dejected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slave this province yields! I will not, sure, out-live it; no, I will die bravely and like a Roman;

And after death, amidst the Elysian shades
I'll meet my love again.

First Int. "I will die bravely, like a Roman:" have a care; mark that: when he hath done all, he will kill himself.

Val. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No; could the sea throw up his vastness,
And offer free his best inhabitants,
'Twere not so much as a bare temptation to me.

Val. If you could be drawn to affect beef, venison, or fowl, 'twould be far the better.

Laz. I do beseech your lordship's patience!
I do confess that, in this heat of blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser meats;
But I protest I do honour a chine of beef, I do reverence a loin of veal; but, good my lord, give me leave a little to adore this! But, my good lord, would your lordship, under colour of taking up some silks, go to the mercer's, I would in all humility attend your honour; where we may be invited, if fortune stand propitious.

Val. Sir, you shall work me as you please.

Laz. Let it be suddenly, I do beseech your lordship! 'tis now upon the point of dinner-time.

Val. I am all yours.

[*Exeunt* VALORE, LAZARILLO, *and* Boy.

First Int. Come, let us confer. *Imprimis*, 'a saith, like a blasphemous villain, he is greater than the Duke; this peppers him, an there were nothing else.

Sec. Int. Then 'a was naming plots; did you not hear?

First Int. Yes; but 'a fell from that unto discovery, to corrupt by money, and so attain —

Sec. Int. Ay, ay, 'a meant some fort or citadel the Duke hath; his very face betrayed his meaning. Oh, he is a very subtle and a dangerous knave! but if 'a deal, a' God's name, we shall worm him.

First Int. But now comes the stroke, the fatal blow; fire, sword, and poison! Oh, cannibal, thou bloody cannibal!

Sec. Int. What had become of this poor state, had not we been?

First Int. Faith, it had lien buried in his own ashes, had not a greater hand been in't.

Sec. Int. But note the rascal's resolution; after th' acts done, because 'a would avoid all fear of torture and cozen the law, 'a would kill himself. Was there ever the like danger brought to light in this age? Sure, we shall merit much; we shall be able to keep two men a-piece and a two-hand sword between us; we will live in favour of the state, betray our ten or twelve treasons a-week, and the people shall fear us. Come; to the lord Lucio! the sun shall not go down till he be hanged. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the* Mercer's *House.*

Enter Mercer *and* Prentice.

Mercer. Look to my shop; and if there come ever a scholar in black, let him speak with me. [*Exit* Prentice.] We that are shopkeepers in good trade are so pestered that we can scarce pick out an hour for our morning's meditation; and howsoever we are all accounted dull, and common jesting stocks for your gallants, there are some of us do not deserve it; for, for my own part, I do begin to be given to my book. I love a scholar with my heart; for, questionless, there are marvellous things to be done by art: why, sir, some of them will tell you what is become of horses and silver spoons, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds. I am yet unmarried, and because some of our neighbors are said to be cuckolds, I will never marry without the consent of some of these scholars that know what will come of it.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Are you busy, sir?

Mercer. Never to you, sir, nor to any of your coat. Sir, is there any thing to be done by art concerning the great heir we talked on?

Pandar. Will she, nill she, she shall come running into my house, at the farther corner in Saint Mark's street, betwixt three and four.

Mercer. Betwixt three and four? She's brave in clothes, is she not?

Pandar. Oh, rich, rich! — Where should I get clothes to dress her in? Help me, invention! [*Aside.*] — Sir, that her running through the street may be less noted, my art more shown, and your fear to speak with her less, she shall come in a white waistcoat,[1] and——

Mercer. What! shall she?

Pandar. And perhaps torn stockings. — She hath left her old wont else. [*Aside.*

[1] *a white waistcoat.*] See note, p. 106.

Re-enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my lord Gondarino hath sent you a rare fish-head.

Mercer. It comes right; all things suit right with me since I began to love scholars. — You shall have it home with you against she come. Carry it to this gentleman's house.

Pandar. The fair white house, at the farther corner in[1] Saint Mark's street. Make haste. [*Exit* Prentice.] — I must leave you too, sir; I have two hours to study. Buy a new accidence, and ply your book, and you shall want nothing that all the scholars in the town can do for you.

Mercer. Heaven prosper both our studies! [*Exit* Pandar.] What a dull slave was I before I fell in love with this learning! not worthy to tread upon the earth; and what fresh hopes it hath put into me! I do hope, within this twelvemonth, to be able by art to serve the court with silks, and not undo myself; to trust knights, and yet get in my money again; to keep my wife brave,[2] and yet she keep nobody else so.

Enter VALORE *and* LAZARILLO.

Your lordship is most honourably welcome in regard of your nobility; but most especially in regard of your scholarship. Did your lordship come openly?

Val. Sir, this cloak keeps me private; besides, no man will suspect me to be in the company of this gentleman; with whom I will desire you to be acquainted: he may prove a good customer to you.

Laz. For plain silks and velvets.

Mercer. Are you scholastical?

Laz. Something addicted to the Muses.

Val. I hope they will not dispute. [*Aside.*

Mercer. You have no skill in the black art?

Enter Second Prentice.

Sec. Pren. Sir, yonder's a gentleman enquires hastily for count Valore.

Val. For me? what is he?

Sec. Pren. One of your followers, my lord, I think.

Val. Let him come in. [*Exit* Sec. Prentice.

Mercer. [*To* LAZ.] Shall I talk with you in private, sir?

Enter Attendant *with a letter, which he gives to* VALORE.

Val. [*Reads.*] *Count, come to the court; your business calls you thither.* I will go. — Farewell, sir: I'll see your silks some other time. — Farewell, Lazarillo.

Mercer. Will not your lordship take a piece of beef with me?

Val. Sir, I have greater business than eating; I will leave this gentleman with you.

[*Exeunt* VALORE *and* Attendant.

Laz. No, no, no, no![3] Now do I feel that strained[4] struggling within me, that I think I could prophesy. [*Aside.*

Mercer. The gentleman is meditating.

Laz. Hunger, Valour, Love, Ambition, are alike pleasing, and, let our philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat; only Hunger is the safest: Ambition is apt to fall; Love and Valour are not free from dangers; only Hunger, begotten of some old limber courtier in paned hose,[5] and nursed by an attorney's wife, now so thriven that he need not fear to be of the Great Turk's guard, is so free from all quarrels and dangers, so full of hopes, joys, and ticklings, that my life is not so dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the fish-head is gone.

Laz. Then be thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding voice! —

Farewell, Milan! Farewell, noble Duke!
Farewell, my fellow-courtiers all, with whom
I have of yore made many a scrambling meal
In corners, behind arrases, on stairs;
And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd
Our doublets and our hose[6] with liquid stuff!
Farewell, you lusty archers of the guard,
To whom I now do give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coat
Will eat for wagers! now you happy be;
When this shall light upon you, think on me!
You sewers, carvers, ushers of the court,
Sirnamed *gentle* for your fair demean,
Here I do take of you my last farewell:
May you stand stiffly in your proper places,
And execute your offices aright!
Farewell, you maidens, with your mother[7] eke!
Farewell, you courtly chaplains that be there!
All good attend you! may you never more
Marry your patron's lady's waiting-woman,
But may you raised be by this my fall!
May Lazarillo suffer for you all!

Mercer. Sir, I was hearkening to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing: I will break my knife,
The ensign of my former happy state,
Knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's,
And enter into religion.[8]

Boy. Why, sir, I think I know whither it is gone.

Laz. See the rashness of man in his nature! —Whither, whither? — I do unsay all that I have said. — Go on, go on, boy! I humble myself, and follow thee. — Farewell, sir.

Mercer. Not so, sir; you shall take a piece of beef with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

1 *in*] Old eds. "at." But see the preceding page.
2 *brave*] i. e. richly dressed.
3 *No, no, no, no!*] Altered by Seward (and rightly perhaps) to "Now, now, now, now!" So the subsequent editors.

4 *strained*] Seward and his successors "strange."
5 *paned hose*] See note p. 98.
6 *hose*] i. e. breeches.
7 *mother*] Lazarillo, who is speaking of the court, means — the Mother of the Maids: yet the modern editors print "mothers."
8 *Knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's,*
And enter into religion.] "That is, [illegible] religious order. It was anciently customary with barber-surgeons to hang the teeth they drew upon a string, and exhibit them as an emblem of one department of their multifarious profession." WEBER.

Mercer. By my fay,[1] but you shall, sir, in regard of your love to learning and your skill in the black art.

Laz. I do hate learning, and I have no skill in the black art: I would I had!

Mercer. Why, your desire is sufficient to me; you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested curses that can be imagined, light upon all the professors of that art! may they be drunk, and, when they go to conjure and reel in the circle, may the spirits[2] by them raised tear 'em in pieces, and hang their quarters on old broken walls and steeple-tops!

Mercer. This speech of yours shews you to have some skill in the science; wherefore, in civility, I may not suffer you to depart empty.

Laz. My stomach is up; I cannot endure it: I will fight in this quarrel as soon as for my prince.
Room! make way! [*Draws his rapier.*
Hunger commands; my valour must obey.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter VALORE *and* ARRIGO.

Val. Is the Duke private?

Arr. He is alone; but I think your lordship may enter. [*Exit* VALORE.

Enter GONDARINO.

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arr. The count is new gone in; but the Duke will come forth before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the door. [*Exit.*

Gond. Doth he hope to clear his sister? She will come no more to my house to laugh at me; I have sent her to a habitation, where, when she shall be seen, it will set a gloss upon her name: yet, upon my soul, I have bestowed her amongst the purest-hearted creatures of her sex, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deeds are all alike, only they dare speak what the rest think. The women of this age, (if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their sex,) are worse than those of former times; for I have read of women of that truth, spirit, and constancy, that, were they now living, I should endure to see them: but I fear the writers of the time belied them; for how familiar a thing is it with the poets of our age, to extol their whores (which they call *mistresses*) with heavenly praises, — but, I thank their furies and their crazed brains, beyond belief! nay, how many that would fain seem serious, have dedicated grave works to ladies, toothless, hollow-eyed, their hair shedding, purple-faced, their nails apparently coming off, and the bridges of their noses broken down, and have called them the choice handy-works of Nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of women! Our women begin to swarm like bees in summer; as I came hither, there was no pair of stairs, no entry, no lobby, but was pestered[3] with them: methinks there might be some course taken to destroy them.

Re-enter ARRIGO, *with an old* Gentlewoman.

Arr. I do accept your money: walk here; and when the Duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily. I pray you, who's he that walks there?

Arr. A lord and a soldier, one in good favour with the Duke: if you could get him to deliver your petition ——

Gentlew. What do you say, sir?

Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope I shall live to requite your kindness.

Arr. You have already. [*Exit.*

Gentlew. May it please your lordship ——

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To consider the estate ——

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poor oppressed country-gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injury; then I have been brought up to the town three times.

Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the town!

Gentlew. I thank your good lordship heartily: though I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you. And here we have been delayed, and sent down again, and fetched up again, and sent down again, to my great charge; and now at last they have fetched me up and five of my daughters —

Gond. Enough to damn five worlds.

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it: they are all without; if it please your lordship, I'll call them in.

Gond. Five women! how many of my senses should I have left me then? call in five devils first.

No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of injury,
And give thee answers; whisper in thine ear,
And make thee understand through thy French hood;
And all this with tame patience.

Gentlew. I see your lordship does believe that they are without; and I perceive you are much moved at our injury: here's a paper will tell you more. [*Offers petition.*

Gond. Away!

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it *viva voce*, as they say.

Gond. Oh, no, no, no, no! I have heard it before.

[1] *fay*] i. e. faith.

[2] *and, when they go to conjure and reel in the circle, may the spirits, &c.*] Exhibited thus in the modern editions; "and when they go to conjure, reel in the circle! May the spirits," *&c.*

[3] *pestered*] i. e. crowded, encumbered.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injury for a poor gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never! — But that it troubles my conscience to wish any good to these women, I could afford them to be valiant and able, that it might be no disgrace for a soldier to beat them. [*Aside.*

Gentlew. I hope your lordship will deliver my petition to his grace; and you may tell him withal ——

Gond. What? I will deliver any thing against myself, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I met my adversary.

Gond. Give me thy paper: he can abide no long tales. [*Takes petition.*

Gentlew. 'Tis very short, my lord: and I demanding of him —

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn: begone! [Gentlewoman *retires a little.*] Man never doth remember how great his offences are, till he do meet with one of you that plagues him for them. Why should women only, above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgraceful to their owners? nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keep, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. [*Coming forward.*] Here's some few angels[1] for your lordship. [*Offers money.*

Gond. Again? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off!

Gentlew. A small gratuity for your kindness.

Gond. Hold, away!

[*Throws the money on the ground.*

Gentlew. Why, then, I thank your lordship: I'll gather them up again; and I'll be sworn it is the first money that was refused since I came to the court. [*Gathers up the money.*

Gond. What can she devise to say more? [*Aside.*

Gentlew. Truly, I would have willingly parted with them to your lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I believe it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus ——

Gond. More yet?

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Do; begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing: thou shalt have thy answer from him; and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunity will conquer him too in the end.

Gentlew. God bless your lordship, and all that favour poor distressed country-gentlewomen! [*Exit.*

Gond. All the diseases of man light upon them that do, and upon me when I do! A week of such days would either make me stark mad or tame me. Yonder other woman, that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy sins. Dare they incense me still, I will make them fear as much to be ignorant of me and my moods, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under. Who's there? my blood grew cold; I began to fear my suitor's return. 'Tis the Duke.

Enter Duke *with* VALORE.

Val. I know her chaste, though she be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are; and that this lord,
Out of the boundless malice to the sex,
Hath thrown this scandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me against my will with this good old country-gentlewoman. [*Aside.*] I beseech your grace to view favourably the petition of a wronged gentlewoman. [*Gives petition.*

Duke. What, Gondarino, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My lord, they are no enemies of mine: I confess, the better to cover my deeds, which sometimes were loose enough, I pretended it (as it is wisdom to keep close our incontinence); but since you have discovered me, I will no more put on that vizard, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you as to my confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Val. He that confesses he did once dissemble,
I'll never trust his words. Can you imagine
A maid, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live thus long untempted by the noblest,
Richest, and cunning'st masters in that art,
And yet hath ever held a fair repute,
Could in one morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talk in hand
Than to accuse a sister to her brother;
Nor do I mean it for a public scandal,
Unless by urging me you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure, Gondarino. — Where is the lady?

Val. At his house.

Gond. No, she is departed thence.

Val. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus; or let me be excus'd,
If what I speak betray her chastity,
And both increase my sorrow and your own.

Val. Fear me not so: if she deserve the fame
Which she hath gotten, I would have it publish'd,
Brand her myself, and whip her through the city:
I wish those of my blood that do offend
Should be more strictly punished than my foes.
Let it be prov'd!

Duke. Gondarino, thou shalt
Prove it, or suffer worse than she should do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one I love more dearly than myself,
Since, opening hers, I shall betray mine own.
But I will bring you where she now intends
Not to be virtuous: Pride and Wantonness,
That are true friends in deed, though not in show,
Have enter'd on her heart; there she doth bathe
And sleek her hair, and practise cunning looks

[1] *angels*] i. e. Gold coins worth about 10s. each.

To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts
As full of lust as ever you did think
Them full of modesty.

Duke. Gondarino, lead on; we'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Street before* JULIA'S *House.*

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and here hopes he to meet his scholar. I am sure I am grave enough to his eyes, and knave enough to deceive him: I am believed to conjure, raise storms and devils, by whose power I can do wonders; let him believe so still, belief hurts no man: I have an honest black cloak for my knavery, and a general pardon for his foolery from this present day till the day of his breaking. Is't not a misery, and the greatest of our age, to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench humble herself in an old stammel[1] petticoat, standing possessed of no more fringe than the street can allow her; her upper parts so poor and wanting, that ye may see her bones through her bodice? shoes she would have, if her captain were come over, and is content the while to devote herself to ancient slippers. These premises well considered, gentlemen, will move: they make me melt, I promise ye, they stir me much; and were't not for my smooth, soft, silken citizen, I would quit this transitory trade, get me an everlasting robe,[2] sear up my conscience, and turn sergeant. But here 'a comes is mine, as good as prize: Sir Pandarus, be my speed!

Enter Mercer.

You are most fitly met, sir.

Mercer. And you as well encountered. What of this heir? have[3] your books been propitious?

Pandar. Sir, 'tis done; she's come, she's in my house: make yourself apt for courtship, stroke up your stockings, lose not an inch of your legs' goodness: I am sure you wear socks.

Mercer. There your books fail you, sir; in truth I wear no socks.

Pandar. I would you had, sir! it were the sweeter grace for your legs. Get on your gloves: are they perfumed?[4]

Mercer. A pretty wash, I'll assure you.

Pandar. 'Twill serve. Your offers must be full of bounty;[5] velvets to furnish a gown, silks for petticoats and foreparts, shag for linings;[6] forget not some pretty jewel, to fasten after some little compliment. If she deny this courtesy, double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance: fulness of gifts, linked with a pleasing tongue, will win an anchorite. Sir, you are my friend, and friend to all that profess[7] good letters; I must not use this office else; it fits not for a scholar and a gentleman. Those stockings are of Naples, they are silk?

Mercer. You are again beside your text, sir; they are of the best of wool, and they [are] cleped[8] Jersey.[9]

Pandar. Sure, they are very dear?

Mercer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning!

Pandar. Pardon my judgment; we scholars use no other objects but our books.

Mercer. There is one thing entombed in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your scholarship.

Pandar. Sir, but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine own commendation, I would enquire it of you.

Mercer. Sure, you are very honest; and yet you have a kind of modest fear to shew it: do not deny it; that face of yours is a worthy, learned, modest face.

Pandar. Sir, I can blush.

Mercer. Virtue and grace are always paired together: but I will leave to stir your blood, sir; and now to our business.

Pandar. Forget not my instructions.

Mercer. I apprehend you, sir; I will gather myself together with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pandar. This was well worded, sir, and like a scholar.

Mercer. The Muses favour me, as my intents are virtuous! Sir, you shall be my tutor; 'tis never too late, sir, to love learning. When I can once speak true Latin ——

Pandar. What do you intend, sir?

Mercer. Marry, I will then beggar all your bawdy writers, and undertake, at the peril of my own invention, all pageants, posies for chimneys,[10] speeches for the Duke's entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay, I will build at mine own charge an hospital, to which shall retire all diseased opinions,[11] all broken poets, all prose-men that are fallen from small sense to mere letters; and it shall be lawful for a lawyer, if he be a civil man, though he have undone others and himself by the language, to retire to this poor life, and learn to be honest.

Pandar. Sir, you are very good and very

[1] *stammel*] i. e. a sort of red, coarser and cheaper than scarlet. "As if the scarlet robes of their honour had a stain of the *stammel* die in them." Fuller's *Holy State*, B. iv. ch. 12 p. 296, ed. 1642.

[2] *an everlasting robe*] i. e. a robe of the stuff called *everlasting*, or *perpetuana*, which was formerly worn by sergeants and other city-officers.

[3] *have*] Old eds. "hath."

[4] *perfumed*] On this passage Reed has a long note borrowed from Shakespeare's commentators. It is sufficient to observe, that perfumed gloves (in which Queen Elizabeth had "taken pleasure") were still very fashionable when the present play was written.

[5] *Your offers must be full of bounty*, &c.] "So Shakespeare, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:

'Win her with *gifts*, if she respect not words;
Dumb *jewels* often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.'"

REED.

[6] *linings*] So 4to, 1607. Other eds. "lining."

[7] *profess*] Old eds. "professes."

[8] *cleped*] i. e. called. — Old eds. "cleeped," "clypped," "clipped."

[9] *Jersey*] These, as well as silk stockings, were articles of luxury and fashion.

[10] *posies for chimneys*] "Inscriptions on different parts of the house, and particularly on chimnies, containing instructions to the servants, and other lessons of morality, were very usual at the time. Tusser has collections of posies for the hall, the parlour, the guests' chamber, and 'for thine own bed-chamber.'" WEBER.

[11] *opinions*] i. e. "reputations." WEBER.

charitable; you are a true pattern for the city, sir.

Mercer. Sir, I do know sufficiently, their shop-books cannot save them; there is a further end —

Pandar. Oh, sir, much may be done by manuscript.

Mercer. I do confess it, sir, provided still they be canonical, and have some worthy hands set to 'em for probation. But we forget ourselves.

Pandar. Sir, enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue!

Mercer. All that love learning pray for my good success! [*Exit into the house.*

Enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

Laz. Boy, whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir, by all tokens, this is the house; bawdy, I am sure, because of the broken windows: the fish-head is within; if you dare venture, here you may surprise it.

Laz. The misery of man may fitly be compared to a didapper, who, when she is under water, past our sight, and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again, shakes but herself, and is the same she was; so is it still with transitory man. This day, oh, but an hour since! and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mighty in blessed means, and was so truly happy, that I durst have said, "Live, Lazarillo, and be satisfied!" But now ——

Boy. Sir, you are yet afloat, and may recover; be not your own wreck: here lies the harbour; go in, and ride at ease.

Laz. Boy, I am received to be a gentleman, a courtier, and a man of action, modest and wise, and, be it spoken with thy reverence,[1] child, abounding virtuous; and wouldst thou have a man of these choice habits covet the cover of a bawdy-house? Yet, if I go not in, I am but —

Boy. But what, sir?

Laz. Dust, boy, but dust; and my soul, unsatisfied, shall haunt the keepers of my blessed saint, and I will appear.

Boy. An ass to all men. [*Aside.*] — Sir, these are no means to stay your appetite; you must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house subject to martial law[2] ——

Boy. If that be all, sir, you may enter, for you can know nothing here that the court is ignorant of; only the more eyes shall look upon you, for there they wink one at another's faults.

Laz. If I do not —

Boy. Then you must beat fairly back again, fall to your physical mess of porridge and the twice-sacked carcass of a capon: fortune may favour you so much to send the bread to it; but it's a mere venture, and money may be put out upon it.[3]

Laz. I will go in and live; pretend some love to the gentlewoman, screw myself in affection, and so be satisfied.

Pandar. This fly is caught, is meshed already; I will suck him, and lay him by. [*Aside.*

Boy. Muffle yourself in your cloak, by any means; 'tis a received thing among gallants, to walk to their lechery as though they had the rheum. 'Twas well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why, boy?

Boy. Faith, sir, 'tis the fashion of our gentry to have their horses wait at door like men, while the beasts their masters are within at rack and manger; 'twould have discovered much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, forms, and grave
Respects of what I am, and be myself;[4]
Only my appetite, my fire, my soul,
My being, my dear appetite, shall go
Along with me;
Arm'd with whose strength I fearless will attempt
The greatest danger dare oppose my fury.
I am resolv'd, wherever that thou art,
Most sacred dish, hid from unhallow'd eyes,
To find thee out:
Be'st thou in hell, rap'd by Proserpina,[5]
To be a rival in black Pluto's love;
Or mov'st thou in the heavens, a form divine,
Lashing the lazy spheres; or if thou be'st
Return'd to thy first being, thy mother sea,
There will I seek thee forth: earth, air, nor fire,
Nor the black shades below shall bar my sight,
So daring is my powerful appetite!

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut: you have forgot yourself; the fish-head's here; your own imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my boy.

[1] *with thy reverence*] "The editors [of 1778] think that Lazarillo alludes to the old Latin saying —

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia;

but he is speaking of the reverence the boy ought to have for him, not his respect to the boy." MASON.

[2] *Were not the house subject to martial law*] "That is, subject to the inspection of the Marshalsea, for in page 117 the Pandar says, 'Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him, thou mayest use thy trade, free from constables and marshals.' The public stews of London were formerly established in Southwark, within the precincts of the Marshalsea." MASON.

[3] *but it's a mere venture, and money may be put out upon it*] An allusion to the custom (formerly very common) for those who undertook expeditions to *put out* sums of money on condition of receiving them back trebled, quadrupled, or quintupled, at the completion of their voyages or journies. They forfeited of course the deposit, if they did not perform what they had undertaken.

[4] *Respects of what I am, and be myself*] "Seward says, 'How could Lazarillo change himself in all outward respects, and yet continue to be himself, and then again except his appetite, which should stay with him? The Duke below [p. 118], when disguised, says, *We are not ourselves*: but without this confirmation 'twas evident at the first sight that a *negative* was omitted. He therefore reads, *and be* NO MORE *myself*. We apprehend this addition to be unnecessary, and to pervert the sense. Lazarillo says, 'he will lay by outward forms, which are no part of himself, and carry with him only his passions, soul, and being, which are his very self. In short, I will lay by these *forms*, and be *myself*.'" ED. 1778.

[5] *rap'd by Proserpina*] i. e. snatched away by Proserpina. The editors of 1778 give, "by rap'd Proserpina," and they "apprehend every reader will see the necessity of the transposition here made." This alteration (which Weber adopted) is certainly very specious, but I believe the old reading to be right.

Boy. Faith, sir, term it what you will, you must use other terms before you can get it.

Laz. *The looks of my sweet love are fair,*[1]
Fresh and feeding as the air.

Boy. Sir, you forget yourself.

Laz. *Was never seen so rare a head*
Of any fish, alive or dead.

Boy. Good sir, remember: this is the house, sir.

Laz. *Cursed be he that dare not venture* ——

Boy. Pity yourself, sir, and leave this fury.

Laz. *For such a prize! and so I enter.*

[LAZARILLO *and* Boy *exeunt into the house.*

Pandar. Dun's i' the mire;[2] get out again how he can!
My honest gallant, I'll shew you one trick more
Than e'er the fool your father dream'd of yet.
Madonna Julia!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. What news, my sweet rogue? my dear sin's broker, what good news?

Pandar. There is a kind of ignorant thing, much like a courtier, now gone in.

Julia. Is he gallant?

Pandar. He shines not very gloriously,
Nor does he wear one skin perfum'd to keep
The other sweet; his coat is not in or,
Nor does the world run yet on wheels with him;
He's rich enough, and has a small thing follows him,
Like to a boat tied to a tall ship's tail.
Give him entertainment;
Be light and flashing, like a meteor;
Hug him about the neck, give him a kiss,
And lisping cry, "Good sir!" and he's thine own
As fast as he were tied to thine arms by indenture.

Julia. I dare do more
Than this, if he be o' the true court-cut;
I'll take him out a lesson worth the learning:
But we are but their apes. What is he worth?

Pandar. Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him, thou mayest use thy trade, free from constables and marshals. Who hath been here since I went out?

Julia. There is a gentlewoman sent hither by a lord: she's a piece of dainty stuff, my rogue, smooth and soft as new satin: she was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted.[3]

Pandar. Where lies she?

Julia. She lies above, towards the street; not to be spoke with but by the lord that sent her or some from him, we have in charge from his servants.

Re-enter LAZARILLO *and* Boy.

Pandar. Peace; he comes out again upon discovery. Up with all your canvas, hale him in; and, when thou hast done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant pinnace!

Julia. Be gone: I shall do reason with him.

[*Exit* Pandar.

Laz. Are you the special beauty of this house?

Julia. Sir, you have given it a more special regard by your good language than these black brows can merit.

Laz. Lady, you are fair.

Julia. Fair, sir? I thank you:
All the poor means I have left to be thought grateful,
Is but a kiss, and you shall have it, sir.

[LAZARILLO *kisses her.*

Laz. You have a very moving lip.

Julia. Prove it again, sir; it may be your sense
Was set too high, and so o'er-wrought itself.

Laz. [*Kissing her.*] 'Tis still the same. How far may you hold the time to be spent, lady?

Julia. Four o'clock, sir.

Laz. I have not eat to-day.

Julia. You will have the better stomach to your supper;
In the mean time I'll feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an empty stomach: if it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eat.

Julia. Sir, we can have a capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Julia. 'Tis Friday, sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these days.

Julia. Come, sweet, you shall not think on meat
I'll drown with a better appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more strangely; I must eat.

Julia. 'Tis now too late to send: I say you shall not think on meat; if you do, by this kiss, I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more sprightful, had I eaten, and more lasting.

Julia. What will you have, sir? name but the fish,
My maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Methinks your house should not be so unfurnish'd,
As not to have some pretty modicum.

Julia. It is so now: but, could you stay till supper ——

[1] *The looks of my sweet love are fair, &c.*] Perhaps, as the editors of 1778 remark, Lazarillo here parodies some verses well-known at the time.

[2] *Dun's i' the mire*] This expression, of frequent occurrence in our early writers, was first properly explained by Gifford. "*Dun is in the mire!* is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A *log* of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is *Dun* (the cart-horse) and a cry is raised that he is *stuck* in *the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes." Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vii. 283.

[3] *she was never gummed yet, boy, nor fretted*] "Both terms were usually applied to velvet. So in Henry IV. Part I., Poins says to the prince — 'I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he *frets* like a *gummed* velvet.' . . . To understand the allusion in the text fully, it should be recollected *that velvet seems to have been an usual dress of bawds and courtezans.*" WEBER. What nonsense! Does not Julia talk of *satin?* — which (as well as velvet) was sometimes stiffened with gum, either to make it sit well, or to give it a gloss: its *fretting* was the consequence of its being thus hardened. Compare Middleton's *Works*, iv. 443. ed. Dyce

Laz. Sure, I have offended highly and much, and my inflictions make it manifest. I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and die forgotten. [*Aside.*

Julia. Sir, I must crave your pardon; I had forgot myself. I have a dish of meat within, and it is fish; I think this dukedom holds not a daintier; 'tis an umbrana's head.

Laz. Lady, this kiss is yours, and this. [*Kisses her.*

Julia. Ho, within there!
Cover the board, and set the fish-head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truly happy, so much above all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man durst say, "Remember, Lazarillo, thou art mortal!" [*Aside.*

Enter two Intelligencers *with* a Guard.

Sec. Int. This is the villain; lay hands on him. [*The* Guard *seize* LAZARILLO.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus entreated? what is the nature of my crime?

Sec. Int. Sir, though you have carried it a great while privately, and (as you think) well, yet we have seen you, sir, and we do know thee, Lazarillo, for a traitor.

Laz. The gods defend our Duke!

Sec. Int. Amen. Sir, sir,
This cannot save that stiff neck from the halter.

Julia. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him: he should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he called for fish.[1]

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour ——

First. Int. Sir, you shall have law, and nothing else.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two; for I protest I am yet fasting.

Julia. I'll have no traitor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish myself I had been traitor: I have strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience. Man, thou art but grass, thou art a bubble, and thou must fish.
Then lead along; I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have lost my hopes, welcome my fall!

Sec. Int. Away, sir!

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two hours! I doubt not but I shall be discharged; by this light, I will marry thee!

Julia. You shall marry me first, then.

Laz. I do contract myself unto thee now, before these gentlemen.

Julia. I'll preserve it till you be hanged or quitted.

Laz. Thanks, thanks!

Sec. Int. Away, away! you shall thank her at the gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exeunt* LAZARILLO, Boy, Intelligencers, *and* Guard.

Julia. If he live, I'll have him; if he be hanged, there's no loss in it. [*Exit into the house.*

ORIANA *and* Waiting-woman *appear at a window.*

Ori. Hast thou provided one to bear my letter to my brother?

Wait. I have inquired; but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to be carried from you but such as the lord Gondarino shall be acquainted with: truly, madam, I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Ori. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. Faith, I am loath to tell it, madam.

Ori. Out with it! 'Tis not true modesty to fear to speak that thou dost think.

Wait. I think it be one of these same bawdy-houses.

Ori. 'Tis no matter, wench; we are warm in it: keep thou thy mind pure, and, upon my word, that name will do thee no hurt. I cannot force myself yet to fear any thing: when I do get out, I'll have another encounter with my woman-hater. Here will I sit: I may get sight of some of my friends; it must needs be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter DUKE, GONDARINO, VALORE, *and* ARRIGO, *disguised.*

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguised? for this house, where she attends me, is not to be visited in our own shapes.

Duke. We are not ourselves.

Arr. I know the house to be sinful enough; yet I have been heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my own likeness.

Duke. Where's Lucio?

Arr. My lord, he said the affairs of the commonwealth would not suffer him to attend always.

Duke. Some great ones, questionless, that he will handle.

Val. Come, let us enter.

Gond. See, how Fortune strives to revenge my quarrel upon these women! she's in the window: were it not to undo her, I should not look upon her. [*Aside.*

Duke. Lead us, Gondarino.

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,
Look there! — and you, my lord, know you that face?

Duke. 'Tis she.

Val. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest virtue ever was
Dissimulation; she that still hath strove

1 *when he call'd for fish*] "In King Lear, one of Kent's articles of self-recommendation is, that he eats no *fish*: the following explanation is there given by Warburton. — 'In Queen Elizabeth's time the papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *he's an honest man, and eats no fish*, to signify he's a friend to the government and a protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his Woman-Hater, who makes the courtezan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the umbrana's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor, 'Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him: he should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he *called for fish*.' And Marston's Dutch Courtezan: 'I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish a Fridays*.'" Ed. 1778. *Perhaps*, Warburton is right.

More to sin cunningly than to avoid it;
She that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most virtuous when she did deserve most scandal;
'Tis she that itches now, and, in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my coming to allay her lust.
Leave her; forget she is thy sister.

Val. Stay, stay!

Duke. I am as full of this as thou canst be;
The memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose and wandering thoughts
From any woman.

Val. This will not down with me; I dare not trust
This fellow.

Duke. Leave her here: that only shall be
Her punishment, never to be fetched from hence,
But let her use her trade to get her living.

Val. Stay, good my lord! I do believe all this; as great men as I have had known whores to their sisters, and have laughed at it. I would fain hear how she talks, since she grew thus light: will your grace make him shew himself to her, as if he were now come to satisfy her longing? whilst we, unseen of her, overhear her wantonness. Let's make our best of it now; we shall have good mirth.

Duke. Do it, Gondarino.

Gond. I must: Fortune, assist me but this once! [*Aside.*

Val. Here we shall stand unseen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam! Oriana!

Ori. Who's that? Oh, my lord.

Gond. Shall I come up?

Ori. Oh, you are merry: shall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Ori. What is the confession of the lie you made to the Duke, which I scarce believe yet you had impudence enough to do? Did it not gain you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your lordship's bestowing till you had recovered my credit, and confessed yourself a liar, as you pretended to do? I confess I began to fear you, and desired to be out of your house; but your own followers forced me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected;
Dissemble still, for there are some may hear us.

Ori. More tricks yet, my lord? What house this is, I know not; I only know myself: it were a great conquest, if you could fasten a scandal upon me. Faith, my lord, give me leave to write to my brother.

Duke. Come down!

Val. Come down!

Arr. If it please your grace, there's a back-door.

Val. Come, meet us there then.

[ORIANA *and* Waiting-woman *disappear from the window.*

Duke. It seems you are acquainted with the house.

Arr. I have been in it.

Gond. She saw you, and dissembled.

Duke. Sir, we shall know that better.

Gond. Bring me unto her: if I prove her not
To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd
Of all her sex. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — LUCIO'S *Apartment.*

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Now, whilst the young Duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practise in the state,
Must pick our times, and set our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may prove most fit
For the main good of the dear commonwealth.
Who's within there?

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord?

Lucio. Secretary, fetch the gown I use to read petitions in, and the standish I answer French letters with; and call in the gentleman that attends. [*Exit* Secretary.
Little know they that do not deal in state,
How many things there are to be observ'd,
Which seem but little; yet by one of us
(Whose brains do wind about the commonwealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Re-enter Secretary *with* Gentleman.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secrecy, I would not have appeared to you thus ignorantly attired, without a toothpick in a ribband,[1] or a ring in my bandstring.

Gent. Your lordship sent for me?

Lucio. I did. Sir, your long practice in the state, under a great man, hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My lord!

Lucio. Spare not your modesty to excuse it. In short, and in private, I desire your direction. I take my study already to be furnished after a grave and wise method.

Gent. What will this lord do? [*Aside.*

Lucio. My book-strings are suitable and of a reaching[2] colour.

Gent. How's this? [*Aside.*

Lucio. My standish of wood strange and sweet, and my fore-flap[3] hangs in the right place and as near Machiavel's as can be gathered by tradition.

Gent. Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fools in their lodgings? This lord must be followed. [*Aside.*] — And hath your lordship some new-made words to

[1] *a toothpick in a ribband*] "Travellers, and all those who imitated foreign fashions, affected to use toothpicks, which, till about the year 1600, appear to have been unknown in England." WEBER.

[2] *reaching*] "Which Seward would not have changed for *teaching*, had he recollected that *reaching* means penetrating." MASON.

[3] *fore-flap*] i. e. "bands." WEBER.

scatter in your speeches in public, to gain note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner?

Lucio. I have, sir; and, besides, my several gowns and caps agreeable to my several occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well: and you have learned to write a bad hand, that the readers may take pains for it?

Lucio. Yes, sir; and I give out I have the palsy.

Gent. Good. — 'Twere better though if you had it. [*Aside.*] — Your lordship hath a secretary that can write fair when you purpose to be understood?

Lucio. Faith, sir, I have one; there he stands; he hath been my secretary these seven years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is not amiss, so he keep his own counsel. Your lordship hath no hope of the gout?

Lucio. Uh! little, sir, since the pain in my right foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be some scandal to your wisdom, though I see your lordship knows enough in public business.

Lucio. I am not employed though to my desert in occasions foreign, nor frequented for matters domestical.

Gent. Not frequented? what course takes your lordship?

Lucio. The readiest way; my door stands wide,[1] my secretary knows I am not denied to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your lordship is out of the way: make a back-door to let out intelligencers; seem to be ever busy, and put your door under keepers, and you shall have a troop of clients sweating to come at you.

Lucio. I have a back-door already: I will henceforth be busy. — Secretary, run and keep the door. [*Exit* Secretary.

Gent. This will fetch 'em.

Lucio. I hope so.

Re-enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord, there are some require access to you about weighty affairs of state.

Lucio. Already?

Gent. I told you so.

Lucio. How weighty is the business?

Secr. Treason, my lord.

Lucio. Sir, my debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I will leave your lordship now.

Lucio. Sir, my death must be sudden, if I requite you not. At the back-door, good sir.

Gent. I will be your lordship's intelligencer for once. [*Exit.*

Secr. My lord!

Lucio. Let 'em in, and say I am at my study. [*Retires behind the curtain.*[2]

Secretary *brings in* LAZARILLO *and two* Intelligencers.

First Int. Where is your lord?

Secr. At his study; but he will have you brought in.

Laz. Why, gentlemen, what will you charge me withal?

Sec. Int. Treason, horrible treason: I hope to have the leading of thee to prison, and prick thee on i' th' arse with a halbert; to have him hanged that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laz. My thread is spun; yet, might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallows, instead of a psalm, it were to be endured.

[Secretary *draws the curtain.*

The curtain opens; now my end draws on. [*Aside.*

Lucio. Gentlemen, I am not empty of weighty occasions at this time. I pray you, your business.

First Int. My lord, I think we have discovered one of the most bloody traitors that ever the world held.

Lucio. Signor Lazarillo, I am glad you are one of this discovery: give me your hand.

Sec. Int. My lord, that is the traitor.

Lucio. Keep him off!

I would not for my whole estate have touch'd him.

Laz. My lord ——

Lucio. Peace, sir! I know the devil is at your tongue's end, to furnish you with speeches. — What are the particulars you charge him with. [*They deliver a paper to* LUCIO.

Both Int. We have conferred our notes, and have extracted that which we will justify upon our oaths.

Lucio. [Reads.] *That he would be greater than the Duke; that he had cast plots for this, and meant to corrupt some to betray him; that he would burn the city, kill the Duke, and poison the privy-council; and, lastly, kill himself.* Though thou deservest justly to be hanged with silence, yet I allow thee to speak: be short.

Laz. My lord, so may my greatest wish succeed,
So may I live, and compass what I seek,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of any creatures but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, fishes, and such other human food,
As is provided for the good of man!
If stealing custards, tarts, and florentines,[3]
By some late statute be created treason,
How many fellow-courtiers can I bring,
Whose long attendance and experience
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I!

Lucio. Peace! Such hath ever been the clemency of my gracious master the Duke in all his proceedings, that I had thought, and

[1] *wide*] So 4to. 1607. Other eds. "winde" and "wind."

[2] *Retires behind the curtain*] Not in old eds., which presently, however, give the stage-direction "*Secretary draws the curtain.*" It ought to be remembered that curtains (called also *traverses*) were formerly, on various occasions, used as substitutes for scenes.

[3] *florentines*] "This is a kind of pie, differing from a pasty by having no crust beneath the meat. A *veal florentine* is a dish well known in ancient Scottish cookery." WEBER. [Qy. Sir W. Scott?] See Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

thought I had thought rightly, that Malice would long ere this have hid herself in her den, and have turned her own sting against her own heart; but I well now perceive that so froward is the disposition of a depraved nature, that it doth not only seek revenge where it hath received injury, but many times thirst after their destruction where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But, my good lord ——

Sec. Int. Let's gag him.

Lucio. Peace! again? — but many times thirst after [their] destruction where it hath met with benefits — there I left. Such, and no better, are the business that we have now in hand.

First Int. He's excellently spoken.

Sec. Int. He'll wind a traitor, I warrant him.

Lucio. But surely, methinks, setting aside the touch of conscience, and all other inward convulsions ——

Sec. Int. He'll be hanged, I know by that word.

Laz. Your lordship may consider ——

Lucio. Hold thy peace! thou canst not answer this speech; no traitor can answer it. But, because you cannot answer this speech, I take it you have confessed the treason.

First Int. The count Valore was the first that discovered him, and can witness it; but he left the matter to your lordship's grave consideration.

Lucio. I thank his lordship. Carry him away speedily to the Duke.

Laz. Now, Lazarillo, thou art tumbled down
The hill of Fortune with a violent arm:
All plagues that can be, famine and the sword,
Will light upon thee; black despair will boil
In thy despairing breast; no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh!

Lucio. Away with him! I'll follow you. Look you pinion him, and take his money from him, lest he swallow a shilling, and kill himself.

Sec. Int. Get thou on before! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, VALORE, GONDARINO, *and* ARRIGO.

Duke. Now, Gondarino, what can you put on now
That may again deceive us?
Have you more strange illusions, yet more mists,
Through which the weak eye may be led to error?
What can you say that may do satisfaction
Both for her wronged honour and your ill?

Gond. All I can say, or may, is said already:
She is unchaste, or else I have no knowledge,
I do not breathe nor have the use of sense.

Duke. Dare you be yet so wilful-ignorant
Of your own nakedness? did not your servants,
In mine own hearing, confess
They brought her to that house we found her in,
Almost by force, and with a great distrust
Of some ensuing hazard?

Val. He that hath begun so worthily,
It fits not with his resolution
To leave off thus, my lord. I know these are
But idle proofs. What says your lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet
Pronounce again, thy sister is not honest.

Val. You are yourself, my lord; I like your settledness.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in
The dark hidden ways of women: thou dar'st affirm
With confidence, a lady of fifteen
May be a maid?

Val. Sir, if it were not so,
I have a sister would sit[1] near my heart.

Gond. Let her sit near her shame! it better fits her.
Call back the blood that made your[2] stream in nearness,
And turn the current to a better use:
'Tis too much mudded; I do grieve to know it.

Duke. Dar'st thou make up again? dar'st thou turn face,
Knowing we know thee?
Hast thou not been discover'd openly?
Did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings?
Did we not see her blush with modest anger,
To be so overtaken by a trick?
Can you deny this, lord?

Gond. Had not your grace and her kind brother been
Within level of her eye, you should have had a hotter
Volley from her, more full of blood and fire,
Ready to leap the window where she stood;
So truly sensual is her appetite.

Duke. Sir, sir,
These are but words and tricks: give me the proof!

Val. What need a better proof than your lordship? I am sure
You have lain with her, my lord.

Gond. I have confess'd it, sir.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit without witness.

Gond. Does your grace think we carry seconds with us,
To search [illegible] and see fair play? Your grace hath been
Ill-tutored in the business: but if you hope
To try her truly, and satisfy yourself
What frailty is, give her the test.
Do not remember, count, she is your sister;
Nor let my lord the Duke believe she's fair;
But put her to it without hope or pity.
Then ye shall see that golden form fly off,
That all eyes wonder at for pure and fix'd,
And under it base blushing copper; metal
Not worth the meanest honour:
You shall behold her then, my lord, transparent, look through
Her heart, and view the spirits how they leap;
And tell me then I did belie the lady.

Duke. It shall be done.
Come, Gondarino, bear us company.

[1] *sit*] Old eds. "set." The meaning of this speech, which Seward could not fathom, was obvious even to Weber, — "If a girl of fifteen might not be a maid, I should feel great uneasiness on account of my sister."

[2] *your*] An alteration by Seward. Old eds. "our." Qy. "one"?

We do believe thee : she shall die, and thou
Shalt see it.

Enter LAZARILLO *bound, two* Intelligencers, *and* Guard.

How now, my friends? who have you guarded hither?

Sec. Int. So please your grace, we have discovered a villain and a traitor: the lord Lucio hath examined him, and sent him to your grace for judgment.

Val. My lord, I dare
Absolve him from all sin of treason: I know
His most ambition is but a dish of meat,
Which he hath hunted with so true a scent,
That he deserveth the collar, not the halter.[1]

Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up?
The poor man had more need have some warm meat,
To comfort his cold stomach.

Val. Your grace shall have
The cause hereafter, when you may laugh more freely.
But these are call'd informers; men that live
By treason, as rat-catchers do by poison.

Duke. Would there were
No heavier prodigies hung over us
Than this poor fellow! I durst redeem all perils,
Ready to pour themselves upon this state,
With a cold custard.

Val. Your grace
Might do it without danger to your person.

Laz. My lord, if ever I intended treason
Against your person or the state, unless
It were by wishing from your table some dish
Of meat, which I must needs confess was not
A subject's part; or coveting by stealth
Sups from those noble bottles, that no mouth,
Keeping allegiance true, should dare to taste, —
I must confess, with more than covetous eye
I have beheld those dear concealèd dishes,
That have been brought in by cunning equipage,
To wait upon your grace's palate:
I do confess, out of this present heat,
I have had stratagems and ambuscadoes;
But, God be thankèd, they have never took!

Duke. Count,
This business is your own: when you have done,
Repair to us.

Val. I will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, GONDARINO, *and* ARRIGO.

Lazarillo,
You are at liberty; be your own man again;
And, if you can, be master of your wishes;
I wish it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thank your lordship! I must be unmannerly: I have some present business. Once more, I heartily thank your lordship.

[*Exit.*

Val. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell.
You think you have deserv'd much of this state
By this discovery: ye're a slavish people,
Grown subject to the common curse[2] of all men.
How much unhappy were that noble spirit,
Could work by such base engines![3] What misery
Would not a knowing man put on with willingness,
Ere he [would] see himself grown fat and full-fed
By fall of those you rise by? I do discharge
You my attendance: our healthful state
Needs no such leeches to suck out her blood.

First Int. I do beseech your lordship ——

Sec. Int. Good my lord ——

Val. Go, learn to be more honest: when I see
You work your means from honest industry,
I will be willing to accept your labours;
Till then I will keep back my promis'd favours.

[*Exeunt* Intelligencers *and* Guard.

Here comes another remnant of folly: I must dispatch him too.

Enter LUCIO.

Now, lord Lucio, what business brings you hither?

Lucio. Faith, sir, I am discovering what will become of that notable piece of treason intended by that varlet Lazarillo; I have sent him to the Duke for judgment.

Val. Sir, you have performed the part of a most careful statesman; and, let me say it to your face, sir, of a father to this state: I would wish you to retire, and insconce yourself in study; for such is your daily labour and our fear, that the[4] loss of an hour may breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir, I will be commanded by your judgment; and though I find it a trouble scant to be waded through by these weak years, yet, for the dear care of the commonwealth, I will bruise my brains, and confine myself to much vexation.

Val. Go; and mayest thou knock down treason like an ox!

Lucio. Amen! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, *and* FRANCISSINA.

Mercer. Have I spoke thus much in the honour of learning, learned the names of the seven liberal sciences before my marriage, and since have in haste written epistles congratulatory to the nine Muses; and is she proved a whore and a beggar?

[1] *he deserveth the collar, not the halter.*] "i. e. he deserves the *steward's chain*, rather than to be *hanged*." REED.
"Mr. R. says, that *collar* means the steward's chain; but that was not a collar. I think it rather means a collar of brawn; unless it were customary at the time to ornament with a collar the dog that had distinguished himself in the chase, which I believe was the case; for Richelet in his French Dictionary says, that '*Un chien à grand collier est un chien qui conduit les autres: ces mots se disent figurativement d'un habile homme qui a grand crédit parmi ceux de sa compagnie, et qui entraine les autres à ses opinions.*' This appears to me an explanation of the passage." MASON.
Surely, the context proves that the allusion is to the collar of a hound.

[2] *curse*] Old eds. "course."

[3] *base engines*] Old eds. "baser gaines," (and "gains.") Corrected by Sympson.

[4] *the*] So some copies of 4to. 1607. Other copies of that 4to. and later eds. "our." The modern editors give "your."

Pandar. 'Tis true. You are not now to be taught that no man can be learned of a sudden: let not your first project discourage you; what you have lost in this, you may get again in alchymy.

Fran. Fear not, husband; I hope to make as good a wife as the best of your neighbours have and as honest.

Mercer. I will go home. Good sir, do not publish this; as long as it runs amongst ourselves, 'tis good honest mirth. You'll come home to supper? I mean to have all her friends and mine, as ill as it goes.

Pandar. Do wisely, sir, and bid your own friends; your whole wealth will scarce feast all hers: neither is it for your credit to walk the streets with a woman so noted; get you home, and provide her clothes; let her come an hour hence with an hand-basket, and shift herself; she'll serve to sit at the upper end of the table, and drink to your customers.

Mercer. Art is just, and will make me amends.

Pandar. No doubt, sir.

Mercer. The chief note of a scholar, you say, is to govern his passions; wherefore I do take all patiently: in sign of which, my most dear wife, I do kiss thee. Make haste home after me; I shall be in my study.

Pandar. Go, avaunt! [*Exit* Mercer.] — My new city-dame, send me what you promised me for consideration, and mayest thou prove a lady!

Fran. Thou shalt have it; his silks shall fly for it. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. — *The Street before* Julia's *House.*

Enter Lazarillo *and* Boy.

Laz. How sweet is a calm after a tempest! what is there now that can stand betwixt me and felicity? I have gone through all my crosses constantly, have confounded my enemies, and know where to have my longing satisfied; I have my way before me: there's the door, and I may freely walk in to my delights. Knock, boy! [Boy *knocks.*

Julia. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Laz. Madonna, my love! not guilty! not guilty! Open the door!

Enter Julia *from the house.*

Julia. Art thou come, sweetheart?

Laz. Yes, to thy soft embraces, and the rest
Of my overflowing blisses.
Come, let us in, and swim in our delights;
A short grace as we go, and so to meat!

Julia. Nay, my dear love, you must bear with me in this; we'll to the church first.

Laz. Shall I be sure of it then?

Julia. By my love, you shall!

Laz. I am content; for I do now wish to hold off longer, to whet my appetite, and do desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquer them:
And, as a holy lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh and tears,
Whilst he pursu'd his wench, and hath observ'd
Her[1] smiles and frowns, not daring to displease;
When [he][2] at last hath with his service won
Her yielding heart, that she begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his neck, and woos him more
Than ever he desir'd her love before;
[He] then begins to flatter his desert,
And, growing wanton, needs will cast her off;
Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to encrease his pleasing appetite.

Julia. Come, mouse, will you walk?

Laz. I pray thee, let me be delivered of the joy I am so big with: I do feel that high heat within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortal.
How I contemn my fellows in the court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse,
And in a lower and an humbler key
Did walk and meditate on grosser meats!
There are they still, poor rogues, shaking their chops,
And sneaking after cheeses, and do run
Headlong in chase of every jack[3] of beer
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight that ever set his tooth
To a dear novelty. Approach, my love;
Come, let us go to knit the true love's knot,
That never can be broken!

Boy. That is, to marry a whore. [*Aside.*

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste the gift
Which fates have sent, my fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you'll begin to repent upon a full stomach: but I see, 'tis but a form in destiny, not to be altered. [*Aside.*]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *An Apartment in the Palace*[4] *with a Gallery.*

Enter Arrigo *and* Oriana *below;* Duke, Valore, *and* Gondarino *above.*

Ori. Sir, what may be the current of your business,
That thus you single out your time and place?

Arr. Madam, the business now impos'd upon me
Concerns you nearly;
I wish some worser man might finish it.

Ori. Why are you changed so? are you not well, sir?

Arr. Yes, madam, I am well: would you were so!

Ori. Why, sir, I feel myself in perfect health.

Arr. And yet you cannot live long, madam.

Ori. Why, good Arrigo?

Arr. Why, you must die.

[1] *Her*] A correction by Heath. (*MS. Notes.*) Old eds. "The."

[2] *He*] Inserted here, and in the next line but four, by Seward.

[3] *jack*] "i. e. a kind of leathern tankard." Weber.

[4] *An Apartment in the Palace, &c.*] So Weber; and rightly, perhaps, as Oriana at p. 125 desires the Duke to take his "state." The poet probably left the location of the scene to the imagination of the audience: see note, p. 106.

Ori. I know I must;
But yet my fate calls not upon me.
Arr. It does;
This hand the Duke commands shall give you death.
Ori. Heaven and the powers divine, guard well the innocent!
Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your soul some good,
But sure your body cannot merit[1] by 'em:
You must prepare to die.
Ori. What's my offence? what have these years committed,
That may be dangerous to the Duke or state?
Have I conspir'd by poison? have I given up
My honour to some loose unsettled blood,
That may give action to my plots? dear sir,
Let me not die ignorant of my faults!
Arr. You shall not.
Then, lady, you must know, you are held unhonest:
The Duke, your brother, and your friends in court,
With too much grief condemn you; though to me
The fault deserves not to be paid with death.
Ori. Who's my accuser?
Arr. Lord Gondarino.
Ori. Arrigo, take these words, and bear them to the Duke;
It is the last petition I shall ask thee.
Tell him, the child this present hour brought forth
To see the world has not a soul more pure,
More white, more virgin, than I have; tell him,
Lord Gondarino's plot I suffer for,
And willingly; tell him, it had been
A greater honour to have sav'd than kill'd:
But I have done: strike! I am arm'd for heaven.
Why stay you? is there any hope?
Arr. I would not strike.
Ori. Have you the power to save?
Arr. With hazard of my life, if it should be known.
Ori. You will not venture that?
Arr. I will: lady,
There is that means yet to escape your death,
If you can wisely apprehend it.
Ori. You dare not be so kind?
Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve it.
Ori. If I should slight my life, I were to blame.
Arr. Then, madam,
This is the means, or else you die: I love you —
Ori. I shall believe it, if you save my life.
Arr. And you must lie with me.
Ori. I dare not buy my life so.
Arr. Come, you must resolve; say yea or no.
Ori. Then, no! Nay, look not ruggedly upon me;
I am made up too strong to fear such looks:
Come, do your butcher's part! before
I would win[2] life with the dear loss of honour,
I dare find means to free myself.
Arr. Speak, will you yield?
Ori. Villain, I will not! murderer, do the[3] worst
Thy base unnoble thoughts dare prompt thee to!
I am above thee, slave!
Arr. Wilt thou not be drawn
To yield by fair persuasions?
Ori. No, nor by ——
Arr. Peace! know your doom then: your ladyship must remember
You are not now at home, where you dare jest
At all[4] that come about you; but you are fallen
Under my mercy, which shall be but small,
If thou refuse to yield: hear what I have sworn
Unto myself; I will enjoy thee, though it be
Between the parting of thy soul and body;
Yield yet, and live!
Ori. I'll guard the one; let Heaven guard the other!
Arr. Are you so resolute then?
Duke. Hold, hold, I say!
[*Exeunt above* DUKE, VALORE, *and* GONDARINO.
Ori. What, have I yet[5] more terror to my tragedy?
Arr. Lady, the scene of blood is done;
You are now as free from scandal as from death.

Enter DUKE, VALORE, *and* GONDARINO.

Duke. Thou woman, which wert born to teach men virtue,
Fair, sweet, and modest maid, forgive my thoughts!
My trespass was my love. —
Seize Gondarino: let him wait our dooms.
Gond. I do begin a little to love this woman;
I could endure her already twelve miles off.
[*Aside.*
Val. Sister,
I am glad you have brought your honour off so fairly,
Without loss; you have done a work above your sex:
The Duke admires it; give him fair encounter.
Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand,
And call it mine?
Ori. I am your grace's handmaid.
Duke. Would you had said myself! might it not be so, lady?

[1] *merit*] "The word *merit* is here used in a very uncommon sense, and signifies to derive profit or advantage. So in Thierry and Theodoret, Ordella says —

'And if in my poor death fair France may *merit*,
Give me a thousand blows!'" MASON.

[2] *win*] So some copies of 4to. 1607; other copies of that 4to., and later eds. "wish," which the modern editors give.
[3] *the*] Old eds. "thy."
[4] *jest*
At all] So some copies of 4to. 1607, where the spelling is "ieast at all;" other copies "feast at all." Later eds. "feast all," which the modern editors give. Such was the progress of the corruption in this passage.
[5] *What, have I yet*] So some copies of 4to. 1607: other copies of that 4to., and later eds. "What I? yet," which Seward gives. — "As the *I* is undoubtedly an interpolation, we have discarded it," say the editors of 1778, whom Weber follows!

Val. Sister, say ay; I know you can afford it.
Ori. My lord, I am your subject; you may command me,
Provided still your thoughts be fair and good.
Duke. Here I am yours; and when I cease to be so,
Let Heaven forget me! thus I make it good.
[*Kisses her.*
Ori. My lord, I am no more mine own.
Val. So! this bargain was well driven.
Gond. Duke,
Thou hast sold away thyself to all perdition;
Thou art this present hour becoming cuckold:
Methinks I see thy gall grate through thy veins,
And jealousy seize [on [1]] thee with her talons.
I know that woman's nose must be cut off;
She cannot 'scape it.
Duke. Sir, we have punishment for you.
Ori. I do beseech your lordship, for the wrongs
This man hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment!
Duke. Lady, I give't to you; he is your own.
Gond. I do beseech your grace, let me be banish'd
With all the speed that may be!
Val. Stay still; you shall attend her sentence.
Ori. Lord Gondarino, you have wrong'd me highly;
Yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate
To me, but from a general dislike
Unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it. —
Arrigo, call in some ladies to assist us. —
[*Exit* ARRIGO, *who presently returns.*
Will your grace take your state?[2]
[DUKE *seats himself.*
Gond. My lord, I do
Beseech your grace for any punishment,
Saving this woman! let me be sent upon
Discovery of some island; I do desire
But a small gondola, with ten Holland cheeses,
And I'll undertake it.
Ori. Sir, you must be content.
Will you sit down? nay, do it willingly. —
Arrigo, tie his arms close to the chair;
I dare not trust his patience.
[GONDARINO *is tied to a chair.*
Gond. Mayest thou
Be quickly old and painted! may'st thou dote
Upon some sturdy yeoman of the wood-yard,
And he be honest! mayest thou be barr'd
The lawful lechery of thy couch[3] for want
Of instruments! and, last, be thy womb unopen'd!
Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gall.
Val. My lord,
I hope to see him purgèd ere he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your ladyships are welcome: I must desire
Your helps, though you are no physicians,
To do a strange cure upon this gentleman.
Ladies. In what we can assist you,
Madam, you may command us.
Gond. Now do I
Sit like a conjuror within my circle,
And these the devils that are rais'd about me:
I will pray that they may have no power upon me.
Ori. Ladies, fall off in couples;
Then, with a soft still march, with low demeanours,
Charge this gentleman: I'll be your leader.
Gond. Let me be quarter'd, Duke, quickly! I can endure it.
These women long for man's flesh; let them have it!
Duke. Count, have you ever seen so strange a passion?
What would this fellow do, if he should find himself
In bed with a young lady?
Val. Faith, my lord,
If he could get a knife, sure he would cut her throat;
Or else he would do as Hercules did by Lichas,
Swing out her soul:
He has the true hate of a woman in him.
Ori. Low with your curtsies, ladies!
Gond. Come not too near me! I have a breath will poison ye;
My lungs are rotten and my stomach raw;
I am given much to belching: hold off, as you love sweet airs!
Ladies, by your first night's pleasure I conjure you,
As you would have your husbands proper men,
Strong backs and little legs; as you would have 'em hate
Your waiting-women ——
Ori. Sir, we must court you, till we have obtain'd
Some little favour from those gracious eyes;
'Tis but a kiss a-piece.
Gond. I pronounce perdition to ye all!
Ye are a parcel of that damnèd crew
That fell down with Lucifer, and here ye stay'd
On earth to plague poor men. Vanish, avaunt!
I am fortified against your charms: heaven grant me
Breath and patience!
First Lady. Shall we not kiss, then?
Gond. No!
Sear my lips with hot irons first, or stitch them
Up like a ferret's! Oh, that this brunt were over!
Sec. Lady. Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly; by my troth I think I must box thee till thou be'st bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: I prithee, kiss me; be not afraid. [*Sits on his knee.*
Gond. If there be any here
That yet have so much of the fool left in them
As to love their mothers, let them look[4] on her,
And loathe them too!
Sec. Lady. What a slovenly little villain art thou! why dost thou not stroke up thy hair? I think thou ne'er combest it; I must have it

[1] *on*] Added by Seward.
[2] *state*] i. e. raised chair.
[3] *couch*] Old eds. "coach."
[4] *look*] So some copies of 4to. 1607: in other copies of that 4to., and in the later eds., this word is wanting. The editors of 1778, however, supplied it by conjecture.

lie in better order; so, so, so. Let me see thy hands; are they washed?

Gond. I would they were loose, for thy sake!

Duke. She tortures him admirably.

Val. The best that ever was.

Sec. Lady. Alas, how cold they are, poor golls![1] why dost thee not get thee a muff?

Arr. Madam, here's an old country-gentlewoman at the door, that came nodding up for justice; she was with the lord Gondarino today, and would now again come to the speech of him, she says.

Ori. Let her in, for sport's sake, let her in!

[*Exit* ARRIGO.

Gond. Mercy, O Duke! I do appeal to thee:
Plant cannons there, and discharge them
Against my breast rather! Nay, first
Let this she-fury sit still where she does,
And with her nimble fingers stroke my hair,
Play with my fingers' ends or any thing,
Until my panting heart have broke my breast!

Duke. You must abide her censure.

[Sec. Lady *rises from* GONDARINO'S *knee.*

Re-enter ARRIGO *with old* Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come!
Unbutton me, for she will speak.

Gentlew. Where is he, sir?

Gond. Save me! I hear her.

Arr. There he is in state, to give you audience.

Gentlew. How does your good lordship?

Gond. Sick of the spleen.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg? you shall not refuse it; 'tis very comfortable.

Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it is
The devil's jubilee; hell is broke loose! —
My lord, if ever I have done you service,
Or have deserv'd a favour of your grace,
Let me be turn'd upon some present action,
Where I may sooner die than languish thus!
Your grace hath her petition; grant it her,
And ease me now at last.

Duke. No, sir; you must endure.

Gentlew. For my petition, I hope your lordship hath remember'd me.

Ori. Faith, I begin to pity him. Arrigo, take her off; bear her away: say her petition is granted.

Gentlew. Whither do you draw me, sir? I know it is not my lord's pleasure I should be thus used, before my business be dispatched.

Arr. You shall know more of that without.

[*Leads off the* Old Gentlewoman.

Ori. Unbind him, ladies: but, before he go, this he shall promise. — For the love I bear to our own sex, I would have them still hated by thee; and enjoin thee, as a punishment, never hereafter willingly to come in the presence or sight of any woman, nor never to seek wrongfully the public disgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have sworn, and do: when I meddle[2] with them, for their good or their bad, may time call back this day again! and when I come in their companies, may I catch the pox by their breath, and have no other pleasure for it!

Duke. You are too merciful.

Ori. My lord, I shew'd my sex the better.

Val. All is over-blown. Sister, you're like to have a fair night of it, and a prince in your arms. — Let's go, my lord.

Duke. Thus, through the doubtful streams of joy and grief
True love doth wade, and finds at last relief.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,[3]

AT A REVIVAL OF THE PLAY.

THE monuments of virtue and desert
Appear more goodly when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst:
We have done our best, for your contents to fit
With new pains this old monument of wit.

[1] *golls*] "A cant term for hands." WEBER. Fists, paws.

[2] *meddle*] So 4to. 1607. Other eds. "meditate."

[3] *Epilogue*] "From the quarto of 1649. It was evidently spoken when the play was revived by Sir William Davenant, who furnished the prologue." WEBER.

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

The Tragedy of Thierry King of France, and his Brother Theodoret. As it was diuerse times acted at the Blacke-Friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to bee sold at his shop in Britaines Burse, at the signe of the Eagle and Child. 1621, 4to.

The Tragedy of Thierry King of France, and his Brother Theodoret. As it was diverse times acted at the Blacke-Friers by the Kings Maiesties Servants. Written by John Fletcher Gent. London, Printed for Humphrey Mosely, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1648, 4to. This edition was put forth in 1649 with a new title-page, in which the play is said to be

Written by

Fra[n]cis Beaumont and John Fletcher } *Gent.*

and with the addition of a leaf containing the Prologue, Epilogue, and Dram. Personæ.

Also in the folio of 1679, where a considerable portion of the last act is omitted by mistake.

"This tragedy," says Weber, "was probably one of the earliest amongst the plays in these volumes, as the epilogue seems to intimate that it was the first furnished by Fletcher for the theatre in the Black-friars . . . That it was written by Fletcher alone, (perhaps previous to his partnership with Beaumont,) we have sufficient evidence. The epilogue speaks of 'the poet' throughout, and it bears intrinsic marks of having been the original one spoken at the first representation. This evidence is not weakened by the prologue[1] speaking of both our poets, as the latter was professedly written after the death of Fletcher, at which time his name was so wedded to that of Beaumont, that their names were seldom mentioned separately."

Though unable to oppose any facts to the reasoning of Weber, I am by no means satisfied either that *Thierry and Theodoret* was produced so early as he concludes, or that it was written entirely by Fletcher. The hand of Beaumont may be traced, I think, in its composition; and an acute critic has conjectured that it was one of those plays, which though "not brought out till after Beaumont's death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it." (Darley's Introd. to *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xxiv.)

"The Plot of this Play is founded on History. See the French Chronicles in the Reign of Clotaire the Second. See Fredegarius Scholasticus, Aimoinus Monachus Floriacensis, De Serres, Mezeray, Crispin, &c." — Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 215.

"As to the character of Brunhalt, or Brunhaud, though it may perhaps be thought too shocking to appear upon the stage, history has still represented her as a worse devil than our poets have done. Thierry and Theodoret or Theodibert were her grandchildren, whose father she had poisoned when he came of age, in order to keep the government in her own hands. She irritated Thierry against Theodibert, whom she caused him to slay, and then poisoned Thierry in hopes that the states would have submitted to her government; but her horrid wickednesses being laid open to the peers of France, she was accused of having been the murderess of ten kings, beside debauching her grandchild Thierry, making him put away a virtuous wife and providing him with misses. She was condemned to the rack, which she suffered three days, was then carried about the camp upon a camel's back, afterwards tied by the feet to a wild mare, and so dashed in pieces." —Seward.

From the memoranda of Henslowe we learn that the present tragedy was preceded by a drama on the same subject, which has not come down to our times: in "A Note of all suche bookes as belong to the Stocke, and such as I have bought since the 3d of March, 1598," he mentions "*Brunhowlle.*" — Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 316.

PROLOGUE.[2]

Wit is become an antic, and puts on
As many shapes of variation
To court the times' applause, as the times dare
Change several fashions; nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd: yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again; and we pursue
That custom by presenting to your view
A play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble memories, whose names
Beyond all power of death live in their fames.

[1] "The Prologue is the same as that prefixed to the Noble Gentleman. To which play it belongs cannot be decided."
[2] *Prologue*] From 4to. 1649.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THIERRY, king of France.
THEODORET, his brother, prince of Austracia.
MARTELL,[1] follower and friend to THEODORET.
DE VITRY, a disbanded officer.
PROTALDY, paramour to BRUNHALT.
LECURE, her physician.
BAWDBER, a pandar.
Huntsmen.
Soldiers.
Doctors.
Revellers.
Courtiers.
Priest.
Post.
Gentleman, Attendants.

BRUNHALT, mother to THIERRY and THEODORET.
ORDELLA, queen to THIERRY.
MEMBERGE, daughter to THEODORET.
Ladies.

SCENE, — AUSTRACIA AND FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace of* THEODORET.

Enter THEODORET, BRUNHALT, *and* BAWDBER.

Brun. Tax me with these hot taintures![2]
Theod. You're too sudden;
I do but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honour; how these courses
Of loose and lazy pleasures, not suspected,
But done and known; your mind that grants no limit,
(And all your actions follow,[3]) which loose people,
That see but through a mist of circumstance,
Dare term ambitious; all your ways hide sores
Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.
Your instruments like these may call the world,
And with a fearful clamour, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From example,
If not for virtue's sake, you may be honest:
There have been great ones, good ones; and 'tis necessary,
Because you are yourself, and by yourself
A self-piece from the touch of power and justice,
You should command yourself. You may imagine
(Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women)
The name of greatness glorifies your actions,
And strong power, like a pent-house, promises
To shade you from opinion. Take heed, mother;
And let us all take heed: these[4] most abuse us.
The sins we do, people behold through optics
Which shew[5] them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiply[6] them: then what justice
Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders,
When we are thieves ourselves?
Brun. This is Martell,
Studied and penn'd unto you; whose base person,
I charge you by the love you owe a mother,
And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,
Neither to give belief to nor allowance.
Next, I tell you, sir, you from whom obedience
Is so far fled that you dare tax a mother,
Nay, further, brand her honour with your slanders,
And break into the treasures of her credit,
Your easiness is abused, your faith freighted
With lies, malicious lies; your merchant Mischief;
He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and tumbling
Suspicions into honest hearts. What you, or he,
Or all the world, dare lay upon my worth,
This for your poor opinions! I am she,
And so will bear myself, whose truth and whiteness
Shall ever stand as far from these detections
As you from duty. Get you better servants,
People of honest actions, without ends,
And whip these knaves away; they eat your favours,
And turn 'em unto poisons. My known credit,
Whom all the courts o' this side Nile have envied,
And happy she could cite me, brought in question,
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather superstition should be render'd!
And by a rush[7] that one day's warmth
Hath shot up to this swelling! Give me justice,
Which is his life.
Theod. This is an impudence,
(And he must tell you,[8] that till now, mother,
Brought you a son's obedience, and now breaks it)
Above the sufferance of a son.
Baw. Bless us!
For I do now begin to feel myself
Turning into a halter,[9] and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.
[*Aside.*
Theod. These truths are no man's tales, but all men's troubles;

[1] MARTELL] "their noble kinsman" according to 4to. 1649; and at the conclusion of the play Thierry says, when dying, "Martell, the kingdom's yours:" but see the speech of Brunhalt, next column.

[2] *taintures*] The old eds. have "tainturs" and "tainters." Seward gave the latter. The Editors of 1778 rightly printed "taintures," "though they do not remember meeting with the word"! It occurs elsewhere in these plays, as well as in Shakespeare, &c.: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

[3] *follow*] Old eds. "follows."

[4] *These most abuse us*] "The word *these* refers to greatness and power." MASON.

[5] *shew*] Old eds. "shews."

[6] *multiply*] Old eds. "multiplys."

[7] *And by a rush*, &c.] An epithet either to "rush" or to "warmth" has dropped out.

[8] *you*] Seward, for the metre, printed "*you so*."

[9] *Turning into a halter*] This expression puzzled Seward: the similar phrase, *turning into bed*, is cited by Weber.

They are, though your strange greatness would outstare 'em:
Witness the daily libels, almost ballads,
In every place, almost in every province,
Are[1] made upon your lust; tavern-discourses;
Crowds cramm'd with whispers; nay, the holy temples
Are not without your curses. Now you would blush;
But your black tainted blood dare not appear,
For fear I should fright that too.
Brun. Oh, ye gods!
Theod. Do not abuse their names: they see your actions;
And your conceal'd sins, though you work like moles,
Lie[2] level to their justice.
Brun. Art thou a son?
Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,
And more your wretchedness you let me be so.
But, woman, (for a mother's name hath left me,
Since you have left your honour,) mend these ruins,
And build again that broken fame, and fairly,
Your most intemperate fires have burnt; and quickly,
Within these ten days, take a monastery,
A most strict house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make you
Believe there is a day; where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears——
Brun. Oh, misery!
Theod. And there to cold repentance and starv'd penance
Tie your succeeding days; or, curse me Heaven,
If all your gilded knaves, brokers[3] and bedders,
Even he who built from nothing, strong Protaldy,
Be not made ambling geldings! all your maids,
If that name do not shame 'em, fed with spunges
To suck away their rankness! and yourself
Only to empty pictures and dead arras
Offer your old desires!
Brun. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophecy upon your pride,
Though Heaven might grant me both; unthankful, no!
I nourished you; 'twas I, poor I, groan'd for you;
Twas I felt what you suffer'd; I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your sweetness;
Twas I pay'd[4] for your sleeps, I watch'd your wakings;
My daily cares and fears that rid, play'd, walk'd,
Discours'd, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are; and am I thus rewarded?
Theod. But that I know these tears, I could dote on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd:
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitful,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.
Brun. In my last hours despis'd!
Theod. That text should tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus:
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains you;
And those your favour and your bounty suffers,[5]
Lie not with you, they do but lay lust on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a palsy;
Your power they may love, and, like Spanish jennets,
Commit with such a gust——
Baw. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now! [*Aside and exit.*
Theod. But were you once disgrac'd,
Or fallen in wealth, like leaves they would fly from you,
And become browse for every beast. You will'd me
To stock myself with better friends and servants:
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard-of relics,
Bawds, lechers, leeches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples and (lest art
Should lose herself in act) to call back custom?
Leave these, and live like Niobe; I told you how;
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were, I am your son: perform it.
[*Exit.*
Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me
To tie this tiger up? a soul to no end?
Have I got shame, and lost my will? Brunhalt,
From this accursed hour forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living!
Let him be to thee an antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at and turns backward;
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thyself,
Or women worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk or doubtful!

Re-enter BAWDBER, *with* PROTALDY, *and* LECURE.

Baw. Such a sweat
I never was in yet: clipt of my minstrels,
My toys to prick up wenches withal! Uphold me;
It runs like snow-balls through me.
Brun. Now, my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions!
Baw. Lord, how she looks!
Brun. Hell take ye all!
Baw. We shall be gelt.
Brun. Your mistress,
Your old and honour'd mistress, you tir'd curtals,[6]
Suffers for your base sins. I must be cloister'd,

[1] *Are*] Weber prints "And"!
[2] *Lie*] Old eds. "Lies."
[3] *brokers*] i. e. pandars.
[4] *pay'd*] "i. e. suffered." WARBR. (Seward had absurdly altered it to "pray'd.")
[5] *suffers*] Seward gave Sympson's conjecture, — "succours."
[6] *curtals*] i. e. nags.

Mew'd up to make me virtuous: who can help this?
Now you stand still, like statues! Come, Protaldy,
One kiss before I perish; kiss me strongly;
Another, and a third. [PROTALDY *kisses her.*
Lec. I fear not gelding,
As long as she holds this way.
Brun. The young courser,
That unlick'd lump of mine, will win[1] thy mistress:
Must I be chaste, Protaldy?
Prot. Thus, and thus, lady. [*Kisses her.*
Brun. It shall be so: let him seek fools for vestals;
Here is my cloister.
Lec. But what safety, madam,
Find you in staying here?
Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning:
I will to Thierry, son of my blessings,
And there complain me, tell my tale so subtilely,
That the cold stones shall sweat, and statues mourn;
And thou shalt weep, Protaldy, in my witness,
And there[2] forswear —
Prot.[3] Yes; any thing but gelding.
I am not yet in quiet, noble lady:
Let it be done to-night, for without doubt
To-morrow we are capons.
Brun. Sleep shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses,
Ere I forsake this desert. I live honest!
He may as well bid dead men walk. I humbled
Or bent below my power! let night-dogs tear me,
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my sphere!
Lec. This place you will.
Brun. What's that to you or any?
You dose,[4] you powder'd pigsbones, rhubarb-glister,[5]
Must you know my designs? a college on[6] you
The proverb makes but fools.
Prot. But, noble lady ——
Brun. You [are][7] a saucy ass too. Off I will not,
If you but anger me, till a sow-gelder
Have cut you all like colts. Hold me, and kiss me,
For I am too much troubled. Make up my treasure,
And get me horses private; come, about it!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *win*] "i. e. will make you lose her, will separate you from her." MASON. The word scarcely requires explanation; yet it had perplexed the editors.
[2] *there*] Altered by Seward to "these;" and so his successors.
[3] *Prot.*] Both old and modern eds. "*Baw.*"
[4] *dose*] Old eds. "dosse," and "doss." The modern editors give, with Seward, "*dross.*" In act v. sc. 2, Thierry says to the Doctors,

"have I not endured
More than a mangy dog, among your *doses?*"

where the 4tos have "dosses:" and Brunhalt is now addressing her physician, Lecure.
[5] *glister*] Altered by the editors of 1778 to "clisters," and by Weber to "glisters."
[6] *on*] i. e. of. The editors of 1778 and Weber print "of."
[7] *are*] Inserted by Seward.

SCENE II. — *Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter THEODORET, MARTELL, *and* Attendants.

Theod. Though I assure myself, Martell, your counsel
Had no end[8] but allegiance and my honour,
Yet I am jealous I have pass'd the bounds
Of a son's duty: for, suppose her worse
Than your[9] report, not by bare circumstance
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out;
Yet since all weaknesses in a kingdom are
No more to be severely punish'd than
The faults of kings are by the Thunderer,
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd;
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since some are of necessity to be spar'd,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.
Mart. Sir,
A duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad repentance; nor did your highness ever
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better
Than in your late reproofs, not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The most remarkable point in which kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allied to them
In nearness or dependence, by their care
Should be free from suspicion of all crime:
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act; first, in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures,[10] you remove the example
From others of the like licentiousness;
Then, when 'tis known that your severity
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least indulgence or connivance in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you or to the kingdom?
Theod. I must grant
Your reasons good, Martell, if, as she is
My mother, she had been my subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of being: but I know her temper,
And fear (if such a word become a king)
That, in discovering her, I have let loose
A tigress, whose rage, being shut up in darkness,
Was grievous only to herself; which, brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,
Provok'd by her own shame, will turn on him
That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loath'd shape of her own deformity.
Mart. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appear only in their eyes,
Or any motion that may give suspicion
Of the least violence, should be chain'd up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt,
Par'd off and knock'd out; and, so made unable
To do ill, they would soon begin to loathe it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your grace done,
Or would do yet, what your less-forward zeal

[8] *no end*] Weber prints "*no* other *end*"!
[9] *your*] A correction by Seward. Old eds. "you."
[10] *lost pleasures*] "That is, pleasures now lost to her, which she is compelled to relinquish." MASON.

In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her than may
Perhaps have being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: for, believe it,
Who, confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy that hath means
To shun the worst they can effect, gives armour
To keep off his own strength; nay, more, disarms
Himself, and lies unguarded 'gainst all harms
Or doubt or malice may produce.
Theod. 'Tis true:
And such a desperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle unguents only were
To be applied: and as physicians,
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, though alike diseas'd;
So she, considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordials to restore her, by her birth
And privilege, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.
Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at! I am silent.

Enter DE VITRY.

Theod. What laugh'd you at, sir?
De Vit. I have some occasion,
I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.
Theod. Why, what's the matter?
De Vit. I see, and joy to see, that sometimes poor men
(And most of such are good) stand more indebted
For means to breathe to such as are held vicious,
Than those that wear, like hypocrites, on their foreheads
The ambitious titles of just men and virtuous.
Mart. Speak to the purpose.
De Vit. Who would e'er have thought
The good old queen, your highness' reverend mother,
Into whose house (which was an academe,
In which all principles of lust were practis'd)
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessèd intercession
All offices in the state were charitably
Conferr'd on pandars, o'er-worn chamber-wrestlers,
And such physicians as knew how to kill
With safety, under the pretence of saving,
And such-like children of a monstrous peace;
That she, I say, should at the length provide
That men of war and honest younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their codpiece,
Should be esteem'd of more than moths,[1] or drones,
Or idle vagabonds!
Theod. I'm glad to hear it;
Prithee, what course takes she to do this?
De Vit. One
That cannot fail: she and her virtuous train,
With her jewels and all that was worthy[2] the carrying,
The last night left the court; and, as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.
Theod. How!
De Vit. Nay, storm not;
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and Thierry be a prince
Of such a fiery temper as report
Has given him out for, you shall have cause to use
Such poor men as myself, and thank us too
For coming to you and without petitions:
Pray Heaven reward the good old woman for't!
Mart. I foresaw this.
Theod. I hear a tempest coming,
That sings mine and my kingdom's ruin. Haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back —
Yet stay: why should I use means to bring in
A plague that of herself hath left me? Muster
Our soldiers up; we'll stand upon our guard;
For we shall be attempted — Yet forbear:
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature. Something
Must be done, and done suddenly. Save your labour:
In this I'll use no counsel but mine own;
That course, though dangerous, is best. Command
Our daughter be in readiness to attend us.
Martell, your company, — and, honest Vitry,
Thou wilt along with me?
De Vit. Yes, any where;
To be worse than I am here, is past my fear.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Before the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter THIERRY, BRUNHALT, BAWDBER, LECURE, *and* Attendants.

Thi. You are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who, since he hath forgot to be a son,
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despite of all the gods,
To have raz'd their temples and spurn'd down their altars,
Than, in his impious abuse of you,
To have call'd on my just anger.
Brun. Princely son,
And in this worthy of a nearer[3] name,
I have in the relation of my wrongs
Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
To express my insupportable injuries
But gave my heart a wound: nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer; but that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extremes, and force me to divide

[1] *moths*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "mothers."

[2] *worthy*] Altered by Seward, for the metre, to "worth."

[3] *nearer*] So Seward, and his successors. Old eds. "neere" and "near." I suspect that the right reading is "so near a name" — for what *name* could be *nearer* than that of *son*? Compare 14th line of this page.

The fires of brotherly affection, [1]
Which should make but one flame.
Thi. That part of his,
As it deserves, shall burn no more, if or
The tears of orphans, widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their lord,
Join'd to your wrongs, with his heart-blood have power
To put it out: and you, and these your servants,
Who in our favours shall find cause to know,
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give Theodoret to understand
His ignorance of the priceless jewel which
He did possess in you, mother, in you;
Of which I am more proud to be the owner,[2]
Than if the absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand. Once more, you are welcome;
Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge

Enter PROTALDY *with* Soldiers.

Admits not of delay. — Your hand, lord-general.
Brun. Your favour and his merit, I may[3] say,
Have made him such: but I am jealous how
Your subjects will receive it.
Thi. How! my subjects?
What do you make of me? Oh Heaven! my subjects?
How base should I esteem the name of prince,
If that poor dust were any thing before
The whirlwind of my absolute command!
Let 'em be happy, and rest so contented,
They pay the tribute of their hearts and knees
To such a prince, that not alone has power
To keep his own, but to encrease it; that,
Although he hath a body may add to
The fam'd night-labour of strong Hercules,
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters and their wives; whose hands, though strong,
As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury —
But I grow glorious[4] — and let them beware
That, in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild prince (for, if provok'd,
I dare and will be so) into a tyrant.
Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule again, [*Apart to* LECURE *and* BAWDERE.
And your fallen fortunes rise.
Baw. I hope your highness
Is pleas'd that I should still hold my place with you;
For I have been so long us'd to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely,
If cashier'd now, I shall prove a bad cater[5]
In the fish-market of cold Chastity.
Lec. For me, I am your own; nor, since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remember'd
I had a soul, but such a one whose essence
Depended wholly on your highness' pleasure;
And therefore, madam ——
Brun. Rest assur'd you are
Such instruments we must not lose.
Lec. Baw. Our service.
Thi. You have view'd them then; what's your opinion of them?
In this dull time of peace we have prepar'd 'em
Apt for the war; ha?
Prot. Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armours,
The soldier's best-lov'd wealth: more, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay, very prettily drill'd,
For many of them can discharge their musquets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers-by
By sweating too much backwards; nay, I find
They know the right and left-hand file, and may
With some impulsion no doubt be brought
To pass the *A*, *B*, *C*, of war, and come
Unto the horn-book.
Thi. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it.
Prot. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten precedents of the Roman wars,
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore arms, let it be said,
Protaldy brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be esteem'd a coward:
For, sir, few captains know the way to win 'em,[6]
And make the soldiers valiant. You shall see me
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and, what seems stranger,
We'll sometimes wench together; which, once practis'd,
And with some other rare[7] and hidden arts,[8]
They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
Such fearless resolution and such fervour,
That though I brought them to besiege a fort
Whose walls were steeple-high and cannon-proof,
Not to be undermin'd, they should fly up
Like swallows; and, the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them,
They should leap down again; and, what is more,

[1] —— *to divide*
The fires of brotherly affection] "Mr. Theobald has very justly put in the margin, *Eteocles and Polynices*. The metaphor is a noble allusion to the remarkable poetic fiction of the flames of their funeral pyre dividing and flying asunder." SEWARD.
[2] *owner*] Old eds. "doner" and "donor." — "*Owner* seemed at first sight self-evidently the true reading both to Mr. Sympson and myself." SEWARD.
[3] *may*] Altered by Weber to "must"!
[4] *glorious*] "That is, vain-glorious." MASON.
[5] *cater*] A word of frequent occurrence, — altered by Seward to the modern form, "caterer;" and so his successors.
[6] *'em*] The Editors of 1778, and Weber, chose to give with fol. 1679 "him;" and were consequently obliged in the next line to alter "soldiers" to "soldier."
[7] *rare*] Seward's emendation, which his successors rejected. Old eds. "care."
[8] *arts*] A correction by Sympson and Seward. Old eds. "acts:" the words are very frequently confounded by early printers.

By some directions they should have from me,
Not break their necks.
Thi. This is above belief.
Brun. Sir, on my knowledge, though he hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.
Lec. She means on her. [*Aside.*
Brun. And howsoever, in his thankfulness
For some few favours done him by myself,
He left Austracia; not Theodoret,
Though he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid,
With all his dukedom's power, that shame upon him,
Which, in his barbarous malice to my honour,
He swore with threats to effect.
Thi. I cannot but
Believe you, madam. — Thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither: in thy conduct we
Go on assur'd of conquest; our remove
Shall be with the next sun.

Enter THEODORET, MEMBERGE, MARTELL, *and* DE VITRY.

Lec. Amazement leave me!
'Tis he.
Baw. We are again undone!
Prot. Our guilt
Hath no assurance nor defence.
Baw. If now
Your ever-ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discover'd.
Brun. Be not so
In your amazement and your foolish fears:
I am prepar'd for't.
Theod. How! not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see you,[1] brother?
Thi. I have stood
Silent thus long, and am yet unresolv'd
Whether to entertain thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mother's honour;
Or whether, being a prince, I yet stand bound
(Though thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing
Before I execute. What foolish hope, —
Nay, pray you, forbear, — or desperate madness rather,
(Unless thou com'st assur'd I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thyself,)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy sear'd-up conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror which
They ever bear about them, that, like Nero —
Like, said I? thou art worse, since thou dar'st strive
In her defame to murder thine[2] alive.
Theod. That she that long since had the boldness to
Be a bad woman, (though I wish some other
Should so report her,) could not want the cunning,
Since they go hand in hand, to lay fair colours
On her black crimes, I was resolv'd[3] before;
Nor make I doubt but that she hath impoison'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incens'd your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.
Brun. To excuse
Thy impious scandals rather.
Prot. Rather forc'd
With fear to be compell'd to come.
Thi. Forbear!
Theod. This moves not me; and yet, had I not been
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,
Had I been faulty. But since innocence
Is to itself an hundred thousand guards,
And that there is no son but though he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away, with his own danger,
From the number of her faults, than, for his own
Security, to add unto them; this,
This hath made me, to prevent the expense
Of blood on both sides, the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages that ever wait upon the war,)
The account of all which, since you are the cause,
Believe it, would have been required from you;
Rather, I say, to offer up my daughter,
Who living only could revenge my death,
With my heart-blood, a sacrifice to your anger,
Than that you should draw on your head more curses
Than yet you have deserv'd.
Thi. I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his full-sail'd confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain, that, falling on the fire
Of my hot rage, hath quench'd it. Ha! I would
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much. [*Aside.*] — How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a son and love
Due to a brother! Yet I am sway'd here,
And must ask of you, how 'tis possible
You can affect[4] me, that have learn'd to hate
Where you should pay all love?
Theod. Which, join'd with duty,
Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not us'd herself so many swords
To cut those bonds that tied me to it.
Thi. Fie,
No more of that!
Theod. Alas, it is a theme
I take no pleasure to discourse of! would
It could as soon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me! nay, more, I wish
(Next to my part of Heaven) that she would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all

[1] *you*] Old eds. "your."
[2] *thine*] "Means, thy mother." MASON.
[3] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.
[4] *affect*] "i. e. love." WEBER.

Indifferent judges might condemn me for
A most malicious slanderer, nay, text[1] it
Upon my forehead. — If you hate me, mother,
Put me to such a shame; pray you, do! Believe it,
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long-banish'd virtues and good name
Usher'd me to it.

Thi. See, she shews herself
An easy mother, which her tears confirm.

Theod. 'Tis a good sign; the comfortablest rain
I ever saw.

Thi. Embrace. — Why, this is well:
[THEODORET *embraces* BRUNHALT.
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part, rise between you!

Baw. Do you hear, lord-general?
Does not your new-stamp'd honour on the sudden
Begin to grow sick?

Prot. Yes; I find it fit,
That, putting off my armour, I should think of
Some honest hospital to retire to.

Baw. Sure,
Although I am a bawd, yet being a lord,
They cannot whip me for't: what's your opinion?

Lec. The beadle will resolve[2] you, for I cannot:
There's something that more near concerns myself,
That calls upon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabs,[3]
That liv'd upon the dung of her base pleasures;
How from the fear that she may yet prove honest
Hang down their wicked heads!

De Vit. What's that to me?
Though they and all the polecats of the court
Were truss'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardecu,[4]
To help to keep me honest.
[*A horn sounded within.*

Enter a Post.

Thi. How! from whence?

Post. [*Giving letters to* THI.] These letters will resolve your grace.

Thi. What speak they? — [*Reads.*
How all things meet to make me this day happy!
See, mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing, almost equal to it,
Is coming towards me! my contracted wife,
Ordella, daughter of wise Datarick,
The king of Arragon, is on our confines:
Then to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your presence
Our long-deferr'd but much-wish'd nuptial,
Falls out above expression! Heaven be pleas'd
That I may use these blessings pour'd on me
With moderation!

Brun. Hell and Furies aid me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues,
That press upon me! [*Aside.*

Thi. Two days' journey, say'st thou?
We will set forth to meet her. In the mean time,
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her.
[*To* Attendants.
Nay, let me have your companies; there's a forest
In the midway shall yield us hunting sport,
To ease our travel. I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it; therefore clear them:
We'll wash away all sorrow in glad feasts;
And the war we mean[t] to men, we'll make on beasts.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUNHALT, BAWDBER, PROTALDY, *and* LECURE.

Brun. Oh, that I had the magic to transform you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might tear you piece-meal! — Are you so stupid?
No word of comfort? Have I fed you, moths,[5]
From my excess of moisture with such cost,
And can you yield no other retribution
But to devour your maker? pandar, spunge,
Impoisoner, all grown barren?

Prot. You yourself,
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourself in giving way
To the reconcilement of your sons.

Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be sever'd, we could easily
Remove all other hindrances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.

Baw. And for me
If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicates, hang me!

Brun. Oh, you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation! their reconcilement
Is a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which, when I am pleas'd to o'erthrow,
I can with ease spurn down.

Lec. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction?

Brun. My grief comes along
With the new queen, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwreck. For me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yield the least precedence
To any other, 's death; to have my sleeps
Less enquir'd after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates

1 *text*] "i. e. write, mark." REED, — who incorrectly states that folio 1679, has "texte:" it has, like the earlier eds., "texde."

2 *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

3 *scarabs*] "i. e. beetles." WEBER.

4 *cardecu*] A French coin — *quart d'écu*, the quarter of a crown.

5 *you, moths*] Old eds. "*you* mothers." — "This," says Seward, "is the second time that *mothers* has been intruded into the text. *Mouths* is here pretty evidently the true word;" and accordingly the modern editions exhibit "your mouths"! That the misprint to which he refers (see p. 131) should not have led Seward to the right reading in the present passage, is beyond my comprehension.

Empty of suitors, or the King's great favours
To pass through any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me — do you understand me yet?
No means to prevent this?
Prot. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of a chastity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, madam,
For me, though I have pleas'd you, to attempt her,
Were to no purpose.
Brun. Tush, some other way!
Baw. Faith, I know none else; all my bringing-up
Aim'd at no other learning.
Lec. Give me leave;
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.
Brun. What is't? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my Æsculapius;
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down, and worship it
Lec. The lady is fair?
Brun. Exceeding fair.
Lec. And young?
Brun. Some fifteen at the most.
Lec. And loves the King
With equal ardour?
Brun. More; she dotes on him.
Lec. Well, then; what think you if I make a drink,
Which, given unto him on the bridal-night,
Shall for five days so reb his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty
Which new-made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man?
Prot. 'Twere rare.
Lec. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which ne'er can be made up;
Since he that to all else did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man,
Proves only ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent.
Baw. The physician
Helps ever at a dead lift; a fine calling,
That can both raise and take down: out upon thee!
Brun. For this one service, I am ever thine:
Prepare it; I will give it him myself.
For you, Protaldy,
By this kiss and our promis'd sport at night,
[I] do conjure you to bear up, not minding
The opposition of Theodoret
Or any of his followers: whatsoe'er
You are, yet appear[1] valiant, and make good
The opinion that is had of you. For myself,
In the new queen's remove being made secure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building sure.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *yet appear*] In Weber's ed. "*yet* you *appear*."!

SCENE II. — *A Forest. — Winding of Horns within.*

Enter THEODORET *and* THIERRY.

Theod. This stag stood well and cunningly.
Thi. My horse,
I am sure, has found it, for her[2] sides are blooded
From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop?
Theod. Pass'd homeward,

Enter MARTELL.

Weary and tir'd as we are. — Now, Martell;
Have you remember'd what we thought of?
Mart. Yes, sir; I have snigled[3] him; and if there be
Any desert in his blood beside the itch,
Or manly heat but what decoctions,
Leeches, and cullises[4] have cramm'd into him,
Your lordship shall know perfect.
Thi. What is that?
May not I know too?
Theod. Yes, sir; to that end
We cast the project.
Thi. What is't?
Mart. A desire,[5] sir,
Upon the gilded flag your grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general; and to inform you
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wandering eyes and your obedience
Have flung upon us; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected,[6] undone fool,
And most unheard-of coward; a mere lump
Made to load beds withal, and, like a nightmare,
Ride ladies that forget to say their prayers;
One that dares only be diseas'd and in debt;
Whose body mews[7] more plasters every month
Than women do old faces.

[2] *her*] Seward and his successors "his."

[3] *snigled*] A term for a particular method of catching eels, which Walton thus describes: "And because you that are but a young Angler know not what *snigling* is, I will now teach it to you. . . . you observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong small hook tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long, and then into one of these holes, or between any boards about a Mill, or under any great stone or plank, or any place where you think an Eel may hide or shelter herself, you may with the help of a short stick put in your bait, but leisurely, and as far as you may conveniently: and it is scarce to be doubted but that if there be an Eel within the sight of it, the Eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it: and you need not doubt to have him if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees," &c. *The Compleat Angler*, P. i. Ch. 13. p. 202. ed. 1676. With Walton's work lying before him, Weber contrived to give a wrong explanation of the term.

[4] *cullises*] "Restorative broths, *coulis*, Fr." WEBER.

[5] *desire*] "We all three concurred in changing this to *design*." SEWARD.

[6] *unaffected*] "Means insensible of affections." MASON.

[7] *mews*] "i. e. sheds. [moults] A term in falconry." *Ed.* 1778.

Thi. No more; I know him:
I now repent my error. Take your time,
And try him home, ever thus far reserv'd,
You tie your anger up.
Mart. I lost[1] it else, sir.
Thi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without violence,
(For that will best declare him) ——
Theod. That's the thing.
Thi. And my best horse is thine.
Mart. Your grace's servant. [*Exit.*
Theod. You'll hunt no more, sir?
Thi. Not to-day; the weather
Is grown too warm; besides, the dogs are spent:
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,
And hollow[2] in the troop.
[*Exeunt. Horns winded within.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter two Huntsmen.

First Hunts. Ay, marry, Twainer,
This woman gives indeed; these are the angels[3]
That are the keepers' saints.
Sec. Hunts. I like a woman
That handles the deer's dowsets[4] with discretion,
And pays us by proportion.
First Hunts. 'Tis no treason
To think this good old lady has a stump yet
That may require a coral.
Sec. Hunts. And the bells too;
She has lost a friend of me else.

Enter PROTALDY.

But here's the clerk:
No more, for fear o' the bell-ropes.
Prot. How now, keepers?
Saw you the King?
First Hunts. Yes, sir; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take it, ridden home.
Prot. Farewell, then. [*Exeunt* Huntsmen.

Enter MARTELL.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.
Prot. How, sir? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.
Mart. Few words shall serve:
I am betray'd, sir; innocent and honest,
Malice and violence are both against me,
Basely and fouly laid for; for my life, sir;
Danger is now about me, now in my throat, sir.
Prot. Where, sir?
Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in storms upon me,
I have met a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning, sir?
For I have present business.
Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatch'd in[5] and made one piece, in such a peril.
There are but six, my lord.
Prot. What six?
Mart. Six villains,
Sworn and in pay to kill me.
Prot. Six?
Mart. Alas, sir,
What can six do, or six score, now you are present?
Your name will blow 'em off: say they have shot too;
Who dare present a piece? your valour's proof, sir.
Prot. No, I'll assure you, sir, nor my discretion
Against a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wisdom, sir, and weight of what is on me,
In which I am no more mine own nor yours, sir,
Nor, as I take it, any single danger
But what concerns my place, tells me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion. Six? why, Hercules
Avoided two, man:[6] yet, not to give example,
But only for your present danger's sake, sir,
Were there but four, sir, I car'd not if I kill'd 'em;
They'll serve to whet my sword.
Mart. There are but four, sir
I did mistake them; but four such as Europe,
Excepting your great valour ——
Prot. Well consider'd,
I will not meddle with 'em; four in honour
Are equal with four score: besides, they are people
Only directed by their fury.
Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of justice.[7]
Prot. That I find not.
Mart. You will not leave me thus?
Prot. I would not leave you;
But, look you, sir, men of my place and business
Must not be question'd thus.
Mart. You cannot pass, sir,
Now they have seen me with you, without danger:
They are here, sir, within hearing. Take but two.
Prot. Let the law take 'em! Take a tree, sir — I
Will take my horse — that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws. Within this hour
I'll send you rescue and a toil to take 'em.
Mart. You shall not go so poorly: stay but one, sir.
Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,

[1] *lost*] Weber prints "lose."
[2] *hollow*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "halloo"; and so Weber.
[3] *angels*] "One of the numerous quibbles upon the coin so called." WEBER. See note, p. 114.
[4] *dowsets*] — a hunting-term, — i. e. *testes*.
[5] *Hatch'd in*] i. e. Inlaid: see Gifford's note on Shirley's *Works*, ii. 301.
[6] *two, man*] So 4to. 1621. Later eds. "*two* men."
[7] *way of justice*] i. e. justice: a common periphrasis; see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 309. ed. 1813.

So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, sir,
I have mainly vow'd against 'em: yet for your sake,
If, as you say, there be but one, I ll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.
Mart. There is no more, sir,
And, as I doubt, a base one too.
Prot. Fie on him!
Go, lug him out by the ears.
Mart. [*Seizing him by the ears.*] Yes, this is he, sir;
The basest in the kingdom.
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a general fool, a knave, a coward,
An[1] upstart stallion, bawd, beast, barking puppy
That dares not bite.
Prot. The best man best knows patience.
Mart. [*Kicking him.*] Yes, this way, sir. Now draw your sword and right you,
Or render it to me; for one you shall do.
Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I shall be glad to grace you; there it is, sir.
[*Gives his sword.*
Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady-mistress,
She has shot up a sweet mushroom: quit your place too,
And say you are counsell'd well; thou wilt be beaten else
By thine own lanceprisadoes,[2] when they know thee,
That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee.
Go, get you to your foining work at court,
And learn to sweat again and eat dry mutton;
An armour like a frost will search your bones
And make you roar, you rogue. Not a reply,
For, if you do, your ears go off.
Prot. Still patience! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. — *A Hall in the Palace of* THIERRY. — *A Banquet set out. Loud Music within.*

Enter THIERRY, ORDELLA, BRUNHALT, THEODORET, LECURE, BAWDBER, *and* Attendants.

Thi. It is your place; and though in all things else
You may and ever shall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.
Ord. Sir, the consent
That made me yours shall never teach me to
Repent I am so; yet, be you but pleas'd
To give me leave to say so much, the honour
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.
Thi. Mother,
You hear this, and rejoice in such a blessing
That pays to you so large a share of duty. —
But, fie, no more! for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
To all those graces that are in the power
Of majesty to bestow.
Brun. Which I'll provide
Shall be short-liv'd. [*Aside.*] — Lecure.
Lec. I have it ready.
Brun. 'Tis well; wait on our cup.
Lec. You honour me.
Thi. We are dull; no object to provoke mirth?
Theod. Martell,
If you remember, sir, will grace your feast
With something that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.
Thi. Touching Protaldy?
Theod. You have it.
Brun. What of him? I fear his baseness,
In spite of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him with,[3] will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd. [*Aside.*

Enter MARTELL *with* PROTALDY'S *sword.*

Theod. Look, sir, he has it:
Nay, we shall have peace, when so great a soldier
As the renown'd Protaldy will give up
His sword rather than use it.
Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head. [*Aside.*
Thi. Pray you, speak;
How won you him to part from't?
Mart. Won him, sir?
He would have yielded it upon his knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a fillip of the forehead. Had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have sav'd the rest of his face. He is, sir,
The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
Bless'd with hard shoulders; which were only given him
To the ruin of bastinadoes.
Thi. Possible?
Theod. Observe but how she frets!
Mart. Why, believe it,
But that I know the shame of this disgrace
Will make the beast to live with such, and never
Presume to come more among men, I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish-top,[4]
And make him dance before you.

[1] *An*] Old eds. "and."
[2] *lanceprisadoes*] *Lanceprisado*, — written variously by our early authors, *lancepersado, lancepesado, lancepesade, lancepesat*, &c. — (Ital. *lancia spezzata*), — was the meanest officer of foot, one under the corporal. "He is a gentleman of no ancient standing in the militia, for he draws his pedigree from the time of the wars between Francis I. and his son Henry II., kings of France, on the one part; and the Emperor Charles V. and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Savoy, on the other part. In those wars, when a gentleman of a troop of horse in any skirmish, battle, or rencounter, had broke his lance on the enemy, and lost his horse in the scuffle, he was entertain'd (under the name of a broken lance) by a captain of a foot company as his comerade, till he was again mounted. But as all good orders fall soon from their primitive institution, so in a short time our *Monsieur Lancespesata* (for so he was called) was forced to descend from being the captain's comerade, and become the caporal's companion, and assisted him in the exercise of his charge, and therefore was sometimes called by the French, *aide caporal*. But when the caporal grew weary of the comeradeship of his lancespesata, he made him officiate under him, and for that [he] had some allowance of pay more than the common souldier." Grose, (from Turner's *Pallas Armata*), *Milit. Antiq.* i. 262. ed. 1801.
[3] *with*] A correction by Seward. Old eds. "which."
[4] *a parish-top*] i. e. a large top kept by the parish for the exercise and amusement of the peasantry: see Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act i. sc. 3.

Brun. Slave, thou liest!
Thou dar'st as well speak treason in the hearing
Of those that have the power to punish it,
As the least syllable of this before him:
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Mart. Nay, pray you, madam;
I have no ears to hear you, though a foot
To let you understand what he is.
Brun. Villain!
Theod. You are too violent.

Enter PROTALDY.

Prot. The worst that can come
Is blanketing; for beating and such virtues
I have been long acquainted with. [*Aside.*
Mart. Oh, strange!
Baw. Behold the man you talk of!
Brun. Give me leave. —
Or free thyself — think in what place you are —
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour — be bold, I'll protect you —
Or here I vow — deny it or forswear it —
These honours which thou wear'st unworthily —
Which, be but impudent enough and keep them —
Shall be torn from thee with thy eyes.
Prot. I have it. —
My valour? is there any here, beneath
The style of king, dares question it?
Thi. This is rare!
Prot. Which of my actions, which have still been noble,
Has render'd me suspected?
Thi. Nay, Martell,
You must not fall off.
Mart. Oh, sir, fear it not. —
Do you know this sword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. Pray you, on what terms
Did you part with it?
Prot. Part with it, say you?
Mart. So.
Thi. Nay, study not an answer; confess freely.
Prot. Oh, I remember't now. At the stag's fall,[1]
As we to-day were hunting, a poor fellow,
(And, now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch,) this silly wretch I spoke of,
With his[2] petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my will he kiss'd,) desir'd
That, as a special means for his preferment,
I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword
To cut off the stag's head.
Brun. Will you hear that?
Baw. This lie bears a similitude of truth.
Prot. I, ever courteous (a great weakness in me),
Granted his humble suit.
Mart. Oh, impudence!
Thi. This change is excellent.
Mart. A word with you.
Deny it not: I was that man disguis'd;
You know my temper, and, as you respect
A daily cudgelling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by the nose, or the most precious balm
You us'd of patience, (patience, do you mark me?)
Confess before these kings with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.
Prot. Oh, I shall burst!
And, if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, although Herculean
And somewhat bigger! There's my gage: pray you here
Let me redeem my credit!
Thi. Ha, ha! — Forbear!
Mart. Pray you, let me take it up; and if I do not,
Against all [illegible]s of armour and of weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees,
Cut off my head.
Prot. No, that's my office.
Baw. Fie,
You take the hangman's place!
Ord. Nay, good my lord,
Let me atone[3] this difference: do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the Centaurs' feast. —
You are a knight, and bound by oath to grant
All just suits unto ladies: for my sake
Forget your suppos'd wrong.
Prot. Well, let him thank you:
For your sake he shall live, perhaps a day;
And may be, on submission, longer.
Theod. Nay,
Martell, you must be patient.
Mart. I am yours;
And this slave shall be once more mine.
Thi. Sit all:
One health, and so to bed; for I too long
Defer my choicest delicates.
Brun. Which, if poison
Have any power, thou shalt, like Tantalus,
Behold, and never taste. [*Aside.*] — Be careful.
Lec. Fear not.
Brun. Though it be rare in our sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thi. Let it come freely!
Brun. Lecure, the cup! Here, to the son we hope
This night shall be an embrion! [*Drinks.*
Thi. You have nam'd
A blessing that I most desir'd: I pledge you. —
Give me a larger cup; that is too little
Unto so great a good.[4]
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me;
Follow as I began.
Thi. Well, as you please. [*Drinks.*
Brun. Is't done?
Lec. Unto your wish, I warrant you;
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.
Thi. So, 'tis gone round. Lights! [*They rise.*
Brun. Pray you, use my service.
Ord. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, madam,

[1] *fall*] Old eds. "falls."
[2] *his*] Weber chooses to print "this."
[3] *atone*] i. e. reconcile.
[4] *good*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "god."

And must have none from you: pray, pardon[1] me.
Thi. Good rest to all!
Theod. And to you pleasant labour! —
Martell, your company. — Madam, good night.
[*Exeunt all but* BRUNHALT, PROTALDY, LECURE, and BAWDBER.
Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush; but I will hide it,
And, what's more, I forgive you. Is't not pity,
That thou, that art the first to enter combat
With any woman, and what's more, o'ercome her,
(In which she is best pleas'd,) should be so fearful
To meet a man?
Prot. Why, would you have me lose
That blood that's dedicated to your service,
In any other quarrel?
Brun. No, reserve it;
As I will study to preserve thy credit. —
You, sirrah, be't your care to find out one
That's poor, though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servant's reputation,
Receive a public baffling.[2]
Baw. Would your highness
Were pleased to inform me better of your purpose!
Brun. Why, one, sir, that would thus be box'd or kick'd; [*Strikes and kicks him.*
Do you apprehend me now?
Baw. I feel you, madam.
The man that shall receive this from my lord,
Shall have a thousand crowns?
Prot.[3] He shall.
Baw. Besides,
His day of bastinadoing past o'er,
He shall not lose your grace nor your good favour?
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Baw. It must be a man
Of credit in the court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour?
Prot. True, it should.
Baw. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse?
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Baw. If he be a lord,
'Twill be the greater grace?
Brun. Thou'rt in the right.
Baw. Why, then, behold that valiant man and lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgelling!
For be assur'd, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the Nine Worthies.[4]
Brun. Out, you pandar!
Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it: lose not[5] time
In vain replies, but do it. — Come, my solace,
Let us to bed; and, our desires once quench'd,
We'll there determine of Theodoret's death,
For he's the engine us'd to ruin us. —
Yet one word[6] more; Lecure, art thou assur'd
The potion will work?
Lec. My life upon it!
Brun. Come, my Protaldy, then,[7] glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denied
To her that does expect them, being a bride!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter THIERRY *and* ORDELLA, *as from bed.*[8]

Thi. Sure, I have drunk the blood of elephants;[9]
The tears of mandrake[s], and the marble-dew,
Mix'd in my draught, have quench'd my natural heat,
And left no spark of fire but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries.
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward! make me all one piece, though earth![10]
My tears shall overwhelm you else too.
Ord. What moves my lord to this strange sadness?
If any late-discernèd want in me
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to recompense.
Thi. Are you yet frozen, veins? feel you a breath,
Whose temperate[11] heat would make the north star reel,
Her icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw nearer, yet nearer,
That from thy barren kiss thou may'st confess
I have not heat enough to make a blush.
Ord. Speak nearer to my understanding, like a husband.
Thi. How should he speak the language of a husband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?

[1] *pray, pardon*] So fol. 1679. The Editors of 1778, and Weber, give the reading of the 4tos. "*pray* you, *pardon.*"
[2] *baffling*] i. e. affront, insult: see note on *A King and No King*, act iii. sc. 2.
[3] *Prot.*] Altered by Seward (rightly, perhaps) to "*Brun.*"
[4] *the Nine Worthies*] Perhaps the reader may require to be informed that these were Joshua, Judas Maccabæus, David, Alexander the Great, Hector, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur: see, for instance, Middleton's *World Tost, at Tennis*,—*Works*, V. 177. ed. Dyce.
[5] *not*] Weber prints "no."
[6] *word*] Old eds. "work."
[7] *then*] Seward, for the metre, gave "thou *then;*" and so the Editors of 1778.
[8] *as from bed*] A stage direction of the old eds.
[9] *the blood of elephants*] "Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson observed that this property of elephants' blood is mentioned by Pliny." SEWARD.
[10] *make me all one piece, though earth*] "The last editors [of 1778] say, that they cannot conceive why Thierry's being composed of earth should prevent his being all one piece. This observation shews that they have totally mistaken the meaning of the passage. Thierry complains that he has lost his natural heat in every part of him, except his eyes, which enable him to behold his miseries; he wishes, therefore, either to be entirely himself again, or to become totally insensible: to be all one piece, though that piece should be cold clay only." MASON.
[11] *temperate*] The Editors of 1778 think that this is "an oddly-chosen word;" and Weber "believes we should read *intemperate*, as Thierry is speaking of his hot desires"! The meaning is plain enough: Thierry is speaking of *Ordella's* breath, — the heat of which *even when* temperate would make, &c.

Ord. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you with that you now deliver.
Thi. Bind not
His ears up with so dull a charm, who hath
No other sense left open: why should thy words
Find more restraint than thy free-speaking actions,
Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs,
The silent orators to slow desire?
Ord. Strive not to win content from ignorance,[1]
Which must be lost in knowledge. Heaven can witness,
My farthest hope of good reach'd at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text,
Than in itself is direct and easy.
Thi. Oh, thou hast drunk the juice of hemlock too!
Or did upbraided Nature make this pair,
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Justly-prais'd workmanship, the first chaste couple,
Before the want of joy taught guilty sight
A way, through shame and sorrow, to delight?
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence
When turtles kiss'd to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it?
Ord. I know no bar.
Thi. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulse beats woman,
And says, the name of wife did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother;
Who gave so often witness of her joy,
When she did boast thy likeness to her husband.
Ord. 'Tis true,
That to bring forth a second to yourself,
Was only worthy of my virgin-loss;
And should I prize you less unpattern'd, sir,
Than being exemplified? Is't not more honour
To be possessor of unequall'd virtue
Than what is parallel'd? Give me belief;
The name of mother knows no way of good
More than the end in me: who weds for lust
Is oft a widow: when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gain a title
Above the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintain is still the same in man,
His virtue and his calm society;
Which no grey hairs can threaten to dissolve,
Nor wrinkles bury.
Thi. Confine thyself to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me is only left
To give persuasion to me I am a man;
Or say, thou hast never seen the rivers haste
With gladsome speed to meet the amorous sea.
Ord. Ne'er[2] but to praise the coolness of their streams.
Thi. Nor view'd the kids, taught by their lustful fires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawns,
And lik'd the sport.
Ord. As it made way unto their envied rest,
With weary knots binding their harmless eyes.
Thi. Nor do you know the reason why the dove,
One of the pair your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt[3] and kiss'd her happy mate?
Ord. Unless it were to welcome his wish'd sight,
Whose absence only gave her mourning voice.
Thi. And you could, dove-like, to a single object
Bind your loose spirits? to one? nay, such a one
Whom only eyes and ears must flatter good,
Your surer sense made useless? nay, myself,[4]
As in my all good, already known?
Ord. Let proof plead for me: let me be mew'd up
Where never eye may reach me but your own;
And when I shall repent but in my looks;
If sigh —
Thi. Or shed a tear that's warm?
Ord. But in your sadness ——
Thi. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates,
As if it be Saint Valentine, their coupling day?
Ord. If any thing may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me by the title of Most Falsehood!
Thi. Oh, who would know a wife,
That might have such a friend! Posterity,
Henceforth lose the name of blessing, and leave
The earth inhabited[5] to people heaven!

Enter THEODORET, BRUNHALT, MARTELL, *and* PROTALDY.

Mart. All happiness to Thierry and Ordella!
Thi. 'Tis a desire but borrow'd from me; my happiness
Shall be the period of all good men's wishes,
Which friends, nay, dying fathers shall bequeathe,
And in my one give all. Is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? Here, place it here;
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, title, sovereignty.
Brun. What passion sways my son?
Thi. Oh, mother, she has doubled every good
The travail of your blood made possible
To my glad being!
Prot. He should have done
Little to[6] her, he is so light-hearted. [*Aside.*

[1] *Strive not to win content from ignorance*, &c.] Here, I think, Weber [qy. Sir Walter Scott?] is right in his explanation — "Do not endeavour to deprive me of that contentment, which I now feel in my ignorance of the cause of your unhappiness, by a disclosure which would deprive me of that content."

[2] *Ne'er*] Old eds. "We are;" and so the modern editors. Mason proposed "'Twere." I give the conjecture of Heath (*MS. Notes*), which is confirmed by the preceding line but one, "Or say, thou hast *never* seen," &c.

[3] *clipt*] i. e. embraced.

[4] *nay, myself*] Seward's alteration. Old eds. "myself, nay."

[5] *inhabited*] "Which Seward changes [and so the Editors of 1778] for '*uninhabited*.' He ought to have recollected that *inhabited* and *inhabitable* frequently mean, in the old dramatic writings, uninhabited and uninhabitable; having also in French the same meaning." MASON.

[6] *to*] Seward gives "unto;" and so his successors. Per-

Thi. Brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want,[1] enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded. Instead of question,
Let it be envy not [to][2] bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth! banquets and masques
Keep waking our delights, mocking night's malice,
Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us! our court
Be but one stage of revels, and each eye
The scene where our content moves!
Theod. There shall want
Nothing to express our shares in your delight, sir.
Mart. Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of widower.
Thi. Music, why art thou so
Slow-voic'd? It stays thy presence, my Ordella;
This chamber is a sphere too narrow for
Thy all-moving virtue. Make way, free way, I say!
Who must alone her sex's want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.
Mart. This passion's above utterance.
Theod. Nay, credulity.
[*Exeunt all but* THIERRY *and* BRUNHALT.
Brun. Why, son, what mean you?
Are you a man?
Thi. No, mother, I am no man:
Were I a man, how could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?
Thi. That, being no man, I am married to no woman:
The best of men in full ability
Can only hope to satisfy a wife;
And, for that hope ridiculous, I in my want,
And such defective poverty, that to her bed
From my first cradle[3] brought no strength but thought,
Have met a temperance beyond hers that rock'd me,
Necessity being her bar; where[4] this
Is so much senseless of my depriv'd fire,
She knows it not a loss by her desire.
Brun. It is beyond my admiration.
Thi. Beyond your sex's faith:
The unripe virgins of our age, to hear it,
Will dream themselves to women, and convert
The example to a miracle.
Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement!
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruel Theodoret!
Thi. What of my brother?
Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds rule;
Who, loving the effect, would not be strange[5]
In favouring the cause: look on the profit,
And gain will quickly point the mischief out.
Thi. The name of father, to what I possess,
Is shame and care.
Brun. Were we begot to single happiness,
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue,
To get an heir, what hermit would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow,
Even in his age, of chastity?
Thi. You teach a deaf man language.
Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease.
Have you heard of one Leforte?[6]
Thi. A learn'd astronomer,[7] great[8] magician,
Who lives hard-by retir'd.
Brun. Repair to him with the just hour and place
Of your nativity: fools are amaz'd at fate;
Griefs, but[9] conceal'd, are never desperate.
Thi. You have timely waken'd me; nor shall I sleep
Without the satisfaction of his art.
Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't.
[*Exit* THIERRY.
Enter LECURE.
Lecure, met happily!
Lec. The ground answers your purpose, the conveyance
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret.[10]
Brun. 'Tis well:
Your trust invites you to a second charge;
You know Leforte's cell?
Lec. Who constellated your fair birth.
Brun. Enough; I see thou know'st him. Where is Bawdber?
Lec. I left him careful of the project cast
To raise Protaldy's credit.
Brun. A sore that must be plaster'd; in whose wound
Others shall find their graves think themselves sound.
Your ear and quickest apprehension! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Presence Chamber in the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter BAWDBER *and* Servant.

Baw. This man of war will advance?

haps this speech of Protaldy was meant to form a single line of verse.

[1] *if honour unto shame,*
If wealth to want, &c.] "I see no difficulty in this passage, the meaning being clearly this: If the accession of honour to a person condemned to shame; if the accession of wealth to one in want, enlarge their feelings, their joys are unbounded. He considers himself as relieved both from a sense of his own inability, or poverty, as he calls it, and a sense of shame also, by Ordella's temperance. *Instead of question*, means instead of questioning whether I am happy or not; let it be considered as malice not to congratulate me on it." MASON.

[2] [*to*] Inserted by Seward.

[3] *From my first cradle*] Mason proposed to read "As my *first cradle*," i. e. "*as to my first cradle*, the particle *to* referring to *cradle* as well as to *bed* in the preceding line: with this amendment the passage requires no explanation. *That rocked* here means that nursed me." This conjecture was adopted by Weber, who, however, allows that "the word *from* was not easily corrupted into *as*."

[4] *where*] i. e. whereas. Seward printed "whereas."

[5] *strange*] i. e. backward.

[6] *Leforte*] Old eds. "Forts."

[7] *astronomer*] i. e. astrologer.

[8] *great*] Seward gave "and *great;*" his successors, "a *great*."

[9] *but*] "i. e. unless." MASON.

[10] —— *the conveyance*
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret] "The *conveyance* here refers to a private *trap-door* behind the *state*, that is, chair of state, throne. [See the next scene.]" WEBER.

Serv. His hour's[1] upon the stroke.

Baw. Wind him back, as you favour my ears: I love no noise in my head; my brains have hitherto been employed in silent businesses.

Serv. The gentleman is within your reach, sir.

Enter DE VITRY.

Baw. Give ground, whilst I drill my wits to the encounter. [*Exit* Servant. De Vitry, I take it.

De Vit. All that's left of him.[2]

Baw. Is there another parcel of you? If it be at pawn, I will gladly redeem it, to make you wholly mine.

De Vit. You seek too hard a pennyworth.

Baw. You do[3] ill to keep such distance; your parts have been long known to me, howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.

De Vit. I must confess, I have been subject to lewd company.

Baw. Thanks for your good remembrance! You have been a soldier, De Vitry, and borne arms.

De Vit. A couple of unprofitable ones, that have only served to get me a stomach to my dinner.

Baw. Much good may it do you, sir!

De Vit. You should have heard me say, I had dined first: I have built on an unwholesome ground, raised up a house before I knew a tenant, marched to meet weariness, fought to find want and hunger.

Baw. 'Tis time you put up your sword, and run away
For meat, sir: nay, if I had not withdrawn,
Ere now I might have kept the fast with you;
But since the way to thrive is never late,
What is the nearest course to profit, think you?

De Vit. It may be your worship will say bawdry.

Baw. True sense, bawdry.

De Vit. Why, is there five kinds of 'em? I never knew but one.

Baw. I'll shew you a new way of prostitution. Fall back! further yet! further! There is fifty crowns; do but as much to Protaldy, the queen's favourite, they are doubled. [*Gives money.*

De Vit. But thus much?

Baw. Give him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way, like a true bawd, to his valour, the sum's[4] thy own; if you take a scratch in the arm or so, every drop of blood weighs down a ducat.

De Vit. After that rate, I and my friends would beggar the kingdom.
Sir, you have made me blush to see my want,
Whose cure is such a cheap and easy purchase:
This is male-bawdry, belike.

Enter PROTALDY *and a* Lady.[5]

Baw. See! you shall not be long earning your wages; your work's before your eyes.

De Vit. Leave it to my handling; I'll fall upon't instantly.

Baw. What opinion[6] will the managing of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention tickles with apprehension on't. [*Aside.*

Prot. These are the joys of marriage, lady,
Whose sights are able to dissolve virginity.
Speak freely;
Do you not envy the bride's felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

Prot. What you
Enjoy is but the banquet's view; the taste
Stands from your palate: if he impart by day
So much of his content, think what night gave!

De Vit. Will you have a relish of wit, lady?

Baw. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not dear, sir.

De Vit. If you affect cheapness, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? Mine is fresh, my own, not retailed.

Prot. You are saucy, sirrah!

De Vit. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry stock-fish as you are. [PROTALDY *strikes him.*] How! strike?

Baw. Remember the condition, as you look for payment!

De Vit. That box was left out of the bargain. [*Strikes* PROTALDY.

Prot. Help, help, help!

Baw. Plague of the scrivener's running hand![7] what a blow is this to my reputation!

Enter THIERRY, THEODORET, BRUNHALT, ORDELLA, MEMBERGE, MARTELL, Attendants, *and* Guards.

Thi. What villain dares this outrage?

De Vit. Hear me, sir. This creature hired me with fifty crowns in hand to let Protaldy have the better of me at single rapier on a made quarrel: he, mistaking the weapon, lays me over the chaps with his club-fist, for which I was bold to teach him the art of memory.

Thi. Theod. Martell, &c. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Theod. Your general, mother, will display himself,
Spite of our peace, I see.

Thi. Forbear these civil jars. Fie, Protaldy,
So open in your projects? — Avoid our presence, sirrah!

De Vit. Willingly. — If you have any more wages to earn, you see I can take pains.

[1] *His hour's, &c.*] This and the next speech but one are given in the old eds. to "Lecure" — an absurdity which the modern editors have overlooked. "They belong," says Heath, "to Bawdber's Servant who comes upon the stage with him. Lecure has just before gone out with Brunhalt. Bawdber's threatening treatment of him proves the same thing." *MS. Note.* He might have added, that a new scene evidently commences after the exit of Brunhalt and Lecure.

[2] *All that's left of him*] "A phrase from Hamlet, which had probably become proverbial." WEBER. A sort of cant expression. The passage in Hamlet, act i. sc. 1, from which Weber chooses to say that it is taken, is "A piece of him."

[3] *do*] Old eds. "to" and "too." Corrected by Seward, — who observes, that "you *too* ill" — i. e. you too ill a pennyworth to keep such distance, is scarcely sense.

[4] *sum's*] Old eds. "son's."

[5] *a Lady*] Old eds. add "*and Revellers,*" which the modern editors retain. But that portion of this stage-direction was merely intended to warn the actors who played the Revellers to be ready for their entrance, when Thierry (see what follows) should command them in.

[6] *opinion*] "i. e. reputation." WEBER.

[7] *Plague of the scrivener's running hand*] "That is, 'Plague on the scrivener for leaving out, in his hurry, the blow.'" MASON.

Theod. There's somewhat for thy labour
More than was promis'd. Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit* DE VITRY.
Baw. Where could I wish myself now? in the Isle of Dogs,[1] so I might scape scratching; for I see by her cat's eyes I shall be clawed fearfully. [*Aside.*
Thi. We'll hear no more on't. Music, drown all sadness! [*Soft music.*
Command the revellers in. [*Exit an* Attendant.
At what a rate I'd purchase[2]
My mother's absence, to give my spleen[3] full liberty!
[THIERRY *and* THEODORET *seat themselves, each in his state.*[4]

Enter several Revellers.

Brun. Speak not a thought's delay! it names thy ruin. [*Apart to* PROTALDY.
Prot. I had thought my[5] life had borne more value with you.
Brun. Thy loss carries mine with't; let that secure thee.
The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls just behind his chair; the blow once given,
Thou art unseen.
Prot. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm sure.
Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own destruction! [PROTALDY *withdraws.*
Thi. You'll add unto her rage.
Theod. 'Foot, I shall burst,
Unless I vent myself: ha, ha, ha!
Brun. Me, sir? [*To one of the* Revellers.
You never could have found a time to invite
More willingness in my dispose to pleasure.
Memb. Would you would please to make some other choice! [*To another of the* Revellers.
Rev. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me, lady,
Should you refuse.
Memb. Your reason conquers. — My grandmother's looks
Have turn'd all air to earth in me; they sit
Upon my heart, like night-charms, black and heavy. [*Aside.* — *They dance.*
Thi. You are too much libertine.
Theod. The fortune of the fool persuades my laughter
More than his cowardice: was ever rat
Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha!
Thi. Forbear, I say!
Prot. [*Rising from the trap-door behind* THEODORET'S *state.*] No eye looks this way; I will wink and strike,
Lest I betray myself.
[*Stabs* THEODORET, *and disappears.*
Theod. Ha! did you not see one near me?
Thi. How! near you? why do you look so pale, brother? —
Treason, treason! [THEODORET *dies.*
Memb. Oh, my presage! — Father!

[1] *the Isle of Dogs*] Opposite Greenwich.
[2] *I'd purchase*] Mason's correction. Old eds. "*I do purchase.*" Seward gave "*I purchase.*" The editors of 1778 followed the old eds. Weber printed "*I would purchase.*" — In this passage, I prefer the metrical arrangement of the old eds. to that of the modern editors.
[3] *spleen*] i. e. mirth, — of which the spleen was supposed to be the seat.
[4] *state*] See note, p. 141.
[5] *my*] Omitted by Weber!

Ord. Brother!
Mart. Prince, noble prince!
Thi. Make the gates sure! search into every angle[6]
And corner of the court! Oh, my shame! — Mother,
Your son is slain, Theodoret, noble Theodoret!
Here in my arms, too weak a sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murder! — Say, is the traitor taken?
First Guard. No man hath pass'd the chamber, on my life, sir.
Thi. Set present fire unto the place, that all
Unseen may perish in this mischief! who
Moves slow to it shall add unto the flame.
Brun. What mean you? give me your private hearing.
Thi. Persuasion is a partner in the crime;
I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.
Brun. Ere a torch can take flame, I will produce
The author of the fact.[7]
Thi. Withdraw but for your lights.[8]
Memb. Oh, my too-true suspicion!
[*Exeunt all except* THIERRY *and* BRUNHALT.
Thi. Speak! where's the engine to this horrid act?
Brun. Here you do[9] behold her; upon whom
Make good your causeless rage! The deed was done
By my incitement, [and][10] not yet repented.
Thi. Whither did nature start when you conceiv'd
A birth so unlike woman? say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserv'd itself within you to his ruin?
Brun. Ha, ha! a son of mine! do not dissever
Thy father's dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which thy breath would send so foul an issue:
My son! thy brother!
Thi. Was not Theodoret my brother?
Or is thy tongue confederate with thy heart
To speak and do only things monstrous?
Brun. Hear me, and thou shalt make thine own belief.
Thy still-with-sorrow-mention'd father liv'd
Three careful[11] years in hope of wishèd heirs,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous fear
Enjoin'd to quiet home. One fatal day,
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc'd command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.

[6] *angle And corner*] Words nearly, if not altogether, synonymous.
[7] *Ere a torch*, &c.] So arranged in old eds. — By Seward, and his successors, thus:
"Ere a torch can take flame
I will produce the author of the fact." —
But compare many other passages in this play.
[8] *Withdraw but for your lights.*] The meaning of these words (Withdraw but to procure the torches) I should have thought no one could mistake; yet the Editors of 1778, and Weber, exhibit them thus:
"Withdraw! But for your lights —"
[9] *do*] Omitted by Seward for the sake of his metrical arrangement, and by Weber through carelessness.
[10] [*and*] Inserted by Seward.
[11] *careful*] "That is, full of care." WEBER.

Despair, which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a gardener's arms
Snatch'd this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine;
When the next year repaid my loss with thee,
But in thy wrongs preserv'd my misery;
Which that I might diminish though not end,
My sighs and wet eyes from thy father's will
Bequeath['d][1] this largest part of his dominions
Of France unto thee; and only left Austracia
Unto that changeling, whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger.
Thi. Come, do not weep: I must, nay, do believe you;
And, in my father's satisfaction, count it
Merit, not wrong or loss.
Brun. You do but flatter; there is anger yet
Flames in your eyes.
Thi. See, I will quench it, and confess that you
Have suffer'd double travail for me.
Brun. You will not fire the house then?
Thi. Rather reward the author who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret; my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.
Brun. Protaldy, rise,
Good faithful servant! Heaven knows how hardly
He was drawn to this attempt.

PROTALDY *rises from the trap-door.*

Thi. Protaldy? He had
A gardener's fate, I'll swear, fell[2] by thy hand:
Sir, we do owe unto you for this service.
Brun. Why look'st thou so dejected?
Prot. I want a little
Shift, lady; nothing else.

Re-enter MARTELL *and* Attendants.

Mart. The fires are ready;
Please it your grace withdraw, whilst we perform
Your pleasure.
Thi. Reserve them for the body: since
He had the fate to live and die a prince,
He shall not lose the title in his funeral.
[*Exit with* BRUNHALT *and* PROTALDY.
Mart. His fate to live a prince? — Thou old impiety,
Made up by lust and mischief! — Take up the body.
[*Exeunt with the body of* THEODORET.

SCENE III. — *A Room in the Dwelling of* LEFORTE.

Enter LECURE *disguised as* LEFORTE, *and* Servant.

Lec. Dost think Leforte's sure enough?
Serv. As bonds can make him. I have turned his eyes to the east, and left him gaping after the morning-star: his head is a mere astrolabe; his eyes stand for the poles; the gag in his mouth being the coachman, his five teeth have the nearest resemblance to Charles' Wain.
Lec. Thou hast cast a figure
Which shall raise thee. Direct my hair a little;
And in my likeness to him read a fortune
Suiting thy largest hopes.
Serv. You are so far 'bove likeness, you are the same:
If you love mirth, persuade him from himself;
'Tis but an astronomer[3] out of the way,
And lying will bear the better place for't.
Lec. I
Have profitabler use in hand. Haste to
The queen, and tell her how you left me chang'd.
[*Exit* Servant.
Who would not serve this virtuous active queen?
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleasure, yet knows no heaven else.

Enter THIERRY.

Thi. How well this loneness suits the art I seek,
Discovering secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on
With a remiss and careless hand! — [*Aside.*
Fair peace unto your meditations, father!
Lec. The same to you you bring, sir!
Thi. Drawn by your much-fam'd skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character[4]
Shall e'er have issue. [*Gives scroll.*
Lec. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could have nam'd. He is a prince
Whose fortune you inquire.
Thi. He is nobly born.
Lec. He had a dukedom lately fallen unto him
By one call'd brother, who has left a daughter.
Thi. The question is of heirs, not lands.
Lec. Heirs? yes;
He shall have heirs.
Thi. Begotten of his body? Why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.
Lec. Nor thou;
I neither can nor will give farther knowledge
To thee.
Thi. Thou must: I am the man myself,
Thy sovereign; who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.
Lec. Your grace doth wrong your stars: if this be yours,
You may have children.
Thi. Speak it again.
Lec. You may have fruitful issue.
Thi. By whom? when? how?
Lec. It was the fatal means first struck my blood
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.
Thi. Can there be any way unsmooth, has end
So fair and good?

[1] *Bequeath['d]* Corrected by Mason.
[2] *fell]* So 4to. 1621. Other eds. "Tell." — There is, as Weber remarks, an ellipsis of *who* before "fell."

[3] *astronomer]* i. e. astrologer.
[4] *who owes this character.]* "i. e. who owns. . . . The *character* is the calculation of his nativity, which his mother advised him to lay before Leforte. The word *resolution*, in Lecure's answer to this, signifies the same with *solution*." SEWARD

Lec. We, that behold the sad aspects of heaven
Leading sense-blinded men, feel grief enough
To know, though not to speak, their miseries.
Thi. Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life:[1]
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else.[2]
Lec. Then thus:
The first of females which your eye[3] shall meet,
Before the sun next rise, coming from out
The temple of Diana,[4] being slain, you live
Father of many sons.
Thi. Call'st thou this sadness? can I beget a son
Deserving less than to give recompense
Unto so poor a loss? Whate'er thou art,
Rest peaceable, blest creature, born to be
Mother of princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful [*Exit* LECURE.
Than others' marriage-beds! Methinks his art
Should give her form and happy figure to me;
I long to see my happiness. He's gone.
As I remember, he nam'd my brother's daughter:
Were it my mother, 'twere a gainful death
Could give Ordella's living virtue breath.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Before the Temple of* DIANA.

Enter THIERRY *and* MARTELL.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.
Thi. How can he sleep,
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour
He knows comes stealing toward him? Oh, Martell,
Is't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Out-run[5] her fears, can, on that day she's married,
Consume in slumbers? or his arms rust in ease,
That hears the charge, and sees the honour'd purchase[6]
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above these passions: this day France
(France, that in want of issue withers with us,
And, like an agèd river, runs his head
Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
And his fair course turn right; this day Thierry,
The son of France, whose manly powers like prisoners
Have been tied up and fetter'd, by one death,
Gives life to thousand ages; this day beauty,
The envy of the world, the pleasure,[7] glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it,
Are made mine own and useful.
Mart. Happy woman
That dies to do these things!
Thi. But ten times happier
That lives to do the greater! Oh, Martell,
The gods have heard me now! and those that scorn'd me,
Mothers of many children, and blest fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comfort[s] more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessèd marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together!
And in the marriage more than blest Ordella,
That comes so near the sacrament itself,
The priests doubt whether purer!
Mart. Sir, you are lost.
Thi. I prithee, let me be so.
Mart. The day wears;
And those that have been offering early prayers
Are now retiring homeward.
Thi. Stand, and mark then.
Mart. Is it the first must suffer?
Thi. The first woman.
Mart. What hand shall do it, sir?
Thi. This hand, Martell;
For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering?
Mart. Would I were she!
For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting.
[*Two men from the Temple pass over the stage.*
Thi. What are those?
Mart. Men, men, sir, men.
Thi. The plagues of men light on 'em!
They cross my hopes like hares!
[*A priest from the Temple passes over the stage.*
Who's that?
Mart. A priest, sir.
Thi. Would he were gelt!
Mart. May not these rascals serve, sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thi. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter from the Temple ORDELLA *veiled.*

Thi. Stand, and behold her then.
Mart. I think, a fair one.
Thi. Move not, whilst I prepare her. May her peace,
(Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And offering at their altars gives his soul
Far purer than those fires,) pull Heaven upon her!
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her!
No love of any thing but you and goodness

[1] *lose a name, where mine finds life*] "i. e. lose its being where mine, i. e. my *name* finds life by my gaining heirs to it." SEWARD, — who makes sad work with the next line.

[2] *If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,*
Which must know no cure else.] "The meaning," says Mason, "appears to me to be this: If it be not in your power to point out a remedy to my calamity, put me out of pain by telling me so speedily, as you are my only resource." According to Weber (qy. Sir Walter Scott?), if we suppose the construction to be affectedly latinised, the sense is clearly — "At least ease pain with speed, which must know no cure else, if not in thee."

[3] *eye*] Weber chooses to print "eyes."

[4] *Diana*] Seward "Dian;" — and so, probably, the poet wrote.

[5] *Out-run*] Old eds. "Outruns."

[6] *purchase*] "Meant [in cant language] property acquired, generally by unlawful means, but the phrase is here applied to the object for which the soldier fights." WEBER.

[7] *the pleasure*] Old eds. "pleasure the."

Tie her to earth! fear be a stranger to her,
And all weak blood's affections but thy hope
Let her bequeathe to women! Hear me, Heaven!
Give her a spirit masculine and noble,
Fit for yourselves to ask and me to offer!
Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death;
And, as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That by his cutting off more may encrease,
So let her fall to raise me fruit! — Hail, woman,
The happiest and the best (if thy dull will
Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet!
Ord. She's more than dull, sir, less and worse than woman,
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
And brings a will to rob her.
Thi. Tell me this, then;
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
For virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
Has or dare make a story?
Ord. Many dead, sir;
Living, I think, as many.
Thi. Say, the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
A general blessing, lady?
Ord. A general curse
Light on her heart denies it!
Thi. Full of honour,
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of and empty figures?
Ord. You strangely stir me, sir; and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions. May I do it?
Thi. You may; and, which is more, you must.
Ord. I joy in't
Above a moderate gladness. Sir, you promise
It shall be honest?
Thi. As ever time discover'd.
Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.
Thi. But, hark you;
What may that woman merit makes this blessing?
Ord. Only her duty, sir.
Thi. 'Tis terrible.
Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.
Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows.
Ord. So is sleep, sir,
Or any thing that's merely ours and mortal;
We were begotten gods else: but those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Thi. Suppose it death?
Ord. I do.
Thi. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay, reason?
For in the silent grave, no conversation,[1]
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel; nothing's heard
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness: and dare you, woman,
Desire this place?
Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures or life's profits
Can recompense this place; and mad that stay[2] it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispers'd to the earth.
Thi. Then you can suffer?
Ord. As willingly as say it.
Thi. Martell, a wonder!
Here is a woman that dares die. — Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?
Ord. I am, sir.
Thi. And have children? —
She sighs and weeps.
Ord. Oh, none, sir!
Thi. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?
Ord. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children: he that reads me,
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes,
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.
Thi. Then, there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do, lady.
Ord. You are the King, sir,
And what you do I'll suffer; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom!
Thi. Thus much before I strike, then; for I must kill you,
The gods have will'd it so: they've[3] made the blessing
Must make France young again and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly.
Ord. Fear me not.
Thi. And meet death like a measure.[4]
Ord. I am steadfast.
Thi. Thou shalt be sainted, woman; and thy tomb
Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven, every age,
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Till[5] thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness?

[1] *For in the silent grave no conversation*, &c.] Lamb (*Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 402) cites "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." — *Eccles.* [ix. 10.]

[2] *stay*] Old eds. "staies."

[3] *they've*] Old eds. "they'r" and "they're." Seward printed "thou'rt;" and so his successors: he conjectured, however, in a note, "they've," which is nearer to the *ductus literarum*, and which Lamb gives in *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 403. Qy. "they've made *thee* the blessing?" The preceding line is over-measure.

[4] *a measure*] i. e. a solemn, stately dance, with slow and measured steps.

[5] *Till*] Old eds. "Tell." The correction is by Seward, who thus explains the passage: "On thy tomb shall be

Ord. I dare, sir. [*Pulls off her veil.*
Thi. Ha! [*Lets fall his sword.*
Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it!
Thi. No, I dare not!
There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue,[1] virtue,
Ever and endless virtue!
Ord. Strike, sir, strike! [*Kneels.*
And if in my poor death fair France may merit,[2]
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!
Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Rise, Ordella,
[*Raises her.*
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shew'd us! — Oh, my heart-strings! [*Exit.*
Mart. I see you full of wonder; therefore, noblest
And truest amongst women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.
Ord. Amazement
Has so much won[3] upon my heart, that truly
I feel myself unfit to hear. Oh, sir,
My lord has slighted me!
Mart. Oh, no, sweet lady!
Ord. Robb'd me of such a glory by his pity
And most unprovident respect ——
Mart. Dear lady,
It was not meant to you.
Ord. Else where the day is,
And hours distinguish time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been spoken.
Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.
Ord. If I have transgress'd,
Forgive me, sir!
Mart. Your noble lord was counsell'd
(Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the kingdom[4] with him) to seek out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods:
He went, found such an one, and had this answer;
That, if he would have issue, on this morning,
(For this hour was prefix'd him,) he should kill
The first he met, being female, from the temple,
And then he should have children. The mistake
Is now too perfect, lady.
Ord. Still 'tis I, sir;
For may this work be done by common women?
Durst any but myself, that knew the blessing
And felt the benefit, assume this dying?
In any other 't had been lost and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing: I was figured;
And shall a little fondness bar my purchase?[5]
Mart. Where should he then seek children?
Ord. Where they are;
In wombs ordain'd for issues; in those beauties
That bless a marriage-bed, and make[6] it proud
With kisses that conceive and fruitful pleasures:
Mine, like a grave, buries those loyal hopes,
And to[8] a grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honest. Rob not us,
And those that shall hereafter seek example,
Of such inestimable worths[9] in woman,
Your lord of such obedience, all of honour,
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A will short of your wisdom! make not error
A tombstone of your virtues, whose fair life
Deserves a constellation! Your lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard;
He makes a separation Nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and everlasting Justice
Shrinks back and sheaths her sword at.
Ord. All's but talk, sir;
I find to what I am reserv'd and needful:
And though my lord's compassion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my best use,[10] yet a strength
Above mine own, or his dull fondness, finds me;
The gods have given it to me. [*Draws a dagger.*
Mart. Self-destruction? [*Holds her.*
Now all good angels bless thee! Oh, sweet lady,
You are abus'd![11] this is a way to shame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love[12] you;
To ruin all you build! Would you be famous?
Is that your end?
Ord. I would be what I should be.
Mart. Live, and confirm the gods then! live, and be loaden
With more than olives bear or fruitful autumn!
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to. Where or how
Got you these bloody thoughts? what devil durst
Look on that angel-face and tempt? do you know
What 'tis to die thus? how you strike the stars
And all good things above?[13] do you feel

engraved from age to age the succeeding Kings of France as acknowledging their being all derived from thee, till thou liest there like Nature, the fruitful mother of all things." The Editors of 1778 endeavoured to defend the old reading; but it is certainly a misprint for "Till:" so, in an earlier passage of this play, "*till* a sowgelder," &c. (p. 130), the 4tos. have "tell."

[1] *angel, friend. Oh, virtue*] As 4to. 1621 has "angell friend; o vertue," it has been suggested to me that the right reading of the line is, "A fiery angel, friend *to* virtue," &c.; but compare p. 155, where Thierry addresses Martell, "I know it, *friend*."

[2] *merit*] See note, p. 124.

[3] *won*] Corrected by the Editors of 1778. So too Heath, *MS. Notes.* — Old eds. "woue" and "wove."

[4] *kingdom*] "Refers to *grieving*, not to *counselled* [as Seward thought, who printed 'kingdoms']." *Ed.* 1778.

[5] *purchase*] i. e. acquisition: see note, p. 145.

[6] *make*] Old eds. "makes."

[7] *proud*] Theobald's conjecture. Old eds. "proceede" and "proceed,"—(a transcriber probably having written by mistake "procede"). Seward printed "procreant;" and so his successors. The Editors of 1778 proposed "breed"!

[8] *to*] Was altered by the Editors of 1778, and Weber, to "too." Heath proposes "'tis." *MS. Notes.* — But is not "covets *to*" equivalent to "covets *after*?"

[9] *worths*] Old eds. "worthies."

[10] *leaves me in my best use*] "i. e. neglects putting me to the use I am most fit for, the best use I can be employed in." *Ed.* 1778.

[11] *abused*] i. e. deceived, mistaken.

[12] *know . . . love*] Old eds. "knows . . loves."

[13] *above*] The editors of 1778, for the metre, "*above* us."

What follows a self-blood? whither you venture,
And to what punishment? Excellent lady,
Be not thus cozen'd, do not fool yourself!
The priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.
Ord. I am counsell'd.
Mart. And I am glad on't; lie, I know, you dare not.
Ord. I never have done yet.
Mart. Pray, take my comfort.
Was this a soul to lose? two more such women
Would save their sex. See, she repents and prays!
Oh, hear her, hear her! if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.
Ord. Now, good Martell, confirm me.
Mart. I will, lady,
And every hour advise you; for I doubt
Whether this plot be heaven's, or hell's your mother,
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the centre of it. In the mean time,
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourself,
And shew the instrument; so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.
Ord. Do what's fittest,
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engross all love and give!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter BRUNHALT *and* PROTALDY.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have so long gone with. Ha, here's the midwife!

Enter LECURE.

Or life, or death?
Lec. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask me,
I think you are safe.
Brun. Is she dead?
Lec. I have us'd
All means to make her so: I saw him waiting
At the temple-door, and used such art within,
That only she of all her sex was first
Given up unto his fury.
Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute,
The vengeance he determin'd, his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself; for were there left
Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, (which are
The joys for which I love life,) he should be
Remov'd, and I alone left to be queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.
Lec. If you are so resolv'd, I have provided
A means to ship him hence. Look upon this,
[*Shewing a handkerchief.*
But touch it sparingly; for this once us'd,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From closing until death perform that office.
Brun. Give't me, I may have use of't; and on you [*Taking the handkerchief.*
I'll make the first experiment, if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the ice
Of your so-long-congeal'd and flinty hardness:
'Slight, go on constant, or I shall!
Prot. Best lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.
Lec. Nor will be any thing without you.
Brun. Be so,
And we will stand or fall together; for
Since we have gone so far that death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end,
And innocent or guilty we must die,
When we do so, let's know the reason why.

Enter THIERRY *and* Courtiers.

Lec. The King.
Thi. We'll be alone. [*Exeunt* Courtiers.
Prot. I would I had
A convoy too, to bring me safe[1] off!
For rage, although it be allay'd with sorrow,
Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon it.
Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence 't has birth. — Son, kingly Thierry!
Thi. Is cheating grown so common among men,
And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above?
Brun. Your mother!
Thi. Ha! —
Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when for our[2] offences
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?
Brun. Will you not hear me?
Thi. To lose the ability to perform those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but to impose,
For the redress of that defect, a torture,
In marking her to death for whom alone
I felt that weakness as a want, requires
More than the making the head bald, or falling
[*Tears his hair, and throws himself on the ground.*
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this. Oh, such a scene of grief,
And so set down, (the world the stage to act on,)
May challenge a tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to express it! for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that though the part be good, I fear
The ill acting of it will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, men's pity.
Brun. I have given you way thus long: a king, and, what
Is more, my son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards, sorrow?
For shame, look up!
Thi. Is't you? look down on me!
And if that you are capable to receive it,

1 *safe*] Qy. "safely"?
2 *our*] An alteration by Seward. Old eds. "your."

Let that return to you that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it! What are these?
Come they, upon your privilege, to tread on
The tomb of my afflictions?
Prot. No, not we, sir.
Thi. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes?
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colors as may sort with them?
Prot. Alas, we will wear any thing!
Brun. This is madness:
Take but my counsel.
Thi. Yours? dare you again,
Though arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If such another syllable awake it?
Go, and with yours be safe; I have such cause
Of grief, (nay, more, to love it,) that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lec. Madam —
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolv'd, and will: be statues!

Enter MARTELL.

Thi. Ay, thou art welcome; and upon my soul
Thou art an honest man. — Do you see? he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence
Of sorrow has made bankrupt of such treasure. —
Nay, thou dost well.
Mart. I would it might excuse
The ill I bring along!
Thi. Thou mak'st me smile
I' the height of my calamities; as if
There could be the addition of an atom
To the giant body of my miseries!
But try; for I will hear thee. — All sit down:
'tis death [*They seat themselves.*
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In look, gesture, or word.
Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last and the best story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The griev'd Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, inquir'd
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd, —
For she, whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,
'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her; — she, I say, in whom
All was that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herself
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die to give you children;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object,) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service
Would break forth in despite of the much sorrow
She shew'd she had to leave you; and then taking
Me by the hand, (this hand which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it,)
"Go," said she, "to my lord, (and to go to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for,)
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his love and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The orphan kingdom of such guardians as
Must of necessity descend from him;
And therefore in some part of recompense
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings; yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her." Which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too-ready engine
[*Shews a dagger.*
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.
Thi. Stay! dares any
Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves, to merit
To do so for her? I have done; now on!
Mart. Fallen thus, once more she smil'd, as if that death
For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body without sense of pain;
And then, "Tell him," quoth she, "what you have seen,
And with what willingness 'twas done; for which
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place;
By whom if Heaven bless him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name."
Which said, she died.
Thi. I hear this, and yet live!
Heart, art thou thunder-proof? will nothing break thee?
She's dead; and what her entertainment may be
In the other world without me is uncertain;
And dare I stay here unresolv'd?[1]
[*Draws his sword. They hold him.*
Mart. Oh, sir!
Brun. Dear son!
Prot. Great King!
Thi. Unhand me! am I fallen
So low that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life?
Mart. Be but pleas'd
To borrow so much time of sorrow as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon yourself: 'twas hers,
And dying hers, that you should live, and happy
In seeing little models of yourself,
By matching with another; and will you
Leave any thing that she desir'd ungranted?
And suffer such a life, that was laid down
For your sake only, to be fruitless?

[1] *unresolv'd*] i. e. unsatisfied, uninformed.

money, captain, if any come within a furlong of our fingers.

Fourth Sold. Did you doubt but we could steal as well as yourself? did not I speak Welsh?

Third Sold. We are thieves from our cradles, and will die so.

De Vit. Then you will not beg again?

All. Yes, as you did; "Stand and deliver!"

Sec. Sold. Hark! here comes handsel: 'tis a trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down.

De Vit. Have goodness in your minds, varlets, and to't like men! He that has more money than we, cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law[1] for spoiling the enemy.

Third Sold. You need not instruct us farther; your example pleads enough.

De Vit. Disperse yourselves; and, as their company is, fall on!

Sec. Sold. Come there a band[2] of 'em, I'll charge single. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Enter PROTALDY.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark. I have lost my man, and dare not call for him, lest I should have more followers than I would pay wages to. What throes am I in, in this travel! these be honourable adventures! Had I that honest blood in my veins again, queen, that your feats and these frights have drained from me, honour should pull hard ere it drew me into these brakes.

De Vit. Who goes there?

Prot. Heigh-ho! here's a pang of preferment.

De Vit. 'Heart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance. What shall I do with my jewels and my letter[s]? My codpiece? that's too loose; good, my boots. [*Aside, and puts jewels and letters into his boots.*] — Who is't that spoke to me? here's a friend.

De Vit. We shall find that presently. Stand, as you love your safety, stand!

Prot. That unlucky word of standing has brought me to all this. [*Aside.*] — Hold, or I shall never stand you.

Re-enter Soldiers.

De Vit. I should know that voice. Deliver!

Prot. All that I have is at your service, gentlemen; and much good may it do you!

De Vit. Zounds, down with him! — Do you prate?

Prot. Keep your first word, as you are gentlemen, and let me stand! Alas, what do you mean?

Sec. Sold. To tie you to us, sir, bind you in the knot of friendship. [*They bind*[3] PROTALDY.

Prot. Alas, sir, all the physic in Europe cannot bind me!

De Vit. You should have jewels about you, stones, precious stones.

First Sold. Captain, away! there's company within hearing; if you stay longer, we are surprised.

De Vit. Let the devil come, I'll pillage this frigate a little better yet.

Sec. Sold. 'Foot, we are lost! they are upon us.

De Vit. Ha! upon us? — Make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gasp!

Third Sold. Which way shall we make, sir?

De Vit. Every man his own: do you hear? only bind me before you go, and when the company's past, make to this place again. This carvel[4] should have better lading in him. You are slow; why do you not tie harder?

[*They bind* DE VITRY.

First Sold. You are sure enough, I warrant you, sir.

De Vit. Darkness befriend you! away!

[*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Prot. What tyrants have I met with! they leave me alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry. I shall grow wondrous melancholy, if I stay long here without company. I was wont to get a nap with saying my prayers; I'll see if they will work upon me now: but then if I should talk in my sleep, and they hear me, they would make a recorder[5] of my windpipe, — slit my throat. Heaven be praised! I hear some noise; it may be new purchase,[6] and then I shall have fellows.

De Vit. They are gone past hearing: now to task, De Vitry. [*Aside.*] — Help, help, as you are men, help! some charitable hand relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch! Thieves, wicked thieves, have robbed me, bound me.

Prot. 'Foot, would they had gagged you too! your noise will betray us, and fetch them again.

De Vit. What blessed tongue spake to me? where, where are you, sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throat! we are well enough, if you have the grace to be thankful for't. Do but snore to me, and 'tis as much as I desire, to pass away time with till morning; then talk as loud as you please, sir: I am bound not to stir; wherefore, lie still and snore, I say.

De Vit. Then you have met with thieves too, I see.

Prot. And desire to meet with no more of them.

De Vit. Alas, what can we suffer more? they are far enough by this time; have they not all, all that we have, sir?

Prot. No, by my faith, have they not, sir. I gave them one trick to boot for their learning: my boots, sir, my boots! I have saved my stock and my jewels in them, and therefore desire to hear no more of them.

De Vit. Now, blessing on your wit, sir! what

[1] *there is no law*] "i. e. that there is no punishment by law." MASON.

[2] *Come there a band*] Heath's correction, *MS. Notes.* Old eds. "*Come, there* are *a band,*" — which the modern editors give.

[3] *They bind, &c.*] Weber gives here "*They tie him to a tree,*" and presently, "*He* [*De Vitry*] *is tied to a tree.*"

[4] *carvel*] "Caravel or Carvel, a kind of light round Ship with a square Poop, rigg'd and fitted out like a Galley, holding about six score or seven score Tun." Kersey's *Dict.*

[5] *recorder*] "i. e. a flageolet." WEBER.

[6] *purchase*] i. e. booty. "*Purchase*, in the cant language of the times, always means anything acquired by robbery or cozening: thus Gadshill says, in first part of Henry IV. act ii. sc. i. 'Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*; I am a true man.' See Mr. Steevens's note on this passage." REED.

a dull slave was I, dreamed not of your conveyance! Help to unbind me, sir, and I'll undo you; my life for yours, no worse thief than myself meets you again this night!

Prot. Reach me thy hands.

De Vit. Here, sir, here. [PROTALDY *unbinds* DE VITRY'S *hands*,] I could beat my brains out, that could not think of boots, boots, sir, wide-topt boots; I shall love them the better whilst I live. But are you sure your jewels are here, sir?

Prot. Sure, say'st thou? ha, ha, ha!

De Vit. So ho, illo ho!

Soldiers. [*Within.*] Here, captain, here!

Prot. 'Foot, what do you mean, sir?

Re-enter Soldiers.

De Vit. A trick to boot, say you? [*Takes out jewels from* PROTALDY'S *boots.*] — Here, you dull slaves, purchase, purchase! the soul of the rock, diamonds, sparkling diamonds!

Prot. I am betray'd, lost, past recovery lost! — [*Aside.*
As you are men ——

De Vit. Nay, rook, since you will be prating, we'll share your carrion with you. Have you any other conveyance now, sir?

First Sold. [*Taking out letters from* PROTALDY'S *boots.*] 'Foot, here are letters, epistles, familiar epistles: we'll see what treasure is in them; they are sealed sure.

Prot. Gentlemen, as you are gentlemen, spare my letters, and take all willingly, all! I'll give you a release, a general release, and meet you here to-morrow with as much more.

De Vit. Nay, since you have your tricks and your conveyances, we will not leave a wrinkle of you unsearched.

Prot. Hark! there comes company; you will be betrayed. As you love your safeties, beat out my brains; I shall betray you else.

De Vit. [*Reading the letters.*] Treason, unheard-of treason! monstrous, monstrous villainies!

Prot. I confess myself a traitor; shew yourselves good subjects, and hang me up for't.

First Sold. If it be treason, the discovery will get our pardon, captain.

De Vit. Would we were all lost, hang'd,
Quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent prince!
Thierry's poison'd, by his mother poison'd,
The mistress to this stallion;
Who, by that poison, ne'er shall sleep again!

Sec. Sold. 'Foot, let us mince him by piecemeal till he eat himself up.

Third Sold. Let us dig out his heart with needles, and half broil him like a muscle.

Prot. Such another, and I prevent you; my blood's settled already.

De Vit. Here is that shall remove it! Toad, viper! —
Drag him unto Martell! —
Unnatural parricide! cruel, bloody woman!

Soldiers. On, you dog-fish, leech, caterpillar!

De Vit. A longer sight of him will make my rage
Turn pity, and with his sudden end prevent
Revenge and torture! — Wicked, wicked Brunhalt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace of* THIERRY.

Enter BAWDBER *and three* Courtiers.

First Cour. Not sleep at all? no means?

Sec. Cour. No art can do it?

Baw. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded hawk; a centinel to him,
Or one of the city-constables, are tops.

Third Cour. How came he so?

Baw. They are too wise that dare know:
Something's amiss; Heaven help all!

First Cour. What cures[1] has he?

Baw. Armies of those we call physicians;
Some with glisters, some with lettice-caps,[2]
Some posset-drinks, some pills; twenty consulting here
About a drench, as many here to blood him.
Then comes a don of Spain, and he prescribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk,
Or quench a whore i' the dog-days; after him,
A wise Italian, and he cries, "Tie unto him
A woman of fourscore, whose bones are marble,
Whose blood snow-water, not so much heat about her
As may conceive a prayer!" after him,
An English doctor with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out, "Endive and succory,
With a few mallow-roots and butter-milk!"
And talks of oil made of a churchman's charity.
Yet still he wakes.

First Cour. But your good honour has a prayer in store,
If all should fail?

Baw. I could have pray'd and handsomely, but age
And an ill memory ——

Third Cour. Has spoil'd your primmer.

Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i' the court,
And can pray for a pension ——

THIERRY *is brought in on a couch, with* Doctors *and* Attendants.

Sec. Cour. Here's the King, sir;
And those that will pray without pay.

Baw. Then pray for me too.

First Doctor. How does your grace now feel yourself?

Thi. What's that?

[1] *cures*] So 4tos. Fol. 1679, "cure;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *lettice-caps*] "These are somehow connected with old medical practice, for they are twice mentioned in connection with physicians [in the present passage, and in our authors, *Monsieur Thomas*, act iii. sc. 1]. We find from Minshew's Spanish Dictionary that a *lettice-cap* was originally a *latticecap*, that is, a net cap, which resembles *lattice* work, often spelt *lettice*. See him in '*Lettise* bonnet, or cap for gentlewomen,' and the Spanish *Albanega* there referred to." Nares's *Gloss.* in v. — That the *lettice-caps* in our text mean certain applications of the plant *lettuce*, as a soporific, to the head of the patient, is, I think, evident. In Parkinson's *Theat. Botan.*, 1640, we are told; "Galen sheweth that the eating of boyled *Lettuce* at night when hee went to bed procured him rest and sleepe . . . . the same is found effectuall also with divers, or the juice thereof mixed or boyled with oyle of Roses and applied to the forehead and temples, both to procure rest and sleepe and to ease the headach of any hot cause." p. 812.

First Doctor. Nothing at all, sir, but your fancy.
Thi. Tell me,
Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
Assure my soul there is sleep? is there night
And rest for human labours? do not you
And all the world, as I do, out-stare Time,
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd?
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth,) and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?
Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,
The happiness of him that drinks his water,
After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely upon one another?
When shall I rest?
Sec. Doctor. Oh, sir, be patient!
Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd
More than a mangy dog, among your doses?[1]
Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
Unwholesome fools sleep for a garded footcloth,[2]
Whores for a hot sin-offering; yet I must crave,
That feed ye and protect ye and proclaim ye.
Because my power is far above[3] your searching,
Are my diseases so? can ye cure none
But those of equal ignorance? dare ye kill me?
First Doctor. We do beseech your grace be more reclaim'd![4]
This talk doth but distemper you.
Thi. Well, I will die,
In spite of all your potions. One of you sleep;
Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
What blessèd rest it is my eyes are robb'd of.
[*An* Attendant *lies down.*
See, he can sleep, sleep any where, sleep now,
When he that wakes for him can never slumber!
Is't not a dainty ease?
Sec. Doctor. Your grace shall feel it.
Thi. Oh, never I, never![5] The eyes of Heaven
See but their certain motions, and then sleep;
The rages of the ocean have their slumbers
And quiet silver calms; each violence
Crowns in his end a peace; but my fix'd fires
Shall never, never set! — Who's that?

Enter MARTELL, BRUNHALT, DE VITRY, *and* Guards.

Mart. No, woman,
Mother of mischief, no! the day shall die first,
And all good things live in a worse than thou art,[6]
Ere thou shalt sleep! Dost thou see him?
Brun. Yes, and curse him;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.
Mart. Why art thou such a monster?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to ask me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society
But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience,
Till this man rest; but for whose reverence,
Because thou art his mother, I would say,
Whore, this shall be! Do you nod? I'll waken you
With my sword's point.
Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee!
Mart. See, she that makes you see, sir!
And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your people's cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother!
Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour now! —
Is it so, mother?
Brun. Yes, it is so, son,
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.
Mart. She nods again; swinge her!
Thi. But, mother,
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so,) was this,
This endless misery, this careless malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?
Brun. It was, and by that will ——
Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of nature in you, tenderness!
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out[7] your age! and when time calls you,
That as an autumn-flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang like pennons!
Brun. Holy fool,
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments or fears,

[1] *doses*] Qto's. "dosses" (see note p. 115). Here fol. 1679 is deficient.
[2] *for a garded footcloth*] i. e. on condition of receiving as a reward a set of laced housings (see note p. 15), — a decoration, which was particularly affected by the physicians of the poets' time.
[3] *above*] In Weber's ed. "from"!
[4] *reclaimed*] "The expression is taken from falconry. To *reclaim* a hawk is to make him tame." MASON.
[5] *never I, never I*] Altered by the Editors of 1778, and Weber, to "Never, never, I!"
[6] *And all good things live in a worse than thou art*] "The meaning seems to be, '*And all good* things *live in a worse* [thing] *than thou art.*'" *Ed.* 1778. So too Heath explains the line. *MS. Notes.*
[7] *imp out*] A metaphor frequent in our old writers. "It often falls out, that a Hawk breaks her Wing and Train-Feathers, so that others must be set in their steads, which is termed *Ymping* them." *The Gentleman's Recreation, Part Sec., Hawking*, p. 59, ed. 1686.

Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal[1] will defeated,
In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted!
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted virtue to be scatter'd:
I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
And what such have done read, and know thy ruin!

Thi. Heaven forgive you!

Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
Are now apparent. Protaldy we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whose care,
After the damn'd defeat[2] on you, she trusted
The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,

Enter a Gentleman.

Son to your murder'd brother: her physician
By this time is attach'd too, that[3] damn'd devil!

Gent. 'Tis like he will be so; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drench'd himself.

Brun. He did like one of mine then!

Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night
To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldy
See justice fall upon!

Brun. Now I could sleep too.

Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy. — Bring the lady,
And Heaven in her embraces give him quiet!

An Attendant *brings in* ORDELLA *veiled.*

Madam, unveil yourself.

Ord. [*Unveiling herself.*] I do forgive you;
And though you sought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive?

Mart. Now could you sleep?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep or quiet
Where her strong knave Protaldy's broke o' the wheel,
And let his cries and roars be music to her!
I mean to waken her.

Thi. Do her no wrong!

Mart. No, right,[4] as you love justice!

Brun. I will think;
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soul dare send them!

Mart. Keep her waking!

[*Exit* BRUNHALT *with* Gentleman *and* Guards.

Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? there's that face[5] ——

Mart. Be moderate, lady!

Thi. That angel's face ——

Mart. Go nearer.

Thi. Martell, I cannot last long. See, the soul
(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,
The heavenly figure of her sweetness, there!
Forgive me, gods! It comes! — Divinest substance! —
Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! — Saint of thy sex,
If it be for my cruelty thou comest —
Do ye see her, ho?

Mart. Yes, sir; and you shall know her.

Thi. Down, down again! — to be reveng'd for blood,
Sweet spirit, I am ready. — She smiles on me:
Oh, blessed sign of peace!

Mart. Go nearer, lady.

Ord. I come to make you happy.

Thi. Hear you that, sirs?
She comes to crown my soul. Away, get sacrifice!
Whilst I with holy honours ——

Mart. She's alive, sir.

Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend:
Oh, happy, happy soul!

Ord. Alas, I live, sir!
A mortal woman still.

Thi. Can spirits weep too?

Mart. She is no spirit, sir; pray, kiss her. — Lady,
Be very gentle to him!

Thi. Stay! — She is warm;
And, by my life, the same lips! — Tell me, brightness,
Are you the same Ordella still?

Ord.[6] The same, sir,
Whom Heavens and my good angel stay'd from ruin.

Thi. Kiss me again!

Ord. The same still, still your servant.

Thi. 'Tis she! I know her now, Martell. — Sit down, sweet.
Oh, blest and happiest woman! — A dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me. — Oh, my jewel!

Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord!

Thi. My joys are too much for me.

Re-enter Gentleman *with* MEMBERGE.

Gent. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to see
Protaldy tortur'd, has chok'd herself.

Mart. No more:
Her sins go with her!

Thi. Love, I must die; I faint:
Close up my glasses!

First Doctor. The queen faints too, and deadly.

Thi. One dying kiss!

Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest:
And now close my eyes too!

Thi. Thou perfect woman! —

[1] *liberal*] i. e. licentiously free.

[2] *defeat*] i. e. act of destruction. So in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*;

"Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A *damn'd defeat* was made." act ii. sc. 2.

[3] *too, that*] Till Mason made this correction, the text was "to *that*."

[4] *No right*] Old eds. "Nor *right*." "The slight alteration in the text is absolutely requisite. Martell, upon Thierry's exclamation, 'Do her no wrong!' naturally says, 'No, do her right, inflict the justice due to her.'" WEBER. (qy. Sir W. Scott?).

[5] *so sweetly? there's that face*—] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read, and rightly perhaps — "*so sweetly* there? *that face* — "

[6] *Ord.*] Old eds. "Mart.;" and so the modern editors.

Martell, the kingdom's yours: take Memberge to you,
And keep my line alive. — Nay, weep not, lady. —
Take me! I go. [*Dies.*
Ord. Take me too! Farewell, honour! [*Dies.*
Sec. Doctor. They are gone for ever.
Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them!
Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.
All. We your subjects!
Mart. De Vitry, for your service[s] be near us.
Whip out these instruments of this mad[1] mother
From court and all good people; and, because
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour.[2]
And now lead on. They that shall read this story
Shall find that virtue lives in good, not glory.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.[3]

Our poet knows you will be just, but we
Appeal to mercy; he desires that ye
Would not distaste his Muse, because of late
Transplanted, which would grow here, if no fate
Have an unlucky bode. Opinion
Comes hither but on crutches yet, the sun
Hath lent no beam to warm us; if this play
Proceed more fortunate, we'll crown the day
And love that brought you hither. 'Tis in you
To make a little sprig of laurel grow
And spread into a grove, where you may sit
And hear soft stories, when by blasting it
You gain no honour, though our ruins lie
To tell the spoils of your offended eye.
If not for what we are, (for, alas, here
No Roscius moves to charm your eyes or ear!)
Yet as you hope hereafter to see plays,
Encourage us, and give our poet bays.

[1] *mad*] May, perhaps, be right: but qy. "bad?" as at p. 111, "The more my shame is of so *bad a mother*."

[2] *But neither tongue nor honour*] "Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson would reject *tongue* here, and read *tomb*, but surely without sufficient reason: for *tongue* signifies the *funeral oration*, *honour* the escutcheons and other ceremonies of the funeral, together with the monument, or whatever may shew respect to the deceased." SEWARD.

[3] *Epilogue*] From 4to. 1649.

PHILASTER, OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

Philaster. Or, Loue lyes a Bleeding. Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Baymont and John Fletcher* } *Gent.*

Printed at London for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child, in Brittaines Bursse. 1620, 4to. On the title-page is a wood-cut representing "The Princes," "A Cuntrie Gentellman," and "Phielaster:" vide act iv. sc. 3.

This impression has not been used by any of the editors. Both at the commencement and at the end of the play, the text is so utterly and absurdly different from that of the authors, as to leave no doubt that those portions must have been supplied "for the nonce" by some hireling writer; and throughout all the other scenes very gross mistakes occur. Yet, notwithstanding its imperfections, this edition is of considerable value, and has enabled me in several places to restore the true readings.

Printed p. 123, vol. I Bullen. Clerimon & Lyon instead of Claremont & Dion

Philaster. Or, Loue lies a Bleeding. As it hath beene diuerse times Acted, at the Globe, and Blacke-Friers, by his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.* } *Gent.*

The second Impression, corrected, and amended. London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the signe of the Eagle and Childe, in Brittaines Bursse. 1622. 4to.

Philaster, &c. &c. The third Impression. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to be sold at his Shop in Chancery-lane, adioyning to Sarjeants Inne gate. 1628. 4to.

Philaster, &c. &c. The fourth Impression. London, Printed by W. I. for Richard Hawkins, &c. 1634, 4to.

Philaster, &c. &c. The fourth Impression. London, Printed by E. Griffin for William Leak, &c. 1639, 4to. An edition distinct from that last mentioned.

Philaster, &c &c. The fifth Impression. London: Printed for William Leake, &c. 1652. 4to.

Another Impression, also called *The fifth*, 1652, 4to, and a Sixth edition, n. d. 4to., are mentioned in some dramatic catalogues, but I have not seen them.

Philaster is in the folio of 1679.

"PHILASTER," says Malone, "had appeared on the stage before 1611, being mentioned by John Davies of Hereford, in his Epigrams,[1] which have no date, but were published according to Oldys in or about that year. Dryden mentions a tradition (which he might have received from Sir William D'Avenant), that Philaster was the first play by which Beaumont and Fletcher acquired reputation, and that they had written two or three less successful pieces, before Philaster appeared. From a prologue[2] of D'Avenant's their first production should seem to have been exhibited about the year 1605. Philaster, therefore, it may be presumed, was represented in 1608 or 1609." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 453, ed. 1821. Perhaps, so; but in conjectures of this kind little confidence can be placed.

Philaster was undoubtedly the joint-essay of Beaumont and Fletcher: concerning their respective shares in its compo-

[1] "Additions to Langbaine's Account of Dramatick Poets, M. S." — Oldy's note is this — [Philaster] "Written ab^t the year 1610. See in Davis his Scourge of Folly an Epigram on it." — The miserable epigram to which he alludes, is as follows:

"TO THE WELL DESERUING MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

EPIG. 206.

Loue lies ableeding, if it should not proue
Her vtmost art to shew why it doth loue,
Thou being the Subiect (now) it raignes vpon;
Raign'st in Arte, Judgement, and Inuention:
For this I loue thee; and can doe no lesse
For thine as faire, as faithfull Sheepheardesse."
Scourge of Folly, n. d. p. 98.

[2] To *The Woman-Hater*: see p. 53 of the present volume. Davenant, however, as Weber remarks, speaks of Fletcher singly.

sition there is, I think, much uncertainty, though modern critics seem to agree in assigning the greater portion of it to Beaumont's pen.

"The principal incident in the play," Weber[1] observes, "the disguise of Euphrasia, was perhaps suggested to the poets by a tale in the Diana of Montemayor, a work which had been translated by Bartholomew Young, in 1583, and which was very popular in those days. One of the heroines, Fellisarda, follows her lover, Don Felix, to the capital, where, discovering his passion for Celia, one of the court-ladies, she engages herself to him as a page, and in this capacity she is employed in carrying on the love intrigues of Celia and her master. The rest of the story, however, bears no resemblance to the remainder of the plot of Philaster."

"The character of Bellario," says Lamb, "must have been extremely popular in its day. For many years after the date of Philaster's first exhibition on the stage, *scarce a play can be found* without one of these women-pages in it, following in the train of some pre-engaged lover," &c. *Spec. of Dram. Poets*, p. 363. A remark thrown out somewhat at random.

Philaster continued to be received with great applause till puritanism had silenced the stage.

The 4th scene of the 5th act, under the title of *The Club-men*, was one of the drolls (comic portions of various favourite plays), which, during the suppression of the theatres, were performed at the Red Bull, at Bartholomew-fair, at country fairs, &c., being "allowed, and that but by stealth too, and under the pretence of rope-dancing or the like." Robert Cox, a celebrated comedian, "was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces." See the collection by Kirkman, entitled *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, (preface, and p. 83.)[2]

The following ballad, founded on the present drama, is one of the "Songs,"[3] in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, &c. by Thomas Jordan, 1664. It was doubtless written several years anterior to that date, and while theatrical entertainments were prohibited.

"LOVE IN LANGUISHMENT.

TUNE — *Have I not lov'd thee much and long.*

1.

You to whom melting hearts belong,
That Lovers woes bewail,
And would not have true love take wrong,
Attend unto my tale.
The like to this is seldom known;
'Twill make your very souls to groan,
As if the case were all your own.

2

A great man late a Daughter had,
Which now may not be nam'd:
She had two Suitors, good and bad,
Both by her eyes inflam'd;
But young Philaster was his Name,
A Gentleman of noble fame,
That her affections overcame.

3.

The tother was her fathers choice,
Antonio he was call'd,
Who with her feature, youth and voice
Was very much inthrall'd;
And though her Father bid her she
Should to Antonio's suit agree,
She cries, Philaster is for me.

4.

One day Philaster having walkt
Close by a River side,
He found a pretty boy that talkt
Unto himself, and cry'd,
Could I but now a master view,
To give my tender youth its due,
I would appear a Servant true.

5.

Philaster entertain'd him straight,
And sent him to his Love,
That he with her might live and wait,
And 'twixt each other move:
His pretty face did so engage,
She lookt upon his tender age
More like a brother then a Page

6.

Betwixt them he so often went
With letters to and fro,
That it gave cause of discontent
To young Antonio;

[1] He also observes that "the disguise of Viola in the Twelfth Night of Shakespeare may possibly have been suggested by Philaster," &c.: but, since Weber wrote, evidence has been adduced to prove that the former play was acted before 1602. See Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* i. 327.

[2] Kirkman, by an oversight, states in the Catalogue at the end of the vol., that *The Club-men* is taken from *Cupid's Revenge*, and that the droll, which is derived from the latter play, is a portion of *Philaster*.

[3] These "Songs" are, I believe, appended only to some copies of the work.

Who 'cause he could not have his swinge,
But all his love was off the hinge,
He secretly doth vow revenge.

7.

Phylaster and the Lady now,
By Cupids great command,
Are by the Priest with holy vow
United hand in hand;
But when the bonds of love were seal'd,
And that their fears were quite expell'd,
Their marriage joyes were all reveal'd.

8.

Her father apprehends him strait
For stealing of his Heir;
He's hurried to the prison-gate,
And she left in despair:
Antonio makes false witness swear
That fornication did appear
One day betwixt the boy and her.

9.

For which they both by course of law
Are to the prison sent;
Her father which did thither draw
Her love doth now lament:
Phylaster hearing this, quoth he,
Must I thus lose my life for she
That's taken in Adultery?

10.

The Ladies tears not guilty prove,
Each eye so overflows,
To think her Honour and her Love
She in one hour should lose:
Justice against them doth proceed,
Two must be punisht, tother bleed:
Love lies a bleeding now indeed.

11.

The Boy cryes out, you do amiss,
For you do all mistake,
I am a Virgin and did this
For young Antonio's sake;
This Suit which now you see me wear,
And all the course which I did steer,
Was 'cause he should not marry her.

12.

Antonio knows her, and doth vow
He'l marry none but she;
Phylaster takes his Love, and now
The Father doth agree:
Their lives were near the push of pike,
But now embrace and soft hands strike:
May all true Lovers do the like!"

After the Restoration, *Philaster* again enjoyed the highest popularity: "and this Play was One of those that were represented at the old Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, when the Women acted alone." Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 213.[1]

In 1695, *Philaster* "Revis'd, and the Two last Acts new Written" by Elkanah Settle, was produced at the Theatre Royal: "the alterations," says the *Biog. Dram.*, "were not improvements, and the piece had no success."

The Restauration: or, Right will take Place. A Tragicomedy. Written by George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham. From the Original Copy, never before Printed, 1714, forms part of the first volume of that nobleman's *Works*, and is nothing more than an alteration of *Philaster*, the names of the dramatis personæ being entirely changed. The title seems intended as a sort of compliment to Charles the Second; but the play itself, as far as I can discover, contains no political allusions. In all probability it was not written by the Duke, and appears never to have been brought upon the stage.

In 1763, *Philaster* "with alterations" by the elder Colman was performed with much applause at Drury-lane theatre. A portion of his Prologue, (which, according to the *Biog. Dram.*, "has been both greatly admired and criticised,") is as follows:

"While modern tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought fable, act by act,
We dare to bring you one of those bold plays
Wrote by rough English wits in former days,

[1] He adds "The Prologue and Epilogue were spoken by Mrs. Marshal, and printed in *Covent-garden Drollery*, p. 18." —The Editors of 1778 are mistaken in saying that the Prologue for this occasion was written by Dryden.

Beaumont and Fletcher; those twin stars that run
Their glorious course round Shakespeare's golden sun,
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supplied,
Or Bessus walk'd the stage by Falstaff's side.
Their souls, well pair'd, shot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twin'd the social bays,
Till fashion drove, in a refining age,
Virtue from court, and nature from the stage.
Then nonsense, in heroics, seem'd sublime;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids sigh'd in rhyme
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A hash from Greece and France, came modern taste:
Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing
In rant and fustian, they ne'er rise to feeling.
O say, ye bards of phlegm, say, where's the name
That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim?
Say, where's the poet, train'd in pedant schools,
Equal to Shakespeare, who o'erleapt all rules?"

TO THE READER.[1]

Courteous Reader, — Philaster and Arethusa his love have lain so long a-bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds which they received in the first impression, that it is wondered how they could go abroad so long, or travel so far, as they have done. Although they were hurt neither by me nor the printer, yet I knowing and finding by experience how many well-wishers they have abroad, have adventured to bind up their wounds, and to enable them to visit, upon better terms, such friends of theirs as were pleased to take knowledge of them so maimed and deformed as they at the first were; and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now find double favour, being reformed, and set forth suitable to their birth and breeding, by your serviceable friend,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

THE STATIONER[2] TO THE UNDERSTANDING GENTRY.

This play, so affectionately taken and approved by the seeing auditors or hearing spectators (of which sort I take or conceive you to be the greatest part), hath received (as appears by the copious vent of two editions) no less acceptance with improvement of you likewise the readers, albeit the first impression swarmed with errors, proving itself like pure gold, which, the more it hath been tried and refined, the better is esteemed. The best poems of this kind in the first presentation resemble that all-tempting mineral newly digged up, the actors being only the labouring miners, but you the skilful triers and refiners: now, considering how current this hath passed under the infallible stamp of your judicious censure and applause, and (like a gainful office in this age) eagerly sought for, not only by those that have heard and seen it, but by others that have merely heard thereof; here you behold me acting the merchant-adventurer's part, yet as well for their satisfaction as mine own benefit; and if my hopes (which, I hope, shall never lie like this Love a-bleeding) do fairly arrive at their intended haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new bottom, and set forth again, to gain the good will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King.
Philaster, heir to the crown of Sicily.
Pharamond, prince of Spain.
Dion, a lord.
Cleremont.
Thrasiline.
An old Captain.
Citizens.
A country-fellow.
Two Woodmen.
Guard, Attendants.
Arethusa, daughter to the King.
Euphrasia, daughter to Dion, disguised as a page under the name of
Bellario.
Megra, a court-lady.
Galatea, a lady attending the princess.
Two other Ladies.

SCENE, — *Messina and its neighbourhood.*

[1] Prefixed to 4to. 1622.

[2] Prefixed to 4to. 1628.

See Camb. ed. vol. I., for different opening &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the King to attend here: besides, it was boldly[1] published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desired[2] to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, sir, the multitude, that seldom know any thing but their own opinions, speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right[3] heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased[4] and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, *a* Lady, *and* MEGRA.[5]

Thra. See, the ladies! What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure;[6] simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate

[1] *boldly*] Altered unnecessarily by Seward to "loudly."

[2] *desired*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628. Later eds. "desire." In 4to. 1620, the opening scene (as I have already noticed) is entirely different from the present.

[3] *right*] Altered in Weber's ed. to "rightful."

[4] *pleased*] Can the true reading be "released"?

[5] *Enter Galatea, a Lady, and Megra*] The old eds. have "Enter Galatea, Megra, and a Lady;" and, in the dialogue which precedes the entrance of the King, they assign to "La." the speeches now given to Megra, while they prefix "Meg." to those now appropriated to the Lady.

"I have made a transposition in the speakers, here, from the following accurate criticism of Mr. Seward." — THEOBALD. "The character given of the last of these three ladies so exactly suits Megra, and all the speeches which the *anonymous Lady* speaks, her excessive fondness for the courtship of men, and of foreigners in particular,* are so entirely in her strain, that I am persuaded she has been unjustly deprived of them. It is not the custom of any good writer to give a long and distinguishing character of, and to make a person the chief speaker in any scene, who is a mere cipher in the whole play besides; particularly, when there is another in the same scene, to whom both the character and the speeches exactly correspond. I should guess it to have been some jumble of the players; she, who acted Megra, having given up so much of her part to initiate some younger actress. The entrance should have been thus regulated:

Enter GALATEA, *a* Lady, *and* MEGRA,

and all the speeches of the two latter transposed." SEWARD.

"Had Mr. Seward been altering this play for representation, his right to make this transposition would certainly be allowable, but is not as an editor. It was, however, necessary to mention his conjecture. The person here speaking is doubtless the *old wanton lady*, or *crony* [*crone*], whose character is left out of the drama in Mr. Theobald's edition." EDITORS OF 1778. They accordingly followed the old eds. So did Weber, except that he changed the stage-direction to "*Enter Galatea, Megra, and* an old *Lady.*"

Seward was not the first to discover the error of the old editions in the present scene. When Settle altered *Philaster* in 1695 (see p. 159), he omitted the character of the "anonymous Lady," and *assigned what he retained of her speeches to Megra*; and the author of *The Restauration*, an alteration of *Philaster* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see *ibid.*), made the description given by Dion, "Marry, I think she is one," &c. apply to Alga, *who answers to the Megra of the original play.* Indeed, a transposition here is so obviously necessary, that (with all my unwillingness to deviate from the old copies) I should assuredly have had recourse to it, even if it had never been suggested by any preceding editor. I could easily point out other early dramas, in which, owing to some blunder of the transcriber or printer, (not, as Seward says, to "some jumble of the players,") the speeches of a scene are wrongly appropriated.

In the Dramatis Personæ of the old eds. (first prefixed to 4to. 1628, — long after Beaumont's death, and three years after Fletcher's) we find,

"Megra, a Lasciuious Lady.
An old Wanton Lady, or Croane;"

but the second of these "Ladies" evidently originated in some mistake of the writer who drew up the list: and when the Editors of 1778 pronounced that "the person here speaking is doubtless *the old wanton lady*," &c., they must have overlooked Dion's account of the frail one in question, which proves that she could not be *old.* In act ii. sc. 2, we hear of "the reverend mother" (— compare the incidental notice in *The Woman-Hater*, "You maidens, with your *mother* eke," p. 58 —) i. e. the matron who held at court the situation of Mother of the Maids: should it be conjectured that she is the "anonymous Lady" of the old eds. who figures in the present scene, the speech of Dion just mentioned (to say nothing of other strong objections) is decisive against the supposition.

[6] *measure*] See note p. 146.

* e. g. "Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled." p. 162.

"But eye yon stranger: is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely!" &c. p. 164.

princes: she'll cog[1] and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

La. What if they should!

Meg. Nay, let her alone. — What if they should! why, if they should, I say they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

La. What if they be!

Meg. Good madam, let her go on. — What if they be! why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg,[2] nor say "excuse me."

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies!

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps: but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

La. Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King!

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and* Attendants.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe,) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse[3] and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams:
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature —
No, sir;
I boldly dare proclaim her yet no woman.
But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.[4]
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman is wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too:
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself,)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms;
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes, I hold it happy;
Happy in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself[5] most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travails of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself
And his own law — yet I his prince and law.
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear in the choice of him whose name and lustre

[1] *cog*] i. e. cheat, falsify, cajole.

[2] *leg*] i. e. bow.

[3] *discourse*] "It is very difficult to determine the precise meaning which our ancestors gave to *discourse*; or to distinguish the line which separated it from *reason*. Perhaps, it indicated a *more rapid* deduction of consequences from premises, than was supposed to be effected by reason: — but I speak with hesitation. The acute Glanville says, 'The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it, if we name it *reason*.' Whatever be the sense, it frequently appears in our old writers, by whom it is usually coupled with *reason* or *judgment*, which last should seem to be the more proper word." Note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 148. ed. 1813. When Gifford added that in the well known passage of *Hamlet*, "a beast, that wants discourse *of* reason," we must read "discourse *and* reason," he was certainly mistaken: see Boswell's note, Malone's *Shakespeare*, vii. 206.

[4] *servants*] i. e. lovers (the title which ladies formerly bestowed on their professed and authorised admirers).

[5] *Opine myself*] Theobald gave, from Seward's conjecture, "*Opine* it in *myself*." The Editors of 1778 adopted *the misprint of the 4tos.*, "Open *myself*"! Mason proposes, strangely enough, "Hope in *myself*."

Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.
Thra. Miraculous!
Cle. This speech[1] calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.
Dion. I wonder what's his price; for certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,

Enter PHILASTER.

Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick,[2] if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun, he'll ne'er make king
Unless it be for[3] trifles, in my poor judgment.
Phi. [*kneeling.*] Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.
King. Rise; you have it, sir.
[PHILASTER *rises.*
Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks with fear!
Oh, this same whorson conscience,[4] how it jades us!
King. Speak your intents, sir.
Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon[5]
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess,)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living —
Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name and memories,
These arms and some few friends beside the gods —
To part so calmly with it, and sit still
And say, "I might have been." I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: for, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels; prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!
Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.
Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.
Phi. Sir prince of popinjays,[6] I'll make it well
Appear to you I am not mad.
King. You displease us:
You are too bold.
Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud
Sails over, and makes nothing.
King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: sure, he's somewhat tainted.
Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.
Dion. H'as given him a general purge already,
For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By these hilts, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom!
Cle. Peace; we are all one soul.
Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence,
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms with the succession;
Which I must keep, (though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you,) without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are: the King will leave it me,
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his,[7] and could see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,[8]
You should hear further from me.
King. Sir,

[1] *Cle. This speech*, &c.] Perhaps intended for loose metre:
"This speech
Calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large
Inventory of his own commendations."

[2] *quick*] i. e. alive.

[3] *for*] Qtos. 1620, 1622, 1628 "of;" which Theobald gave.

[4] *Oh, this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!*] "This sentiment Shakespeare has finely, and as concisely, expressed in his Hamlet;
'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all.'"
THEOBALD.

[5] *This earth you tread upon*, &c.] Old eds. thus:
"This earth you tread upon
(A dowry as you hope with this fair [sweet, 4to. 1620] princess,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance," &c.
The transposition was made by Seward, who confirms it by citing the following passage from the commencement of *The False One*:
"She being by her *father's* testament
(*Whose memory I bow to*)," &c.

[6] *popinjays*] i. e. parrots.

[7] *That made the world his*] "i. e. Alexander the Great." THEOBALD.

[8] *bugs*] i. e. terrors, (goblins). Settle, in his alteration of the play (see p. 159), substituted "boasts," conceiving that "bugs" was here equivalent to "bugs-words."

You wrong the prince; I gave you not this freedom
To brave our best friends: you deserve our frown.
Go to; be better temper'd.
Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler us'd.
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,[1]
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But the other is the man set in mine eye:
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax![2]
Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
[*They talk apart.*
Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him; there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant:[3] if he give not back his crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.
King. Go to;
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what
Fashion we will put upon you. Smooth your brow,
Or by the gods——
Phi. I am dead, sir; you're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!
King. Sure, he's possess'd.
Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel and do me service, cry me king:
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.
King. Away! I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your[4] life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.
[*Exeunt* KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and* Attendants.
Dion. I thank you, sir! you dare not for the people.
Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?
Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand. But eye yon stranger; is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely! they do the rarest home-things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.
Gal. Pride[5] comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap. [*Exeunt* GALATEA, MEGRA, *and* Lady.
Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! it stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter-dew.
Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If I[6] could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseas'd age, retire and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy sir?
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well that, if the King please, I find
I may live many years.
Dion. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,
Your wrongs and virtues.[7] Shrink not, worthy sir,

[1] *a pattern of succession*] "i. e. a pattern to succeeding kings." THEOBALD.

[2] *of wax*] i. e. well made, as if he had been modelled in wax: see Steevens's note on "a man of wax," Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 3. In the words of Galatea, "A dog it is," there is some allusion which I do not understand: "You'll clap *a dog of wax* as soon, old Blurt," occurs in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*—*Works*, vi. 158, ed. Gifford, who has no note on the expression.

[3] *true tenant*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1620, which has "*true* truant." Theobald printed "*true* recreant;" and so his successors. I am not satisfied that "tenant" is the right reading; but I am far from thinking with Theobald that it "is as arrant nonsense as ever the press was guilty of:" see what immediately follows: "if he [shaking like a true tenant,—like one who has only temporary possession] *give not back* his crown," &c. The Rev. J. Mitford conjectures "*true* tyrant."

[4] *your*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Inserted by Theobald from conjecture.

[5] *Pride*] Theobald gave from the earlier 4tos. "Gods."

[6] *I*] Old eds. "you."—"I cannot discover any sense in this passage as it stands, but believe we should read, 'if *I* could well be flatter'd,' instead of, 'if *you*,' and then the meaning will be, 'You look as if you could be willing to pay your court to me, if you could do so without hazarding the fortunes of your families by offending the king.'" MASON. The error probably arose from the eye of the original compositor having caught the initial word of the two preceding lines.

[7] *virtues*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "injuries;" and so

But add your father to you; in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,[1]
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord; the princess would entreat
Your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! you are mistaken.
Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her. [*Exit* Lady.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble.
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheeks[2] may steal my soul out;
There's all the danger in't: but, be what may,
Her single name hath armed me. [*Exit.*
Dion. Go on,
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless! —
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.
Are. You all are of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But I know he fears.
Lady. Fear, madam! methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love! to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick[3] look
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me! alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births!
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: if a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in. [*Exit* Lady.
You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Re-enter Lady *with* PHILASTER.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh, 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay

the modern editors. I may just notice that the author of *The Restauration*, an alteration of *Philaster* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 159), substituted "merits" for "injuries."

[1] *male-dragons*] So all the old eds., with a hyphen. Richardson (*Dict.* in *v.*) cites the present passage as an example of *male* in the sense of masculine; rightly, perhaps: "male-griffin" is an heraldic term; and see Spenser's *Works*, vi. 277. ed. Todd. A friend suggests that *male* here means evil.

[2] *cheeks*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "face;" and so the modern editors: but Philaster has just used that word.

[3] *quick*] i. e. lively.

Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I die; by fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loath to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear:
I must and will have them, and more ——
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose the little life the gods prepar'd
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can[1] endure it. Turn away my face!
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discover'd yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may,) I have unript my breast.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts
To lay a train for this contemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes, I do, above my life!
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,[2]
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me; but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story:
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art

[1] *can*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622. Other eds. "cannot;" which the modern editors give!

[2] *vale*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "bay;" and so the modern editors. — These words, "*bred in the bay*, have not been noticed by any of the commentators, yet require explanation; for, if taken in their usual acceptation, they would be nonsense here. It appears to me that by *bred in the bay* Philaster means, woven in the garland. A *bay* means a garland, and to *brede*, or *braid*, as it is now spelt, means to weave together. *Bred* is the participle of the verb to *brede*, not of to *breed*." MASON. The play-wright who made an alteration of *Philaster* under the title of *The Restauration* (which has been attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 159), puzzled perhaps by the common reading, seems to have been forced, like Mason, to understand "bay" in the sense of garland; for he gives

"Of many several flowers *he'd* in the bay
Stuck," &c.

The first portion of Weber's remarks on this passage is sensible enough; the latter part absurd: "it were to be wished," he says, "that Mason had furnished us with instances which would bear out these interpretations. I believe that the words in question simply mean, bred in the bay, or *on the shallow edge of the fountain*"! That 4to. 1620 exhibits the true text in several places of this drama, where all the other eds. are corrupted, is beyond a doubt; and here too, I apprehend, it preserves the right reading. I ought to add that it has the spelling "vayle;" whence, perhaps, by a typographical error, the other lection, "bay."

That could be wish'd; so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd [1]
Him, who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Re-enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.
Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed [2] out for me.
Are. Dear, hide thyself. —
Bring in the prince. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is, the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?
Are. He cannot know it.
Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loath to hear: for my sake, do.
Phi. I will.

Re-enter Lady *with* PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to shew, [*Exit* Lady.
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King —
Phi. Good sir, do so still; I would not talk with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter: do but offer
To make mention of right [3] to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable ——
Phi. Good sir, let me go.
Pha. And by my sword —
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! if thou ——
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done. [*Going.*
Pha. You are gone! by heaven, I'll fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need. [*Returning.*
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
"Thou wert," and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?
Phi. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a reverence; but were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell. [*Exit.*
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.
Are. You were best make him your controller.
Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent [4] our joys to come.
Are. If you dare speak [5] such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*
Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster [6]

[1] *I gladly entertain'd*, &c.] The old eds. (excepting 4to. 1620, where this speech is printed as prose) give the passage thus;

"I gladly entertain'd him
Who was glad to follow" —

and Theobald, to complete the second line, inserted "as" before "glad," — a reading adopted by his successors!

[2] *pointed*] A correction by Mason. Old eds. "appointed."

[3] *right*] Theobald printed "your *right*;" and so his successors.

[4] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

[5] *Are. If you dare speak*, &c.] So arranged in old eds. Perhaps, the author intended the passage to stand thus:

"*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts, I must withdraw
In honour. [*Exit.*
Pha. The constitution of my body
Will ne'er hold out till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere."

[6] *were apt to conster*] Theobald printed "are *apt to* construe now," — "are" being the reading of fol. 1679, "construe" (which his successors retained) a wanton alteration of the old and common form, and "now" an insertion of his own to support the metre. A word, perhaps, has dropt

A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft: yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bel. Sir, If I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off! thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*
Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother[1] sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest[2] now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!

Enter GALATEA.

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her. [*Aside.*] — Madam![3]
Gal. Your grace!
Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?
Gal. Not to me, sir.
Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand —
Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove.
If you will talk at distance,[4] I am for you:
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag;
These two I bar;
And then, I think, I shall have sense enough
To answer all the weighty apothegms
Your royal blood shall manage.[5]
Pha. Dear lady, can you love?
Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire[6]

out; but (among other passages of this kind which might be cited) compare —

"Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine!"
p. 171.

In the present speech I have adopted Theobald's arrangement of the verse: the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed that of the old eds., which is certainly wrong.

[1] *the reverend mother*] i. e. the Mother of the Maids: compare *The Woman-hater*, p. 112 of this volume.
[2] *honest*] i. e. chaste.
[3] *Madam*] This necessary word is found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.
[4] *distance*] Altered by Weber to "a *distance*."
[5] *manage*] "This word is used as the French do their *mesnager*, and the Italians *maneggiare*. So we likewise have adopted it, and say, *manage* (or handle) a dispute or argument." THEOBALD.
[6] *wire*] In Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Mistress Otter says "it dropt all my *wire* and my ruff with wax candle," *Works*, iii. 398, ed. Gifford, who has no note on the passage. In the Prologue to that play we find

"Some for your waiting-wench, and *city-wires*;"

where the same editor remarks, "This term, which seems to designate the matrons of the city in opposition to the 'White-friars nation,' is new to me. In the stiff and formal dresses of those days, wire indeed was much used; but I know not that it was peculiar to the city dames. Perhaps, I have missed the sense." p. 342. In S. Marmyon's *Hollands Leaguer*, 1632, the term is again employed as peculiar to city-ladies;

"And haue thy seuerall Gownes and Tires take place,
It is thy owne, from all the *City wires*,
And Summer birds in Towne, that once a yeare
Come up to moulter." Sig. E.

In Daniel's *Queenes Arcadia* mention is made of

"Deuisors of new fashions and strange *wyers*."
Workes, p. 337, ed. 1623.

In Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, Mistress Comings, a fashionable cap-maker, while she assists in dressing the Country-Wench, exclaims, "Excellent, exceeding, i'faith! a narrow-eared *wire* sets out a cheek so fat and so full: and if you be ruled by me, you shall wear your hair still like a mock-face behind." *Works*, i. 461, ed. Dyce.

mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand[1] behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: would you or I could help it!

Pha. You're very dangerous[2] bitter, like a potion.

Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though
I mean to purge a little time on you.

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give
No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat: use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller:[3] but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite: she's a Danae, and must be courted in a shower of gold. [*Aside.*] — Madam, look here; all these, and more than —— [*Offers gold.*

Gal. What have you there, my lord? gold! now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you. [*Takes gold.*

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money.[4] — Yet for all this I'll match ye.[5] [*Aside. Exit behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire-constitutions[6] as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would[7] breed, let all consider.

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. [*Aside.*] — Many fair mornings, lady!

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace!

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free. — [*Aside.*
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we will talk
An hour out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself:
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even smooth,
Young enough, ripe enough, and[8] red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in blushes
Which those fair suns above with their bright beams
Reflect upon and ripen! Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. [*Aside.*] — Sir,
You have in such neat poetry gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks,[9] I should commend
Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, but[10] you shall not;
I'll prompt you[11] first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before me;[12]
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time:
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord! how would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory: this is all; love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own
That yet wants teaching.

[1] *hand*] "Perhaps," says Mason, "we should read '*handle*;'" which Weber unnecessarily adopted.

[2] *Pha. You're very dangerous*, &c.] This speech and the next are found only in 4to. 1629. Not in modern eds.

[3] *tiller*] i. e. a steel bow, or cross bow. "Arcus cornu, præsertim arcus brachio chalybeo instructus, nescio an q. d. *streler*, quasi arcus chalybeatus." Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. A very forced derivation.

[4] *white money*] A cant name for silver specie.

[5] *match ye*] "This is sense, yet probably we ought to read '*watch* you,' as Galatea does actually watch Pharamond, and retires behind the scene for that purpose." MASON. Settle in his alteration of the play (see p. 159) gives "*watch* ye."

[6] *camphire-constitutions*] "Camphire was anciently classed among those articles of the materia medica, which were *cold* in an eminent degree." WEBER. See Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, B. ii. c. vii. p. 111. ed. 1672.

[7] *would*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "will;" and so the modern editors.

[8] *and*] So most of the 4tos. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[9] *blanks*] i. e. blank verses.

[10] *but*] Found only in 4to 1620. Not in modern eds.

[11] *you*] Omitted by Weber!

[12] *you ha' don't before me*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "I *ha' don't before*;" and so the modern editors.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures[1] than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that is a foul fault indeed;
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: she sailed by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit! The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful;
Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this,
And with it me: soon I will visit you.
[*Gives her a ring.*[2]

Meg. My lord,
My chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night,
I'll find some means to slip into your lodging:
Till when ——

Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with thee! [*Exeunt severally.*

Re-enter GALATEA.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and, lady Towsabel,[3] I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him[4] clothes?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he done't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not? Ask'd you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discover'd?

Gal. I have strain'd a point
Of modesty for you.

Are. I prithee, how?

Gal. In listening after bawdry. I see, let a lady
Live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find
A lawful time to hearken after bawdry.
Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected:
I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
[*Exit* GALATEA.
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
Why thou didst[5] this,) have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never alter'd yet), this match shall break.
[*Aside.*
Where's the boy?

Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO, *richly dressed.*

Are. Sir,
You are sad to change your service; is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.[6]
Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst[7] master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?

Bel. If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends
In thinking of your face; if it be love
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;

[1] *measures*] See note p. 166.

[2] *Gives her a ring*] This stage-direction was added by Weber.

[3] *Towsabel*] A jocular alteration of *Dowsabel*, which is a name common in our early pastoral poetry. Qto. 1620 erroneously gives the latter word.

[4] *him*] Omitted by Weber.

[5] *thou didst*] Altered unnecessarily by Theobald to "*didst thou*;" and so Weber, though the Editors of 1778 had restored the old reading.

[6] *disclaim'st in me*] i. e. disclaimest me. The expression is common in our early writers.

[7] *curst*] "i. e. cross." WEBER.

If it be love to weep himself away
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam,[1] I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit! but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. — Do you attend me too. —
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Before* PHARAMOND'S *lodging in the Court of the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper; 'tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your own[2] lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? you're good sitters-up:
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of these ladies. —
Is't not late, gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*
Meg. She's jealous, as I live. [*Aside.*] — Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like.
Meg. Why, this is he that[3] must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep;
The princess does provide him for you and for herself.
Pha. I find no music in these boys.

[1] *Then, madam, &c.*] Arranged thus by Theobald:
"Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh,
You are a cunning boy," &c.
He may have been right; but "swear" is repeatedly used as a dissyllable by our early poets.
[2] *own*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.
[3] *that*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds. Theobald, for the metre, printed "— when you *once* are wed."

Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy: how brave[4] she keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning ere you've done your dreams
Meg. All happiness attend your grace!
[*Exit* PHARAMOND.
Gentlemen, good rest. — Come, shall we to-bed?
Gal. Yes. — All good night.
Dion. May your dreams be true to you! —
[*Exeunt* GALATEA *and* MEGRA.
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The King
Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along with him.

Enter KING, *with* ARETHUSA, Guards, *and* Attendants.

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is; and I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had been better[5] have embrac'd
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest:
You shall be righted.
[*Exeunt* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.
— Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* DION.
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.
You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be curs'd
In that which meaner men are blest withal:
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine!
She has not broke your laws. But how can I[6]

[4] *brave*] i. e. finely dressed.
[5] *had been better*] This not unfrequent expression was altered by Theobald to "*had* much *better*;" and so his successors.
[6] ——— *But how can I*
Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?] "In this sentiment our authors seem to be copying Shakespeare, in a noble passage of his Hamlet:
——— '*Forgive me my foul murder!*
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,

Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?
[*Aside.*

Re-enter DION.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laughed, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seemed to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: in short, sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.— [*Exeunt* Guards.
Knock, gentlemen; knock loud;[1] louder yet.
[DION, CLER., &c. *knock at the door of* PHARAMOND'S *lodging.*
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?—
I'll break your meditations.—Knock again.—
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him.—Once more.—Pharamond! prince! [PHARAMOND *appears at a window.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexèd soul,
He meets his death that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, prince,[2] you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends:
Come down.

Pha. The King!

King. The same, sir. Come down, sir:[3]
We have cause of present counsel with you.

Enter PHARAMOND *below.*

Pha. If your grace please
To use me, I'll attend you to your chamber.

King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself
Make[4] me unmannerly, and say, you cannot.—
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life that comes here.

King. Sir, be resolv'd[5] I must and will come.—Enter,

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd:
He that enters enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber
At these unseason'd hours.

King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? you are not wrong'd nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known.—Enter, I say.

Pha. I say, no. [MEGRA *appears at a window*

Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter;
I am up and ready:[6] I know their business;
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.—
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.—
Oh, my lord the King, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman!

King. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my lord. Your hootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers and your broad[7] fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage:
But I have vengeance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

King. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not. [*Exit above.*

King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness;
You have wrong'd a worthy lady: but, no more.—
Conduct him to my lodging and to bed.
[*Exeunt* PHARAMOND *and* Attendants.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage[8],
Or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant.
If this gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of state mistaken!

Enter MEGRA *below.*

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?

My crown, mine own ambition, and my quern.
M..y one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?" &c."
THEOBALD.

[1] *loud*] Theobald printed, for the metre, "louder."

[2] *Prince, prince*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "Prince;" and so the modern editors Theobald, to assist the metre, gave "Prince, you *do* wrong," &c.

[3] *sir*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[4] *Make*] Old eds. "Makes."

[5] *be resolv'd*] "i. e. be assured." MASON. Qto. 1620 gives the speech thus:

"Sir be resolued, I must come, and will come enter."

Weber, who sometimes (and in most cases unnecessarily) noted the readings of 4to. 1622, informs us that here it has "*I must and will* enter,"—a specimen of his inaccuracy: it reads

"Sir, be resolu'd, I must, and will come: Enter."

So too 4to. 1628. The other eds. seem to make "Enter" a stage-direction, though they have "*Pha. below*" at the earlier place where I have marked his entrance. Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave *both* these stage-directions! Weber, the latter. That "Enter" is a portion of the text is plain from what Pharamond immediately says, "He that *enters*," &c., and from the King's repetition of the word in his next speech, "*Enter*, I say."

[6] *ready.*] "i. e. dressed." MASON.

[7] *broad.*] Theobald printed, for the metre, "broader."

[8] *stage*] So 4to. 1620. Later eds. "stagge;" which (though Theobald had printed "stage" from conjecture) the Editors of 1778 retained on account of "the seeming reference to a *buck-warrant* in the next line"! Weber gave this speech as prose. It is, however, verse in old eds.; and appears to have been intended for that loose sort of rhythm, which our authors frequently affect. Theobald, as usual, propped up the metre by inserting a word.

No man can fit your palate but the prince:
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary,
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last all-devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court,
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls!
Do you laugh, lady Venus?

Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height ——

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good-minded prince, you know not these things!
I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious [1] star, for all to gaze at,
And so high [2] and glowing, that other kingdoms far and foreign
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess!

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait on her,
A fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you.

[*Exeunt* KING *and* MEGRA, *severally.*

[1] *prodigious*] i. e. portentous.

[2] *And so high*, &c.] This formidable line was reduced by Theobald to

"So high and glowing, that kingdoms far and foreign."

The Editors of 1778 divided it thus;

"And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms
Far and foreign."

There may be some corruption: but compare, at p. 106 of this vol., "And must attend," &c.

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit fit [3] for Hercules. If ever there be Nine Worthies [4] of women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttered [5] such balls of wild-fire; she has so nettled the King, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection; that boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else — but there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land,
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right
By this regardless King? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?

Thra. That man that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth!

Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature,[6] are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back
From this attempt is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.

Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly; but how shall we,
If he be curious,[7] work upon his faith?

[3] *fit*] Found only in 4tos. 1620, 1622. Not in modern eds.

[4] *Nine Worthies*] See note, p. 139. — This speech perhaps ought to stand as three lines of colloquial verse.

[5] *uttered*] So all the 4tos. Fol. 1679 "uttereth;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *Against their nature*] "i. e. contrary to the nature of the discordant multitude." MASON.

[7] *curious*] "i. e. scrupulous." WEBER.

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.
Cle. It will be best.
Thra. 'Twill move him.
Dion. Here he comes.

Enter PHILASTER.

Good-morrow to your honour: we have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head:
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping King; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deserv'd none! Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy,) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks; but my designs
Are not yet ripe: suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence may now be caught. As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they lov'd ——
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou liest!
Dion. My lord ——
Phi. Thou liest,
[*Offers to draw his sword: they hold him.*
And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin
Not to be pardon'd: be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure, he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew you
Why he utter'd this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so!
Good sir, forbear to say so; 'tis then truth
That all womankind is false: urge it no more;
It is impossible. Why should you think
The princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! by[1] heaven, 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!
Is't possible? can women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him. [*Aside.*] — Sir, you are deceived;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? she would have one
Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman!
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
Would thou hadst ta'en devils[2] engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,

[1] *by*] So all the 4tos. Fol. 1679 "Oh;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[2] *devils*] Perhaps a mistake of the original compositor, whose eye had caught the word from the preceding line In the alteration of *Philaster*, called *The Restauration*, (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 159), "fiends" is substituted; and in Settle's alteration of the play (see ibid.) "furies."

Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me thorough?[1]
Dion. Why, my lord, are you
So mov'd at this?
Phi. When any fall from virtue,
I am distract; I have an interest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it:
Please you to leave me; I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.[2]
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.
Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done;
And he that tells me this is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the waters[3] of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep:
But miserable man ——

Enter BELLARIO.

See, see, you gods,
He walks still; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty. [*Aside.*
Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. [*Gives a letter.*
Phi. Oh, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me! she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy: she has made thee brave.
Bel. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. — Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks. —
[*Aside.*
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons,
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded;[4] and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill! no, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Not so, my lord.[5]
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life!
Phi. Why, then, she does not love me. Come, she does:
I bade her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked as to her bed; I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you: I do see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

[1] *thorough*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "through;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *And give you answer*, &c.] The later eds. have
"And give you answer
The readiest way. DI. All the gods direct you;"
and Weber remarks that "this accidental transposition was rectified by Theobald." Yet Weber used several of those earlier 4tos. in which there is no transposition of the passage!

[3] *waters*] Theobald, on account of "'twas" in the next line, gave "water;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[4] *Regarded*] Is, I believe, right: but I may just notice that 4to. 1620 has "rewarded."

[5] *Bel. Not so, my lord*] Theobald gave, from the earlier 4tos., "*Bel.* Never, *my lord*, by heaven;" but he did not adopt their variation in the next speech, viz. "*Phi.* That's strange: *I know she does.*"

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least [*Draws his sword.*
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods, [*Kneels.*
As chaste as ice! but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,[1]
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall upon me,[2] if I destroy thee not!
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd!
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls: think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me!
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. [*Sheaths his sword.*] — Rise, Bellario:
[BELLARIO *rises.*
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost: it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.
Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! [*Exit* BELLARIO.] Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, — how I slept, wak'd, talk'd,
How I remember'd him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such, — I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?
Are. None but my single self: I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.

[1] *bulls of brass*] An allusion to the story of the tyrant Phalaris.
[2] *upon me*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "on *me*;" and so the modern editors. Theobald, for the metre, gave "on *me* strait."

King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified and dutiful I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks and sings and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away. H'as done you that good service
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty; put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: do it! Farewell. [*Exit.*
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour fair?[1] Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it! and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest[2] mistress!
Are. Oh, my dearest servant,[3] I have a war within me!
Phi. He must be more than man that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me ——
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The King.
Phi. Oh, my fortune![4]
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. [*Aside.*] — Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you
How much I lov'd you? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall now[5] sing your crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And makes them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids,[6] making me dream, and cry,
"Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!"
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal! [*Aside.*] — Mistress,
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion[7] for a boy?
Are. He was your boy,[8] and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do[9] thus.
Are. Do what, sir? would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, you gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,

[1] *fair.*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "safe;" and so the modern editors.
[2] *dearest*] Theobald printed "my *dearest*;" and so perhaps the author wrote.
[3] *servant*] See note p. 162.
[4] *my fortune*] Qto. 1620 "*my* misfortune," which is perhaps the right reading; for 4to. 1622 has "*my* mi fortune," and 4to. 1628 "*my* my fortune." Later eds. "*my* fortune." In *The Mad Lover*, act ii. sc. 3, the old eds. read "my fortunes," where the sense positively requires "misfortunes."
[5] *now*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Theobald inserted it, from conjecture, thus — "Who *now* shall sing," &c.
[6] *eye-lids*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "eyelid;" and so the modern editors.
[7] *passion*] i. e. sorrowful exclamation.
[8] *He was your boy*, &c.] There seems to be a slight corruption of the text here: Theobald fearlessly reformed it thus;
"He was your boy, you put him to me, and
The loss of such must have a mourning for."
[9] *do*] Theobald printed "to *do*."

Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursèd boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then, I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting with her poisons,[1] must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you;
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you
Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone;
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight! [*Exit.*

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter BELLARIO.

Save me, how black
And guiltily,[2] methinks, that boy looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathèd office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abusèd lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!
[*Exit* BELLARIO.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man,[3] let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds!
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King. What, are the hounds before and all the woodmen,[4]
Our horses ready and our bows bent?

Dion. All, sir.

King. You are cloudy, sir: come, we have forgotten [*To* PHARAMOND.
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it.

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how

[1] *For bursting with her poisons*] "Means for fear of bursting with her poisons; a mode of expression which so frequently occurs in these plays, that a particular example of it is unnecessary. It was vulgarly supposed that there were places where no venomous creatures could live. Ireland, in particular, because none such are to be found in that country." — MASON.

[2] *guiltily*] Qto. 1620 "vile." Qto. 1622 "guiltily," — a reading which Theobald inserted from conjecture. The other 4tos., and fol. 1679 "guilty." Weber, with 4to. 1622 lying before him, gives "guiltily" as the emendation of Theobald!

[3] *a man*] i. e. Acteon.

[4] *woodmen*] i. e. foresters.

he sinks! the wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus; would he would leave off poaching!

Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late.[1] Oh, he's a precious lime-hound![2] turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, sir,
And I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.
[*They talk apart.*

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve[3] in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face but that she's honest![4]

Thra. Troth,[5] no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat;[6] but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours and his dam drum-major! now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.[7]

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences![8]

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Forest.*

Enter two Woodmen.[9]

First Wood. What, have you lodged the deer?
Sec. Wood. Yes, they are ready for the bow.
First Wood. Who shoots?
Sec. Wood. The princess.
First Wood. No, she'll hunt.
Sec. Wood. She'll take a stand, I say.
First Wood. Who else?
Sec. Wood. Why, the young stranger-prince.
First Wood. He shall shoot in a stone-bow[10] for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings.[11] He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets;[12] marry, his[13] steward would have the[14] velvet-head[15] into the bargain, to turf[16] his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristrem;[17] for, if you be remem-

[1] *late*] "Means lately," says Mason, rather unnecessarily.

[2] *lime-hound*] i. e. a hound of the chase, so called from the *lyam*, or *lyme* (leash) by which it was led.

[3] *sick man's salve*] An allusion to a work by Thomas Becon, or Beacon, entitled *The Sicke Mans Salue. Wherein al faithful christians may learne both how to behaue themselues patiently and thankfully in the time of sickenesse, and also vertuously to dispose their temporall goods, and finally to prepare themselues gladly and godly to die.* Gifford mistakingly states (after Reed *apud* Mason) that it was "published about 1591." Note on Jonson's *Works*, iii. 443. The first edition was in 1561; and it was several times reprinted. Our early dramatists and pamphleteers frequently allude to it with ridicule. Reed (*ubi sup.*) mentions another piece called, — *The Salue for a Sick Man*, &c., by William Perkins.

[4] *honest*] i. e. chaste.

[5] *Thra. Troth*, &c.] "The name of the speaker is corrected [from "*Pha.*" to "*Thra.*"] by Theobald, who did not know that he had the authority of the quarto of 1622 for the variation." Weber. The mistake was obvious, and easily corrected.

[6] *that spoils her coat*] "The allusion is to mullets, or stars, introduced into coats of arms, to distinguish the younger branches of a family, which of course denote inferiority." Mason.

[7] *carriage*] "i. e. baggage." Mason.

[8] *licences*] "It was formerly a branch of revenue to grant licences for stews." Weber.

[9] *Woodmen*] i. e. Foresters.

[10] *a stone-bow*] i. e. a cross-bow, which shoots stones.

[11] *since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings*] "When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an *assay* of the plight and fatness of the game. But this, as the Woodman says, Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings." Theobald. — "Our [English] order," says Turbervile, "is, that the Prince or chiefe (if so please them) do alight and take assaye of the Deare with a sharpe knife, the which is done in this manner. The deare being layd vpon his backe, the Prince, chiefe, or such as they shall appoint, comes to it. And the chiefe huntsman (kneeling, if it be to a Prince) doth hold the Deare by the fore foote whiles the Prince or chiefe cut a slit drawn alongst the brysket of the Deare, somewhat lower than the brysket towards the belly. This is done to see the goodnesse of the flesh, and howe thicke it is." *The Noble Art of Venerie*, &c. 1611, p. 133, where a wood-cut represents James the First about to take the say, and the huntsman on his knees, offering the knife to the king.

[12] *dowcets*] "As for the deinty morsels which mine Author speaketh off for Princes, our vse (as farre as euer I could see) is to take the caule, the tong, the eares, *the doulcets* [i. e. testes], the tenderlings (if his head be tender) and the sweete gut, which some call the Inchpinne, in a faire handkercher altogether, for the Prince or chiefe." *Id.* p. 134.

[13] *his*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "the;" and so the modern editors.

[14] *would have the*] So the earlier 4tos. Other eds. "*would have* had *the*." The Editors of 1778 give the former reading, Theobald and Weber the latter.

[15] *velvet-head*] "His [the hart's] head [i. e. horns], when it commeth first out, hath a russet pyll vpon it, the which is called *Velvet*, and his head is called then a *velvet head*." *The Noble Art of Venerie*, &c. by Turbervile, 1611, p. 244.

[16] *turf*] "The original word," says Theobald, "must *certainly* have been *tuft*;" which accordingly he inserted in the text, and is followed by the later editors. Compare "*Caps* double *turfed* called cockred caps." *The Rates of the Custome house*, &c. 1582, Sig. B. "*Caps* double *turfed* or cockared caps." *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c. n. d. (in the 8th year of James the First), Sig. C. v. The same description occurs again in *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c., printed in 1635, Sig. B. 6 I am informed that the expression "*turfing* a hat," in the sense of covering an old hat with beaver's fur or silk, was, up to a recent period, not unusual among hatters.

[17] *an old Sir Tristrem*] i. e. an expert huntsman, — that hero of romance being reputed the patron of the chase, and the first who brought hunting to a science.

bered, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye.[1] Who shoots else?

Sec. Wood. The lady Galatea.

First Wood. That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say she's honest;[2] and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

Sec. Wood. No, one more; Megra.

First Wood. That's a firker, i'faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting-saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwelt,[3] that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbors, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body! [*Aside.*] — Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:
You that are griev'd can pity; hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!

Phi. Is it thou? begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country-people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up:
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art;
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take?
That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison
To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage:
This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter on one side DION, *and on the other the two* Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! — You, woodman!

First Wood. My lord Dion?

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

Sec. Wood. Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

Sec. Wood. Faith, my lord, we saw none.

Dion. Pox of your questions then! [*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Enter CLEREMONT.

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her;

[1] *to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye.*] Old eds. "*to strike a rascal* milking," &c.; which is doubtless a misprint. "A rascal," says Theobald, "is a lean deer or doe; but what sense is there in a deer *milking* in a meadow? I hope I have retrieved the true reading, *mitching*, i. e. creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd. To kill her *in the eye*, is a sarcasm on Pharamond as a bad shooter; for all good ones level at the heart." Succeeding editors have adopted Theobald's emendation; and it may, indeed, be the right word; but qy. "walking" (which is nearer the trace of the old letters), the original compositor having mistaken *wa* for *mi*?

[2] *honest*] i. e. chaste.

[3] *dwelt*] So 4to. 1620. Later eds. "dwells;" and so the modern editors. This speech is beautifully imitated from the opening of Juvenal's Sixth Satire:

"Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris vicamque diu, quum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos ignemque laremque
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra;
Silvestrem montana torum quum sterneret uxor
Frondibus et culmo vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus, haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos,
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito."

The Editors of 1778 quote, as an imitation of the above speech of Philaster, a passage from Lee's *Theodosius*;

"Oh, that I had been born some happy swain," &c.

They might have cited an earlier imitation of it from Cham berlayne's *Pharonnida*, 1659;

——"Happy had we,
Great princess, been, if in that low degree," &c.

in which the very expression of our text, "large coarse issue," presently occurs: see Book ii. Canto 5. pp. 169, 170.

others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but questionless she rode away willingly.

Enter KING, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.[1]

King. Where is she?
Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.
King. How's that?
Answer me so again!
Cle. Sir, shall I lie?
King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not! —
Sir, speak you; where is she?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by heaven,
It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king:
I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me! What! am I not your king?
If ay, then am I not to be obey'd?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,[2]
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest! shew her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Indeed I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betray'd me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,
And set her here before me: 'tis the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
King. Alas, what are we kings!
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd: let me choose
My way, and lay it on!
Dion. He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them! [*Aside.*

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse;
He gallop'd empty by. There is some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?
Gal. She did command me.
King. Command! you should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.
King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily!
Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket? [*Aside.*
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.
Dion. Yet you may do well to spare your lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner. [*Aside.*
King. I see
The injuries I have done must be reveng'd. [*Aside.*
Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her. [*Aside.*
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way;
Here I myself.
Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.
Cle. Lady, you must go search too.
Meg. I had rather be search'd myself. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick. [*Sits down.*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady. Heaven knows I want
Nothing, because I do not wish to live;
Yet I will try her charity. [*Aside.*] — Oh hear,
You that have plenty! from that flowing store
Drop some on dry ground. — See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints. —
Madam, look up! — She breathes not. — Open once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord

[1] *and attendants*] Qto. 1620 "*and other Lords.*" Later eds. give only the entrance of the King and Thrasiline: but compare the fourth speech of the King, "You fellows," &c.
[2] *thou*] Qto. 1620 "then," rightly perhaps.

Your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirs. — How is it,
Madam? speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing. ——
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
Bel. My lord, help, help!
The princess![1]
Are. I am well; forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god[2] look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damn'd act! [*Aside.*] — Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!
Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.
Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
[*Offers his drawn sword.*
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy may live and reign
In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: thou art poor, and mayst
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
Thy[3] way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs,[4] feel my pulse, whether you have[5] known
A man in a more equal tune to die.
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you!
Bel. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do. Begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meetings.[6] — [*Exit* BELLARIO.] Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies[7] in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Shew me, then, the way.[8]
Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth[9]
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a Country Fellow.

C. Fell. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman I think! [*Aside.*
Phi. Are you at peace?
Are. With heaven and earth.
Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!
[*Wounds her.*
C. Fell. Hold, dastard! strike a woman! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee: thou wouldst be loath to play half a dozen venies[10] at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.
Phi. Leave us, good friend.
Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?
C. Fell. God'uds[11] me, I understand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you.
Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill

[1] *My lord, help, help! The princess!*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Other eds. "My lord, help, the princess;" and so the modern editors.
[2] *god*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. The line has dropt out from the later eds. The modern editors print "gods"
[3] *Thy*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "This;" and so the modern editors.
[4] *Sirs*] "It should be recollected that *sir* was a term of address to females as well as men." WEBER.
[5] *whether you have*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "*whether have you*;" and so the modern editors — Theobald excepted, who chose to print "where ever *have you*."
[6] *meetings*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "meeting;" and so the modern editors.
[7] *jealousies*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print with the earlier eds. "jealousy."
[8] *Shew me, then, the way*] Qto. 1620 "Shew me the way to joy."
[9] *If your youth*, &c.] A recollection, perhaps, of Shakespeare's *Othello*;
"If you bethink yourself of any crime," &c
Act v sc. 2.
[10] *dozen venies*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "*dozen of venies*;" and so the modern editors. *Venies at wasters* means — bouts at cudgels. On the doubtful etymology of *waster*, Theobald has a long and unsatisfactory note.
[11] *'uds*] I may notice that 4to. 1620 has "judge."

To multiply blood upon my head; which thou
Wilt force me to.

C. Fell. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest!
[*They fight.*

Are. Heavens guard my lord!

C. Fell. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else?[1] I must shift for life,
Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force.
[*Aside and exit.*

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

C. Fell. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! — Where's the wound, madam? Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. I' faith, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; look else.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

C. Fell. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

C. Fell. He's hurt too; he cannot go far: I made my father's old fox[2] fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand,
I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all to you[3] in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick[4] to me,
And I will study for a punishment
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will! —
Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,
And bear that wounded fellow to dressing.[5] —
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.
[*Exeunt on one side* PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE; *exit on the other,* ARETHUSA *attended by the* First Woodman.

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.

Sec. Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

C. Fell. If I get clear with[6] this, I'll go see[7] no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
[*Lies down.*
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake!
[*Sleeps.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd
And I a loathed villain: if she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
[*Cry within.*
So broken. Hark! I am pursu'd. You gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me but my blood,[8]
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds* BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself; [*Falls.*

1 *The gods take part against me; could this boor*
Have held me thus else?] "Mr. Steevens has observed that this bears a strong resemblance to the following speech of Iachimo in Cymbeline: —

'—— I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession?'" WEBER.

2 *fox*] A familiar (and very common) term for the old English broad-sword.

3 *to you*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628. Not in other eds. These words are omitted by the modern editors, — Theobald excepted, who transposed them thus, "And bring him all in my hat to you."

4 *quick*] i. e. "alive." MASON.

5 *to dressing.*] A word seems to have dropt out from this line. The speech was evidently intended for verse, though the modern editors leave it prose.

6 *with*] Theobald gave the reading of 4tos. 1622, 1628, "of."

7 *go see*] So fol. 1679. Other eds. "*go* to *see*;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

8 *my blood*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "*my* wounds;" and so the modern editors. The latter reading originated probably in a mistake of the compositor, his eye having caught "my wounds" at the end of the next line but one. Compare the first words of Pharamond, when he enters presently.

The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers[1]
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward.
Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!
Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Have not bled much: reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
Phi. Art thou then[2] true to me?
Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know
But that the gods may save your much-lov'd breath?
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,[3]
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?
Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come. [PHILASTER *creeps into a bush.*
[*Voices within.* Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer. [*Falls.*

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.
Pha. Oh, thou damn'd
In thy creation! what cause couldst thou shape
To hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make[4] my aim
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes till they overflow'd their banks,
Threatening the men that cross'd 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.
Pha. If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
[PHILASTER *creeps out of the bush.*
Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramis
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods to punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not! — Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury. — By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge!
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceiv'd.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then shew it: some
Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
[*Embracing* BELLARIO.
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see

[1] *followers*] "i. e. pursuers." THEOBALD.
[2] *then*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.
[3] *if not for this*] "The sense requires that we should read 'If *but* for this,' that is, were it only for this. There are no two words so often mistaken for each other in the old editions as *not* and *but*." MASON.
[4] *make*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "take;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? to bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em. — Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but sure[1]
It was Philaster.
Phi. Question it no more;
It was.
King. The fellow that did fight with him
Will tell us that.
Are. Aye me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguis'd.
Phi. I was so.[2] Oh, my stars,
That I should live still! [*Aside.*
King. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life! —
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear them[3] to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping: grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.[4]
Dion. Death! Soft; our law will not reach that for this fault.
King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a guard. —
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.
[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.
Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.
Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the King sent for him to death?
Dion. Yes; but the King must know 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.
Cle. We linger time: the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.
Thra. Are all his wounds well?
Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.
Cle. We dally, gentlemen.
Thra. Away!
Dion. We'll scuffle hard before he perish.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Prison.*

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.
Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.
Phi. Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario,
Leave to be kind!
I shall be shut[5] from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent
To call me to my death: oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! and for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts! 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste by[6] limbs to nothing!
Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do by the honour of a virgin swear
To tell no hours beyond it!
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths!
Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults:
Every just servant,[7] every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you!
He was not born of woman[8] that can cut
It and look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart
Will break with shame and sorrow.[9]

[1] *sure*] Qto. 1620 "sute" (evidently a misprint for "sure"). Later eds. "say;" which, though nonsense, satisfied the modern editors.
[2] *I was so*] i. e. I was, in a figurative sense, *disguised*: the word is still applied in vulgar language to those who are disordered or deformed by drink.
[3] *them*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "him;" and so the modern editors.
[4] *deaths*] So all the 4tos. Fol. 1679 "death;" and so the modern editors.
[5] *shut*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "shot;" and so the modern editors!
[6] *by*] So 4to. 1622. Other eds. "my;" and so the modern editors.
[7] *servant*] See note, p. 162.
[8] *woman*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "women;" and so the modern editors.
[9] *Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart*
Will break with shame and sorrow] Stands thus in old eds.:
"Take me in tears betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow" —
an arrangement followed by the modern editors, Seward

Are. Why, 'tis well,
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. Why,[1] what would you have done,
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
Your life no price compared to mine?[2] for love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, sir, we would have ask'd
Your pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it! ay.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A State-room in the Palace.*

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay. [*Exit* THRASILINE.
Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly.[3] If it must off;
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Crack the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins. [*Aside.*

Enter ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO *in a robe and garland,*[4] *and* THRASILINE.

King. How now? what masque is this?
Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessèd union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the fervour of[5] the Sirian star
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds,
When they were big with humour, and deliver'd
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth;
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleasèd Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke[6] up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorch'd them even to the roots and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet and twine together,
Never to be divided.[7] The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds
Hath knit their noble hearts; and here they stand
Your children, mighty King: and I have done.
King. How, how?
Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For now[8] there is no masquing in't,) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.
King. Your dear husband! —
Call in the Captain of the Citadel.[9] —

(in his *Postscript*) proposing to read "*For else my heart,*" &c. — "It is not easy to explain in sober language the rapturous effusions of love and grief; but it is evident that their dividing him in tears betwixt them was to be the consequence of his heart's breaking, not the prevention of it; it must be broken before it could be divided. The word *else*, therefore, should be struck out." MASON, — who did not, however, observe that the lines were wrongly divided.

[1] *Why*] Found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[2] *Your life no price compar'd to mine?*] Old eds. "My *life no price compar'd to* yours." — "It is evidently," says Mason, "the intention of Philaster, in this speech, to describe what he considered as his own situation at the moment. I have no doubt, therefore, but the passage is erroneous, and that it ought to run thus — . . . . '*Your* life no price compar'd to *mine.*' That is, Suppose yourself [yourselves] in the same situation that I am; that you had wronged me basely, as I have wronged you, and had found that your life was [lives were] of no value compared with mine; which is what I feel when I compare my life with yours." Mason was not aware that the transposition which he proposed (and which Weber adopted) had been made long ago. In an alteration of *Philaster*, entitled *The Restauration* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 159), the passage stands thus;

"Pray tell me now, if you had wronged me basely,
And found *your* life no price compar'd to *mine*," &c.

[3] *lightly*] i. e. easily.

[4] *in a robe and garland*] Qto. 1620 "*with a garland of flowers on's head.*"

[5] *the fervour of*] These words are found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[6] *choke*] Theobald gave, with 4to. 1652 and fol. 1679, "choak'd."

[7] *divided*] Qto. 1620 has the uncommon, but perhaps more poetical word, "unarm'd."

[8] *now*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Not in other eds. The Editors of 1778, supposing it to be one of Theobald's interpolations, threw it out.

[9] *Call in the Captain of the Citadel*] Here perhaps an attendant should go out; but that the Captain of the Citadel does not enter, is plain from what the King says before his exit, "Away to the Citadel," &c., p. 187.

There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat,[1] and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls;
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious[2] meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Chaf'd[3] among dogs or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue. [*Aside.*

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster,
That feeds[4] upon the blood you gave a life to;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living; all your better deeds[5]
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder: make it rich
With brass, with purest gold and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, King! there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin persuade you
To love this lady; if you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is a[6] joy to die;
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Where is the King?

King. Here.

Gent. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing[7] the lord Philaster.

Dion. Oh, brave followers![8]
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons
In honour of your mistresses! [*Aside.*

Enter a Second Gentleman.

Sec. Gent. Arm, arm, arm, arm![9]

King. A thousand devils take 'em!

Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em! [*Aside.*

Sec. Gent. Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.

King. Away to the citadel! I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp? — Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lacks,[10] if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken skin,[11] I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be-

[1] *A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron Into a sullen coat*] "Mr. Warton, in his notes on Milton's Allegro, has collected various instances from old authors to prove that Hymen was always appropriately clothed in saffron-coloured robes in the ancient masques and pageantries." WEBER.

[2] *prodigious*] i. e. portentous.

[3] *Chaf'd*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "Chast" and "Cast:" the modern editors give the latter word.

[4] *That feeds*, &c.] This line is found only in 4to. 1620. Not in modern eds.

[5] ——— *all your better deeds*
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble] Here Theobald cites Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth*:

"*Men's* evil *manners live in* brass, *their virtues*
We write in water."

and Catullus;

"*In vento et rapidâ* scribere *oportet* aquâ."

[6] *a*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave with the later eds. "my."

[7] *Fearing*] i. e. Fearing for.

[8] *followers*] Qto. 1620 "fellows."

[9] *Arm, arm, arm, arm*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628. Other eds. "Arm, arm, arm;" and so the modern editors.

[10] *What-ye-lacks*] i. e. shopkeepers, — "what do you lack," being formerly the usual address of the London shopkeepers to the passers by. — So 4tos. 1620, 1622. Later eds. "*What-ye-lack*;" and so the modern editors.

[11] *skin*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "shin;" and so the modern editors.

praised and sung in sonnets,[1] and bawled[2] in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troul you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What, if a toy[3] take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, "the devil take the hindmost"?

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains reign[4] to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easy frieze! may the moths branch[5] their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! may their false lights[6] undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! may they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! may they have many children, and none like the father! may they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish[7] Latin they write in their bonds — and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Re-enter KING.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them! How they swarm together! what a hum they raise! — Devils choke your wild throats! — If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster! speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit* CLEREMONT.

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen,[8] that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking. [*Aside.*

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce,[9] and hang him up for a sign.

Enter PHILASTER *and* CLEREMONT.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, all[10] my wishes
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, sir: I shall bring you[11] peace
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Street.*

Enter an old Captain *and* Citizens *with* PHARAMOND *prisoner.*

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on!
Let your[12] caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother-gibberish of "what do you lack,"[13]

[1] *and all-to-be-praisrd and sung in sonnets*] Altered by Theobald to "and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets;" which the succeeding editors give!

[2] *bawled*] Old eds. "bath'd." Theobald printed "graved;" and so his successors. I have adopted the conjecture of Heath *(MS. Notes)*, which is at least better and nearer to the trace of the old letters than "graved."

[3] *toy*] i. e. whim.

[4] *reign*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "rain"!

[5] *branch*] i. e. embroider, figure, sprig.

[6] *false lights*] Were used, it would seem, in the shops of dishonest London tradesmen, to enable them to palm upon their customers injured or inferior goods. In Middleton's *Michaelmas Term*, the rascally woollen-draper Quomodo has an assistant named Falselight, whom he thus addresses;

"Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;
With subtle art beguile the honest eye:
Be near to my trap-window, cunning Falselight."
Works, i. 421. ed. Dyce.

[7] *goatish*] Qto. 1620 "gotish." Qtos. 1622, 1628 "goatish." Later eds. "goarish." Theobald printed "Gothic" (a reading previously given in *The Restauration*, an alteration of this play attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 159); and so his successors.— That "goatish," i. e. rank, coarse, barbarous, is the genuine word, there cannot be the slightest doubt: in Hormanni *Vulgaria* we find, "The ranke sauour of *gotes* is applied to them that wyll not come out of theyr *baudy* [i. e. foul, barbarous] *latyn*. - - - - - *qui barbariem nunquam exuunt*." Sig. R vi. ed. 1530; and in Drayton's *Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*,

"Which in the *Gotish* Island tongue were taught."

Todd in his additions to Johnson's *Dict.* gives, *on the strength of the present passage*, "GOARISH, *adj.* (from *goar.*) Patched, mean, doggerel;" and, what is more to be wondered at, Richardson in his very learned work has borrowed from Todd this precious adjective and the example of its use.

[8] *soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen*] "*Soil*, to fatten completely." "*Soiling*, the last fattening food given to fowls when they are taken up from the stack or barn-door, and cooped for a few days." Forby's *Vocab. of East Anglia*. *Foremen* can only be a sort of cant name for geese.

[9] *sconce*] i. e. head.

[10] *all*] So 4tos. 1620, 1622, 1628. Later eds. "and;" which the modern editors give.

[11] *you*] So 4to. 1620. Later eds. "your;" and so the modern editors,—Theobald excepted, who gave "you" from conjecture.

[12] *your*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "our;" and so the modern editors.

[13] *what do you lack*] See note, p. 187.

And set your mouths ope,[1] children, till your palates
Fall frighted half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry,
Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-a-dings,[2]
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,[3]
Than your cold water-camlets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper.[4] Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin,[5] or your tissues,
Dearly belovèd of spic'd cake and custard,
Your Robin-hoods, Scarlets, and Johns,[6] tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,[7]
Up with your three-pil'd[8] spirits, your wrought valours;[9]
And let your uncut cholers[10] make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles,[11] cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!
Cap. How do you like this, my lord-prince?[12]
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,[13]
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.
Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?
Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning that you talk
No more such bug's-words,[14] or that solder'd crown
Shall be scratch'd with a musket.[15] Dear prince Pippin,
Down with your noble blood, or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled. — Let him loose, my spirits:
Make us a round ring with your bills,[16] my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet prince?)[17]
I could hock[18] your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd,
Like a hare at a poulter's,[19] and do this with this wiper.

1 *ope*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "up;" and so the modern editors.

2 *ding-a-dings*] So 4to. 1620. Other eds. "*ding*-dongs;" and so the modern editors.

3 *kings of clubs*] Clubs were formerly the favourite weapons of the London shopkeepers, which, when a fray arose in the streets, their apprentices were always ready to use.

4 *Spitted with copper*] "I have ventured," says Theobald, "to substitute *spotted*, i. e. sprinkled with copper, as our painted papers for hangings are, to resemble gold and look gaudy." And so his successors. Heath conjectured "Spirted." *MS. Notes.* — "*Spitted*" is right; and the context might have shown Theobald that cloths, not *papers*, were meant by "paintings." We read of "cloth of gold *brocked* upon sattin ground, and blue cloth of silver *brocked* upon satin ground." Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 213. And Cotgrave has "*Broché*, Broached, *spitted*: also, *grosely stitched*: *sowed or set with great stitches*." *French-English Dict.* ed. 1650. In *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c., 1635, under the head of "Silkes wrought," is "Bridges Sattin tinceled *with Copper*." Sig. E. 8.

5 *branch'd cloth of bodkin*] *Bodkin* is a corruption of *baudkin*. "*Baudekyn* cloth of sylk, olocericus." *Prompt. Parv.* in v. ed. 1499. "*Baldakinus*, *Baldekinus*, Pannus omnium ditissimus, cujus utpote stamen ex filo auri, subtemen ex serico tegitur, plumario opere intertextus ("branch'd"), sic dictus quod *Baldacco*, seu Babylone in Perside, in Occidentales provincias deferretur." Du Cange, *Gloss.* in v. "Observat denique Scaliger in Notis ad Catullum Babylonica appellasse veteres quæcumque acu picta erant, licet in Babylonia facta non essent." *Id.* in v. *Baudequinus*. Nares defines it, after Du Cange, "the richest kind of stuff, the web being gold, and the woof silk, with embroidery." *Gloss.* in *Baudkin*. Strutt observes that "it was probably known upon the Continent some time before it was brought into this kingdom; for Henry the Third appears to have been the first English monarch that used the cloth of Baudkins for his vesture." *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 130; and afterwards cites from the Wardrobe Inventories of Henry the Fifth and Henry the Eighth, "*baudekyn* of purple silk," "white *baudekyn* of gold," "blue, white, green, and crimson *baudekins* with flowers of gold," "green *baudikins* of Venice gold." ii. 213.

6 *Robin-hoods, Scarlets, and Johns*] "All, who know any thing of the story of Robin Hood must know that Scarlet and John were two of his favourite dependants." THEOBALD.

7 *duckers*] i. e. cringers, bowers — alluding to their *ducking* (bowing) to customers.

8 *three-pil'd*] Is frequently used by our early writers metaphorically, and with much less propriety than in this punning harangue to shopkeepers: *three-pile* was velvet of the richest and strongest quality; "it seems to have been thought," says Nares (*Gloss.* in v.), "that there was a threefold accumulation of the outer substance or pile."

9 *valours*] Another quibble: *velure* (sometimes spelt *valure*) is velvet.

10 *cholers*] Another play on words. Qto. 1620 "colours." Qtos. 1622, 1628 "Collers." Later eds. "Coller." The modern editors give "choler."

11 *rose-nobles*] "A *rose-noble* was a gold coin, struck originally in the reign of Edward III. and stamped with a rose, worth 6*s.* 8*d.*" WEBER. In our author's time, its value was considerably higher.

12 *prince*] Qto. 1620 "prisoner," — rightly, perhaps.

13 *That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,*
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles] "A *foist* means a small vessel with sails and oars, called *fuste* in French, and *fusta* in Italian. The Lord Mayor's barge was formerly called the *galley-foist*." MASON. "*An argosy* — any large vessel, so called from Jason's large ship *Argo* [the most probable derivation of the word]. A vessel is said to *hull*, when she floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the water." THEOBALD. Nares (*Gloss.* in v. *Foist*) explains the present passage thus — "They will not yield to an inferior vessel, and suffer a man of war, *in which they are, to lie inactive and in base traffic*:" but he mistakes the meaning of the latter part. Weber rightly observes that "*foist* evidently alludes to the Lord Mayor's or any other barge gorgeously painted, in reference to the gaudy apparel and effeminacy of Pharamond" (so again Fletcher in *The Woman's Prize*, act ii. sc. 6., has "painted *foist*"); and "a man of war" as evidently refers to Philaster. According to Grose, "*To cry cockles*" is "to be hanged; perhaps from the noise made whilst strangling." *Class. Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue.*

14 *bug's-words*] i. e. swaggering, high-sounding words, — properly, terrific words, from *bug*, a goblin: such at least is its generally received etymology; but Richardson (*Dict.* in v.) considers "*bug*-word" as merely a form of "*big* word." — Here Theobald and his successors print "bug-*words*;" and so too Gifford in *Perkin Warbeck* (Ford's *Works*, ii. 65), though the old ed. of that play has "bugs-*words*." Compare Nash; "Thats a *bugges word*." *Strange Newes of the intercepting certaine Letters*, &c., 1592, Sig. I.

15 *scratch'd with a musket*] The Captain is still quibbling, *musket* (from which perhaps the weapon had its name) being a male sparrow-hawk: "all these kind of hawkes haue their male birds and cockes . . . as . . . the Sparrow-hawke his *Musket*." *The Booke of Falconrie*, &c. by Turbervile, 1611, p. 3.

16 *bills*] i. e. a kind of pikes or halberds with hooked points: see the wood-cut in Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vii. 87.

17 *do you see, sweet prince?*] Qto. 1620 "*doe you* huffe *sweete Prince?*" Qto. 1622 "*do you see sweete Prince?*" (which reading I have adopted). Later eds. "*do you sweet Prince?*", "*do you* sweat *Prince?*", "*do you* swet *Prince?*", and "*do you* swear *Prince?*" Theobald and his successors give "do you sweat, prince?"

18 *hock*] i. e. hough. So 4to. 1620. Later eds. "hulk" and "hulke;" and so the modern editors.

19 *poulter's*] The old and common form of the word; yet Theobald printed "poulterer's."

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?
First Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For[1] a great while.
Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;
Branch[2] me his skin in flowers like a sattin,
And between every flower a mortal cut. —
Your royalty shall ravel. — Jag him, gentlemen;
I'll have him cut to the kell,[3] then down the seams.
O for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.
Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!
Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear and know himself:
He shall for this time only be seel'd up
With a feather through his nose,[4] that he may only
See heaven, and think whither[5] he is going.
Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you:
You would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale,[6]
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
Thou royal ring-tail,[7] fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!
Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!
First Cit. Shall's geld him, captain?
Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels;[8]
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.
First Cit. I'll have a leg, that's certain.
Sec. Cit. I'll have an arm.
Third Cit. I'll have his nose,[9] and at mine own charge build
A college and clap it upon the gate.
Fourth Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kit with:
For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.
Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once!
Fifth Cit. Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.
Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortur'd.
First Cit. Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
Sec. Cit. He had no horns, sir, had he?[10]
Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard:[11]
What wouldst thou do with horns?
Sec. Cit. Oh, if he had had,[12]
I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em;
But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!
Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?
Cap. My royal Rosicleer,[13]
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;[14]
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions[15] on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus?[16] speak. If not, this stand

1 *For*] Mason's correction. Old eds. "foe." Theobald printed "so" from Sympson's conjecture, — a reading also found in the alteration of *Philaster* called *The Restauration* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see p. 159). The Editors of 1778 gave "foe," and defended it in a note! From this place to the end of the play 4to. 1620 is most absurdly at variance with the authors' text: see p. 157.

2 *Branch*] i. e. embroider, figure, sprig.

3 *kell*] "The caule about his [the hart's] paunch is called his *Kell*." *The Noble Art of Venerie*, &c. by Turbervile, 1611, p. 244.

4 *seel'd up With a feather through his nose*] "*Seel'd* [Fr. *siller*] is a term in falconry: when a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids so that she may see very little, [or not at all] to make her the better endure the hood." THEOBALD. See *The Booke of Falconrie*, &c. by Turbervile, 1611, pp. 21, 88, 100. Sometimes a small feather was used for this purpose.

5 *whither*] "I believe we should read '*thither* he is going,' instead of '*whither*;' and the meaning is, we will confine his eyes in such a manner, that he shall see nothing but heaven, and think that he is going there. If a pidgeon be hoodwinked in such a manner that it can receive no light but from above, it will arise perpendicularly till it dies: to this the citizen alludes." MASON.

6 *a church-ale*] "Is a festival to commemorate the dedication of a church." MASON.

7 *ring-tail*] "Is a sort of a kite with a whitish tail." THEOBALD.

8 *donsels*] i. e. youths (—so, in the last speech of this scene the Captain calls them "sweet *youths*"—), properly, young gentlemen professing arms and not yet knighted; *Low Lat. domicellus, donzellus, Ital. damigello, donzello, Span. donzel*, Fr. *damoisel*. Here is an allusion to the *Donzel del Phebo*, a hero in a celebrated Spanish romance, which, previous to the production of this play, had been translated into English under the title of *The Mirrour of Knighthood. . . The Mirrour of Princely Deedes and Knighthood, wherein is shewed the Worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne and his Brother Rosicleer*, &c. 4to. (published in Parts, with various dates). The Captain presently calls Philaster "my royal *Rosicleer*," and asks if he is "free as *Phœbus*." Allusions to these personages occur in several other old dramas.

9 *I'll have his nose*, &c.] "An allusion to Brazen-Nose College at Oxford." WEBER.

10 *He had no horns, sir, had he?*] The Editors of 1778 printed "*He* has *no horns, sir*, has *he?*" an alteration, they say, "which from the other parts of the dialogue seems absolutely necessary"! and so Weber.

11 *a pollard*] "A *pollard* amongst gardeners is an old tree which has been often lopped; but amongst hunters a stag or male deer, which has cast its head or horns." THEOBALD. The latter signification of the word is given in Cockeram's *Dict.* and probably may be found (though I have not met with it) in some of the old books on hunting.

12 *he had had*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628 (the passage is not in 4to. 1620 — see note 1, above). Later eds. "*he had;*" and so the modern editors.

13 *Rosicleer*] See note 8.

14 *roarers*] Or *roaring boys*, was a cant name for a set of quarrelsome bullying blades, who, when this play was written and long after, infested the streets of London: the allusions to them in our early dramas are innumerable; but for an elaborate picture of a roarer, see particularly *A Fair Quarrel*, Middleton's *Works*, vol. iii. ed. Dyce.

15 *murrions*] i. e. steel caps, plain helmets.

16 *Phœbus*] Another allusion to the *Donzel del Phebo*; see note 8.

Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.
Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods, I am!
Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gumm'd golls,[1] and cry "We are your servants"?
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.
Phi. I am what I desire[2] to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.
Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul: forget my name,
And know my misery; set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing, —
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together,[3]
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay, to despair, —
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.
Phi. I do pity you. — Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.
Third Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you;
He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.
Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And mail[4] you like a hawk.
Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!
Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he need[s] no further watching.[5]
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes:
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this. [*Gives money.*
All. Long mayst thou live, brave prince, brave prince, brave prince!
[*Exeunt* PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.
Cap. Go thy ways,[6] thou art the king of courtesy:
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again,
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance and rise, boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and* Attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,[7]
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

[1] *their gumm'd golls*] i. e. their hands (or rather fists, paws), to which some sort of gum had been applied either for its perfume or its bleaching quality. B. Jonson speaks of effeminate persons "*bleaching their hands* at midnight, gumming and bridling their beards," &c. *Discoveries*, *Works*, (by Gifford), ix. 202. Theobald chose to print "the gum-*gols*;" which Nares (in *Gloss.*) gives as a legitimate compound, and supposes to mean clammy hands.

[2] *I desire*] So folio 1679. Other eds. "*I do desire*;" and so the modern editors, — Theobald excepted.

[3] *sickness*
Of all sorts, all dangers, and all together] So folio 1679. The earlier eds.
"*sicknesse*,
Of all sorts, of *all dangers*, *and altogether*;"
and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber — except that they threw out the comma after "sickness" and printed "all together." Theobald gave the passage thus altered by Seward;
"*sickness*,
All dangers of all sorts, and all together."

[4] *mail*] So the folio 1679, where the word is spelt "male." All the other old eds. "make." — "*Surcingle* generally means a girth or the girdle of a cassock; but in the present case I suspect the word to signify the hood in which the hawk was *mailed* or shrouded. This meaning of *mailed* is proved by the Duchess of Gloucester's speech in Henry VI. Part ii. when she is led through the streets wrapped up in the sheet of penance;
'Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame.'" — WEBER.
Surcingle could never signify a "hood:" the meaning of the present passage is evidently, — I'll have a girth or band, and pinion you, or fasten down your wings, like a hawk: "*Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, *that she may not be able to stir her wings* or struggle." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 239. The reading of the folio 1679 is therefore clearly preferable to that of the earlier eds., "make," which, however, was a term of falconry, and meant to order, fashion, render obedient;
"What greater glee can man desire, than by his cunning skill
So to reclaime a haggard Hawke, as she the fowle shall kill,
To *make* and man her in such sort, as tossing out a traine
Or but the lewre, when she is at large, to whoup her in againe?"
Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. *Introd. Poem.* — ed. 1611
"How to beare and *make* a Falcon." *id.* p. 99. "To enter or *make* a Hawke after the fashion of Lombardy." p. 117. "To enseame a Falcon and to *make* her." p. 119. "To keepe and *make* Sparrowhawkes." p. 132. "To reclayme and *make* the Nyasse Sparowhawke." p. 199.
"My purpose was to set them downe the trade,
To man their Hawks, and how they might be *made*."
Epilogue.
At the end of the present speech the modern editors give a stage-direction, "*He stirs!*" For this nonsense they certainly had the authority of most of the old eds.; but they might have found in some of them "*He strives*," i. e. Pharamond struggles.

[5] *He's tame enough, he need* [*s*] *no further watching*] "One of the means used to tame hawks is to keep them continually awake." MASON. But is there any allusion to it here?

[6] *Go thy ways*] "These words [omitted by Theobald and the Editors of 1778] are retrieved from the second quarto." WEBER. They are found also in 4to. 1628.

[7] *this dead of night*] "There is no hint," said Seward, "of the scene being at midnight; we must therefore read '*the* dead of night'" — which accordingly Theobald adopted; and so his successors. But is there any "hint of the scene *not* being at midnight"? and the very expression "this dead of night" occurs in an earlier part of the play, p. 172.

King. Kind gentleman![1]
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.
King. My son!
Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd[2] thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexèd soul with that I did before.
Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. — For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?
Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and hath[3] found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth;
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her[4] boy together.
Dion. How now!
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time:[5]
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.
King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.
Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief:
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.
Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I may speak
As freedom would! then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions: hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.
Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.
Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.[6]
Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted!
King. Bear away that[7] boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my word[8] back, worthy sir!
Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.
King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful; but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?
[*Offers to stab himself.*
Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand!
King. Sirs, strip that boy.
Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh
Will try your constancy.
Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!
Dion. No. — Help, sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
King. Haste there;
Why stay you?
Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.
King. How's that? will he confess?
Dion. Sir, so he says.
King. Speak then.
Bel. Great King, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.
King. Walk aside with him.
[DION *and* BELLARIO *walk apart.*
Dion. Why speak'st thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

[1] *gentleman*] A correction by Seward. Old eds. "gentlemen."
[2] *wrong'd*] Old eds. "wrought."
[3] *hath*] So 4to. 1622. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors. (The passage is not in 4to. 1620: see note p. 190.)
[4] *her*] So 4to. 1622. Other eds. "the;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.
[5] *some time*] Theobald gave with fol. 1679 "sometimes."
[6] *will sadly be denied.*] "i. e. shall be very sorry to be denied." THEOBALD.
[7] *that*] Theobald gave with folio 1679 "the."
[8] *word*] So 4tos. 1622, 1628. Other eds. "words;" and so the modern editors.

Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.
Dion. By heaven, and so there is!
Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer?[1] where wert thou born?
Bel. In Syracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What, have you done?
Dion. All is discover'd.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*Offers to stab himself.*
All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discovered?
Dion. Why, my shame.
It is a woman: let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Bless'd be you powers that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady.
[MEGRA *is seized.*
Phi. It is a woman, sir! — Hark, gentlemen,
It is a woman! — Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. [*Kneels.*
Phi. [*Raising him.*] Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so,) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive,[2] I did thirst
To see the man so praised.[3] But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates:
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath: then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever: I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: alas, I found it love!
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

[1] *Art thou she,*
Or else her murderer?] "It was the received opinion in some barbarous countries, that the murderer was to inherit the qualities and shape of the person he destroyed." MASON.

[2] *apprehensive*] "i. e. quick to apprehend, or understand." WEBER.

[3] *prais'd*] Old eds. "rais'd," the first letter of the word having dropt out from 4to. 1622 (— the passage not in 4to. 1620: see note p. 190—); for the poet would hardly have used "raised" as equivalent to — extolled. Settle, in his alteration of *Philaster* (see p. 159), gave "prais'd;" but the author of the other alteration called *The Restauration* (attributed to the Duke of Buckingham, see ibid.) has

"Which, as I grew in age, encreas'd a thirst
Of seeing of a man *so rais'd above the rest.*"

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.
Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Drest like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. — Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curs'd be the wife that hates her!
Phi. I grieve such virtue[1] should be laid in earth
Without an heir. — Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty. — But leave the court;
This is no place for such. — You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *virtue*] So the 4tos. Fol. 1679 "virtues;" and so the modern editors.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

The Maides Tragedy. As it hath beene diuers times Acted at the Blacke-friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London Printed for Francis Constable and are to be sold at the white Lyon ouer against the great North doore of Pauls Church. 1619. 4to.

The Maids Tragedie. As it hath beene diuers times Acted at the Black-Friers by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. Newly perused, augmented, and inlarged, This second Impression. London, Printed for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at the White Lion in Pauls Church-yard. 1622. 4to.

The Maids Tragedie, &c. Written by Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher Gentlemen. The Third Impression, Reuised and Refined. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancery-Lane neere Serjeants-Inne. 1630. 4to.

The Maides Tragedie, &c. The fourth Impression, Revised and Refined. Printed by E. G. for Henry Shepherd, and are to be sold at the signe of the Bible in Chancery lane. 1638. 4to.

The Maids Tragedie, &c. The fifth Impression, Revised and Refined. London Printed by E. P. for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane, neere the Rowles. 1641. 4to.

The Maids Tragedy, &c. The sixth Impression, Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original. London Printed for William Leake, at the Crown in Fleet street between the two Temple Gates. 1650. 4to.

Another Impression, also called *The sixth*, 1661, 4to.

All the above mentioned editions, except the two last, have a wood-cut on the title-page representing Amintor stabbing Aspatia.

The Maid's Tragedy is in the folio of 1679.

With respect to the date of this drama, I have nothing to offer except the hypothesis of Malone. "If," says he, "the date of the Maid's Tragedy were ascertained, it might throw some light on the present inquiry [concerning the date of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*]; the quarrelling scene between Melantius and his friend being manifestly copied from a similar scene in Julius Cæsar. It has already been observed that Philaster was the first play which brought Beaumont and Fletcher into reputation, and that it probably was represented in 1608 or 1609. We may therefore presume that the Maid's Tragedy did not appear before that year; for we cannot suppose it to have been one of the unsuccessful pieces which preceded Philaster. That the Maid's Tragedy was written before 1611 is ascertained by a MS. play now extant entitled The Second Maid's Tragedy, which was licensed by Sir George Buck on the 31st of October, 1611. I believe it never was printed.[1] If, therefore, we fix the date of the original Maid's Tragedy in 1610, it agrees sufficiently well with that here assigned [1607] to Julius Cæsar." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 450, ed. 1821.

That *The Maid's Tragedy* was the joint composition of Beaumont and Fletcher is beyond a doubt; that Beaumont wrote the greater portion of it is by no means certain, though most modern critics from internal evidence have arrived at that conclusion.

The source from which the incidents of this drama were derived has not been discovered. Aspatia fighting in male attire with Amintor has a sort of prototype in the combat between Parthenia and Amphialus: see Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book iii.

The Maid's Tragedy suffered no abatement of its high popularity[2] till an interdict was laid on dramatic performances.

A droll entitled *The Testy Lord*, made up from those scenes in which Calianax is concerned, was acted during the suppression of the theatres, and may be found in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*: see p. 158 of the present volume.

After the Restoration, the poet Waller (leaving the first four acts in their original state) composed a new fifth act in rhyme, which renders the catastrophe fortunate, — Evadne voluntarily quitting Rhodes, the King and Melantius being reconciled, and Amintor marrying Aspatia. As this absurd piece of sing-song is not included among Waller's writings in the Collections of British Poets, a few extracts from it are now subjoined. Evadne, at the commencement of the act, soliloquizes thus:

> "Oh, that I had my innocence again,
> My untouch'd honour! but I wish in vain:
> The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd
> Never again its native whiteness gain'd.
> Th' unblemish'd may pretend to virtue's crown:
> 'Tis beauty now must perfect my renown.
> With that I govern'd him that rules this isle;
> 'Tis that which makes me triumph in the spoil,
> The wealth I bear from this exhausted court,
> Which here my bark stands ready to transport.

[1] The MS. of *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, — one of the three plays which Warburton, the Somerset Herald, rescued from his cook, — is now in the Lansdown Collection, British Museum. It was printed in 1824: see vol. i. of *The Old English Drama*, 1825. It appears (see *ibid.*) to have received its name from the licenser; but that circumstance will not affect the inference drawn by Malone.

[2] "Of all our elder plays
This and Philaster have the loudest fame."
Waller's Prologue to *The Maid's Tragedy Altered*.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] *of the* [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] unseen by her, "*strikes them* [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] **King.**

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"Long may he reign, that is so far above
All vice, all passion, but excess of love!

. .

Love is the frailty of heroic minds;
And, where great virtues are, our pardon finds."

Fenton says "that Langbaine [*Account of English Dram. Poets*, p. 212.] mistook in affirming that King Charles II. would not suffer the play to appear [in its original state] on the stage: for I have been assur'd by my friend Mr. Southerne, that in the latter end of that reign he has seen it acted at the Theatre Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher; but never with Mr. Waller's alterations." *Observ. on Waller's Poems*, p. clxiii. ed. 1744. Cibber, however, mentions this prohibition of *The Maid's Tragedy* by an order of the Lord Chamberlain as a circumstance "that common fame has delivered down to us." "For what Reason," he continues, "the Politicks of those Days have only left us to guess. Some said, that the killing of the King in that Play, while the tragical Death of King Charles the First was then so fresh in People's Memory, was an object too horribly impious for a publick Entertainment. What makes this Conjecture seem to have some Foundation is that the celebrated Waller, in Compliment to that Court, alter'd the last Act of this Play. . . . Others have given out that a repenting Mistress in a romantick Revenge of her Dishonour killing the King in the very Bed he expected her to come into, was shewing a too dangerous Example to other Evadnes then shining at Court in the same Rank of royal Distinction; who, if ever their Consciences should have run equally mad, might have had frequent Opportunities of putting the Expiation of their Frailty into the like Execution. But this I doubt is too deep a Speculation, or too ludicrous a Reason, to be relied on: it being well known that the Ladies then in favour were not so nice in their Notions, as to think their Preferment their Dishonour, or their Lover a Tyrant: Besides, that easy Monarch loved his Roses without Thorns; nor do we hear that he much chose to be himself the first Gatherer of them." *Apology*, &c. p. 282. ed. 1750.

"The part of Melantius was the last that was acted by the celebrated Betterton, three days before his death, which happened the 28th of April, 1710. Before the middle of the eighteenth century, it still continued to be performed with great applause, as appears from Theobald's notes,[1] who began his labours for an edition of our authors in 1742. How long it retained possession of the stage after that period I am unable to say; but it had been laid aside in 1764, when Baker's Biographia Dramatica [*Companion to the Play-house*] appeared, for some years." WEBER.

The Maid's Tragedy, under the title of *The Bridal*, with alterations by the eminent tragedian Mr. Macready, and with three original scenes by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, was acted at the Haymarket Theatre in 1837, and very favourably received by the public.

THE STATIONER'S CENSURE.[2]

Good wine requires no bush, they say,
And I, no prologue such a play:
The makers therefore did forbear
To have that grace prefixèd here.

But cease here, censure, lest the buyer
Hold thee in this a vain supplyer.
My office is to set it forth,
Where[3] fame applauds its real worth.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.
LYSIPPUS, his brother.
AMINTOR.
MELANTIUS, } brothers to EVADNE.
DIPHILUS, }
CALIANAX, father to ASPATIA.
CLEON.
STRATO.
DIAGORAS.
Lords, Gentlemen, Servants, &c.

EVADNE, sister to MELANTIUS.
ASPATIA, betrothed to AMINTOR.

ANTIPHILA, } attendants to ASPATIA.
OLYMPIAS, }
DULA, attendant to EVADNE.
Ladies.

Characters in the Masque.
NIGHT.
CYNTHIA.
NEPTUNE.
ÆOLUS.
Sea-gods.

SCENE,—THE CITY OF RHODES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LYSIPPUS, DIPHILUS, CLEON, *and* STRATO.

Cle. The rest are making ready, sir.
Lys. So let them;
There's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the King, my lord;
We'll take your word.
Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry;
What think'st thou of the[4] masque? will it be well?

[1] In a note (omitted in the present edition) on the quarrelling scene between Melantius and Amintor, he says "I have always seen it received with vehement applause." He, perhaps, alludes to a period somewhat earlier than 1742.

[2] *Censure*] i. e. Opinion, judgment.—These lines occur after the Dram. Pers., in 4tos. 1630, 1638, 1641, 1650, 1661.

[3] *Where*] "i. e. Whereas." WEBER.

[4] *the*] Old eds. "a."—"It should be '*the* masque.' It was not then to be formed; nor does the prince mean to ask whether it will be well to have one, but whether this, which is prepared, will be a good one. This Strato's answer and the sequel of the play plainly shew." SEWARD.

Stra. As well as masques[1] can be.
Lys. As masques can be!
Stra. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise
Of the assembly, bless the bride and bridegroom
In person of some god; they're tied to rules
Of flattery.
Cle. See, good my lord,[2] who is return'd!

Enter MELANTIUS.

Lys. Noble Melantius, the land by me
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes;
Thou that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wished thee here, and thou art here:
He will be too[3] kind, and weary thee
With often welcomes; but the time doth give thee
A welcome above his or all the world's.
Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.
Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He that rejoices not at your return
In safety is mine enemy for ever.
Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty:
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria; thou cam'st not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's strict[4] command, — which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.
Lys. 'Tis most[5] true, Melantius;
He might not come till the solemnities[6]
Of this great match were[7] past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, and have given cause to those that here
Envy my deeds abroad[8] to call me gamesome;
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure.[9]
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill and all confus'd
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon me
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.

Enter ASPATIA, *passing over the stage.*[10]

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot,
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! mayst thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!
Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn, for I was never proud
When they were good. [*Exit.*
Mel. How's this?
Lys. You are mistaken, sir;[11]
She is not married.
Mel. You said Amintor was.
Diph. 'Tis true; but ——
Mel. Pardon me; I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.
Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then?
Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her,[12] and strikes dead

[1] *masques*] So here, and in the next line, 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "maske;" and so the modern editors: but Strato proceeds to say "*they* must commend," &c.

[2] *Cle. See, good my lord*, &c.] Arranged by Theobald thus:

"*Cle.* See, good my lord, who is
Return'd!
Enter MELANTIUS.
Lys. Noble Melantius, the land
By me welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes;
Thou that," &c.

As 4to. 1619 omits the words "to Rhodes," the arrangement might be —

"*Lys.* Noble Melantius,
The land by me welcomes thy virtues home;
Thou that," &c.

[3] *too*] Theobald printed "e'en *too*." The Editors of 1778 removed "With" from the beginning of the next line to the end of this.

[4] *strict*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave with 4to. 1619 "straignt."

[5] *most*] Found only in 4to. 1619; which Theobald followed: his successors threw out the word.

[6] *solemnities*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "solemnitie," which the modern editors give: but compare p. 199, 1st col., l. 6, and 2d col., l. 30.

[7] *were*] Altered by the modern editors to "was."

[8] *Yes, and have given cause to those that here
Envy my deeds abroad*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds.:

"*Yes, I have given cause to those that
Envy my deeds abroad.*"

Theobald followed the first 4to. His successors adopted the reading of the later eds.

[9] *measure*] See note, p. 146.

[10] *passing*, &c.] Qto. 1619 has "*passing* with attendance," which Theobald gave.

[11] *sir*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "f r;" and so the modern editors.

[12] *above her*] Qto. 1622 "about *her*," which Weber adopted. Mason says, "Whether we suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to Aspatia, or to Evadne herself, it is scarcely possible to extract any sense from this passage as it stands; but a slight alteration [!] will not only render it intelligible, but highly poetical. I should therefore read it thus —

'That bears the *lightning's power*, [and] strikes dead.'"

With flashes of her eye; the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The King, my brother, did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
If I could[1] call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the King?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; where,[2] when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders: she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course,[3] that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother[4] under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his years.
Cle. My lord, the bridegroom!

Enter AMINTOR.

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,[5]
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love.
Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont: may she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thine innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!
Mel. I am poor[6]
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: all the wounds I have
Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowèd mothers.[7] But this is peace,
And that was war.
Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day!
Mel. I fear thou art grown too fickle;[8] for I hear
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee; on what terms I know not
Amin. She had my promise; but the King forbad it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces above[9] her;
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.
Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the masquers rage for you.
Lys. We are gone. — Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!
Amin. We'll all attend you.
[*Exeunt* LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIPHILUS, *and* Servant.
We shall trouble you
With our solemnities.
Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a mistress, and she has a heart
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't.[10]
But you stand still, and here my way lies.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *A Hall in the Palace, with a Gallery full of Spectators.*

CALIANAX and DIAGORAS *discovered.*

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better, for shame! you let in all the world, and anon the

Surely, "her" refers to Aspatia: compare what Amintor presently says —
" thy sister,
Accompanied with graces *above her*," (next column) — where, it ought to be observed, 4tos. 1619, 1622 have, by a misprint, "about."

1 *If I could*] Qto. 1619 "*Could I* but," — perhaps the better reading.

2 *where*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "and;" which the modern editors give, — Theobald excepted.

3 *in course*] "Means, in their turn, one after the other." MASON.

4 *She has a brother, &c.*] "This is the most artful preparation, that I remember in all Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, for an incident which is in no kind suspected." THEOBALD, — who has a long note on the passage.

5 *I might run fiercely, not more hastily*] "Read
'I might rūn *mōre* fiercelȳ, not more hastily.'"
Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 293. An unnecessary alteration.

6 *I am poor*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630. Later eds. "*I am* but *poor*;" and so the modern editors.

7 *mothers*] Theobald, for the metre, printed "*mothers* too."

8 *fickle*] So 4to. 1622. Qto. 1619 "cruell." Other eds. "sick."

9 *above her*] Theobald printed "far *above her*;" and so his successors: but the line, as given in the old eds., is not deficient in melody, if an emphasis be laid on "her." Compare a line in *Philaster*, (p. 193 of this vol.) —
" As any man has power to wrong *me*."

10 *challenge in't*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1619, which has "*challenge* gentlemen," and 4to. 1622, which ends the line with "*challenge*." Theobald printed (rather boldly indeed, but not, as Weber asserts, "rather ludicrously")
" There's no place I can challenge *gentle in't*."

King will rail at me. Why, very well said.[1] By Jove, the King will have the show i' the court.

Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? you know he'll have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may wear his heart out[2] with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I'll be judged by all the company whether thou hast not a worse face than I.

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off![3] I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they ha' near killed her among them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve that will. [*Exit.*

Diag. He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken! [*Knocking within.*] Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! codes, codes![4] What now?

Mel. [*within.*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them. [*Opens the door.*

Enter MELANTIUS *and a Lady.*

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all placed above, save those that come in the King's troop: the best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, sir. — When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the King;[5] but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. [*opening another door.*[6]] Stand back there! — Room for my lord Melantius! [*Exeunt* MELANTIUS *and Lady.*] — Pray, bear back — this is no place for such youths and their trulls — let the doors shut again. — No! — do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door.*] — So, now thrust and hang! [*Knocking within.*] — Again! who is't now? — I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinkling of an eye.[7] — What's the news now?

[*Voice within.*] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [*Knocking within.*] — Again! who is't?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Re-enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. Oh, my lord, I must. [*Opening the door.*] — Make room there for my lord!

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

Is your lady placed?

Mel. Yes, sir,
I thank you. — My lord Calianax, well met:
Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death:
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance: but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so. — Who plac'd the lady there,
So near the presence of the King?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than she! It misbecomes your age
And place to be thus womanish: forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why, 'tis well,
If I stand here to place men's wenches.

Mel. I
Shall quite[8] forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, thorough[9] all, cut that poor sickly week
Thou hast to live away from thee.

[1] *well said*] It has never been remarked, I believe, that this expression is frequently used by our early writers as equivalent to "well *done*." Calianax is here commending Diagoras for having followed his direction to "look to the doors better." Compare John Davies of Hereford;

"Now wipe thine Nose (sweete Babe) vpon thy sleeue:
What, wilt, I faith? Why, *well sedd*, I perceiue
Th' wilt do as thou art bidde," &c.
The Scourge of Folly, p. 102.

[2] *may wear his heart out*] So fol. 1679. Qto. 1619 "must sweat *out his heart*." Later 4tos. "*may* swear *his heart out*." The modern editors give "may wear out his heart."

[3] *Office! I would I could put it off!*] "The syllable *off* reminds the testy statesman of his robe, and he carries on the image." Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 293.

[4] *codes*] Sometimes written *coads*, — is a vulgar exclamation frequently found in old plays: its etymology, about which Mason and Weber puzzle themselves, is hardly worth an enquiry.

[5] *the King*] Theobald, by reading "upon *the King*," exhibited this speech as verse, — which, I think, it originally was.

[6] *Opening another door*] Qto. 1619 has "*Exit Melantius' Lady other dore.*" Later eds. have no stage-direction here.

[7] *he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own in the twinkling of an eye.*] "This practice was probably not uncommon in the days of Fletcher. At the exhibition of Shirley's masque, called the Triumph of Peace, at court, in the year 1633, Lord Pembroke, who, along with the office of Calianax, had the same violence of temper and weakness of intellect, broke his staff over the shoulders of Thomas May, the celebrated poet. The story is related in Strafford's Letters, and by Osborne in his Traditional Memoirs. The latter uses the very words of our poets, as he observes that Pembroke 'did not refraine, whilst he was chamberlaine, to *break* many *wiser heads than his owne*.'" WEBER. (qy. Sir Walter Scott?). — See my *Account of Shirley*, &c. (prefixed to his *Works*), p. xxvii. I possess a copy of 4to. 1638, on the margin of which, opposite to the present passage, is written in an old hand "Pembrocke."

[8] *quite*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[9] *thorough*] A correction by Theobald. Old eds. "through."

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.
Mel. Bate me[1] the King, and, be he flesh and blood,
He lies that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.
Diag. Good my lord —
Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond[2] man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour!
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be brav'd by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em. Would the[3] blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Shouldst thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileg'd to do men wrong.
Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. What vild[4] injury
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?
Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate, but testy years
Are most contemptible.
Amin. Good sir, forbear.
Cal. There is just such another as yourself.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The King is coming in;
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy
He should perceive you raging; he did hear
You were at difference now, which hasten'd him. [*Hautboys play within.*
Cal. Make room there!

Enter KING, EVADNE, ASPATIA, *Lords*[5] *and Ladies.*

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: but this is not a place
To brabble in. — Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have my hand.
King. This is no time
To force you to it. I do love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your office;
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.
Begin the masque.
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you and your choice;
You look'd with my eyes when you took that man:
Be happy in him!
Evad. Oh, my dearest brother,
Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me! [*Recorders*[6] *play.*

THE MASQUE.

NIGHT *rises in mists.*

Night. *Our reign is come; for in the raging sea*
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice! I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light:
Appear! no longer[7] *thy pale visage shroud,*
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter[8] CYNTHIA.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind:
Methinks they shew like to those eastern streaks,
That warn us hence before the morning breaks.
Back, my pale servant! for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.
Cynth. *Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone*
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had pluck'd our reins in and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.
Night. *Then let us keep 'em here;*
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places and outshine the Day.
Cynth. *Great queen of shadows, you are pleas'd to speak*
Of more than may be done: we may not break
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our room.
Yet, whilst[9] *our reign lasts, let us stretch our power*
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brother's glorious beams, and wish the Night
Crown'd with a thousand stars and our cold light:

[1] *me*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[2] *fond*] i. e. foolish.
[3] *the*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "that;" and so the modern editors.
[4] *vild*] So all the old eds. Altered by the modern editors to "vile." — When this play was written, *vild* appears to have been the most common form of the word: but both forms are sometimes found in the same piece; as, for instance, in *Cornu-copiæ, Pasquil's Night-cap*, &c., 1612 (attributed to S. Rowlands);

"'Tis true (quoth he) but this is too too *vilde*,
She knowes not who is father to her childe." p. 28.

"Cursing each other with reproches *vile*,
After they were asunder halfe a mile." Ib. p. 55.

Throughout the present work, I shall retain "vild" where the earliest editions have that spelling.
[5] *Lords*] Perhaps the entrance of Lysippus, Diphilus, Cleon, and Strato is not marked because they assisted in the performance of the Masque.
[6] *Recorders*] i. e. Flageolets.
[7] *Appear! no longer*, &c.] This passage (as his commentators observe) was probably in Milton's recollection when he wrote —

"Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud."
Comus.

[8] *Enter*] Qy. "*Descend*"? Night and Neptune *rise.*
[9] *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while." — This passage, — "Yet, whilst our reign," &c., to the end of the speech, — is found in all the old eds. except 4to. 1619. The editors of 1778 removed it to a note; erroneously stating (after Theobald) that it was "first added in the edition of 1630," and not believing that it was from the pen either of Beaumont or Fletcher. "The first eight lines," says Coleridge, "are not worse, and the last couplet incomparably better, than the stanza retained." *Remains*, ii. 294. Weber very properly restored the passage to the text.

Fa[illegible]most all the world their service bend
To [illegible]bus, and in vain my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.

Night. *Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy power*
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds; let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover;
Or, if thou woo't, then call[1] *thine own Endymion*
From the sweet flowery bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of his long night let him make a day.[2]

Cynth. *Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,*
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a nobler[3] *memory*
Of what these lovers are. — Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away,[4]
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded!

NEPTUNE *rises.*

Nept. *Cynthia, see,*
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: let me know
Why I ascend.

Cynth. *Doth this majestic show*
Give thee no knowledge yet?

Nept. *Yes, now I see*
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.

Cynth. *Hie thee then,*
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky den,
Let loose his[5] *subjects; only Boreas,*
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chain'd: we must have none here
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring;
These are our music. Next, thy watery race
Bring on in couples[6] *(we are pleas'd to grace*
This noble night), each in their richest things
Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings:
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind
And shine at full upon you.

Nept. *Ho, the Wind!*
Commanding Æolus![7]

Enter ÆOLUS *out of a Rock.*

Æol. *Great Neptune!*

Nept. *He.*

Æol. *What is thy will?*

Nept. *We do command thee free*
Favonius and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas strait,
He's too rebellious.

Æol. *I shall do it.*

Nept. *Do.*[8] [*Exit* ÆOLUS *into the rock.*

Æol. [within.] *Great master of the flood and all below,*
Thy full command has taken. —— Ho, the Main!
Neptune!

Nept. *Here.*

Re-enter ÆOLUS, *followed by* FAVONIUS *and other Winds.*

ÆOL. *Boreas has broke his chain,*
And, struggling, with the rest has got away.

Nept. *Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;*
I[9] *will not long be thence. Go once again,*
And call out of the bottoms of the main

[1] *then call*] These words are not in 4to. 1619. Theobald rejected them; perhaps, rightly, — the preceding verb "Produce" being understood before "thine own Endymion."

[2] "*And of his long night let him make a day*] Qto. 1619:

"*And of his long night let him make* thy *day.*"

Qto. 1622:

"*And of* this *long night let him make* this *day.*"

Later eds.:

"*And of* this *long night let him make* a *day,*" —

which the modern editors give. That "*his* long night" is the true reading, there can be no doubt: in the fourth line of the next speech, the same well-known mythos is again alluded to.

[3] *nobler*] So 4to. 1619; and so Theobald. Later eds. "noble;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[4] *thy surges laid away*] "That is, thy surges being laid aside." MASON. — Theobald, and the Editors of 1778, gave Seward's *emendation* — "lade"!

[5] *his*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "thy;" and so the modern editors. "His subjects" means, the subjects of Æolus, who in the preceding line is termed "the Wind:" compare the next speech, and the stage-direction which follows it.

[6] *These are our music. Next, thy watery race*
Bring on in couples] So all the eds. except 4to. 1619. which has —

"Bid them draw neere to haue *thy watrie race*
Led *on in couples*:"

I should therefore prefer reading "Lead *on in couples*," instead of "Bring *on*," &c., — the word "brings" occurring in the next line but one.

[7] *Ho, the Wind!*
Commanding Æolus!] "All the editions," says Theobald, "have mistaken the intention of the authors here. 'Tis well known, Æolus, in poetic fable, was the master and controller of the winds. . . . He is therefore called here the wind-commanding Æolus; a compound adjective, which must be wrote with an *hyphen*, as I have reformed the text. The editors were led into a mistake by the word being divided, and put into two lines for the preservation of the rhyme. I ought to take notice, for two reasons, that both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson joined with me in starting this correction: because it is doing justice to the sagacity of my friends; and, besides, it is certainly a great confirmation of the truth of an emendation, where three persons, all distant from one another, strike out the same observation." Theobald's successors adopted the hyphen. But compare the second line of the preceding speech, where Æolus is called "the Wind," — which these gentlemen strangely overlooked.

[8] *Nep. Do*, &c.] Qto. 1619:

"*Nept.* Doe maister of the floud, and all below
Thy full command has taken.
Eol. O! the Maine
Neptune.
Nept. Here."

And so the later eds., except that in the first line they supply the epithet "great" before "*master.*" I give these speeches as they were distributed by Theobald. The words,

"Great master of the flood and all below,
Thy full command has taken,"

are assigned by Heath to Cynthia, "she perceiving the approach of the milder winds set at liberty by Æolus. Just as she has said this, Æolus who has not yet returned from executing his orders cries out 'Ho, the Main!' &c." *MS. Notes.*

[9] *I*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "He;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

Blue Proteus and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rock breeds; tell[1] *this night is done*
By me a solemn honour to the Moon:
Fly, like a full sail.

Æol. *I am gone.* [*Exit.*

Cynth. *Dark Night,*
Strike a full silence, do a thorough right
To this great chorus, that our music may
Touch high as heaven, and make the east break day
At mid-night. [*Music.*

FIRST SONG.

During which PROTEUS *and other sea-deities enter.*

Cynthia, to thy power and thee
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended!

Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feet,
Like the galleys when they row,
Even beat:
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.
[*A measure.*[2]

SECOND SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done;
The Day will come too soon:
Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses[3] open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover;
Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often-dyings;
Stay, and hide all:
But help not, though she call.

Nept. *Great queen*[4] *of us and heaven, hear what I bring*
To make this hour a full one, if not her measure.

Cynth. *Speak, sea's king.*

Nept. *The*[5] *tunes my Amphitrite joys to make,*
When she[6] *will dance upon the rising wave,*
And court me as she[7] *sails. My Tritons, play*
Music to lay[8] *a storm! I'll lead the way.*
[*A measure,* NEPTUNE *leading it.*

THIRD SONG.

To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side;
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone,
That they kiss while they may say a maid;
To-morrow 'twill be other kiss'd and said.
Hesperus, be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. [*within.*] *Ho, Neptune!*

Nept. *Æolus!*

Re-enter ÆOLUS.

Æol. *The sea goes high,*
Boreas hath rais'd a storm: go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the[9] *gods and all their power,*
To strike a calm. [*Exit.*

Cynth. *We thank you for this hour:*
My favour to you all. To gratulate[10]
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wish'd for; and[11] *no ebb shall dare*
To let the Day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your governments[12] *in haste,*
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,
And win upon the island.

Nept. *We obey.*

[NEPTUNE *descends with* PROTEUS, &c., *Exeunt* FAVONIUS *and other Winds.*

Cynth. *Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st thou not Day?*

---

[1] *tell*] A correction by Mason, who compares the last stanza of the next song. Old eds. "till;" and so the modern editors. These words are very frequently confounded by the early printers.

[2] *measure*] See note p. 146.

[3] *losses*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "blushes" — which word occurs in the next line but one.

[4] *Great queen*, &c.] Stands thus in old eds.

"Great queen of us and heauen,
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not her measure."

The words "If not her measure" were thrown out of the text by Theobald, — and, as far as the metre is concerned, it was certainly an improvement. "Some careful annotator," he says, "had made a marginal *quere* at the close of the second song, *If not her measure*, i. e. Whether this measure is not to be sung by Cynthia; as it undoubtedly is: but the note of reference to this *quere* being forgot, it was mistaken at press for a part of the text, and casually clapt to Neptune's speech." Theobald had forgotten that *measure* meant a dance, not a song; and, if we suppose that the words in question are not a portion of the text, the probability would be that they are a corruption of "If not here, measure," i. e. If the present speech and the two next speeches (none of which are found in 4to. 1619) be omitted by the actors, let the measure be danced here. In the Postscript to vol. I. of ed. 1750, Seward proposed to read "If not *o'er*-measure;" and observes, "as to the interruption of the measure, such intercalations of words between verses are used by our authors. Thus [in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, towards the end of the last act]

'we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.
Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk.'

The hemistich is an intercalation; the liberties in measure taken by our old dramatic poets being quite boundless." The Editors of 1778 and Weber adopted Seward's needless alteration, "*o'er*-measure." The meaning of Neptune's speech is clearly this: — Great queen of us and heaven, hear what I bring, endeavoring to make this hour a full one, though perhaps what I bring may not completely fill up her measure. The pronoun *her* is frequently applied to *hour* by our early writers.

[5] *The*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "Thy."

[6] *she*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "they;" which the Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to retain.

[7] *she*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "the;" and so the Editors of 1778!

[8] *lay*] Old eds. "lead," — and so the modern editors, — a manifest error, the eye of the original compositor having caught that word in the latter part of the line. I give the correction of Heath, *MS. Notes.*

[9] *the*] Theobald chose to print "thy."

[10] *We thank you for this hour:*
My favour to you all. To gratulate] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. have —

"A thanks *to* every one, and *to gratulate.*"

That something has dropped out is evident. Theobald followed 4to. 1619. The Editors of 1778 and Weber, supposing that he had altered the passage by conjecture, gave the reading of the later eds.

[11] *and*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern.

[12] *governments*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "government;" and so the modern editors. But compare what precedes: Cynthia is addressing "all the gods."

Th[illegible]t begins to lighten : I must down,
An[illegible]e my brother place.
Night. *Oh, I could frown*
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire [1] *in his axle-tree,*
And all fall drench'd. But I forget : [2] *speak, queen :*
The Day grows on ; I must no more be seen.
Cynth. *Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see*
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our set [3] *and us! whip up thy team :*
The Day breaks [4] *here, and yon sun-flaring stream* [5]
Shot from the south. Which way wilt thou go? say. [6]
Night. *I'll vanish into mists.*
Cynth. *I into Day.*
[*Exeunt* NIGHT *and* CYNTHIA.
King. Take lights there! — Ladies, get the bride to bed. —
We will not see you laid ; good night, Amintor ;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony :
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you!
King. Good night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Another wild-fire*, &c.] "This alludes to the fable of Phaeton," &c. &c. THEOBALD.

[2] *forget*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638. Later eds. "forgot;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[3] *set*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "sect." — "The last editors [of 1778] follow the old copies, which they say only imply, by an extravagant compliment, that the brightness of the Court transcends that of the Sun, and is more repugnant to Night and her attendants than even the splendour of the day. The compliment mentioned by the editors was certainly intended, and will still remain, though Seward's amendment should be adopted: but it is impossible that the words, 'between our sect and us,' can signify 'more repugnant to me and my attendants;' they will equally imply any other meaning whatsoever. But though I agree with Seward in reading *set* instead of *sect*, I cannot approve of his explanation of the passage. He says that the Night and Cynthia both talk of the morning's approach, and that they must go down; till Cynthia finds out that it was only the rays of light shot from the King's court which they mistook for the day-break: but this was not the case; they were not mistaken with respect to the approach of day; for Cynthia says, 'The day breaks here,' pointing to the east; and, at the same time, shews old Night that there was a greater light shot from the south, which stood between them and their point of setting, and asks, which way she would go in this dilemma; to which Night replies, that she will vanish into mists; and Cynthia says, 'I into day,' which was then at hand." MASON.

[4] *day breaks*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "day-break's."

[5] *sun-flaring stream*] So 4to. 1619. Qtos. 1622, 1630, 1638, 1641 "same flashing *stream*" (misprinted in later eds. "*some* flashing," &c.), which Theobald gave. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "sun-flaring *beam*," — forgetting that "stream" had been used by poets in the sense of *ray* even from the time of Chaucer;

"Tho ben the sonnes *stremes*, soth to sain."
The Monkes Tale, v. 14672, ed. Tyr.

[6] *Which way wilt thou go? say*] Old eds. "Say, which way wilt thou go?" Theobald gave "Say, wilt thou go? which way?" The Editors of 1778 and Weber (who seem not to have perceived that this line and the two next speeches make up a couplet) followed the old eds.!

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Ante-room to* EVADNE'S *Bedchamber.*

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, *and* Ladies.

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
Dula. I should be [7]
Far merrier, madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. That I might go
To bed with him with credit that you do.
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st belike there is no modesty
When we're alone.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.
Evad. You prick me, lady.
First Lady. [8] 'Tis against my will.
Dula. Anon you must endure more and lie still;
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam! where?
We all, I hope, will take it that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.
Dula. So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards
'Gainst any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?

[7] *I should be*, &c.] As Theobald had "a strong suspicion that Dula is here singing a stanza from some old known ballad," he tortured the passage into the following shape:

"Dula. *I should be merrier far, if 'twere*
With me as 'tis with you. [*Singing.*
Evad. How's that?
Dula. *That I might go to bed with him*
Wi' th' credit that you do:"

and the Editors of 1778 and Weber adopted his alteration! Why did they not reduce to the ballad-stanza all the other rhyming portions of this scene?

Weber, after giving in a note the first of these speeches *as it stands in every one of the old eds.*, observes, "So the quarto of 1622."! The second speech, and the exclamation of Evadne which precedes it, are found only in 4to. 1619.

[8] *First Lady*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Dula;" and so the modern editors.

Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it:
She will pluck down a side;[1] she does not use it.
Evad. Why, do, I prithee.[2]
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in love: hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love too
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My rite;[3] and all your hands have been employ'd
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless:
But till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and, if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none that I had from you.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. Would I could!
Then should I leave the cause.
Evad. See, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's mirth!
Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but, if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.
Dula. That's not so good;
Let 'em shoot any thing but fire, I fear 'em not.
Asp. Well, wench, thou mayst be taken.
Evad. Ladies, good night: I'll do the rest myself.
Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.
Asp. [*singing.*]

Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew —

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
Evad. How is it, madam?
Asp. [*singing.*]

Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear; say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie[4] lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on it, madam! the words are so strange, they
Are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. —
I could never have the power — sing that, Dula.
Dula. [*singing.*]

I could never have the power
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly.
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last!

Evad. So, leave me now.
Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.
Asp. Madam, good night. May all the marriage-joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds
Prove so unto you! May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! but, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I: but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him! so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me. —
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth:
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course[5]
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.
Evad. Alas, I pity thee!
All. Madam, good night. [*Exit* EVADNE.
First Lady. Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.
Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter AMINTOR.

First Lady. Here, take this light.
Dula. He'll[6] find her in the dark.
First Lady. Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.
Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
[*Kisses* AMINTOR.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself[7]

[1] *She will pluck down a side*] Here the modern editors, with the exception of Weber, printed "*aside.*" — "The allusion is to a party at cards, and Dula refuses to take Aspatia for her partner, because, as she was not used to play, she would make her side the loser." MASON. To *set up a side* meant to become partners in a game, to *pluck* or *pull down a side*, to cause the loss of the game by ignorance or treachery: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 150. ed. 1813.

[2] *I prithee*] These words, found only in 4to. 1619, were rightly adopted by Theobald: his successors rejected them.

[3] *rite*] Qto. 1619 "right;" which Theobald gave. Later eds. "night;" and so the editors of 1778 and Weber.

[4] *lie*] Old eds. "lay;" and so perhaps the author wrote.

[5] *by course*] i. e. by turns.

[6] *He'll*] So 4to. 1619. Other eds. "You'll." Theobald gave the former reading (—thus, "He will"—), his successors, the latter.

[7] *thus I wind myself*, &c.] It would seem that Aspatia carried a willow-garland, and that she here suited the action to the word.

Int[illegible]s willow garland, and am prouder
Th[illegible] was once your love, though now refus'd [1]
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet-unpractis'd way to grieve and die.
[*Exit.*

Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?
All. Good night, my lord.
Amin. Much happiness unto you all!
[*Exeunt* DULA *and* Ladies.

I did that lady wrong. Methinks, I feel
A [2] grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;
Mine eyes rain: [3] this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
Go not to bed. My guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience too sensible
Would make me think; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King enforc'd [4] me. Timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Re-enter EVADNE.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance [5]
Of all these things. — Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold!
The vapours of the night shall [6] not fall here.
To bed, my love: Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?
Evad. No.
Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.
Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms,
Till I have banish'd sickness.
Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed.
Amin. I prithee, do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why! I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How? sworn, Evadne!
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me.
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride!
Amin. How prettily
That frown becomes thee!
Evad. Do you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look
But I shall like it.
Evad. What look likes [7] you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks;
It shews as thou wert angry.
Evad. So perhaps
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee!
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, [8] or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would thou wouldst!
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou shouldst have kill'd thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it, then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no! what look soe'er thou shalt put on,
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have sworn to any of the virgins
That were your old companions to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years!
Amin Sure she raves; this cannot be
Her [9] natural temper. [*Aside.*] — Shall I call thy maids?

[1] *refus'd*] i. e. rejected.
[2] *A*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Her;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[3] *rain*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "run;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[4] *enforc'd*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "that forc'd;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[5] *remembrance*] Is of course to be read here as a quadrisyllable — "remembrance;" which Weber printed.
[6] *shall*] So 4to. 1616. Later eds. "will;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[7] *likes*] i. e. pleases.
[8] *all delights This world can yield*, &c.] Theobald printed

"all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign
Are in the life to come" —

But the text requires no such alteration. Evadne mentions *first*, all the delights which are actually to be found in the world, *secondly*, those which exist in the imaginations of hopeful people, *thirdly*, those in a future life.
[9] *Her*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Thy;" and so the modern editors.

Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Is this the truth?[1]
Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night!
You talk as if you thought[2] I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceiv'd.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter, for the oracle
Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but ever.[3]
Amin. I dream. Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right:
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly[4] to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This story, that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies, from all ears;
Let it not rise up for thy shame and mine
To after-ages: we will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know this: not an altar then will smoke[5]
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. — I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. [*Aside.*] — Oh, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed!
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much: would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a marriage-night as this!
You powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself and save his honour:
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run;
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,[6]
And drown her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good.
Amin. Evadne, hear me. Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keep it were
Worse than to swear it: call it back to thee;
Such vows as that[7] never ascend the heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful! for, without boast,
This land was proud of me: what lady was there,
That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shunn'd my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh, we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love: thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.
Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me!
Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate. Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou ha[d]st a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms ——
Evad. Why, so perhaps they are.
Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I fear thee not: do what thou dar'st to me!
Every ill-sounding word or threatening look
Thou shew'st to me will be reveng'd at full.
Amin. It will not sure, Evadne?
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Have you your champions?
Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart

[1] *Is this the truth?*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[2] *you thought*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[3] *but ever*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630. Later eds. "*but for ever;*" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[4] *earthly*] Altered by Theobald to "earthy," — a specious correction.

[5] *Shall know this: not an altar then will smoke*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds.

"*Shall know* there's *not an altar* that *will smoke*," — and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[6] *Why is this night so calm?*
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us?] "The poets seem manifestly to have had in their eye this passage of Seneca, in his Hippolytus: —

—— *Magne regnator Deûm,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Ecquando sævâ fulmen emittes *manu,*
Si nunc serenum est?" — THEOBALD.

[7] *that*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "those;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

There dwells as much desire and as much will
To act that wish'd act in practice as e'er yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shewn
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth,
To think this beauty, to what land soe'er
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so:
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, 'tis the King.
Amin. The King!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. It is not the King!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast named a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred word,[1]
"The King," there lies a terror: what frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please: till when, let us
Suffer and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable.
Amin. What strange[2] thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.
Amin. Why, shew it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers that shall live
In after-ages crossed in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid[3] a lingering wretch.
Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would! I pity thee.
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more! — But thou hast shewn
An impudence so high, that to the world
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.
Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myself.
Amin. Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thrust me into action: that[4] my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have left[5] one desire: 'tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve[6]
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand:
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning-visitors
May think we did as married people use;
And, prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
With what we did.
Evad. Fear not; I will do this.
Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever longing[7] bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.
Evad. I am content.
Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus intwin'd, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the House of* CALIANAX.

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Away, you are not sad! force it no further.

[1] *word*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "name;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[2] *What strange*] So 4tos. 1619, 1661. Other eds. "*What a strange;*" and so the modern editors.
[3] *rid*] i. e. despatch.
[4] *that*] If the text be right, — must refer to
"Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me;" —
that concealment would enable me to bear my injury with patience. — The Editors of 1778 print the passage thus:
"then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, *though* my flesh
Could bear with patience:"
and so Weber.
[5] *left*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "lost;" which the Editors of 1778 give. — "The desire that Amintor had *lost*, or *left* — for it is indifferent which of these words shall stand, as they both imply the same sense — was that of going to her bed. To *leave*, in the time of our Poets, meant, to give away, or to part with. So Portia says, in The Merchant of Venice, speaking of the ring she had given to Bassanio.
'And here he stands,
I dare be sworn for him, he would not *leave* it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters.'
And Julia says to Protheus, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona,
'It seems you lov'd her not to *leave* her token.'" MASON
[6] *now I resolve*] "i. e. now that I am convinced." WEBER.
[7] *longing*] So 4to. 1619 Later eds. "loving;" and so the modern editors.

Good gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young bashful brides put on: sure, you are new married!
Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.
Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe and bless
The double tongue that did it; make a faith[1]
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as spake[2] truth, and died in't; and like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias:
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.
Olym. Never.
Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?
Ant. Nor I.
Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise;
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives life[3] to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forc'd by ill fate,) take to your maiden-bosoms
Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man —
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls.
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow. — Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen. — Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage-queen, when from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. — Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble. — 'Tis enough, my wench. —
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.
Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?
Asp. Yes, that piece. —
This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening face. —
You meant him for a man?
Ant. He was so, madam.
Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. — Never look back;
You have a full wind and a false heart, Theseus. —
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?
Ant. Not as I remember.
Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as evil.[4] This false smile
Was well express'd; just such another caught me. —
You shall not go so.[5] —
Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear bravely,[6] wench.
Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.
Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long and be believed. But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Asp. Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you shall find all true but the wild island.[7]
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,[8]
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken.[9] Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)

[1] *The double tongue that did it. Make a faith, &c.*] In 4to. 1622, and in all the later eds., the passage stands thus:

"The double tongue that did it,
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient louers,
Did you nere loue yet wenches? speake Olimpias,
Such as speake truth and di'd in't,
And like me beleeue all faithfull, and be miserable,
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stampe."

The transposition given above was made by Theobald, and is confirmed by 4to. 1619, which has only —

"The double tongue that did it,
Did you ere loue yet wenches, speake Olimpas,
Thou hast a metled temper, fit for stamp."

[2] *spake*] Here Weber most absurdly gave the spelling of the old eds. "speak."

[3] *life*] So 4to. 1622 (this passage is not in 4to. 1619). Later eds., "light;" and so the modern editors!

[4] *evil*] Old eds. "ill;" and so the modern editors, — Theobald inserting "Ay" after it to eke out the metre. From a comparison of many passages in our early plays there can be no doubt that transcribers sometimes wrote "ill" and sometimes "evil" without any regard to the verse.

[5] *You shall not go so*] i. e. You shall not escape so. Here Aspatia addresses Theseus: compare the preceding speech. Seward "*restored both sense and measure*," thus,

"You shall not go *on* so, Antiphila;
In this place work a quicksand," —

and his successors adopted the *restoration!*

[6] *bravely*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds., "to the life;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[7] *island*] i. e. Naxos, — where Theseus abandoned Ariadne.

[8] *Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now*] So 4to. 1619, except that it has "*sea* breach." Later eds.

"*I stand upon the sea breach now*, and think."

[9] *Tell that I am forsaken*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1619, which has "Be teares of my story." Theobald, ingeniously correcting that misprint, gave "*Be* teachers *of my story*;" and so Weber, who (after Mason) pronounces it to be more poetical than the other reading. Perhaps, it is; but, unless in cases of necessity, I am unwilling to adopt conjectural lections.

Thus, thus, Antiphila; strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me
Make all a desolation. See, see,[1] wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture!
Olym. Dear madam!
Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden[2] sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd. — Well, how now, huswives?
What, at your ease! is this a time to sit still!
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!
Olym. Nay, good my lord —
Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty[3] you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly.[4]
Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charg'd:
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus
In grief she is forsaken.[5]
Cal. There's a rogue too,
A young dissembling slave! — Well, get you in. —
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass!
A court-stale! Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier;
I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-brav'd me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant. —
Do, get you in. — I'll take a course with all.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Ante-room to* EVADNE'S *Bedchamber.*

Enter CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIPHILUS.

Cle. Your sister is not up yet.
Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.
Stra. But not tedious.
Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?
Stra. None;[6] it's odds against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.
Diph. You're merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.
Stra. She's at your service.
Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.
Stra. We shall interrupt them.
Diph. No matter; they have the year before them. [STRATO *knocks at the door.*
Good morrow, sister. Spare yourself to-day;
The night will come again.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I am no readier[7] yet.
Your sister is but now up.
Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I think you have not slept.
Amin. I'faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventur'd for a boy: when he is twelve,
He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true. — But she,
As if she had drunk[8] Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound —— [*Aside.*
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets
This morning, and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks:
She's in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. Ha! does he not[9] mock me? [*Aside.*] — You had lost indeed;
I do not use to bungle.
Cle. You do deserve her.
Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. [*Aside.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Good day, Amintor; for to me the name
Of brother is too distant: we are friends,
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wondrous strange!

[1] *See, see*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Look, look;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted. The word "look" occurs in the fourth line above.
[2] *sudden*] Thrown out by Theobald, — rightly, perhaps.
[3] *What, are you grown so resty, &c.*] "The old man, in his allusion, compares them to lazy, *resty* mares, that want to be rid so many *heats*." THEOBALD.
[4] *heat you shortly*] So 4to. 1619. Other eds. "do that office."
[5] *In grief she is forsaken*] i. e. In grief that, or because, she is forsaken. The modern editors have misunderstood the passage.
[6] *None*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "No;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[7] *no readier*] i. e. no more dress.
[8] *had drunk*] Carefully altered to "*had* drank" by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[9] *does he not*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "he does not;" and so the modern editors.

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: and, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But ——
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves:
No more embrace me.[1]
Amin. Oh, mistake me not!
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good; but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
He carries on him. — Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [*Aside.*
Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?
Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feel no want.
Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me.
Diph. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down:
It is the prettiest sport.
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*within.*] My lord?
Amin. Come forth, my love:
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
Evad. [*within.*] I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. [*within.*] They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE.

Mel. Good morrow, sister. He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;
You have enough: take heed you be not proud.
Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.
Evad. Push![2]
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mock'd.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again,
In faith I would not marry.
Amin. Nor I, by Heaven!
Diph. Sister, Dula swears
She heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's see you walk.
Evad. By my troth, you're spoil'd.[3]
Mel. Amintor —
Amin. Ha!
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that.
Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let's.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am so lighten'd with my happiness! —
How dost thou, love? kiss me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.
Amin. Nothing but what becomes us. — Gentlemen,
Would you had all such wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! You're all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are so.
Amin. Well! how can I be other,
When she looks thus? — Is there no music there?
Let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor?
Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish
My joy were less.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. Amintor, hark.
Amin. What says my love? — I must obey.
Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.
Cle. My lord, the King is here.
Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.

Enter KING *and* LYSIPPUS.

King. Good morrow, all. —
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee! —
And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;
I must salute you; you are now another's.
How lik'd you your night's rest?
Evad. Ill, sir.
Amin. Ay, 'deed,
She took but little.

[1] *No more embrace me*] Pointed thus by the modern editors, Theobald excepted, — "No more; embrace me:" which the context, I think, proves to be wrong. Amintor has taken hold of Melantius, and is earnestly gazing on him, when these words are spoken. So in the next scene, Melantius says to Amintor, "Out of my bosom!" p. 215.

[2] *Push!*] Altered by the modern editors, Theobald excepted, to "Pish!" but the former is not uncommon in old plays, — especially, in those of Middleton.

[3] Diph. *Let's see you walk.*
Evad. *By my troth, you're spoil'd*] "As it is impossible," say the Editors of 1778, "the words thus given to Evadne should be spoken by her, we have varied from the copies, by giving them to her brother." They print accordingly
"*Diph.* Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, you're spoil'd:"
and this (in every sense) wanton alteration is adopted by Weber. But why is it impossible that the words which all the old eds. assign to Evadne should be spoken by her? She has already chid Diphilus — "Fie, how you talk!" and when he continues to jeer her, she exclaims, "By my troth, you're spoil'd."

Lys. You'll let her take more,
And thank her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert thou truly honest till
Thou wert married?
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me then, how shews
The sport unto thee?
Amin. Why, well.
King. What did you do?
Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples use;
You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, prithee, I should think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring
In this same business; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell;
I ne'er tried other, sir; but I perceive
She is as quick as you deliver'd.
King. Well,
You will trust me then, Amintor, to chuse
A wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why, like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her,
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks is [1] yours. But if the powers
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.
King. I do not like this. — All forbear the room,
But you, Amintor, and your lady.
[*Exeunt all but the* KING, AMINTOR, *and* EVADNE.
I have some speech with you, that may concern
Your after living well.
Amin. He will not tell me that he lies with her?
If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful! [*Aside.*
King. You will suffer me
To talk with her, Amintor, and not have
A jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous.
[*Retires.*
King. How do you like Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir.
King. How's that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your pleasure,[2]
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They that break word with Heaven will break again
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought, they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so;
You do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore indeed that I would never—love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face! which for your royalty
I would not stain.
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and
It is in me to punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me,
Then, not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body than your punishment can mine.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I have not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. He lies.
King. He does not.
Evad. By this light, he does.
Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so:
I did not only [3] shun him for a night,
But told him I would never close with him.
King. Speak lower; it is false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the King. But urge me not; 'tis most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrolled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever, if he had not kill'd thee?
He could not bear it thus: [4] he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.
Evad. It is dissembling.

[1] *is*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "are;" and so Weber.

[2] *your pleasure*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "your will and pleasure;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[3] *only*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[4] *But ruin thee forever, if he had not kill'd thee?*
He could not bear it thus:] So Mason rightly points the passage. "The King," he says, "tells Evadne that he could not believe she had ventured to tell her husband that she would never close with him, as she expresses it; for that if such a declaration had been made to Amintor in his heat of blood, he would certainly have ruined her for ever, that is, maimed or defaced her, if he did not kill her. He could not suppose that Amintor would bear such an injury with so much temper, as he had the same feelings that the King himself would have, or any other man that was so wronged."

King. Take him! farewell: henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.
Evad. Stay, sir! — Amintor! — You shall hear. — Amintor!
Amin. [*coming forward.*] What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenious [1] look,
And shouldst be virtuous: it amazeth me
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!
Amin. What, my dear wife?
Evad. Dear wife, I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The King and me —
Amin. Oh, heaven! [2]
Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself.
Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punish'd
In hell for this!
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia is not yet reveng'd;
It follows me. — I will not lose a word
To this vild [3] woman; but to you, my king,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
You are a tyrant! and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied!
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves. What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
Is it [4] not death? nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your limbs [5] through all the land,
To shew how nobly I have freed myself.
King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for, as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is [6]
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions: as you are my king,
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas, I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness; for, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure: but, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say), why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? there were thousand fools
Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island.
Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.
Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still! —— It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world. —
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.
King. No; for I believ'd [7] thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happiness
Bestow'd upon me turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it! — Good my lord the King,
Be private in it.
King. Thou mayst live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here and after life upon my soul!
King. Well, I am resolute [8] you lay not with her;
And so I leave you. [*Exit.*
Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows!
Amin. Prithee, vex me not:
Leave me; I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit.*
Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.
[*Exit.*

1 *ingenious*] Altered by the modern editors to "ingenuous." But there is no misprint here: that *ingenious* and *ingenuity* were formerly used for *ingenuous* and *ingenuousness*, appears from innumerable passages of our early writers.

2 *heaven*] Weber unnecessarily gave the reading of the two earliest 4tos. "God."

3 *vild*] Old eds. "wild," — which Theobald absurdly retained; his successors gave "vile." See note p. 201.

4 *Is it*] A correction by the Editors of 1778. Old eds. "It is."

5 *limbs*] Sympson's correction. Old eds. "liues" and "lives," — doubtless a misprint for "*limbs*." Yet the Editors of 1778 follow the old eds., and inform us that "To send their *lives* through all the land, means to send an account through the land of their vicious [illegible] of life and criminal connection"! Compare Amintor's speech at p. 208;

"let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind."

6 ——— *But there is*
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions] "So Shakespeare said, before our poets, in his Hamlet:

'Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.'" THEOBALD.

7 *believ'd*] Old eds. "believe:" but the slight alteration which I have made seems absolutely necessary. Theobald endeavoured to rectify the inconsistency of the speech by printing "art" instead of "wert" in the next line.

8 *I am resolute*] i. e. "I am convinced." MASON.

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Oh, Melantius,
My daughter will die!
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry:
Would thou hadst ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave!
Some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth:
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak.
This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepar'd?
[*Throws down his cloak, and draws his sword.*
Mel. Why wilt thou dote thyself
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed;[1]
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,
And trouble not me: my head is full of thoughts
More weighty than thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in war, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude: but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.
Come, draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow
That thou canst give hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far, then: the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.
Cal. I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick
I had 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight.
[*Aside.*
Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay.
Cal. I would give half my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little:
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he ask'd me mercy. [*Aside.*
Mel. Sir, will you be gone?
Cal. I dare not stay; but I will go home, and beat
My servants all over for this.
[*Aside — takes up his cloak, sheaths his sword, and exit.*
Mel. This old fellow haunts me.
But the distracted carriage of mine Amintor
Takes deeply on me. I will find the cause:
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now. [*Aside.*
Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our friendship of late,
For we were wont to change[2] our souls in talk.
Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest
Of Strato and a lady the last day.
Mel. How was't?
Amin. Why, such an odd one!
Mel. I have long'd to speak with you:
Not of an idle jest, that's forced, but
Of matter you are bound to utter to me.
Amin. What is that, my friend?
Mel. I have observ'd your words
Fall from your tongue wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill-dispos'd: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?
Amin. A sadness here![3] what cause
Can fate provide for me to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this isle? The King
Rains greatness on me. Have I not receiv'd
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable[4] colour, in her heart

[1] *to bed*] Theobald prints, for the sake of the verse, "*to by bed.*"

[2] *change*] Old eds. "charge." — "This is flat nonsense by the mistake of a single letter. The slight alteration I have made gives us the true meaning. So in *A King and no King*:

—— '*or for honesty to* interchange *my bosom with*,' &c.

And again,

'*And then how dare you offer to* change *words with her?*'

Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson concurred with me in starting this emendation." THEOBALD.

[3] *A sadness here*, &c.] I have little doubt that the author wrote,

"A sadness here, *Melantius!* what cause" &c.

[4] *Inevitable*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1619, which has "Immutable." Theobald printed "Inimitable;" the editors of 17[illegible] "Immutable;" Weber "Inevitable."

"*Inevita*[illegible]*beans* not only unavoidable, but irresistible; in which last sense the word is used here. So Dryden, in his tale of Palamon and Arcite, says:

'But even that glimmering serv'd him to descry
Th' *inevitable* charms of Emily.'

The word *inevitable* in Latin had the same import, as we find from the following passage in the first Annal of Tacitus: 'Sed Marcellum insimulabat [Crispinus] sinistros de Tiberio

A prison for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. Faith, marry too;
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.
Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand
As you were blasted 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly! — World, what do I here? a friend
Is nothing. Heaven, I would have told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,
And there plant friendship; all is wither'd here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend he lied, ere sooth'd him so.
Out of my bosom!
Amin. But there is nothing.
Mel. Worse and worse! farewell:
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.
Amin. Melantius, stay: you shall know what that[1] is.
Mel. See, how you play'd with friendship! be advis'd
How you give cause unto yourself to say
You have lost a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!
Mel. Do not weep.
What is it? May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friend thus!
Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that ——
Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing, then, from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through thy[2] foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this —— it is too big
To get out —— let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he escape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister ——
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.
Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton; I am loath to say, a whore,
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down: what are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unreveng'd?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd friend! —
I will not take thee basely: thy sword
[*Draws his sword.*
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful. They that use to utter lies
Provide not blows but words to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne,)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take, then, more
To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But if thou art so much press'd
With guilt and fear as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. [*Drawing his sword.*] Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and, if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you.
Mel. Stay awhile. —
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool.
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour! — Pardon me, my friend.
[*Sheaths his sword.*
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand

sermones habuisse: *inevitabile crimen*, cum e[illegible]ns principis fœdissima quæque deligeret accusator, objectaretque reo.' It is evident in this passage that *inevitabile crimen* does not mean an accusation that could not have been prevented, but one from which, when preferred, it was impossible to escape." MASON.

[1] *that*] So all the old eds.: yet the modern editors give "it."

[2] *thy*] Weber prints "my"!

To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I bear it, then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
[*Sheaths his sword.*
And I shall do a foul act on myself
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick[1] together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,
That drew her to it! where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it, then, to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king: my honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.
Amin. I have quite[2] undone my fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee: still this swelling breast.
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.
Amin. It must not be so. Stay. Mine eyes would tell
How loath I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy. — Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom. Give it me again;
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part: invent a way
To give it back.
Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.
Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weapon. [*Draws his sword.*
Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.
Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I ——
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Draw, then; for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can enforce me be:
I cannot linger. Draw!
Mel. [*Drawing his sword.*] I do. But is not
My share of credit equal with thine,[3]
If I do stir?

[1] *quick*] i. e. alive.
[2] *I have quite*, &c.] Theobald here (as in fifty other places) silently endeavours to restore the verse:

"*Amin.* I have quite undone
My fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes *awhile*."

[3] *thine*] Probably the poet wrote "*thine* own." Theobald printed "— equal *then* with thine."

Amin. No; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge; but on me, that have walk'd
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.
Mel. Then, join with me.
Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy.
Mel. Then, dare not fight with me; for that's a sin. —
His grief distracts him. — Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.
Amin. You must.
Mel. [*Sheathing his sword.*] I will be kill'd first.
Though my passions
Offer'd the like to you, tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself.
Amin. [*Sheathing his sword.*] Oh, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her to
Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet have a care
Of me in what thou dost.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?
Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live
And suffer with me.
Mel. I will do what worth
Shall bid me, and no more.
Amin. Faith, I am sick,
And desperately, I hope; yet, leaning thus,
I feel a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take again
Your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!), ay, thy love, Melantius;
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry, then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Diphilus!
Thou com'st as sent.[4]
Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.

[4] *as sent*] "That is, as if you were sent on purpose. Theobald censures this expression as obscure; but the word *as* is frequently used by our author [s] in the sense of *as if*." MASON.

Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the King;
I thought their spleens[1] would break; they laugh'd us all
Out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; and, if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself and find it.
Mel. That was spoke
According to our strain. Come, join thy hands to mine,[2]
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both:
People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: we are wrong'd.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste! — [*Exit* DIPHILUS.
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax —— but I must have it. See,

Re-enter CALIANAX.

Where he comes shaking by me! — Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. You're touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour, I speak truth.
Cal. Honour! where is it?
Mel. See, what starts you make
Into your idle[3] hatred, to my love
And freedom to you. I come with resolution
To obtain a suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me!
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou art mad
To talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the King,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay,
But stay: I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the King. [*Aside.*] — I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius; but this cause
Is weighty: give me but an hour to think.
Mel. Take it. — I know this goes unto the King;
But I am arm'd. [*Aside, and exit.*
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again. This fighting fool
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath before I find the King.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Apartment of* EVADNE.

EVADNE *and* Ladies *discovered. Enter* MELANTIUS.

Mel. Save you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look Evadne.[4]
Evad. Come, you would[5] make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne; I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you commend[6] me; I am bashful.
Come, sir, how do I look?
Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.
Evad. Go wait me in the gallery.
[*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now speak.
Mel. I'll lock the door first.
Evad. Why?
Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance

[1] *spleens*] See note, p. 143.
[2] *to mine*] These words, which are found in all the old eds. except 4to. 1619, were omitted (perhaps rightly) by Theobald.
[3] *idle*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, — Theobald excepted, who here, as elsewhere, takes intolerable liberties with the text.
[4] *In my blunt eye, methinks, you look Evadne*] The modern editors, strangely misunderstanding the line, exhibit it thus:
"In my blunt eye, methinks, you look, Evadne —"
[5] *would*] Weber chose to print "will"!
[6] *commend*] Theobald's correction; which, as he observes, is confirmed by what Melantius immediately subjoins. Old eds. "command."

In visitation with their Milan skins,[1]
Choke up my business.
Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.
Evad. No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother,
The court hath made you witty, and learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for't: has it learnt you nothing?
Evad. Me!
Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Choose but inflame a kingdom.
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.
Evad. I understand you not.
Mel. You dare not, fool!
They that commit thy faults fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.[2]
Evad. This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more; there lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that you look for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.
Evad. How, sir!
Where got you this report?
Mel. Where there was[3] people,
In every place.
Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people:
Believe them not, they lied.
Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch! [*Seizes her.*
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: be wise, and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish but I'll find him,
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it; and be not flatter'd;
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Begone! you are my brother; that's your safety.
Mel. I'll be a wolf first: 'tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee
As thou art from thy virtue: seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you
I'll have you whipp'd. Get you to your command,
And there preach to your sentinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. You're grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive! By my just sword, he had safer
Bestrid[4] a billow when the angry North
Ploughs up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his foe![5]
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad. Sleep, and speak sense.
Mel. Force my swoln heart no further: I would save thee.
Your g[illegible] maintainers are not here, they dare

1 *Milan skins*] Mentioned again in *Valentinian*, act ii. sc. 2, — are supposed by Nares to mean "fine gloves manufactured at Milan." *Gloss in v.*

2 *Thy body is too little for the story,*
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.] "This is mock-reasoning, and *primâ facie* shews its absurdity. Surely, if a woman has twins within her, she can want very little more to fill her up. I dare be confident I have restored the poets' genuine reading. ["*As though sh'ad twins within her.*"] The propriety of the reasoning is a conviction of the certainty of the emendation." — THEOBALD. "It is evident he [Theobald] has misunderstood our authors: they do not mean an internal, but an external filling. Your whole body, says Melantius, is so far from being large enough to contain an account of your lusts, that, if it was wrote all over, there would still remain enough of the story to cover the body of another woman, even though she were swelled with twins. Either way, however, it must be allowed, the thought and expression are rather uncouth." — *Ed.* 1778. "The last editors, supposing the bodies of Evadne and the other woman, who was swelled with twins, to be scribbled over with the story of the former, is an admirable travestie of the poets' meaning, and would not disgrace the pages of Cotton, Brydges, or Scarron. Theobald's comment bids fairest to be the true explanation." WEBER. The meaning of the passage is probably this: — the overflowings of thy lust would be sufficient to inflame another woman, though she already had twins in her womb.

3 *was*] Altered by the modern editors to "were."

4 *Bestrid*] Weber chose to restore the spelling of the old eds., — "Bestride;" wrongly, as the next line shews.

5 *foe*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "food;" and so the modern editors!

Would they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to 'em. Will you tell me?—
Thou hast no hope to scape: he that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch[1] meat from a hungry lion
Than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee;—
He has[2] undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker.[3]
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave open'd,
And so pull'd on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind: they had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
[*Draws his sword.*
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth,
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self no human help shall help thee,
If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I
Have vow'd to do, if thou confess not, naked
As thou hast left thine honour will I leave thee,
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes. [*Kneels.*
Mel. [*Raising her.*] Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended: noble sir, forgive me!
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir;
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again;
My sword's unsheathèd yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me, then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask mine honour first.
I have too much foolish nature in me: speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful conscience: that's too many.
Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently! It was the King.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me
In my own metal: these are soldiers' thanks!—
How long have you liv'd thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be very[4] sorry?
Evad. Would I were half as blameless?
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again.
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. Would gods thou hadst been so blest!
Dost thou not hate this King now? prithee hate him:
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him;
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes. Yet I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.
Mel. Dost thou not feel, 'mongst all those, one brave anger,
That breaks out nobly and directs thine arm
To kill this base King?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No, all the gods require it;
They are dishonour'd in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. You're valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy sir
For meat and coarser clothes: thus far you know
No fear. Come, you shall kill him.
Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst[5] smother him:
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,

[1] *snatch*] So 4to. 1622. (The passage is not in 4to. 1619.) Later eds. "fetch;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[2] *He has*] "That it should be '*Who* [has],' and that Melantius is still questioning Evadne about the destroyer of her innocence, is not, we think, to be doubted." *Ed.* 1778; whom Weber followed. But this reading is not warranted by the old eds., the 4tos. having "has," the folio of 1679 "h'as" (the common contraction for *he has.*)

[3] *canker*] i. e. a wild rose, or dog-rose.

[4] *very*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[5] *thou'dst*] So (literatim) all the old eds., except 4tos. 1650, 1661, and folio 1679, which have "thou'd." Weber printed "thou shouldst"!

When I shall call thee to it; or by all
Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hand[s],
And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.

Evad. Here I swear it; [*Kneels.*
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Help me in this performance!

Mel. [*Raising her.*] Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring, ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wander'd?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature; sure, I am monstrous;
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman.[1] Oh, my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up
The way to my repentance!

Enter AMINTOR.

Oh, my lord!

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much-abused lord! [*Kneels.*

Amin. This cannot be!

Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.
This is a[2] new way to beget more sorrows:[3]
Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf,[4] into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage: prithee, do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set;[5] even with my life:
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure, I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne,
Would there were any safety in thy sex,[6]
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! but I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,
A soul as white as Heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
(As all say women can,) or to make less
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Know[7] to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance; no, I do not;
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in, the same monster.
But these are names of honour to what I am;
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing ages,[8] if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for Heaven's honours,[9] have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women:
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will [illegible]m one minute of my age,

1 *Would dare a woman*] "i. e. would scare, would fright her out of her wits to commit." THEOBALD.

2 *a*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "no."

3 *sorrows*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "sorrow;" and so the modern editors: but see next line.

4 *hand wolf*] "Means a tamed wolf." WEBER.

5 *at the highest set*] "i. e. at the highest stake." WEBER

6 *any safety in thy sex*] "i. e. any security, any trust, or belief, to be reposed in them." THEOBALD.

7 *Know*] Old eds. "Knows."

8 *ages*] Was proposed by Weber in a note, and is obviously the true reading. Old eds. "eyes."

9 *Heaven's honours*] "We should read 'heaven's honour.'" MASON. No, no.

Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep,
Till I am water.
Amin. I am now dissolv'd;
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
[EVADNE *rises.*
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand;
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days:
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss thee — [*Kisses her.*
The last kiss we must take: and would to heaven
The holy priest that gave our hands together
Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well, then.
Evad. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter,
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she have tried all honour'd means, that may
Set her in rest and wash her stains away.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *A Hall in the Palace.*

A Banquet spread. Hautboys play within. — Enter KING *and* CALIANAX.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I am sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose — but with my sword.
King. But did he break, without all circumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him: and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it; if 't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false, for I'll be sworn I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would have trusted me
Once, but the time is alter'd.
King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness.
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How? no more!
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But so you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: there are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it ——
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.
King. Enough. — Where's Strato?

Enter STRATO.

Stra. Sir?
King. Why, where's all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there. — [*Exit* STRATO.
If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit 'em.
Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man and a councillor
To[1] fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIAGORAS.

King. Come, sirs! — Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit down. —
Evadne, sit; — and you, Amintor, too;
This banquet is for you, sir. — Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire 'em not.
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them, then.
King. Reach me a bowl of wine. — Melantius, thou
Art sad.
Mel.[2] I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I have ne'er a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine. —
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere for any man we trust
To poison one of us in such a bowl.
Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.
Cal. Such as you are. [*Aside.*
King. I'faith, 'twere easy. It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;
Such as you all are here. — Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne! [*Drinks.*

[1] *To*] Unnecessarily altered by the modern editors to "Do."
[2] *Mel.*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "*Amint.*"

Mel. Have you thought
Of this, Calianax? [*Apart to him.*
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your resolution?
Cal. You shall have it, —
Soundly, I warrant you. [*Aside.*
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love:
[*Drinks, and then hands the cup to* EVADNE.
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not scape that did it.
Mel. Were he known,
Unpossible.[1]
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be. If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword:
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should think no man
Could kill me, and scape clear, but that old man.
Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?
King. I do not think thou wouldst; but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape,
By keeping of the fort. — He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now; 'twas ne'er besieg'd
Since he commanded.[2]
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: but I have kept it safe
From such as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I speak no malice; had my brother kept it,
I should have said as much.
King. You are not merry.
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still. — Calianax,
[*Apart to him.*
I cannot trust this:[3] I have thrown out words,
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd;
He knows no such thing.
Cal. Impudence may scape,
When feeble virtue is accus'd.
King. He must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.

[1] *Unpossible*] So all the old eds. Altered by the modern editors to "Impossible." The latter form indeed occurs in act v. sc. 2.; but our early writers did not confine them selves to the use of a single form of a word. Todd (Additions to Johnson's *Dict.*), among other passages quoted for an example of "unpossible," cites St. Matt. xix. 26, where, he observes, "in modern editions of the Bible the word is finically altered to *impossible*."

[2] *commanded*] Theobald printed "*commanded* it;" and so his successors, without noticing the insertion.

[3] *this*] Old eds. "thus;" and so the modern editors. Compare the first speech of the King in this scene — "I cannot tell how I should credit *this*," and the next speech but one of Calianax, — "*this* he did say."

Cal. Let him hang himself:
What care I what he does? this he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiss: but I forgive
Freely before this man, — Heaven do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine!
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into [an][4] ignorant fault.
But let me know it: happily 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you
My ears are every where; you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to scape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardon'd. You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers[5] and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy. The man that utter'd this
Had perish'd without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenc'd him from the foe:
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.
Cal. Ay, that will be
The end of all: then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.
Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.
Cal. Who, I?
Thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak to me
Of it thyself?
Mel. Oh, then, it came from him!
Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I have lost my anger. — Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.
King. Lysippus, cheer
Amintor and his lady: there's no sound
Comes from you: I will come and do't myself.
Amin. You have done already, sir, for me, I thank you. [*Aside.*
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.

[4] *an*] Inserted by Theobald.

[5] *Facers*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "Eaters." "*Facers* and *facing* are words used by our authors to express *shameless people* and *effrontery*." *Ed.* 1778, — as Theobald had already shown by his citations.

Mel. 'Tis strange you should.
Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's word,
That never lied in's life!
Mel. I talk not to thee. —
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much at least as I have power to bear.
But pardon me — whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself — I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loath
To think an action that would make me lose
That and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from time,
And styl'd me man then. And for you, my king,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm: this sword of mine hath plough'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;[1]
And you yourself have liv'd at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: and my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.
King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy. — What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!
Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, thou'rt a villain!
Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort: [*Apart to him.*
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever:
There shall no credit lie upon thy words:
Think better, and deliver it.
Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it. — Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst. — Examine him
Whilst he is hot, for, if he cool again,
He will forswear it.
King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.
Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.
Cal. Pity! a pox upon you!
Mel. Mark his disorder'd words; and at the masque
Diagoras knows he rag'd and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.
Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning. — If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.
King. Some, that love him,
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old. Have him away.
Mel. Calianax, [*Apart to him.*
The King believes you; come, you shall go home,
And rest; you have done well. You'll give it up,
When I have us'd you thus a month, I hope.
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me still:
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has us'd me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus.
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no virtue in him, all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I am a very fool,
Both with 'em and without 'em,[2] as you use me.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
King. 'Tis well, Calianax: but if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd. —
Be merry, gentlemen. — It grows somewhat late. —
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. And you, Evadne. — Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still and for ever. — Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.
[*Exeunt all except* MELANTIUS *and* CALIANAX.
Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else. — How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast us'd me?
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. I
Do look for some great punishment for this;
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt,
Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King!
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?

[1] *And reapt the fruit in peace*] Theobald printed the line thus amended by Seward; "*And* they have *reapt the fruit* of it *in peace.*" — "Melantius means to say, not in plain prose, but in poetical language, that, had it not been for his sword, the people could neither have ploughed the ground, or have reaped the fruits of it." MASON.

[2] *Both with 'em and without 'em*] Old eds. "*Both with* him *and without* him;" and so the modern editors! The misprint of *him* for *'em* is a not uncommon one in early dramas.

Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This I call hurt.[1]
Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: but use thy will with me;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.
Mel. Be wise, then, and be safe; thou mayst revenge.
Cal. Ay, o' the King: I would revenge of[2] thee.
Mel. That you must plot yourself.
Cal. I am a fine plotter.
Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave;
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers; thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the King,
Canst thou deny't again?
Mel. Try, and believe.
Cal. Nay, then, thou canst bring any thing about.
Melantius,[3] thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well.
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass.
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee;
And if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am disgrac'd;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly.

Re-enter DIPHILUS.

Diphilus,
What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: the King hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it, then. — Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Have you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the King too?
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.[4]
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Begone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt* CALIANAX *and* DIPHILUS.
Mel. This is a night, spite of astronomers,[5]
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain
That rests upon our house off with his blood.

Re-enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Melantius, now assist me; if thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance? — [*Aside.*] What's the matter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;
By heaven, to me, myself! and, I must tell you,
I love her as a stranger: there is worth
In that vild[6] woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
[*Draws his sword.*
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness. [*Aside.*] — Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as valour;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest! — I know he is honest,
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*
Amin. I cannot tell [*Lets fall his sword.*
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
[*Takes up the sword, and gives it to* AMINTOR.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!

[1] *This I call hurt*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "*This is all hurt,*" — which the modern editors give, — a misprint caused by the compositor's eye having caught the first word of the next speech. Melantius here replies to the question of Calianax, — "what *dost thou call hurt?*"
[2] *of*] Altered in the modern eds. to "o'."
[3] *Melantius*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[4] *Mel. Away, and use him kindly, &c.*] Theobald, to perfect the measure, printed:
"*Mel.* Away,
And use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me; I hate
The whole strain *of you.* If thou follow me," &c.
[5] *astronomers*] i. e. astrologers.
[6] *vild*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "vile;" and so the modern editors. See note, p. 201.

The thing that we call honour bears us all
Headlong unto[1] sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes. I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the King,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come, then; and still remember
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter EVADNE *and a* Gentleman of the Bed-chamber.

Evad. Sir, is the King a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key, then; and let none be near;
'Tis the King's pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madam; would 'twere mine!
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the King
Will wake, and then, methinks[2] —
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.
Gent. A good night be it, then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. [*Exeunt severally.*[3]

SCENE II. — *The Bed-chamber. The King discovered in bed asleep.*

Enter EVADNE.

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin,[4] whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismal as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear. 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: 'tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent[5] 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through 'em:
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there. — He sleeps. Good Heavens,
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgress'd you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: the mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps — that were
To rock him to another world; my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments:
I'll shape[6] his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave; [*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength; your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.[7] — My lord the King!
My lord! — He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more. — My lord! — Is he not dead already? —
Sir! my lord!
King. Who's that?
Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, sir.
King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.
Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?
King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,[8]
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars;[9] to bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see and envy our embraces.
Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King. Prithee, to bed then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed. [*Draws a knife.*

[1] *unto*] Theobald (besides another more violent alteration in this line) printed at Seward's suggestion "to;" and so Weber.

[2] *methinks*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[3] *Exeunt severally*] The old eds. mark only the "*Exit*" of the Gentleman, and place a stage direction "*King a-bed*" at the commencement of Evadne's next speech. So wretched were the appointments of our early theatres, that when the Gentleman had left the stage, and a bed containing the sleeping King had been thrust on, the audience were to suppose that they beheld the royal bed-chamber.

[4] *virgin*] I may just notice that 4to. 1619 has "virtue.

[5] *repent*] So 4to. 1619. Later eds. "prevent." Theobald, who, throughout the play, *made great use of the first 4to.*, gives "repent" as his own conjectural emendation.

[6] *shape*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "shake;" and so the modern editors.

[7] *So, if he rail me not from my resolution,*
I shall be strong enough. — My lord the King, &c.] So all the old eds.; except 4to. 1619, which has —

"*So, if he raile me not from my resolution,*
As I beleeue I shall not, *I shall* fit him.
My lord the King," &c.

In the concluding lines of this speech I have followed the modern arrangement (Theobald's), though not quite satisfied with it.

[8] *love*] Altered by Theobald to "life," — probably because the former word occurs in the next line but one.

[9] *I'll be thy Mars*] "The allusion here is to the words of Ovid in the fourth book of his Metamorphoses, where Mars and Venus are caught in conjunction by a subtle net which her husband Vulcan had bound over them, and exposed them to the view of the gods: —

——— *Turpes jacuere ligati*
Turpiter, atque aliquis de Dis non tristibus optet
Sic fieri turpis." THEOBALD.

King. Bleed!
Evad. Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and, if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.
King. How's this, Evadne?
Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman:
I am a tiger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not: if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepared, thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will!) to look[1] those torments
Prepar'd for such black souls.
King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible;
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your curs'd court and you (Hell bless you for't!)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour; for which, King,
I am come to kill thee.
King. No!
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not!
I prithee speak not these things; thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessèd fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach.[2] Thou art a shameless villain;
A thing out of the overcharge of nature,
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!
King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king.
Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*

[1] *to look*] "Occurs continually in old plays for *look for*; and yet Theobald says it is no English expression, and reads *seek*." WEBER.
[2] *reach*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638 (—Theobald gives "reach" as his own conjectural emendation!—). Later eds. "teach."

King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold!
Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.
King. What bloody villain
Provok'd thee to this murder?
Evad. Thou, thou monster!
King. Oh!
Evad. Thou kept'st me brave[3] at court, and whor'd[4] me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whor'd me still.
King. Evadne, pity me!
Evad. Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor! [*Stabs him.*
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women!
King. Oh! I die. [*Dies.*
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber.

First Gent. Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a snap at her one of these nights, as she goes from him.
First Gent. Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.
Sec. Gent. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.
First Gent. Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.
Sec. Gent. And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well! let's look. — Alas!
He's stiff, wounded, and dead! Treason, treason!
First Gent. Run forth and call.
Sec. Gent. Treason, treason! [*Exit*
First Gent. This will be laid on us:
Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter CLEON *and* LYSIPPUS.

Cle. How now! where's the traitor?
First Gent. Fled, fled away; but there her woful act
Lies still.
Cle. Her act! a woman!
Lys. Where's the body?
First Gent. There.
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king,
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears;
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me!

Enter STRATO.

Sirs, which way went she?
Stra. Never follow her;

[3] *brave*] i. e. in fine apparel, &c.
[4] *whor'd*] So the old eds. both here and in the next line but one, and so doubtless the author wrote. Altered by the modern editors to "whor'd'st."

For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,
And with a loud voice calls those few that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen,
I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before the Citadel.*

Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CALIANAX, *on the walls.*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,
(Be constant, Diphilus,) now we have time
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not;
My spirit lies not that way. — Courage, Calianax!
Cal. Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows:
You were born to be my end; the devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise or valiant.

Enter LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIAGORAS, *and Guard.*

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him!
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it.
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pull'd on than sought: his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.
Lys. 'Tis my fear too.
Heaven forgive all! — Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cle. Ho, from the walls there!
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome:
We could have wished you here, lord; you are honest.
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though
I dare not tell thee so —— [*Aside.*
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir?
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd such distance. Pray to[1] Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think might have preserv'd: yet you know best.
Cal. When time was, I was mad: some that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal. [*Aside.*
Mel. Royal young man, those[2] tears look lovely on thee:
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst[3] he was good, I call'd him King, and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg[4] his friendship: I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore, and, which is worse, the joy
To make it still so,) like myself, thus I
Have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffer'd in him, and this old man
Wrongèd almost to lunacy.
Cal. Who, I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong;
I do disclaim ye all.
Mel. The short is this.
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free:[5]
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.
Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up again. What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.
Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: my seal is at it.
[*Throws a paper to* MELANTIUS.
Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.
Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall. —
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you King,
And give you up the fort.
Lys. Away, away! [*Exeunt.*

[1] *to*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[2] *those*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "whose;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *Whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "While."

[4] *beg*] So 4to. 1619. Other eds. "buy" (and "by;") and so the Editors of 1778.

[5] *free*] Theobald gave with the later eds. "freed."

SCENE IV. — *Ante-room to* AMINTOR'S *Apartments.*

Enter ASPATIA *in male apparel, and with artificial scars on her face.*

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest,
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you that I die;
For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir!
Ser. And you, sir! What's your business?
Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.
Ser. What, would you serve him?
Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.
Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would
Be loath delay you longer:[1] you can not.
Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.
Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody;
But in particular, I have in charge,
About no weighty matters.[2]
Asp. This is most strange.
Art thou gold-proof? there's for thee; help me to him. [*Gives money.*
Ser. Pray be not angry, sir: I'll do my best. [*Exit.*
Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!
There is a vild[3] dishonest trick in man,
More than in woman.[4] All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh[5] and rude,
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so. It is unjust
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter AMINTOR *with* Servant.

Amin. Where is he?
Ser. There, my lord.
Amin. What would you, sir?
Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit* Servant.
Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it! [*Aside.*
Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For, till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.
Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss [*Kisses her hand.*
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand
That did it. Would he could not![6] Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.
Asp. I would I could with credit!
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour I now arriv'd:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woful one! but they that are above[7]
Have ends in every thing. She us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injury[8] you did her.
That little training I have had is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loath to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal: the age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be published. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference. [*Draws her sword.*
Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: and, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing

[1] *you longer*] The modern editors give with the later eds. "*you* any *longer*."

[2] *But in particular I have in charge,*
About no weighty matters] Found only in 4to. 1619.

[3] *vild*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630. Later eds. "vile;" and so the modern editors. See note, p. 201.

[4] *woman*] So 4to. 1661. Other eds. "women;" and so the modern editors.

[5] *are harsh*] Theobald for the metre printed "*are* all *harsh*;" and so his successors. But "appear" is frequently used as a trisyllable.

[6] *Here I stand*
That did it. Would he could not!] Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes to read "Here *he stands*," &c. Of the words, "Would he could not!" Weber attempts a most absurd explanation. The text may be corrupted; yet in a preceding part of the play we find a passage somewhat similar;

"*I* bear my grief
Hid from the world. How *art thou* wretched then?
For aught *I* know, all husbands are like *me*." — p. 214.

[7] *But they that are above*, &c.] "How nobly, and to what advantage, has Shakespeare expressed this sentiment in his Hamlet! —

'And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'" — THEOBALD.

[8] *injury*] So the later eds. Earlier eds. "injuries;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught
That may content thee, take it, and begone,
For death is not so terrible as thou;
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and so
Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd, and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.
Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.
Asp. You must be urg'd:
I do not deal uncivilly with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be us'd thus. [*Strikes him.*
Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this — Good gods! a blow I can endure;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.
Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd,
[*Kicks him.*
Thus to be kick'd. — Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? [*Aside.*
Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then!
I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew
[*Draws his sword.*
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand
Thou hast no hour to live.
[*They fight,* ASPATIA *is wounded.*
What dost thou mean?
Thou canst not fight: the blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!
Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here. [*Falls.*

Enter EVADNE, *her hands bloody, with a knife.*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee, but not her mischiefs.
Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is presàge of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost:
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.
Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine:
Joy to Amintor! for the King is dead.
Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love:
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why, thou hast rais'd up mischief to his height,
And found one[1] to outname thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill:
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and, since I could not find way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood
Violently[2] shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness[3] about me.
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me, then,
And take me to thy bed: we may not part.
[*Kneels.*
Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed;
It will return with me.
Evad. If it must be,
I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.
Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For Heaven's sake, look more calm: thine eyes are sharper
Than thou canst make thy sword.
Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence;
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,

[1] *found one*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638, 1641. Later eds. "*found* out *one*;" and so the modern editors, those of 1778 excepted.

[2] *Violently*] Theobald chose to print "Most *violently*."

[3] *wilderness*] "This is a word here appropriated by the poets to signify *wildness*, from the verb *bewilder*. Milton seems to have been pleased with the liberty of using it in this sense, as he has copied it in his *Paradise Lost*; B. ix. v. 245.

'These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from *wilderness* with ease.'" THEOBALD, — who appears to have forgot that Shakespeare had used the word in that sense, *Meas. for Meas.* act iii. sc. 1.

Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, I lov'd thee once. I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning. [*Retiring.*
Evad. [*Rising.*] Amintor, thou shalt love me now again;
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.
[*Stabs herself.*
Amin. [*Returning.*] I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.
[*Dies.*
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood;
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden power in these dead things,
That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold:
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something yet, which I am loath to leave:
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up;
I have not such another fault to answer:
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow:
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.
Asp. Was it a dream? there stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.
Amin. How dost thou? speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again;
There's hope of thy recovery.
Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?
Amin. I did.
Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her?
Amin. 'Tis true; and, till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.
Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand:
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?
Asp. I shall sure live,[1] Amintor; I am well;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lives to excuse[2] thy loss;
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.
Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: wouldst thou have lov'd me, then?
Amin. Alas,
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee!
Asp. Give me thy hand; mine[3] hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh, I must go! farewell! [*Dies.*
Amin. She swounds.[4] — Aspatia! — Help! for Heaven's sake, water,
Such as may chain life ever to this frame! —
Aspatia, speak! — What, no help yet? I fool;
I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stirs;
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me! — Aspatia, speak! —
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself.[5]
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
You heavenly powers, and lend for some few years
The blessed soul to this fair seat again!
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too.
I'll bow the body once again. — Aspatia! —
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Stabs himself.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering. — Oh, Heaven![6] — Help, help!

Enter LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS, CALIANAX, CLEON, DIPHILUS, *and* STRATO.

Lys. Where's Amintor?
Serv.[7] Oh, there, there!

[1] *I shall sure live*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622; and so Theobald Qtos 1630, 1638, "*I shall* surely *live*;" and so the editors of 1776 and Weber. Other eds. "*I shall live.*"

[2] *lives to excuse*] Old eds. "lines *to excuse*" — a misprint for "lines," &c. Theobald admitted into the text Seward's conjecture, "*lives to* expiate," proposing in a note "limits *to excuse.*"

[3] *mine*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "my;" and so Weber. I may notice that in this line, the three earliest 4tos. have "*Giue me* thine *hand*," and that 4to. 1619 has "*mine* eyes grow *vp and downe.*"

[4] *swounds*] Altered by the modern editors to the modern form "swoons." Compare Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, act iii. sc. 1;

"I take thy body from the ground
In this deep and deadly *swound.*"

[5] *I have heard, if there be any life, but bow*
The body thus, and it will shew itself.] "These lines form the best comment upon the common direction in old plays, to bend the body of a dying or dead person." WEBER.

[6] *Heaven*] Qtos. 1619, 1622, "God;" which Weber very unnecessarily adopted.

[7] *Serv.*] Old eds. "Strat." "We cannot believe our poets intended these words to be spoken by Strato. Strato is following Lysippus into the room, yet is the first to give information of what that prince must have seen before

Lys. How strange is this!
Cal. What should we do here?
Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: heart, he was my friend;
Melt! now it flows. — Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. Oh!
Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh,
Thy arms are kinder to me than my tongue!
Speak, speak!
Amin. What?
Mel. That little word was worth[1] all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.
Diph. Oh, brother,
Here lies your sister slain! you lose yourself
In sorrow there.
Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son;
All that I had. — Speak once again; what youth
Lies slain there by thee?
Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said.[2] Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*
Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!
Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.

him. The speech appears to us to belong to the Servant; to whom therefore we have assigned it." *Ed.* 1778.

[1] *worth*] Theobald, dissatisfied, as usual, with the metre, printed "more *worth*."

[2] *My last is said*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622. Later eds. "*My senses fade.*"

Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.
Mel. I am a prattler: but no more.
[*Offers to stab himself.*
Diph. Hold, brother!
Lys. Stop him.
Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you! Does this become our strain?
Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you all now.[3] You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can. [*Exit.*
Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hands[4] a weapon good[5] enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.
Lys. Look to him, though, and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper; for on lustful kings
Unlooked-for sudden deaths from Heaven are sent;
But curs'd is he that is their instrument.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *all now*] So 4to. 1619. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors. — Qy. Were not this and the preceding speech of Calianax originally verse?

[4] *hands*] So 4tos. 1619, 1622, 1630, 1638, 1641, — and no doubt rightly; see the next line. Later eds. "hand;" and so the modern editors.

[5] *good*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave with the three earliest 4tos. "sharp."

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

The Faithfull Shepheardesse. By John Fletcher. Printed at London for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle ouer against the great North dore of S. Paules. n. d. 4to.

The Faithfull Shepheardesse. By John Fletcher. The second Edition, newly corrected. London, Printed by T. C. for Richard Meighen, in St. Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleet-streete. 1629. 4to.

The Faithfull Shepherdesse. Acted at Somerset House before the King and Queene on Twelfe night last, 1633. *And divers times since with great applause at the Private House in Black-Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Written by John Fletcher. The third Edition, with Addition. London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple in Fleet-street.* 1634. 4to.

The Faithfull Shepherdesse, &c. The Fourth Edition. London, Printed for Ga. Bedell and Tho. Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street. 1656. 4to.

The Faithfull Shepherdesse, &c. The Fifth Edition (also printed for Bedell and Collins), 1665. 4to. This edition is not noticed by Weber; but he mentions one dated 1661, which, I believe, does not exist.

And in the folio of 1679.

This drama is mentioned by Davies of Hereford in an epigram already cited, vol. I. p. 157; and *The Scourge of Folly*, which contains that epigram, is supposed to have been published about 1611. *The Faithful Shepherdess*, says Gifford, "was brought out in 1610, perhaps before." Note on Jonson's *Works*, vi. 305. The first edition is printed without a date; but Sir William Skipwith, one of the three friends to whom the author dedicates it, died on the third of May, 1610.

This pastoral was wholly from the pen of Fletcher. That in composing it he had an eye to the *Aminta* of Tasso and to the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, is, I think, quite evident. A Satyr, whose character became so refined and poetical in Fletcher's hands, is found in both those dramas; while the latter suggested the title of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, and unfortunately afforded Corisca a model for the wanton Cloe. A version of the *Aminta* ("somewhat altered"[1]) into English hexameters had already appeared in the First Part of *The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch*, &c., by Abraham Fraunce, in 1591; and an English translation of the *Pastor Fido* by ——— Dymock (which, in spite of Daniel's commendatory sonnet, is a very bad one) had been published in 1602. But though in all probability the poor attempts of Fraunce and Dymock were not unknown to Fletcher, there can be no doubt that the Italian text of those celebrated pieces was perfectly familiar to him.

Mr Darley, however, (Introd. to the *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xii.), is willing to trace the origin of the *Faithful Shepherdess* to Spenser. "Various thoughts," he says, "descriptions, &c., are taken or imitated from the *Shepherd's Calendar*; some peculiar words, as 'dell,' 'leese,' are common to both productions; and so likewise are some proper names, as *Thenot*, *Perigot*, which do not exist in Fletcher's supposed prototypes, the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*." He then gives two specimens of the former coincidences, which will be found among Seward's notes in this edition. That Fletcher has occasionally imitated Spenser, is unquestionable; and indeed the very subject on which he was employed would naturally call to his recollection the well-known *Eclogues* of that mighty poet; but I must still continue to believe that if the pastoral dramas of Tasso and Guarini had never been written, we should never have possessed *The Faithful Shepherdess*. As to "dell" and "leese," — they occur more frequently in the works of Fletcher's contemporaries than Mr. Darley seems to be aware; the latter word is used *eleven times* by Dymock in his translation of the *Pastor Fido*.

Will all its poetic beauty, *The Faithful Shepherdess* is but little fitted for the stage; and on its first representation it was decidedly condemned by the audience. The various addresses to and by the author, which, in consequence of its failure at the theatre, were prefixed to the first 4to., have been retained in the present edition.

Several years after the decease of Fletcher, this long-neglected pastoral was exhibited at court. Its revival is thus noticed in the MSS. of Sir Henry Herbert: — "On Monday night the sixth of January [1633–4] and the Twelfe Night was presented at Denmark-house,[2] before the King and Queene, Fletchers pastorall called The Faithfull Shepheardesse, in the clothes the Queene had given Taylor the year before of her owne pastorall. The scenes were fitted to the pastorall, and made, by Mr. Inigo Jones, in the great chamber, 1633." Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell), iii. 234. Garrard, the gossiping correspondent of Lord Strafford, has a passage to the same effect in a letter dated January 9th, 1633: — "I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at Court this Year, but one Play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The Queen had some little Infirmity, a Bile, or some such Thing, which made her keep in, only on Twelfth-night she feasted the King at Somerset-house, and presented him with a Play, newly studied, long since printed, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which the King's Players acted in the Robes she and her Ladies acted their Pastoral in the last Year." *The Earl of Strafforde's Letters and Dispatches*, i. 177. "Instead of a Prologue, there was a Song in Dialogue, sung between a Priest and a Nymph, which was writ by Sir William D'Avenant; and an Epilogue was spoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, which the Reader may read in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 86." Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 208. In consequence, we may presume, of the favour which it had experienced at court, *The Faithful Shepherdess* was again brought out at a regular theatre; from the third quarto we learn that, soon after its revival before the King and Queen, it was acted "divers times with great applause at the Private House in Black-Friars."

In 1637, Milton testified to the world his admiration of this drama by the various passages of *Comus* which are closely imitated from it.

In 1658, Sir Richard Fanshaw published a translation of *The Faithful Shepherdess* into Latin verse, — *La Fida Pastora.*[3] *Comœdia Pastoralis. Autore F. F. Anglo-Britanno. Adduntur nonnulla varii argumenti Carmina ab eodem.* 8vo., — a performance of considerable merit on the whole, though containing not a little to which the critical scholar might object. I subjoin two specimens of it. The speech of Cloe,

1 "I haue somewhat altered S.[ignor] Tassoes Italian and M.[aster] Watsons Latine Amyntas, to make them both one English." *Dedic. Epistle to the Countess of Pembroke.*

2 Denmark-House was the later name of Somerset-House.

3 "Hanc tibi appellationem (non ego) celata imposuit autoritas, a qua recedere neutiquam debeo. Casu an consilio id egerit, non constat; nec quam illa dictabat Anglice, occurrit mihi ab antiquis vocabulum quo reddam Latine. Hinc necessitas." *Author ad Opusculum.*

"Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been," &c. — Act i. sc. 3. is rendered as follows:

"Pastor, non abeas, non, quæsumus. Unde venis nunc?
Aut quo vadis? Ubi viret hac magis horrida silva?
Spirat et hic qua nec melior nec mollior aura est,
Lævis ubi Zephyrus faciem lascivus oberrat
Crispatam labentis aquæ; floresque quot ulla
Vere novo producit humus, totidemque colorum.
Quod placet hic omne est; gelidi fontesque lacusque.
Arboreæque domus plumatis flore corymbis,
Antra, lacunosique apices. Horum elige quid vis.
Ipsa tuo cantans lateri concreta sedebo;
Hosve legam juncos (digitis tibi vincula longis);
Crebraque amoris erit pro te mihi fabula; pallens
Ut primum vidit silvis venando Diana
Endymiona, bibens oculis labefacta puelli
Æternos ignes et non medicabile vulnus;
Molliter ut conduxit eum, gremioque refusum,
Atque soporifero redimitum tempora flore,
Ad Latmi caput antiqui, quo devolat illa
Omni nocte, aurans fraterno lumine montem,
Basia mille datura genis quas deperit."

The concluding portion of the play, from the speech of the Satyr,

"Thou divinest, fairest, brightest," &c.

is translated thus:

"*Sat.* Terræ pulchrior incolis, beata,
Perquam candida virgo præpotensque,
Dilectissima Dis et absque fraude,
Stellatis oculis, pari capillo
Phœbeis radiis; mihi explicato
Quid digni super arduique quid sit
Quod præstet tibi Satyrus: volabo
Per regnum celer aëris secundum,
Et nimbi (potis) impetum rotantis
Sistam? fortiter occupabo lunam,
Et blande dominam rogabo noctis
Pallentem tibi mutuum det astrum?
Immergar penetralibus profundi,
Ut rubrum tibi colligam coralium,
Discludens tumidas viam per undas
Tanquam velleribus nivis cadentes?
Vis, carissima, capreas fugaces,
Aut muscas capiam quibus per alas
Æstas texuit Iridis colores?
Aut pina alta legam? polove furer
Vatis Threicii lyram vetusti?
Cuncta hæc plusque tui probabo causa,
Quam cunctæ hæ flexo venerantur vertice silvæ.
Clor. Satyre, prospicias tantum (nihil amplius oro)
Hos circum lucos, ne gens innoxia noxam
Aut damnum capiat. *Sat.* Puella sancta,
Per totum nemus hoc tripudiabo,
Surgentis celer ut jubar diei,
Saltus perque ferar per atque valles,
Alis ventimolæ magis citatus.
Tu nunc ut valeas precor, simulque
Quod solaminis uspiam invenitur,
Phœbi quale solet creare lumen,
Et te prosperet et tuum viretum!
Clor. Et tu sis domini tui voluptas!"

TO MY LOVED FRIEND,[1] MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, ON HIS PASTORAL.

CAN my approvement, sir, be worth your thanks,
Whose unknown name, and Muse in swathing clouts,
Is not yet grown to strength, among these ranks
To have a room, and bear off the sharp flouts
Of this our pregnant age, that does despise
All innocent verse that lets alone her vice?

But I must justify what privately
I censur'd[2] to you: my ambition is
(Even by my hopes and love to poesy)
To live to perfect such a work as this,

[1] *To my loved friend, &c.*] These recommendatory poems by Field, Beaumont, Jonson, and Chapman are found in all the 4tos. The folio of 1679 gives only those by Beaumont and Jonson.
[2] *I censur'd*] i. e. I gave as my opinion.

Clad in such elegant propriety
Of words, including a morality,

So sweet and profitable; though each man that hears,
And learning has enough to clap and hiss,
Arrives not to't, so misty it appears,
And to their filmèd reasons so amiss:
But let Art look in Truth, she, like a mirror,
Reflects her comfort;[1] Ignorance's terror

Sits in her own brow, being made afraid
Of her unnatural complexion,
As ugly women, when they are array'd
By glasses, loathe their true reflection.
Then how can such opinions injure thee,
That tremble at their own deformity?

Opinion, that great fool, makes fools of all,
And once I feared her, till I met a mind,
Whose grave instructions philosophical
Toss'd it like dust upon a March strong wind:
He shall for ever my example be,
And his embracèd doctrine grow in me.

His soul, (and such commend this,[2]) that commands
Such art, it should me better satisfy,
Than if the monster[3] clapt his thousand hands,
And drowned the scene with his confusèd cry;
And if doubts rise, lo, their own names to clear 'em!
Whilst I am happy but to stand so near 'em.[4]

NATHANIEL FIELD.[5]

TO MY FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

I KNOW too well that, no more than the man
That travels through the burning deserts can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half-smother'd with[6] the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
Ere he be slak'd; no more can he whose mind
Joys in the Muses' hold from that delight,
When nature and his full thoughts bid him write:
Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present his vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout[7] there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith:

1 *comfort*] The three latest 4tos. have "consort:" the meaning of this passage is far from clear.
2 *and such commend this*] "i. e. and the souls of such as commend this poem." WEBER. Is it not rather — and such souls as his do commend this poem?
3 *the monster*] "i. e. the multitude." WEBER.
4 *near 'em*] "In reference to the ensuing poems." WEBER.
5 *Nathaniel Field*] A player and dramatist. He originally was one of the Children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel; and subsequently belonged to the Black-friars Company. During the earlier part of his career he performed female parts, which he afterwards abandoned. As an actor, his reputation stood very high. He wrote two dramas, *A Woman is a Weathercock*, and *Amends for Ladies*, the former printed in 1612, the latter (an excellent comedy) in 1618; and he also assisted Massinger in *The Fatal Dowry*. It has been supposed that he was dead in 1641; but the probability seems to be that he had only retired from his profession: see Collier's Pref. Remarks to *A Woman is a Weathercock*, — *Supplementary Volume to Dodsley's Old Plays*.
6 *with*] The two latest 4tos. and folio 1679 "in."
7 *rout*] i. e. set, company.

One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next man in black;
Others, on him that makes signs and is mute;
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit;
He, as his mistress doth; and she, by chance;
Nor want there those who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts,[1] will censure the whole play;
Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day;[2]
But multitudes there are whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actors' clothes.
For this, these public things and I agree
So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
These few ill-spoken lines into the world,
Both to be read and censur'd of by those
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose;
Such as must spend above an hour to spell
A challenge on a post,[3] to know it well.
But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,
Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.
Besides, one 'vantage more in this I see;
Your censurers must[4] have the quality
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

THE wise and many-headed bench, that sits
Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
(Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
Lady or pusill,[5] that wears mask or fan,[6]
Velvet or taffata-cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark,
That may judge for his sixpence[7]) had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play and more:
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the Muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murder'd poem; which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

BEN JONSON.

1 *as the boy doth dance Between the acts*] "This was a usual entertainment between the acts, and several times occurs in The Knight of the Burning Pestle." WEBER.

2 *Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day*] The two latest 4tos. and folio 1679, —

"*Some if the waxe lights be* not *new that day.*"

3 *A challenge on a post.*] "Instances of this ostentatious custom among fencing-masters and others may be found in several old plays, particularly in Jonson's Every Man in his Humour." WEBER.

4 *Your censurers must*] The three latest 4tos. and folio 1679, "*Your censurers* now *must*," — unnecessarily.

5 *pusill*] Equivalent here to wench, drab, or, at least, to one who pretends to be a virgin. See notes of the commentators on the line, "Pucelle or *puzzel*, dolphin, or dogfish," Shakespeare's *Henry* vi. *P.* i., act 1. sc. 4. Nares (*Gloss. in v. Puzzel* or *Puele*) incorrectly states that in the present passage the old eds. have "pucelle."

6 *that wears mask or fan*] "The practice of wearing masks in theatres was prevalent as late as the time of Congreve." WEBER.

7 *sixpence*] i. e. the lowest sum taken at the theatre on the first representation of *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Concerning the various prices of admission to theatres, see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, iii. 341. sqq.

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND, MASTER JOHN FLETCHER, CONCERNING HIS PASTORAL, BEING BOTH A POEM AND A PLAY.

THERE are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken:
A poem and a play too! why, 'tis like
A scholar that's a poet; their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,
And kill outright; one cannot both fates bear.
But as a poet, that's no scholar, makes
Vulgarity his whiffler,[1] and so takes
Passage with ease and state through both sides' prease[2]
Of pageant-seers; or as scholars please
That are no poets more than poets learn'd,
Since their art solely is by souls discern'd;
The others' falls within the common sense,
And sheds, like common light, her influence;
So, were your play no poem, but a thing
That every cobbler to his patch might sing,
A rout of nifles,[3] like the multitude,
With no one limb of any art endu'd,
Like would to like, and praise you. But because
Your poem only hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely pastoral,
Where flowers and founts, and nymphs and semi-gods,
And all the Graces find their old abodes,
Where forests flourish but in endless verse,[4]
And meadows nothing fit for purchasers;
This iron age, that eats itself, will never
Bite at your golden world; that other's ever
Lov'd as itself. Then, like your book, do you
Live in old peace, and that for praise allow.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.[5]

TO THAT NOBLE AND TRUE LOVER OF LEARNING, SIR WALTER ASTON,[6] KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR, I must ask your patience and be true;
This play was never lik'd, unless by few
That brought their judgments with 'em; for, of late,
First the infection, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got,
Either to silence plays or like them not:
Under the last of which this interlude
Had fain for ever, prest down by the rude,
That like a torrent, which the moist south feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds,
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear sir, then,
Among the better souls, be you the best,
In whom, as in a centre, I take rest

[1] *whiffler*] Properly, a person who cleared the way for a procession. Here (as Nares observes, *Gloss.* in v.) it means — a person to introduce.
[2] *prease*] i. e. press, crowd.
[3] *A rout of nifles*] i. e. a set of trifles, frivolous things.
[4] *but in endless verse*] "i. e. only in immortal verse." WEBBER.
[5] *George Chapman*] The prolific dramatist, translator of Homer, &c., and author of several original poems. He died, aged 77, May 12th, 1634.

[6] *To that noble and true lover of learning, Sir Walter Aston, &c.*] "This, and the two following Dedicatory Epistles, are only to be found in the first quarto, as well as the Address to the Reader.
Sir Walter Aston of Tixall in Staffordshire, was born in 1584, [was made a Knight of the Bath at the Coronation of King James I.], was one of the first created baronets, and, in 1627, was raised to the dignity of Baron Aston of Forfar, in the kingdom of Scotland. He was employed in several important embassies, and died the 13th August, 1639." WEBBER.

And proper being; from whose equal eye
And judgment nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter, for, by all those dead,
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds any thing to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun:
Then be, as you were ever, yourself still,
Mov'd by your judgment, not by love or will;
And when I sing again, (as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy well?)
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all
Able to make a work heroical.

Given to your service,
JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE INHERITOR OF ALL WORTHINESS, SIR WILLIAM SKIPWITH.[1]

ODE.

IF, from servile hope or love,
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy sir, I've all I sought for:

For no itch of greater name,
Which some claim
By their verses, do I shew it
To the world; nor to protest
'Tis the best; ——
These are lean faults in a poet; ——

Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need,
Nor to gain acquaintance by it,
Nor to ravish kind attornies
In their journies,
Nor to read it after diet.

Far from me are all these aims,
Fittest frames
To build weakness on and pity.
Only to yourself, and such
Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

The admirer of your virtues,
JOHN FLETCHER.

[1] *Sir William Skipwith*] Of Cotes in Leicestershire, (and descended from the ancient family of the Skipwiths of Yorkshire, (was high-sheriff in 1597, and was knighted by King James I. at Worksop, 30th April, 1603. His first wife was Margaret, daughter of Roger Cave of Stanford in Leicestershire; his second, Jane, daughter and heir of John Roberts of Wollaston in Northamptonshire. He died 3rd May, 1610: on a tablet erected to his memory in the Church of Prestwould, where he was buried, are lines by Sir John Beaumont. He was a person greatly esteemed and respected; and was celebrated among his friends for "his witty conceits" (says Burton, cited by Nichols) "in making fit and acute epigrams, poesies, mottos, and devices, but chiefly in devising apt and fit impreses agreeing and expressing the party's conceit and intendment." See Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. iii. Part 1, pp. 359, 366. Some verses written by Sir William, printed from a MS., may be found *ibid.*, p. 367.

TO THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN, SIR ROBERT TOWNSHEND.[1]

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon where contrition is,
Noble sir, I needs must have
A long one for a long amiss.[2]
If you ask me, how is this?
Upon my faith, I'll tell you frankly,
You love above my means to thank ye.

Yet, according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor shepherd I have sent
In home-spun gray for to excuse me;
And may all my hopes refuse me,
But when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, newer, more!

Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-pil'd[3] sweet protesters,
I must please you in bare letters,
And so pay my debts, like jesters;
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat and choose a sallet.[4]

All yours,
JOHN FLETCHER.

TO THE READER.

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country hired shepherds in gray cloaks, with curtailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper[5] ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

UNTO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH TAYLOR,[6]

UPON HIS PRESENTMENT OF THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN AT WHITEHALL, ON TWELFTH-NIGHT LAST, 1633.

When this smooth pastoral was first brought forth,
The age 'twas born in did not know its worth.

1 *Sir Robert Townshend*] "Was the youngest son of Sir Roger Townshend, the ancestor of the present noble family of that name. He was knighted by King James, May 11, 1603; married [Anne] the daughter of William Lord Spencer, and died without issue, after having served as member for Castle-Rising and Orford in all parliaments from 42d Elizabeth to the last of King James." WEBER.

2 *a long amiss*] i. e. a fault of long continuance.

3 *three-pil'd*] i. e. exaggerating: or perhaps, literally, wearing the finest velvet: see note, vol. i. p. 189.

4 *pallet —— sallet*] Were modernized by Weber to "palate" and "sallad," without regard to the rhyme.

5 *improper*] i. e. not confined to particular persons, common.

6 *Unto his worthy friend, Master Joseph Taylor, &c.*] In 4to. 1634 and the later 4tos. — Joseph Taylor was an actor of considerable eminence. He is mentioned as belonging, at various periods of his life, to various companies of performers: when *The Faithful Shepherdess* was revived at court, he had the principal management of the King's (Charles's) Players.

Since, by thy cost and industry reviv'd,
It hath a new fame and new birth achiv'd;[1]
Happy in that she found in her distress
A friend as faithful as her Shepherdess;
For having cur'd her from her coarser rents,
And deckt her new with fresh habiliments,
Thou brought'st her to the court, and made her be
A fitting spectacle for majesty;
(So have I seen a clouded beauty, drest
In a rich vesture, shine above the rest;)
Yet did it not receive more honour from
The glorious pomp than thine own action.
Expect no satisfaction for the same;
Poets can render no reward but fame:
Yet this I'll prophesy, when thou shalt come
Into the confines of Elysium,
Amidst the quire of Muses, and the lists
Of famous actors and quick dramatists,
So much admir'd for gesture and for wit,
That there on seats of living marble sit,
The blessèd consort of that numerous train
Shall rise with an applause to entertain
Thy happy welcome, causing thee sit down,
And with a laurel-wreath thy temples crown:
And meantime, while this poem shall be read,
Taylor, thy name shall be eternized;
For it is just that thou, who first didst give
Unto this book a life, by it shouldst live.

SHAKERLEY MARMION.[2]

THIS DIALOGUE,[3]

NEWLY ADDED, WAS SPOKEN BY WAY OF PROLOGUE, TO BOTH THEIR MAJESTIES, AT THE FIRST ACTING OF THIS PASTORAL AT SOMERSET-HOUSE, OR TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1633.

PRIEST.

A BROILING lamb on Pan's chief altar lies,
My wreath, my censer, virge,[4] and incense by;
But I delay'd the precious sacrifice
To shew thee here a gentler deity.

NYMPH.

Nor was I to thy sacred summons slow;
Hither I came as swift as th' eagle's[5] wing,
Or threatening shaft from vext Diana's bow,
To see this island's god, the world's best king.[6]

In 1639 he was appointed Yeoman of the Revels under Sir Henry Herbert. In 1647, he was one of the ten players associated in dedicating to the Earl of Pembroke the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works; and in 1652, when reduced to poverty by the suppression of the theatres, he published, in conjunction with Lowin, the recovered *Wild-Goose Chace* of Fletcher (see prefatory matter to that play). Some encomiastic verses by Taylor are prefixed to Massinger's *Roman Actor*. Concerning the various parts which he performed, vide Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 217, 512. He died at an advanced age, either in 1653, or 1654.

[1] *achiv'd*] A form of the word not uncommon in early writers.

[2] *Shakerley Marmion*] Descended from the ancient family of the Marmions of Scrivelsby, was born in 1602 at Aynho in Northamptonshire. He was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Wadham College, Oxford, and took the degree of M. A. in 1624. Either in consequence of his own or his father's extravagance, he was forced to seek his fortune as a soldier in the Low Countries. He soon, however, returned to England, and seems to have had recourse to his pen for support. Having been received by his friend Sir John Suckling into the troop of horse raised for the service of the King, he was, during his journey northwards, taken ill at York; and being removed from that place by easy stages to London, he died there in 1639. He was author of *Cupid and Psyche*, 1637, a poem containing some beautiful passages; of several comedies, three of which have been printed, — *Holland's Leaguer*, 1632, *A Fine Companion*, 1633, and *The Antiquary*, 1641; and of various scattered verses.

[3] *This Dilaogue, &c.*] In 4to. 1634 and the later eds. It was written by Sir William Davenant, in whose *Works*, p. 305 it occurs with some variations which he probably made subsequently to the period when it was originally spoken.

[4] *virge*] i. e. rod.

[5] *came as swift as th' eagle's*] In Davenant's *Works* "*came swift as the Eagles.*"

[6] *To see this island's god, the world's best king.*] In Davenant's *Works*,

"Pan sends his offering to *this Island's King.*"

PRIEST.

Bless, then, that queen that doth his eyes invite
And ears t' obey her sceptre half this night.[1]

NYMPH.

Let's sing [2] such welcomes as shall make her sway
Seem easy to him, though it last till day.

BOTH.

Welcome as peace t' unwallèd [3] cities when
Famine and sword leave them [4] more graves than men;
As spring to birds, or noon-day's sun [5] to th' old
Poor mountain Muscovite congeal'd with cold;
As shore to th' pilot [6] in a safe-known coast,
When's card is broken and his rudder lost.[7]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERIGOT.
THENOT.
DAPHNIS.
ALEXIS.
Sullen Shepherd.
Old Shepherd.
Priest of Pan.
Shepherds.

God of the River.
Satyr.

CLORIN.
AMORET.
AMARILLIS.
CLOE.
Shepherdesses.

SCENE, — THESSALY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter CLORIN.[8]

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-lovèd ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights, and jolly games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off:
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt[9]
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan![10]
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,
Whilst there are pipes or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:[11]
That will I practise, and as freely give

1 *Bless, then, that queen, &c. . this night*] Instead of these two lines, the following four are found in Davenant's *Works*:

"*Bless then that Queen* whose *Eies* have brought that light
Which hither led and stays him here;
He now doth shine within her Sphear,
And must *obey her Scepter half this night.*"

2 *Let's sing*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*Sing* we."
3 *t' unwallèd*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*to* wealthy."
4 *leave them*] In Davenant's *Works*, "have left."
5 *noon-day's sun*] In Davenant's *Works*, "Phebus."
6 *to th' pilot*] In Davenant's *Works*, "*to* pilots."
7 *When's card is broken and his rudder lost*] In Davenant's *Works*,

"Their Cards being *broken and* their Rudders *lost*:"

card, i. e. compass, properly, the paper on which the points of the wind are marked.

8 *Enter Clorin*] Old eds. add, "having buried her love in an arbour."

9 *be begirt*] So the two latest 4tos. and folio 1679. The earlier 4tos. "*be* girt;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

10 *cordevan*] i. e. Spanish leather.

11 *use of herbs*] "Almost all the damsels of romance are described as being skilful in the use of herbs, and frequently even in the occupations of surgery, &c. [but Clorin is not a damsel of romance]. Warton observes, that Sabrina, in Milton's Comus, possesses the same skill as Clorin. See his note, ad v. 844." WEBER.

All my endeavours as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs appliéd by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine;
On these I'll feed with free content, and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter Satyr *with a basket of fruit.*

Sat. Through yon same bending plain,[1]
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began;
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright. —
But, behold, a fairer sight!
[*Seeing* CLORIN, *he stands amazed.*
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whaer'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learnèd poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them![2]
For these black-eyèd Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my claspèd knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread!
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,[3]
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee!
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it), if I keep
My virgin-flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power[4] that haunts the groves,

[1] *Through yon same bending plain*] "That Fletcher had frequently in his eye Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* is certain. The beginning and ending of this speech are an imitation of the Fairy's speech, act ii. scene i.;

'Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere.'" SEWARD, — who printed "Thorough *yon same*," &c., and rightly perhaps, though not warranted by the old eds.

[2] *nuts more brown*
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them] "But the teeth of the squirrel is the only visible part that is not brown," says Seward, who introduced into the text a violent alteration, which Editors of 1778 retained. Weber cites from Herrick's *Oberon's Feast;*

"the red capp'd worm, that's shut
Within the concave of a *nut*,
Brown as his teeth."

Seward remarks that in these presents Fletcher had undoubtedly both Virgil and Theocritus in his eye, *Ecl.* iii. 70., Εἰδ. γ'. 10. Perhaps so: but I may just notice that the Satyr in Tasso's *Aminta* speaks of the fruit which he had offered to Silvia, act ii. sc. i.

[3] *Lest the great Pan do awake, &c.*] "Thus Theocritus, Εἰδ. α'. [15.]

Οὐ θέμις, ὦ ποιμὰν, τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν, οὐ θέμις ἄμμιν
Συρίσδεν· τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες· ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας
Ταυίκα κεκμακὼς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντί γε πικρὸς,
Καί νὶ ἀεὶ ὀριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

'Shepherd, forbear; no song at noon's dread hour;
Tir'd with the chase, Pan sleeps in yonder bower;
Churlish he is, and, stirr'd in his repose,
The snappish choler quivers on his nose.'

That Fletcher had this in his eye is evident, but he has varied from Theocritus's theology," &c., &c. SEWARD.

[4] *No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,*
Satyr, or other power, &c.] "Milton was so charmed with the noble enthusiasm of this passage, that he has no less than three imitations of it. Twice in *Comus:*

'Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magick chains at curfew time;
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity:' [v. 432.]

see the whole passage in the first scene of the two Brothers. So again the young Lady in the wood;

'——— a thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,

Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,[1]
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin:
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself and more mis-shapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then, strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell!

[*Retires into the bower.*

SCENE II. — *In the Neighborhood of a Village.*

Enter Old Shepherd, *with four couple of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses, *among whom are* PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god, and his rites
Perform'd,[2] prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan. [*They kneel.*

Enter Priest of Pan.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
[*Sprinkling them with water.*
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires
They do kindle by their fires
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter!
From your livers[3] and your veins
Thus I take away the stains:
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
Be ye fresh and free as air!
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear:
Go your ways, ye are all clear.

[*They rise, and sing the following*

SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst[4] the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the Morn is broke
To that place Day doth unyoke!

[*Exeunt all except* PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Peri. [*detaining her.*] Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid;
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd; and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city; be thou ever true!
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That, being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!
Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:
I do believe thee; 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wandering seaman through the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo!
Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You are sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not, then,
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,

And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desart wildernesses.'
[v. 205.]

And again, *Paradise Lost*, book ix., line 639, in his noble description of the *ignis fatuus*;

'Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool;
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.'"
SEWARD.

[1] *tole me on*] i. e. draw me on by degrees.
[2] *Perform'd*] Some word seems to have dropped out: qy. "Duly *perform'd*"?
[3] *livers*] Supposed to be the seat of desire.
[4] *Whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "While."

Once more I give my hand: be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!
Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say, sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Wash'd white enough, for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver:[1] go and purge again.
Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well,[2] about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality:
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given,
In hope of coming happiness;
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-lovèd shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity;
There grow[3] all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant:
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aim'd at, and ——
Amo. Thou hast prevail'd: farewell. This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd delight.
Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of a wild woodman,[4] or affect[5] some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred th[o]rough his burnings, whilst the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion,[6] throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!
[*Exit* AMORET.[7]

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?
Peri. Fair maid, you may.
Amar. Then, softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be lov'd again
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip[8] the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee; thou that art
The prime of your young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds. What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veins!
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then, do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be numbered in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.
Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are given already. Do not love him, then,
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats, more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.
Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of every swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,

[1] *liver*] See note, p. 242.
[2] *A virtuous well, &c.*] "The fairies were supposed to be peculiarly attached to wells and brooks. I refer the reader to the admirable essay on the Fairies in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, fourth edition, vol. ii. p. 163, where the passage in the text is quoted." WEBBER.
[3] *grow*] Old eds. "growe."
[4] *a wild woodman*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "the *wild*," &c.; and so the modern editors. *Woodman*, properly, a forester, is used here, in a wanton sense, for one who pursues another sort of game.
[5] *affect*] "i. e. love." WEBBER.
[6] *whilst the Dog*
Pursues the raging Lion, &c.] Altered by the modern editors to "while *the Dog*," &c. — "The malignant effects of the dog-star is an imitation of a like description of it in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender*, speaking of the sun's progress in July;

'The rampant Lyon hunts he fast
With dogges of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
Pyne, plagues, and dreerie death.'

The lines are extremely poetical in Spenser, but are improved by Fletcher to such a dignity, that they even emulate as well as imitate one of the noblest passages in all Virgil, [Æn. x. 273];

——————— *aut Sirius ardor:*
Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris
Nascitur, et lævo contristat lumine cælum." SEWARD.

[7] *Exit Amoret*] "The modern editors [Seward and those of 1778], without giving any notice of the variation, transfer the exit of Amoret to the end of her last speech. There is no reason why she should not hear the speech of her lover." WEBBER.
[8] *clip*] i. e. embrace.

Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I am only fix'd and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid.
Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end; for, know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays:
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, choose again:
These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was;
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell: be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*
Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice
Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through. I must not leave to love,
I cannot; no, I must enjoy thee, boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneliness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after every several beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starvèd flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks like his master, lean and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'twas
My love (that ever-working passion) drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then, give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.
Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures never was pleasing:
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.
Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!
Amar. Then, thus I try thee, shepherd. This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promised equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied forever: break their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.
Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move,
By my great power, the centre of their love
From his fix'd being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.
Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times or men that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity[1].
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain[2].
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil[3] enough; nor can they lay

[1] *cold and dull chastity*] "In the Pastor Fido of Guarini, Corisca, who is obviously the prototype of Cloe, makes very similar reflections in her soliloquy, act i., scene iv., beginning '*Chi vide mai, chi mai udì più strana,*' &c." Weber.

[2] *wealth-alluring swain*] "The true reading," says Heath, "is undoubtedly '*wealth*-allured.'" *MS. Notes.* I believe that the text is as Fletcher gave it. Sir R. Fanshawe renders the passage thus;

"alliciatur avarus
Quo pastoris *opes solum sectantis* ocellus."

[3] *foil*] So the first 4to. Later eds. (with various spelling) "soile." — "*Fueille* . . . the foyle of precious stones, or looking-glasses; and hence, *a grace, beautie, or glosse given unto.*" Cotgrave's *French-English Dict.*

"In this soliloquy, relating to her wealth and beauty, our poet imitates both Theocritus and Virgil; but I cannot say that he does it with his usual spirit. Though there are some additional beauties, yet more are omitted than added.

Καὶ χὰρ θην οὐδ' εἶδος ἔχω κακὸν, ὥς με λέγοντι.
Ἦ γὰρ πρὰν ἐς πόντον ἐοίβλεπον· ἦν δὲ γαλάνα·
Καὶ καλὰ μὲν τὰ γένεια, καλὰ δ' ἐμὶν ἁ μία κώρα,
Ὡς παρ' ἐμὶν κέκριται, κατεφαίνετο· τῶν δέ τ' ὀδόντων
Λευκοτέραν αὐγὰν Παρίας ὑπέφαινε λίθοιο.
Θεοκ. Εἰδ. ε'. 34.

——— *nec qui sim quaeris, Alexi;*
Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans.
Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ —
Nec sum adeo informis; nuper me in litore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis staret mare. ———
Virg. Ecl. ii. 19.

See also a like passage in the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus." Seward.

Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon; then, let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
Makes me complain.

Enter THENOT.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?[1]
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.
Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any;[2] air likewise[3] as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curlèd streams; with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines,[4] caves, and dells:
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes,[5] to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love, —
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.
The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds,[6] that oft are sent
To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I live to admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age,[7] smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon,[8] so sure the mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.
Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?
The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life: for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.
Then, know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire. [*Exit.*
Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not to my bend;[9]
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove!
[*Sings.*

Come, shepherds, come!
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces, that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin-blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter DAPHNIS.

Here comes another. Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood. But certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wishèd thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,

[1] *uncertainty*] "Is here used in the sense of *inconsistency*; a desire of obtaining things incompatible with each other." MASON.

[2] ——— *Here be woods as green*
As any, &c.] "This whole speech breathes the true spirit of Theocritus and Virgil. In the latter part he has greatly improved a hint taken from the third Idyllium of the former, relating to Endymion; and the beginning is a direct imitation of the two following passages:

——— τοῦτο δρύες, ὧδε κύπειρος,
Ὧδε καλὰν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσαι μέλισσαι·
Ἐνθ' ὕδατος ψυχρῶ κρᾶναι δύο· ταὶ δ' ἐπὶ δένδρῳ
Ὄρνιχες λαλαγεῦντι· καὶ ἁ σκιὰ οὐδὲν ὁμοία
Τᾷ καδὰ τίν· βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἁ πίτυς ὑψόθε κώνους.
Θεοκ. Εἰδ. ε'. 45.

Fletcher has not here equalled the variety and beauty of these images: the *humming* of the *bees*, the *chirping* of the *birds*, and the *apples* dropping from the *pine*, (whose seed in the hot countries far excels our finest nuts) are all omitted by Fletcher, but he has fully made amends in his beautiful description of a bank by Perigot, about the middle of the third act, and even here he has at least equalled Virgil, whom he has more exactly copied:

Hic ver purpureum; varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores; hic candida populus antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites. Eclog. ix. 40."
SEWARD.

[3] *likewise*] "Which indeed is very prosaic, is not to be found in the two oldest quartos, but occurs in the folio." WEBER. It occurs also in 4tos. 1656, 1665.

[4] *woodbines*] Seward gave with the later eds. "wood-binds."

[5] *Or gather rushes*, &c.] "The practice of parties making a marriage contract, (whether in earnest or only in jest, has been disputed, but not settled by the editors of Shakespeare) is often alluded to in old authors," &c. WEBER. In jest, certainly.

[6] *rounds*] "i. e. roundelays." *Ed.* 1778.

[7] *pleasing age*] "i. e. *youth*; the word age being used to express one of the seasons, or *ages* of life." *Ed.* 1778.

[8] *break upon*] "i. e. break in upon." SEWARD.

[9] *bend*] i. e. bent, purpose: see Todd's Johnson's Dict. in *v.*

Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but fate doth bring
Him hither,[1] I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends; but, since he's here,
Thus I attempt him. [*Aside.*] — Thou, of men most dear,
Welcome to her that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis,[2] when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,[3]
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compar'd than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me ay.

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

Daph. Fresh maid, adieu.
Yet one word more: since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness; do not fear him, then,
But keep your 'pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.
[*Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,[4]
Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture!

Enter ALEXIS.

Alex. Can such beauty be[5]
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wishèd freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains more meeter,[6]
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: in all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art. I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shame-faced Morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever-maiden!

Alex. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak, and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be ——

Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.

Alex. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dulness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, whilst[7] the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn

[1] *Him hither, &c.*] A word probably has dropped out.

[2] *Of young Adonis*] "In this speech, which is similar to that made before to Thenot, the poet continues his imitation of the third Idyllium of Theocritus." SEWARD.

[3] *Silvanus' boy*] i. e. Cyparissus.

[4] *tine*] "The same as *teen*, which signifies sorrow." WEBER.

[5] *Can such beauty be, &c.*] "Imitated in Milton's Comus;

'Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.'"
[v. 393.] WEBER.

The resemblance between these passages, which after all is but a faint one, had been already pointed out by Warton.

[6] *more meeter*] "Such is the reading of the two [three] oldest quartos, and such was undoubtedly the phraseology of the age. [The other 4tos.], the folio, and all later [he means — modern] editions, read 'fair meeter.'" WEBER.

[7] *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Pasture.*

Enter Old Shepherd *ringing a bell, and* Priest of Pan *following.*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads:
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;[1]
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst[2] the t'other[3] eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers[4]
On your eyelids! So, farewell:
Thus I end my evening's knell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter CLORIN, *sorting herbs.*

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Help'd by the great power of the virtuous moon[5]
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given, holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day,[6] give me your names, and, next, your hidden power.
This is the clote,[7] bearing a yellow flower;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood[8]
Dog's venom'd tooth: these rhamnus'[9] branches are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar

1 *See the heavy clouds low falling,*
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground] "*Down-calling*," says Seward, after noticing Sympson's absurd correction of this passage, "will, I think, signify *calling down to Night to arise from under ground.*" If the text be right, Seward's explanation is the correct one. It ought to be observed, however, that the three earliest 4tos. have, —

See the heavy clouds lowde *falling*, &c.

Qy. did the words "loud" and "down" change places by a mistake of the compositor; and is the true reading —

"*See the heavy clouds* down *falling,*
And bright Hesperus loud *calling,*" &c.?

2 *Whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "While."

3 *the t'other*] Is a form not uncommon in old writers. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "*the* other."

4 —— *Sweetest slumbers,*
And soft silence, fall in numbers] "Mr. Seward says, that *silence* falling in numbers is a very dark expression, and therefore proposes [introduces into the text] an unnecessary amendment. Silence falling in numbers would indeed be not merely a dark expression, but absolute nonsense; but as the verb *fall* refers to slumbers, not to silence, the passage requires no alteration: *And soft silence* means, With soft silence." MASON.

5 *Help'd by the great power of the virtuous moon*] "Herbs used for magical purposes were not esteemed as efficacious except they had been gathered by moon-light," &c. WEBER.

6 *Of day*] Omitted by Seward, — Theobald having "scratched out" the words in the copy which he left behind him, supposing them to have been a marginal comment to explain what *prime* signified. The Editors of 1778 and Weber restored them to the text. Heath (*MS. Notes*) disapproves of their being omitted. I suspect them to be an interpolation, though they are found in all the old eds., — the first 4to. giving the line thus, —

"*Of day,* told *me your names, and next your hidden power.*"

The sixth line after this is exhibited thus by 4to. 1629, and the later eds., —

"*That holds the dore* fast, *kill all inchantments, charmes;*"

(and so Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed): the omission of "fast" in the first 4to. proves the word to be an interpolation. But other lines, which are over-measure, occur, with no variation of the old eds., in the present drama: —

"Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may."
Act i. sc. 2.

"Can my imagination work me so much ill." Act ii. sc. 4.

"Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast."
Act iv. sc. 4.

7 *the clote*] See "Clote Burre, or Burre Docke" in Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 309, ed. 1633.

8 *wood*] "i. e. mad." *Ed.* 1778.

9 *rhamnus'*] First 4to. "Ramuns." Later eds. "Ramuns." — "Mr. Theobald would read '*Raymund's*,' and has left us a long note relating to the history of Raymund Lully, the great philosopher and chymist, from whom he supposes some alexipharmick to have taken its name. But he was certainly in a wrong track. The true word, as Mr. Sympson discovered, is '*Ramson's*,' the *Allium Silvestre* or *Wild Garlick*, which is helpful, says the London Dispensatory, in the jaundice and palsies. But our author chose its superstitious virtues as more proper for poetry." SEWARD, — who accordingly printed "Ramson's;" and so the succeeding editors. —— Concerning *Rhamnus*, "Ramine or Harts Thorne," see Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 1333, ed. 1633. See also Parkinson's *Theatrum Botanicum*, 1640, p. 1005; and p. 1008, where he says, "Cordus also witnesseth that *Rhamnus* is called by the Latines *Spina alba*, but wisely adviseth that this shrub *Spina alba* be not confounded with the other two sorts of Thistles so called also. Ovid also speaketh of it *lib.*

That holds the door, kill all enchantments,[1] charms,
(Were they Medea's verses,) that do harms
To men or cattle: these for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;
Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
This tormentil,[2] whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, narcissus' root, for swellings best:
Yellow lysimachus,[3] to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnel and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine[4]
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air:
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass,[5] from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quench'd, by appetite
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
And thou, light vervain too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter;
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post and every bough
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, and[6] with joy all the rooms.

Enter THENOT.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessèd star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all th' world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court,[7] and chaster far
Than chastity itself, you blessèd star
That nightly shines![8] thou, all the constancy
That in all women was or e'er shall be;
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more blest,
Than that quick power which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense!

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?[9]
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruisèd here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the fearèd sound of crookèd horn,
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me, fair,)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst[10] the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
Th' amazèd shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible[11] of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein

6. [129.] *Fastorum*, shewing the use of it in his time to expell incantations in these verses,

Sic fatus, spinam, qua tristes pellere posset
A foribus nozas, (hæc erat alba,) dedit."

Sir R. Fanshawe renders the passage thus;—

"Hi rami sunt mollis *Acanthi*,
Quæ si vestibulis," &c.

1 *kill all enchantments*] "The medicinal as well as superstitious virtues ascribed by Clorin to her various herbs are imitated by Milton in his description of the Hæmony, in the first scene of the Two Brothers and the Attendant Spirit in *Comus*." SEWARD.

2 *tormentil*] Or "setfoile." Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 992, ed. 1633.

3 *lysimachus*] See the account of "*Lysimachia*, Willow-herb or Loose-strife," Gerarde's *Herball*, p. 474, ed. 1633.—Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "Lysimacha."

4 *whose virtues do refine*, &c.] "So in Comus, v. 668,

'See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.'" WEBER.

5 *standergrass*] "i. e. satyrion." WEBER. Gerarde in the English Table refers the reader from "standergrass" to another name of the plant (equivalent to "*cynosorchis*,"—the word used by Fanshawe in his translation of this passage), under which he describes it, *Herball*, p. 205, ed. 1633.

6 *and*] So the first 4to. Seward and the Editors of 1778 gave with the later eds. "as."

7 *Jove's high court*] So Milton in the first line of *Comus*;

"Before the starry threshold of *Jove's court*."

8 *you blessèd star*
That nightly shines] So the two earliest 4tos., except that the first has "brightly *shines*." Later eds. "yon *blessed*," &c. Seward printed—

"Thou *blessèd star*
That nightly shin'st;"

so the Editors of 1778; and so Weber, except that he gave "shines."

This speech is a very obscure one. That part of it is addressed to the moon (see the eleventh line, "Thy brother," &c.) is not to be doubted. Qy. in the present passage is "yon *blessed star*" the right reading, and does Thenot begin to address Clorin at "Whiter than that way,"—proceeding to call her chaster than the goddess of chastity, "*yon* blessed star,"—i. e. the moon, which he had so termed in the fourth line of the speech;—

"Thou blessed star, I thank thee," &c.?

9 *Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place*, &c.] "Milton's imitation of these lines (Comus, v. 497) is noticed by Warton:

'How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?'

The imitation is so slight, that it would hardly be worth mentioning, if the fact was not established that Milton had an eye upon Fletcher's pastoral all the while he was composing his Masque." WEBER.

10 *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

11 *unpossible*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1665, which has "impossible:" see note, p. 222.

Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part imposthum'd, to be cur'd by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair, beauteous virgin.
Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: that man yet never knew
The way to health that durst not shew his sore.
The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.
Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interrèd bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
The. Let me not,
Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.
Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body[1] up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with prayers[2] appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.
The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wandering[3] soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
In maiden-whiteness as the Alpen[4] snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, whilst this honour'd strictness you do keep,[5]
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

[1] *her body*] "That is, the body which is in her possession." MASON.
[2] *prayers*] First 4to. "praies" (a misprint for "praiers"); later eds. "praise."
[3] *wandering*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to., which has "errant,"—a reading adopted by Weber, but surely objectionable on account of "error" in the preceding line.
[4] *Alpen*] So the first 4to. Later. eds. "Alpsien," and "Alpsian." Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "Alpsien," Weber "Alpine."
[5] *you do keep*] "This reading is from the oldest quarto. All other editions read—'you *dare* keep,' [which Seward and the Editors of 1778 gave]." WEBER.

Clo. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond[6] man, from silent grave
Those sparks, that long ago were buried here
With my dead friend's cold ashes?
The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he lov'd you, and be still
The same opinion speaks you: let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy[7] from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery. If you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.
Clo. Do; and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.
The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest
For ever, whilst that here I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour; yon same dell,
O'ertopp'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which fate doth lay
Upon this head.
Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!
[*Exit* THENOT, CLORIN *retiring into bower.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms when the morning-air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light
When many maiden-blushes to our sight
Shoot from his[8] early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly prize; then loathe, and fly:
This do I hold a blessèd destiny.

[6] *fond*] i. e. foolish.
[7] *fancy*] i. e. love.
[8] *his*] Altered by the modern editors to "its."

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. Hail, shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me!
Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
His faith is false and he loves every where?
I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you;
Which will by your confirming shew as true,
For she[1] is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste; I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be press'd by me;
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this shew
More full of seeming, — Hobinal, you know,
Son to the agèd shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And rous'd us 'fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I've promis'd to the boy
Many a pretty knack and many a toy;
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt[2]
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt;[3]
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb
Soft as his own locks or the down of swan.
This I have[4] done to win you; which doth give
Me double pleasure: discord makes me live.
Amar. Lov'd swain, I thank you. These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixèd love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.
Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.
Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carv'd a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: by it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for medicine[5] or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well, my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave [*Shewing a scroll.*
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patients' brow
That would be chang'd, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love.
I'll this attempt now, shepherd; I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipp'd. Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hott'st fire of thine affection slake.
Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's power to see.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter DAPHNIS.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-eyed virgin; come, oh, come, my fair!
Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way:
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wandering thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.
Alex. [*within.*] Cloe!
Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer. — Cloe! — Oh, the choice

[1] *she*] Seward's correction, here, and in the next line. Old eds. "he."
[2] *bolt*] "i. e. arrow." REED.
[3] *holt*] "Is a wood or grove." REED.
[4] *I have*] Weber chose to print "have I."
[5] *medicine*] Altered by the modern editors to "medicines."

Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give! I charge you, all my veins,
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion; do not wilder shew
Than blushing modesty may entertain.
Alex. [*within.*] Cloe!
Daph. There sounds that blessèd name again,
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake;

Enter ALEXIS.

There is some shepherd. Sure, I am awake:
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge. [*Retires.*
Alex. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me! — Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too long;
I am impatient of these mad delays:
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind!
[*Exit.*
Daph. [*coming forward.*] Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error;
But be they far from me with their fond[1] terror!
I am resolv'd my Cloe yet is true.
Cloe. [*within.*] Cloe!
Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure, this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman. — Cloe, tell
Thy blessèd name again.
Cloe. [*within.*] Cloe![2] here!
Daph. Oh, what a grief is this, to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met:
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soak through your startups.[3]
Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wander'd, that the better part
Of this good night is perished? Oh, my heart!
How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiss
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! But I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of[4] fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the brother[5] say,
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper: do not grieve,
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy;[6] I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixèd stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.
Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love. — No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy, not temper'd to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward. 'Tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins; they never wear
Deservèd favours that deny[7] to take
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely[8] lost, to make him do his part!
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold.
[*Aside.*
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An agèd oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.
Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*
Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefacedness!
Alex. [*within.*] Cloe!
Cloe. 'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder.
Alex. [*within.*] Cloe!
Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough! [*Exit.*

[1] *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.
[2] *Cloe*] Omitted by mistake in the old eds.
[3] *startups*] i. e. a sort of rustic shoes with high tops, galoches, or half-gaiters.
[4] *of*] Altered by Weber to "to."
[5] *the brother*] Is not the right reading, "*the* other"?
[6] *fancy*] i. e. love, amorousness.
[7] *deny*] i. e. refuse.
[8] *merely*] i. e. wholly, utterly.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Part of the Wood with the Holy Well.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd, *carrying* AMARILLIS *asleep.*

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well
Thrice, with powerful magic spell
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twin'd,
I do thy sleepy body bind.
I turn thy head unto[1] the east,
And thy feet unto the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north.
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,[2]
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string. —
[*Lets her down into the well.*
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet
By thy leave, I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washèd be.
There stop.[3] — Fly away,
Every thing that loves the day!
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Chameleons that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecatè with shapes three,
Let this maiden changèd be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret!
Cynthia, work thou with my charm! —
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
[*Draws her out of the well, in the shape of* AMORET.
Up out of this blessèd lake:
Rise both like her and awake!

Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou miss'd in any magic rite,
For want of which any defect in me
May make our practices discover'd be?

Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for Amoret!
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense can not distinguish you.

Amar. Then, this deceit, which cannot crossèd be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And, sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay;
Then will I lead him further to the grove:
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
[*Gives a scroll.*
The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT.

Sull. Shep. Stand close: here's Perigot; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
[*Retires with* AMARILLIS.

Peri. This is the place. — Fair Amoret! — The hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power
Delights to be, about yon sacred well,
Which they have bless'd with many a powerful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayèd beasts have faln in; but when sight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the ground.
But I will farther seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stray[4] long unmet. —
My Amoret, Amoret![5] [*Exit.*

Amar. [*coming forward.*] Perigot!

Peri. [*within.*] My love!

Amar. I come, my love! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To shew her glory in this little grove.

Enter AMORET.

To some new-lovèd shepherd! Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? but that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.

[1] *unto*] Here and in the next line old eds. have "into" (which the modern editors give), but all in the third line after this have "unto."

[2] *swound*] i. e. swoon.

[3] *There stop*] Weber, who has a note on this line about Seward's "rage of mending the metre," prints, with his predecessors, in opposition to all the old eds., "*There I stop*"!

[4] *stray*] Altered by Weber to "stay." But compare what Amoret afterwards says in this scene;

"Many a weary step in yonder path
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath
To seek her Perigot," &c.

[5] *Amoret*] Seward printed "my *Amoret*," and in the next speech, "My *Perigot*."

Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties!
[*Aside.*
Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion or of bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood;
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables: such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot. —
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot?
Sull. Shep. [*coming forward.*] Fair maid!
Amo. Aye me, thou art not Perigot!
Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathèd arms, and call'd on thee,
And said, "Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?"
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it daylight,
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.
Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay,
That made me[1] fearful I had lost my way!
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll follow; and, for this thy care of me,[2]
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she shew!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her.[3] Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I assay to win her love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me;
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have tried
Who had been stronger: oh, vain fool, to let
Such bless'd occasion pass! I'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

Enter ALEXIS *and* CLOE.

I come, sweet Amoret! — Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust is up, alike all women be.
[*Aside, and retires.*
Alex. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,
Cleo, I know, ere this would weary be.
Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stoln delight.
Alex. Then, boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found:
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground;
No maid seeks here her strayèd cow or sheep;
Fairies and fawns and satyrs do it keep:[4]
Then, carelessly rest here, and clip[5] and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.
Cloe. Then, lie by me: the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.
[*They lie down.*
Sull. Shep. [*coming forward.*] Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,[6]
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!
Alex. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise!
Sull. Shep. Then, from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.
[*Wounds him with his spear.*
Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!
Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love you less
Than that fond[7] man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.
Alex. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

Enter Satyr; Sullen Shepherd *runs one way, and* CLOE *another.*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Give[s] a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest;
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows

[1] *me*] "We should certainly read 'him.'" MASON.
[2] *I'll follow; and, for this thy care of me*] So the first 4to. In the second 4to. the line is entirely omitted. The third 4to. has "*Ile seeke him out; and for thy* curtesie;" so later eds.; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. Weber, who intended to follow the first 4to., carelessly printed, "*I'll follow* him; *and for this thy care of me.*"
[3] *that perjur'd her*] "i. e. that swore false to her." *Ed.* 1778
[4] *keep*] i. e. frequent, haunt.
[5] *clip*] i. e. embrace.
[6] *yon flame*] i. e. the moon. Compare p. 255, l. 13, p. 258, l. 11. Fanshawe renders the passage thus, — "Solve meam: si non, *sidus* tibi juro per illud," &c.
[7] *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

The leaves, grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge.[1] Here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire, seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right.
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathèd horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

Alex. Oh, death!

Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure, I hear a mortal sound. —
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moonbeams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!

Alex. Oh!

Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground. — Arise! —
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes foul'd with his blood:
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[*Exit, carrying* ALEXIS.

Re-enter CLOE.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
Though he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;
But now both lost. — Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love! —
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.—
Then, where art thou that struck'st my love? Oh, stay!
Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim
With flowers and garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embrac'd.
But thou art fled. — What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Whom[2] I did mean to mock; though hope be small
To make him bold, rather than none at all,
I'll try him; his heart,[3] and my behaviour too,
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sul. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shap'd these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey. —
Speak gentle shepherdess! I am alone,
And tender love for love. — But she is gone
From me that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.
But all these fancies must be quite forgot:
I must lie close; here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not scape!

[*Retires.*

Enter PERIGOT, *and* AMARILLIS *in the shape of* AMORET.

Amar. Belovèd Perigot, shew me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou rest,
Upon this holy bank:[4] no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the babbling cuckoo spit;[5]
No slough of falling star did ever hit

[1] *But, to my charge, &c.*] "Warton has noticed the evident similarity between the Satyr and the Attendant Spirit in Milton's Comus, and has observed that the passage in the text was imitated by that poet in these verses (l. 78).

— 'When any, favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy.'"

WEBER.

[2] *Whom*] So folio 1679. Qtos. "Who;" which the modern editors give.

[3] *I'll try him: his heart*] "The last editors [of 1778] read, 'I'll try his heart;' but the old text is better sense than the alteration, which a mere defect of metre is never sufficient to justify." WEBER.

[4] *Upon this holy bank, &c.*] "I have before observed that this passage equals the most descriptive beauties of Theocritus and Virgil; though the ideas are all negative, they strike the imagination as pleasingly, and perhaps more strongly, than positive ones. Shakespeare often delights in such negative descriptions. Thus, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. the Fairy Song;

'You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.'

This song is again imitated by Fletcher in the song of the River-God in the next [present] scene; but in the lines referred to above, he had more immediately in his eye the description of a bank by Shakespeare, in the same play and act:

'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:...
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.'" SEWARD.

[5] *spit*] "The last editors [of 1778] unnecessarily alter the word to *sit*. The frothy matter very commonly seen on the

Upon this bank: let this thy cabin be;
This other, set with violets for me. [*They lie down.*
Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.
Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him when you have caught him fast.
Amar. By Pan I swear, belovèd Perigot,[1]
And by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.
Peri. By Pan I swear, — and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep, —
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yean'd lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than that[2] young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam!
Were there a sort[3] of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Amar. How should[4] I trust thee, when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?
Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Amar. Come, Perigot will shew his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace and kiss.
[*Lies down beside him.*
Peri. What means my love?
Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.
Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: be not abus'd
With thy fond[5] first belief; let time be us'd.
[PERIGOT *rises.*
Why dost thou rise?
Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!
Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

leaves of plants, is still called the *gowk's* (or cuckow's) *spittle* in Scotland; and in Herrick's Oberon's Feast,

——— 'He tastes a little
Of what we call the *cuckow's spittle.*" WEBER.

[1] *belovèd Perigot*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "I loved *Perigot*;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.
[2] *that*] So the three earliest 4tos. Later eds. "the;" and so the modern editors.
[3] *sort*] i. e. set, herd.
[4] *should*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "shall;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.
[5] *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.

Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning div'd! — Art not in jest?
Amar. Sweet love, lie down.
Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!
Amar. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.
Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still!
Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.
Peri. Then, here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! my blood be on thy head!
[*Offers to kill himself with his spear.*
Amar. [*rising.*] Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry!
Peri. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
Amar. Oh, hold! [*Exit.*
Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart!
[*Exit, running after her.*
Sull. Shep. [*coming forward.*] Up and down, every where,
I strew the herbs,[6] to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her scape;
Give again her own shape! [*Retires.*

Re-enter AMARILLIS *in her own shape, and* PERIGOT *following with his spear.*

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And, as I cross'd thy way, I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.
Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess: my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight;
But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood!
[*Exit* AMARILLIS.

Enter AMORET.

Amo. Many a weary step in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath.
To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
His voice. — My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.
Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shews! and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My Perigot!
Peri. Here!
Amo. Happy!
Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.
[*Wounds her.*

[6] *the herbs*] Seward and his successors print "these *herbs*," — rightly perhaps, though without the authority of any old ed.

Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love, thou art unjust. [*Falls.*
Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be cross'd; for, being struck,[1]
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. —
[*Aside, and then comes forward.*]
Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!
Amo. No mercy I do crave;
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through;
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.
Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant,
Sure, for a woman, thou art so innocent. —
[*Flings her into the well.*
She cannot scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River *rises with* AMORET *in his arms.*

God of the R. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Faln into my river-head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher:
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat. —
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,[2]
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure. —
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber. — Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?
God of the R. I have heal'd thy wounds.
Amo. Aye, me!
God of the R. Fear not him that succour'd thee.
I am this fountain's god:[3] below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams[4] shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string. [*Sings.*

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;[5]

[1] *struck*] Fletcher probably wrote "strook," — a common form in our early poetry.

[2] *Take a drop into thy wound*, &c.] "This healing of the wound he [Milton] imitates in his dissolution of Comus's spell:

'Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold.' [v. 911.]

The two last of these lines are a more immediate imitation of what Clorin afterwards says in healing Amoret's second wound:

'With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest.'" SEWARD.

"Warton, in his notes on Comus, has pointed out numerous passages in Fletcher's pastoral, from which Milton took the process of dissolving the charm. (Todd's Milton, II. p. 385, 387.) He has also observed that a passage occurs in Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, a poem which will be noticed more particularly in an ensuing note, 'strongly resembling the circumstance of the river god in Fletcher applying drops of water to the enchanted Amoret, or of Sabrina doing the same in Comus.' The passage, which is too long for insertion in this place, occurs in the second song of the first book." WEBER.

[3] *I am this fountain's god*, &c.] "This beautiful description of a brook, Milton makes Sabrina imitate in her description of herself:

'By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays.' [*Comus*, v. 890.]" SEWARD.

[4] *streams*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "stream;" and so Weber.

[5] *sweet*] That this epithet belongs to the preceding word, and not to Amoret, is proved by a line at p. 252.

"In thy water pure and *sweet*."

Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a god; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shewn my weak mortality:
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am bethroth'd unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God of the R. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu:
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,[1]
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering;
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shewn,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
'Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor[2] maid,
When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!

God of the R. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Descends.*

Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me. [*Exit.*

[1] *I must make my waters fly,*
Lest they leave their channels dry, &c.] "The bounties of the river, and the gratitude of the shepherds, are closely [?] imitated by Milton in his description of Sabrina:

'——— Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.'
[*Comus*, v. 842.]

I believe the reader will here again think that Milton has more pomp and sublimity, but that the extreme prettiness, delicacy, and ease of Fletcher is more consonant to the pastoral, and consequently more pleasing. But this cannot be said of Milton's imitation of Amoret's answer, in which Fletcher has no other advantage but that of writing first:

'Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!'
[v. 922.]" SEWARD.

"Warton, in noticing this imitation of Milton's, quotes a passage from Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, which bears so strong a resemblance to the passages of Milton and Fletcher, that he observes, 'From a close parallelism of thought and incident, it is clear that either Browne's pastoral imitates Fletcher's play, or the play the pastoral. Most of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays appeared after 1616. But there is unluckily no date to the first edition of the Faithful Shepherdess. It is however mentioned in Davies's Scourge of Folly, 1611.' The first part of Browne's poem appeared in 1616; but a prefixed address to the reader is dated June 18, 1613, when he was twenty-three years old. Some parts of this work, however, have been conjectured to have been written in his twentieth year, that is, about 1610. As it is ascertained that Fletcher's play existed, and was acted before 1611, [see p. 232 of this vol.] his claims of priority are unquestionably greater, as Browne's work must have been in a very crude state at that time, if it existed at all; and Fletcher was not likely to have availed himself of the manuscript labours of so young a man, if he ever saw them. Milton certainly recollected the passage in Browne, as well as that in Fletcher. Though this note is already of an unreasonable length, I cannot resist transcribing the parallel speech of Marine to the River-God, from the former poet:

———'May first,
Quoth Marine, swaines giue lambs to thee;
And may thy floud haue seignorie
Of all floods else, and to thy fame
Meete greater springs, yet keepe thy name;
May neuer euet nor the toade
Within thy bankes make their abode;
Taking thy iourney from the sea,
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way
On niter or on brimstone myne,
To spoyle thy taste; this spring of thine,
Let it of nothing taste but earth,
And salt conceiued in their birth
Be ever fresh; let no man dare,
To spoile thy fish, make locke or ware;
But on thy margent still let dwell
Those flowres which haue the sweetest smell;
And let the dust vpon thy strand
Become like Tagus' golden sand!'" WEBER.

In giving the preceding quotation from Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book i. Song 2, Weber only followed Warton, who omitted the 12th and 13th lines, which I have restored, though, I must confess, I do not understand them. According to some bibliographers, a portion of Browne's poem appeared in 1613; but I have never seen an edition of that date.

[2] *nor*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*or*."

[3] *leese*] "The old word for *lose*. It occurs in Chaucer, Spenser, and almost every ancient poet." WEBER.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Part of the Wood.*

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou north-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury leese[3]
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand,

Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it!
[*Offers to fall on his spear.*

Enter AMARILLIS *running.*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly[1] number'd as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true:
Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair
Dejected forehead; be as when those[2] eyes
Took the first heat.

Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not shew thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,[3]
The primrose-chaplet, tawdry-lace,[4] and ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!

Peri. I am contended, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplext,
And thus believing.

Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.

Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judg'd their minstrelsy,
I will not! [*Exeunt severally.*

[1] *so hardly*] "i. e. with so much difficulty." WEBER.

[2] *those*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "thine;" and so Weber.

[3] *fret*] Weber observes that the meaning of the word is obvious, but that he has not met with another instance of its use as a substantive. See Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

[4] *tawdry-lace*] i. e. a sort of necklace, — bought at the fair of Stawdry, Saint Awdrey, or Saint Ethelred. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v. where the following passage is cited: "Solent Angliæ nostræ mulieres torquem quendam, ex tenui et subtili sericâ confectum, collo gestare: quam Ethelredæ torquem appellamus, *(tawdry-lace,)* forsan in ejus quod diximus memoriam (viz. that Ethelred died of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a judgment for having been much addicted in her youth to wearing fine necklaces)." *Nich. Harpsfield, Hist. Eccl. Angl. Sæc. Sept.* p. 86.

SCENE II. — *The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower* — CLORIN *discovered in the Bower.*

Enter Satyr *carrying* ALEXIS.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me
To the little bird[5] that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare[6]
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold, the happy power
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit:
Heaven and great Pan succour it! —
Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help, to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the Destinies
Will undo his thread of life:
View the wound, by cruel knife
Trench'd[7] into him.

Clo. [*coming from the bower.*] What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And with the fearèd name of death affrights
My tender ears? speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See, a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms

[5] *Not a bush that durst descry me*
To the little bird, &c.] i. e. Not a bush that durst give notice of, discover me, to the little bird, &c. The modern editors, as their pointing shews, did not understand the passage. Sir R. Fanshawe rightly renders it, —

"Domus quem tetigi timebat omnis
Avi prodere me levi," &c.

[6] *fare*] "We do not remember to have met with this word in the sense here adopted, before. *Fare*, in this place, seems to mean *form*." *Ed.* 1778. It means — food.

[7] *Trench'd*] "i. e. cut, from the French *trancher*." WEBER.

Cannot shew me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.
Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee that do term thee rude;
Though thou be'st outward-rough and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore;
This to draw out such putrifying gore
As inward falls.
Sat. Heaven grant it may do [1] good!
Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moonbeams; pinch him thrice;
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.
Sat. I saw
His eyelids moving.
Clo. Give him breath;
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanish'd: with this plaster
And this unction do I master
All the fester'd ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light;
Now he gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!
Alex. Oh, my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs through my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion. ——
Pan, preserve me! — What are you?
Do not hurt me: I am true
To my Cloe, though she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.
Clo. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purg'd until
The vein [2] grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease:
Till when, this virtuous plaster will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise. —
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.
Alex. [*rising.*] Sure, I have lost much blood.
Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.
Clo. Come, bring him in; I will attend his sore. —
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.
[ALEXIS *is led into the bower.*
Sat. Shepherd, see, what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing. —
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of fairies [3] all her beauty;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.
Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will
To bring them hither.
Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring and summer!
Clo. Friend, farewell.
[*Exit* Satyr. *Scene closes.*

SCENE III. — *Part of the Wood with the Holy Well.*

Enter AMORET.

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love and almost life, and since have crost
All these woods over; ne'er a nook or dell,[4]
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought it;[5] ne'er a bending brow

[1] *do*] The modern editors print "be"!

[2] *vein*] Altered by the modern editors to "veins."

[3] *Of fairies*] The modern editors, without noticing the insertion, print, "*Of* the *fairies.*" In the earliest eds. the spelling is "Fayryes;" and perhaps the poet meant it for a trisyllable.

[4] *ne'er a nook or dell*, &c.] "Warton has noticed [and so had Seward before him] the similarity of the following lines in Comus to those in the text:

'I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits,' &c." [v. 311.]
WEBER.

[5] *sought it*] "i. e. searched it through. The folio, [and the three latest 4tos.] and all the modern editions, read — 'But I have sought him.'" WEBER.

Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,
Not a green bank, or shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose
Their valentines, that I have miss'd, to find
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy[1] this scorn'd recompence? 'Tis well;
I am content to feel it. But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness; and thou mayst know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness: therefore here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursèd place, and on this green
That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall.

Enter AMARILLIS.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind
That this shews Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle!
For, sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Or[2] madmen's fancy, when the many streams
Of new imaginations rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; whilst[3] he,
Directed by his fury, bloodily
Lanch'd[4] up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous love be cross'd. [*Aside.*] — Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not deprest,
Breaks heart and life and all before it rest.
Thy Perigot ——

Amo. Where, which is Perigot?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines that edge yon mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.

Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a little.

Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.

Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?

Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.

Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.

Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far
That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.

Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. — Farewell, cold
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men! —
Thus I salute thee, virgin! [*Attempts to seize her.*

Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow: catch me, if you can!
[*Exit running.*

Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man! [*Exit, running after her.*

SCENE IV. — *A Dale in the Wood.*

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. Night, do not steal away; I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy[5] lazy team. Go back again,
Boötes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night,
To hide my sorrows from the coming light:
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling; give me some black place,
Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forcèd fall and sound is gone.

Enter AMORET.

Amo. This is the bottom. — Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy lovèd name,

Peri. What art thou dare[6]

[1] *worthy*] Altered by the modern editors to "worth."— "The construction," say the Editors of 1778, "is rather hard; but, resolved into plain prose, the meaning is, 'Was my love worth only this scornful return?'" No such thing: The meaning is, — Was my love, which was only yours, worthy of this, &c.

[2] *Or*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "Of"!

[3] *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

[4] *Lanch'd*] i. e. Lanced. — So the four earliest 4tos. Later eds. "Lanc't."

[5] *thy*] So the three earliest 4tos. Later eds. "the;" and so Weber.

[6] *What art thou dare*] So the second and third 4tos. The first 4to. has, "*What thou dare;*" the other eds. read "*What art thou darest.*"

Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy:
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distill'd, to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round,
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me;
Indeed, I can and will.
Peri. So spoke my fair!
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues of[1] so ill intent?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flowing[2] from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!
Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From those[3] fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
Thy ancient faith?
Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
"Shepherd, remember this another day."
Amo. Am I not Amoret? where was I lost?
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most[4]
Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?
Is there not[5] one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why, then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.
Peri. Men ever were most blessèd, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.
Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.
Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea
Upon whose face sits a continual frost;
Your actions ever driven to the most,[6]
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.
Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou that wast every good and every thing
That men call blessèd; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast always just, and always blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous given thee, and made[7] good the same
Even from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy!
And I to live to know this! and by me,
That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem[8] our honour, virgin-state;
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou canst love[9] thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world, my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groom to say

1 *Of*] Altered by Seward to "to;" and so his successors.
2 *flowing*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "flying;" and so the modern editors.
3 *those*] Weber chose to print "these."
4 *most*] Refers, as Weber observes, only to "men." The other editors strangely misunderstood the passage.
5 *not*] Weber carelessly printed "no."
6 *Your actions ever driven to the most*] "*Ever* means *always*, and the *most* means the *uttermost*, the greatest height.' WEBER.
7 *made*] Altered by the modern editors to "mad'st."
8 *esteem*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "esteem'd;" and so the modern editors!
9 *canst love*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 omitted these words; and perhaps they are an interpolation: but see note, p. 247.

I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?
Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessèd name;
I must not know thee: fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
With words and feignèd passions; Perigot
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.
Amo. Then, hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet-untainted Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man, that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more vild;[1]
And thus with much belief I was beguil'd:
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many with no less
Soul of affection; and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels,[2] sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: nor these nor they
That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred[3] new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret.
Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loath to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it! [*Wounds her with his spear.*
Amo. [*falling.*] So, this work hath end.
Farewell, and live; be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

[1] *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, p. 201. Old eds. "wild;" and so the modern editors. "As *wild*," says Seward, "is sense, I don't reject it, though I think it probable that the author's word was "vild." According to Weber, "*wild* refers here to the infidelity and wantonness which Perigot had accused her of." — Compare (among other passages of these plays) a line in *The Maid's Tragedy* (p. 213), — "this *vild* woman," — where the old eds. have by a misprint, "wild."

[2] *cracknels*] "Are," says Weber, "to this day *usual* in some parts of England, being a species of hard biscuit." Cakes, called *cracknels*, may be found in most of the London bakers' shops.

[3] *bred*] So the first 4to. ("bread"). The second 4to. "breds." Later eds. "breeds;" and so the modern editors.

Enter Satyr; PERIGOT *runs off.*

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
Whilst[4] the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark,[5] that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch.
Lest the wandering swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.
Amo. Ah me!
Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be;
I am ready: speak, I say;
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee, speak again!
Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy!
Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure, these wanton swains are wood.[6]
Can there be a hand or heart
Dare commit so vild[7] a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face:
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps,[8] and crave
Her to give her life or grave.
[*Exit, carrying* AMORET.

SCENE V. — *The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower.*

Enter CLORIN.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another cure. —
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone: when I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go by wit to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again.
[*Exit.*

Enter THENOT.

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
[*Lying down.*
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends!
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye,
He hath espied something that glisters nigh,
Which he would have, yet, give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play

[4] *Whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "While."

[5] *The early lark*, &c.] Seward (whose note is retained by his successors) cites, as an imitation of this passage, some lines from Milton's *L'Allegro*, which only resemble it in the mention of the lark.

[6] *wood*] "i. e. mad." WEBER.

[7] *vild*] So the three earliest 4tos. Later eds. "vile;" and so the modern editors. See note, p. 201.

[8] *keeps*] "i. e. dwells, resides." WEBER.

With something else; such my affection, set
On that which I should loathe, if I could get.

Re-enter CLORIN.

Clo. See, where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty! —
[*Aside.*
Shepherd, look up.
The. Thy brightness doth amaze;
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.
Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?
The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?
Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.
The. [*starting up.*] Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.
Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break;
I, that already have my fame far spread
For being constant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet, all I'll lose for thee ——
The. Think but how blest
A constant woman is above the rest!
Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.
The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!
Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certain shame:
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now. Yet turn!
Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once lose both[1] my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
For that time to the best; for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room,
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!

[1] *lose both*] So the two earliest 4tos. Later eds. "both lose;" and so the modern editors.

Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces for my old
Love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others. False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [*Exit.*
Clo. 'Tis done: — great Pan, I give thee thanks for it! —
What art could not have heal'd is cur'd by wit.

Re-enter THENOT.

The. Will you be constant yet? will you remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?
Clo. No, let me die, but by thy side remain.
The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.
Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.
The. Thou art of women's[2] race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll choose, as others, by mine eye.
[*Exit.*
Clo. Blest be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success!
I rather choose, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all than die for me.
[*Exit into the bower.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Village.*

Enter Priest of Pan *and* Old Shepherd.

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, whilst[3] the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So, unfold, and then away!
What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure, the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms

[2] *women's*] Altered by Weber to "woman's."
[3] *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while"

Fill'd with such new delight and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.
Old Shep. [*after knocking at several doors.*] It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within these cotes: the woods, or some near town
That is a neighbour to the bordering down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spiced wassail-bowl,[1] to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin! — Shew me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then, this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower:* CLORIN *and* ALEXIS *discovered in the bower; at the side of the stage, a hollow tree, in which are* CLOE *and* DAPHNIS.

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure;
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alex. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wandering thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward pain
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd
At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.
Clo. May thy grief more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, *carrying* AMORET.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my blood
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me.
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we. —
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst have touch'd, asleep or 'wake:
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain, from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man, sure, is a kind of beast.
Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide. —
See, it falls off from the wound:
Shepherdess, thou art not sound,
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.
Amo. For aught I know or think, these words my last,
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste!
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure!
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work. —
Satyr, search if thou can'st find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet. — Oh, here they be;
Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond[2] mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.
Sat. [*bringing out* CLOE *and* DAPHNIS.] By the fingers thus I wring ye;
To my goddess thus I bring ye,
Strife is vain, come gently in. —
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death:
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blest,
Till this virgin's wound be drest.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
[*Carrying* AMORET *into the bower.*
She is so light. — Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes and ease thy pain;
Mayst thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame[3] his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;

[1] *wassail-bowl*] "This alludes to the ancient custom of wassailing, or going about the village, particularly during the Christmas holidays, carousing and dancing. The ingredients of the bowl were spiced ale or wine, with sugar and roasted apples, &c." WEBER.

[2] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[3] *In this flame, &c.*] "This was not, as Mr. Seward supposes, a fairy legend, but a superstition derived from the ordeal of the feudal times. For further information respecting this singular trial, I refer the reader to a curious note in Mr. Scott's edition of Sir Tristrem, 2d edit. p. 314. Similar to the lines in the text [as Seward had already remarked] are the following, which occur in the Merry Wives of Windsor

'With trial fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And put him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.'" WEBER.

But if not, away will turn,
As loath unspotted flesh to burn. —
[Satyr *applies* DAPHNIS's *finger to the taper.*
See, it gives back; let him go.
Sat. Farewell, mortal: keep thee so.[1]
[*Exit* DAPHNIS.
Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste. —
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure, she will not prove so clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand
[*Applies* CLOE's *finger to the taper.*
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste!
Alex. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alex. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
Alex. Take not her; take my life first!
Clo. See, his wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the wood,
Till I have stopt these streams of blood
[Satyr *leads off* CLOE.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain[2] thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away.
[*Draws a curtain before the bower. Scene closes.*

SCENE III. — *A Pasture.*

Enter Old Shepherd *and* Priest of Pan.

Priest. Sure, they are lost forever: 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe desire and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counsell'd now? shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?
Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain;
One of this jolly troup's come back again.

Enter THENOT.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious[3] desperate man, that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age[4] and pain,
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire and pride delicious.
The. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skilled at throughly:[5] nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time
Her beauty ever-living like the rhyme
Our blessed Tityrus[6] did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,[7]
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmèd branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.
Priest. Then, wherefore hast thou wander'd?
The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.
Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?
The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have lain
All this long night[8] under an agèd tree;
Yet neither wandering shepherd did I see,

[1] *Farewell, mortal: keep thee so.*] That neither Sir R. Fanshawe (see his Latin translation of this drama) nor any of the modern editors should have perceived that these words, though given in the old eds. to Clorin, could only belong to one who was *not a mortal*, is altogether unaccountable. Compare, among several others that might be cited, the following speeches of the Satyr:

"Here the foolish *mortal* lies." p. 254.
"*Mortal*, you must leave your wooing." p. 259
"Two fond *mortals* have I found." p. 264.
"*Mortal*, sure,
'Tis the blood of maiden pure." p. 267.

[2] *This curtain, &c.*] The want of movable painted scenery in the early theatres probably forced this expedient upon the poet.

[3] *glorious*] "In this place, bears the same sense as the French adjective *glorieux*, which signifies *proud, vain.*" *Ed.* 1778.

[4] *present age*] i. e., as Seward rightly explained it, an early old age. The Editors of 1778 printed "ache,"—Sympson having previously proposed "aches."

[5] *throughly*] Weber chose to print "thoroughly."

[6] *our blessed Tityrus*] "Mr. Sympson would suppose that Spenser is meant here, but I happen to dissent from him in this; first, because Spenser died but a few years before this play was wrote, and the expression *of yore* seems to imply an earlier date; secondly, because *Tityrus* is the name which Spenser had in all his pastorals given to Chaucer, and as Fletcher frequently imitates those pastorals, I doubt not but Chaucer was here intended; particularly as Spenser is, I believe, afterwards mentioned with still greater honour than Chaucer is here." SEWARD.

[7] *thunder 'gainst the bay*] "This property was anciently ascribed to the *laurel.*" WEBER. *Bay* is used here for *laurel.*

[8] *All this long night*] So the first 4to. The second 4to. has "*All this night.*" Later eds. have "*All this same night;*" and so the modern editors

Or shepherdess; or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale, among the thick-leav'd spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy,[1] that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.
Priest Go, and beware
Of after-falling.
The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPHNIS.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure, I see
A shame in this young shepherd. — Daphnis?
Daph. He.
Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bower
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power
Sick men and cattle have been often cur'd;
There lovely Amoret, that was assur'd[2]
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life.
Forc'd by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter AMARILLIS, *running.*

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! Be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit;
Let me be made a reed, and, ever mute,
Nod to the water's fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste!
Priest. This is a night of wonder. — Amarill,
Be comforted: the holy gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessèd man,
Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy[3]
My yet-unblasted flower, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is bless'd by thee; by all the rites
Due to our god, and by those virgin-lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purged! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis: here I vow
To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues or company of men unpure!
I hear him come; save me!
Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most lovèd Amarillis: let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast:
I fear the pointed brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease:
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune when stern Æolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active youth. Why dost thou fly?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her belovèd Perigot; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the well, where she must lie
Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip[4] the swain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn, I say;
I must not be deluded.
Priest. [*coming forward.*] Monster, stay!
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate[5]
Through every honest bosom, forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offered with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!
Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her; tell me, by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart?
Priest. Lust and a branded soul.
Sull. Shep. Yet, tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And will'd[6] that every living creature must
Beget his like?
Priest. You're better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery. —
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *our great enemy*] "i. e. the wolf." Ed. 1777.
[2] *assur'd*] i. e. affianced.
[3] *Hear me, and save from endless infamy*, &c.] "These lines [as Warton had noticed] may be compared with the following in Milton's Comus:

'By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wayward glance,'" &c. [v. 883.]
WEBER.

[4] *clip*] i. e. embrace.
[5] *eating with debate*] "The word *debate*, in this place, is used in the sense of strife, or perhaps hatred." WEBER Discord, contention.
[6] *will'd*] So the first 4to. The second 4to. "will." Later eds. "wills;" and so the modern editors.

SCENE IV. — *Part of the Wood.*

Enter PERIGOT, *with his hand bloody.*

Peri. Here will I wash it in the [1] morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleans'd. — My wrongèd love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: to her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stainèd fair.
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she
Whom I ador'd is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *The Wood before* CLORIN'S *Bower:* CLORIN *discovered sitting in the bower;* AMORET *sitting on one side of her,* ALEXIS *and* CLOE *on the other; the* Satyr *standing by.*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid:
Take example by this maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed, then, how you turn your eye
On this other [2] lustfully. —
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile. —
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?
Alex. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires:
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.
Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such.

Enter PERIGOT.

Peri. Yon is her cabin: thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallow'd hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place. —
[*Aside.*
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain.

Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. [*coming from the bower.*] There, at hand, some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. [*coming out.*] What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain;
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower:
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure,
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so.

The Satyr *leads him to the bower, where, seeing* AMORET, *he kneels down before her.*

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her spite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, couldst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive?
Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live:
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!
Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I [thee] [3] death, or some lingering pain
That's worse, light on me!
Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.[4]
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the powers again are pleas'd,
And with this new knot are [5] appeas'd.

[1] *the*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "this;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[2] *this other*] i. e. of course, Cloe. The three earliest 4tos. have "*these other*;" which the Editors of 1778 and Weber gave. The earlier 4tos. and folio 1679 have "*each other*;" and so Seward.

[3] *thee*] "Was properly, but silently, introduced in the modern copies." WEBER.

[4] *Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again*] "This is the reading of the old [the three oldest] quartos: [the 4tos. of 1656, 1665, and] the folio of 1679 say, 'This *perhaps will cleanse again*;' which is copied by the later editions. We have followed the older books; and though the construction, according to the usage of our author, is a little licentious, yet the meaning is obvious." *Ed.* 1778.

[5] *are*] Omitted in folio 1679, — rightly perhaps.

Join your hands, and rise together:
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither!

Enter Priest of Pan *and* Old Shepherd.

Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden-thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallow'd ground. — Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.
Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That mayst freely tread this place
Hold thy hand up. — Never was
[*Applying the priest's hand to the taper.*
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clo. Then, boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?
Priest. First, honoured virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was given to me, —
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance
Through much neglect and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite
All this confusion fell; for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race[1]
Of these offenders, who have freely told
Both why and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.
Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
[*The* Satyr *fumes the ground*, &c.
Of censers filled with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins
Of those offenders: let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom. — Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but, long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight:
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.
[*Exit* Priest of Pan.
Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abus'd! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.
Amo. I do believe:
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.
Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool crystal, of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break!
Hear us, oh, Heaven!
Amo. Be constant.
Peri. Else Pan wreak
With double vengeance my disloyalty!
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!
Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss all envy[2] dies.

Re-enter Priest of Pan.

Priest. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will. The swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence and disgrace:
Only the maid I have reserv'd, whose face
Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault: great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drownèd lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.
Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in. —
[Priest of Pan *brings in* AMARILLIS.
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: how bright the day doth shew
After this stormy cloud! — Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand:
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.
Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame:
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend. —
[*Applies her hand to the taper.*
See, the taper hurts her not.
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good.
Clo. Young shepherdess, now you are brought again
To virgin-state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime. —
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health and free from pain:
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear

[1] *the race*] Altered by Seward to "a brace;" and so the Editors of 1778!

[2] *envy*] i. e. ill-will.

The tedious way they pass through from suspect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits[1] and labour; let the flood,
Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase and added to the downs;
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms;[2]
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all compliment, but single truth,
From every tongue and every shepherd's heart;
Let them still use persuading, but no art.
Thus, holy priest, I wish to thee and these
All the best goods and comforts that may please.

All. And all those blessings[3] Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this bower may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, every shepherd, whilst[4] with powerful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you;
Keep you from those dangers still
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye means to know at length,
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul;
May his care of you controul
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign
Either in your flocks or you;
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise, and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus[5] taught ye, — Dorus, he
That was the soul and god of melody.

[*They sing the following song, and strew the ground with flowers.*

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks[6] from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

[*Exeunt all except* CLORIN *and* Satyr.

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd
Like Apollo; tell me, sweetest,[7]
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air,[8] and stay

[1] *bits*] "i. e. morsels." WEBER.

[2] ——— *the lazy clowns*
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms] "This instance of laziness is taken from Spenser, Shepherd's Calendar, February:

'So loytring live you, little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes.'"
SEWARD.

Here (as Mr. Darley remarks, Introd. to the *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. xii.) Spenser imitates Chaucer:

"As haue these little heard gromes,
That keepen beasts in the bromes."
House of Fame, B. iii. *Workes*, fol. 267, ed. 1602.

[3] *And all those blessings*, &c.] "In the third edition, this speech is given to *Alexis* singly, and continued so in the later copies." *Ed.* 1778.

[4] *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

[5] *honest Dorus*, &c.] "This fine eulogy on some poet beloved and almost adored by our author, I take to have been meant of Spenser for these reasons. He seems to speak of one who lived in the preceding age, but was dead before *The Faithful Shepherdess* was published. This answers to none so well as Spenser, he and Shakespeare being the only very great poets that immediately preceded our author; but the latter lived some years after the publication of this piece. In the next place, as he had just before taken an expression from Spenser, so he greatly imitates his manner in the following song, and inserts one expression of his in it literally:

——— *Daffadillies,*
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling, &c.

which Spenser had thus expressed, Shepherd's Calendar, April;

"Strowe mee the grounde with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies."
SEWARD.

[6] *flocks*] Weber chose to print "flock."

[7] *tell me, sweetest*, &c.] "This, and the following lines, as Mr. Henley observes, are [imitated] from the well-known speech of Ariel in the Tempest:

— 'I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.'" WEBER.

[8] *Shall I stray*
In the middle air, &c.] "The character of the Attendant Spirit in *Comus* is this Satyr under another shape and name The Satyr in the third act is sent by Pan to guide aright the wandering shepherds, and to protect virtue in distress:

'But to my charge. Here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,' &c.

The Attendant Spirit has much the same office; he is sent by Jupiter to protect the virtuous against the enchantments of Comus:

'Therefore when any, favour'd of high Jove,' &c.

When they have finished their office, they both give the same account of their power and velocity In imitation of the lines now referred to, and to the two last of the Satyr's first speech,

('I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun.')

The sailing rack,[1] or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks,[2] lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick[3]
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the windmill-sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!

Clo. And to thee
All thy master's love be free! [*Exeunt.*

The Attendant Spirit thus takes leave of the audience;

'But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.'

The two first and the two last of Milton's lines are directly taken from Fletcher. . . . The Italians have the honour of being the introducers of the dramatic pastoral, but I cannot, upon examination, find that Fletcher has borrowed a single sentiment or expression from any of them, except the name of *The Faithful Shepherdess* from the *Pastor Fido*." SEWARD.

"The character of Corisca, in the pastoral of Guarini, seems however to have been the prototype of the wanton Cloe, as has been observed before." WEBER.

At the conclusion of Seward's notes on this drama, I must express my belief that he was indebted to the memoranda of Theobald (who was then deceased) for the various passages of Theocritus which he has cited. Seward's acquaintance with Greek was, I apprehend, but very slight: Theobald, on the other hand, had an extensive and critical knowledge of ancient literature.

[1] *The sailing rack*] "'The winds in the upper regions,' says Lord Bacon, 'which move the clouds above (which we call the *rack*), and are not perceived below, pass without noise.'" REED, — who cites here other passages from Steevens's notes on Shakespeare. *Rack*, as Tooke first shewed, is properly — vapour, steam, exhalation (that which is *reeked*); see Richardson (*Dict.* in v.), who observes that "The commentators [on Shakespeare] have fallen into the common mistake of including a meaning expressed by the context in their explanation of the word; and were thus entirely diverted from its etymology, and consequently from its intrinsic signification."

[2] *thicks*] i. e. thickets. So the two earliest 4tos. Later eds. "thickets;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[3] *prick*] i. e. spur, speed.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Quod si
Judicium subtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares:
Bœotum in crasso iurares aëre natum.
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

London, Printed for Walter Burre, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crane in Paules Church-yard. 1613, 4to.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle. Full of Mirth and Delight.
Written by { *Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher.* } *Gent.*
As it is now acted by her Majesties Servants at the Private house in Drury lane 1635

——— *Quod si*, &c. [as above].

London: Printed by N. O. for I. S. 1635. 4to.

Another quarto, with a title-page letter for letter the same as that last given, but with some slight variations of text, appeared in 1635.

In the folio of 1679.

This comedy, as Malone observes (*Supplement to Shakespeare*, i. 194), appears to have been produced in 1611; for Burre in the Dedication to the first 4to., 1613, declares that he had "fostered it privately in his bosom these two years," and that it was the "elder of *Don Quixote* above a year," — meaning doubtless the translation of that work by Shelton, which was published in 1612.

Whether *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was the joint composition of Beaumont and Fletcher, or written by one of them without the assistance of the other, remains a matter of dispute. Burre in the Dedication just cited speaks of its "parents," and afterwards more than once of its "father."[1] In the two 4tos. of 1635 the names of both poets stand on the title-page; but the Address to the Readers mentions "the author;" and a passage towards the end of the Prologue, — "mistaking the authors intention,"[2] — leaves us uncertain whether "authors" is to be understood as a singular or plural genitive. Malone notices the play as a joint work; *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 170. Weber says, that "the authority for ascribing it to a single author, who is most likely to have been Fletcher, seems to be the stronger." If it was really written in the short space of eight days, as Burre informs us, the probability perhaps would be that it was not the effort of a single pen.

The author, or authors, of this comedy are under considerable obligations to *Don Quixote*, which, before the year 1611, must have been well known in England, where the Spanish language had become a fashionable study. *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was evidently written to ridicule the extravagances of the earlier stage, the satire being more particularly levelled at a celebrated piece by Heywood — *The Foure Prentises of London. With the Conquest of Ierusalem. As it hath bene diuerse times Acted, at the Red Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.* That curious drama, which, though not printed till 1615,[3] was acted about the close of the preceding century, may be found in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. vi. last ed.; and is occasionally referred to in the notes on the present comedy. Warton and others have supposed that Heywood's play "is a mixture of the droll and serious;" but, says Gifford, "nothing is clearer than that Heywood was quite serious. He lived indeed to redeem his absurdities, and to write in a nobler strain: — but when he drew up this strange piece, which yet was long a favorite with the people, he was, as he tells us himself, 'in the infancy of his judgment' and 'in his first practice,' and he adds, as his best 'excuse' for his play, that 'as plays were then some fifteen or sixteen years ago, both the plot and style of it were in fashion.'" Note on Jonson's *Works*, vi. 31. According to Weber, a second object of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* was to satirize the city, and it was condemned on its first representation in consequence of the anger of the citizens and apprentices. That it was then damned is at least certain: "the world," says Burre, "for want of judgment, or not understanding the privy mark of irony about it (which shewed it was no offspring of any vulgar brain), utterly rejected it."

Many years seem to have elapsed before it was revived. The two 4tos. of 1635[4] set it forth "as *now* acted at the Private house in Drury lane." In Sir Henry Herbert's *MSS.* we find "The 28 Feb. [1635–6] The Knight of the Burning Pestle played by the Q. [een's] men at St. James." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 238. From that period until the suppression of the theatres, it appears to have been occasionally performed. Soon after the Restoration, it was again brought upon the stage: "This Play," says Langbaine, "was in vogue some years since, it being reviv'd by the King's House, and a new Prologue (instead of the old One in prose) being spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin." *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 210.[5]

[1] Weber remarks, "it is not improbable that in the former term he includes Robert Keysar," whom he is addressing. That Keysar is not included in the term "parents" is quite clear.

[2] The Prologue is borrowed from Lilly; but these words are an addition to it: see p. 273.

[3] Weber follows Warton and others in giving the wrong date, 1612, to the first ed. of Heywood's play.

[4] As a proof of the popularity of the comedy at the time, Weber cites the following passage from Richard Brome's *Sparagus Garden*, first acted in 1635: —

"*Rebecca.* — I long to see a play, and above all playes, The Knight of the Burning —— what dee' call 't?
Mandylacke. The Knight of the Burning Pestle.
Rebecca. Pestle is it? I thought of another thing; but I would faine see it. They say there's a Grocer's boy kills a Gyant in it, and another little boy that does a Citizen's wife the daintielist — but I would faine see their best Actor doe me: I would so put him to't; they should find another thing in the handling of mee, I warrant em." Sig. C. 4 ed. 1640.

[5] Langbaine adds that "the bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the Stage, was possibly in imitation of Ben Johnson's *Staple of News*:" but that drama was not produced till 1625.

TO HIS MANY WAYS ENDEARED FRIEND, MASTER ROBERT KEYSAR.[1]

SIR,

This unfortunate child, who in eight days (as lately I have learned) was begot and born, soon after was by his parents (perhaps because he was so unlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who, for want of judgment, or not understanding the privy mark of irony about it (which shewed it was no offspring of any vulgar brain), utterly rejected it; so that, for want of acceptance, it was even ready to give up the ghost, and was in danger to have been smothered in perpetual oblivion, if you (out of your direct antipathy to ingratitude) had not been moved both to relieve and cherish it: wherein I must needs commend both your judgment, understanding, and singular love to good wits. You afterwards sent it to me, yet being an infant and somewhat ragged: I have fostered it privately in my bosom these two years; and now, to shew my love, return it to you, clad in good lasting clothes, which scarce memory will wear out, and able to speak for itself; and withal, as it telleth me, desirous to try his fortune in the world, where, if yet it be welcome, father, foster-father, nurse, and child, all have their desired end. If it be slighted or traduced, it hopes his father will beget him a younger brother, who shall revenge his quarrel, and challenge the world either of fond[2] and merely literal interpretation, or illiterate misprision. Perhaps it will be thought to be of the race of Don Quixote: we both may confidently swear it is his elder above a year; and therefore may (by virtue of his birthright) challenge the wall of him. I doubt not but they will meet in their adventures, and I hope the breaking of one staff will make them friends; and perhaps they will combine themselves, and travel through the world to seek their adventures. So I commit him to his good fortune, and myself to your love. Your assured friend,

W. B[URRE].

TO THE READERS OF THIS COMEDY.[3]

GENTLEMEN, the world is so nice in these our times, that for apparel there is no fashion; for music (which is a rare art, though now slighted) no instrument; for diet, none but the French kickshaws[4] that are delicate; and for plays, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is thoroughly understood. This is all that I have to say: that the author had no intent to wrong any one in this comedy; but, as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtful to none.

PROLOGUE.[5]

WHERE the bee can suck no honey, she leaves her sting behind; and where the bear cannot find origanum to heal his grief, he blasteth all[6] other leaves with his breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us; that, seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sour mislike, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it, to the wise, to be a[7] great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with wit, as to the foolish, to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the theatre of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fools with uncivil habits, or courtezans with immodest words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly

[1] *To his many ways endeared friend, Master Robert Keysar*] This Dedication is found only in 4to. 1613. It was first reprinted by Weber, — and incorrectly.

[2] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[3] *To the Readers of this comedy*] In the two 4tos. of 1635, and folio 1679.

[4] *kickshaws*] Old eds. "Kickshoes;" which I notice because the Editors of 1778 chose to print "*quelque chose.*"

[5] *Prologue*] In the two 4tos. of 1635, and folio 1679. It is nothing more than the "Prologue at the Black fryers" to Lilly's *Sapho and Phao*, with a few very slight alterations, a few additions (which are now distinguished by Italics), and the omission of the concluding sentence, which is as follows: "The Gryffyon neuer spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sick feathers: yet haue we ventured to present our exercise beefore your iudgements, when we know them full of weak matter, yeelding rather ourselues to the curtesie which we haue euer found, than to the precisenesse which wee ought to feare." *Sapho and Phao*, first printed in 1584, had been re-published together with other five plays of Lilly in a volume entitled *Sixe Court Comedies*, 1632: Weber erroneously states that it had been represented at court in 1633.

[6] *all*] Weber printed "*all* the."

[7] *a*] Probably an error of the transcriber: the original has "as."

speeches, to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind reports, *or mistaking the authors*[1] *intention, (who never aimed at any one particular in this play,)* to make our cheeks blush. *And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own censure,*[2] *to like or dislike.* VALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Speaker of the Prologue.
A Citizen.
His Wife.
RALPH, his apprentice.
Boys.

VENTUREWELL,[3] a merchant.
HUMPHREY,
MERRYTHOUGHT.
JASPER, } his sons.
MICHAEL, }
TIM, } apprentices.
GEORGE, }

Host.
Tapster.
Barber.
Three Men, supposed captives.
Sergeant.
WILLIAM HAMMERTON.
GEORGE GREENGOOSE.
Soldiers and Attendants.

LUCE, daughter to VENTUREWELL.
MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT.
Woman, supposed a captive.
POMPIONA, daughter to the king of Moldavia.

SCENE, — LONDON *and the neighboring country, excepting* act iv., scene ii., *where it is in* MOLDAVIA.

INDUCTION.

Several Gentlemen *sitting on stools upon the stage.*[4] *The* Citizen, *his* Wife, *and* RALPH, *sitting below among the audience.*

Enter Speaker *of the Prologue.*

S. of Prol. *From all that's near the court, from all that's great*
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene ——

Citizen *leaps on the stage.*

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy!

S. of Prol. What do you mean, sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: this seven years there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it, you have still girds[5] at citizens; and now you call your play *The London Merchant.*[6] Down with your title, boy! down with your title!

S. of Prol. Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit. I am.

S. of Prol. And a freeman?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

S. of Prol. So, grocer, then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir! yes, sir: if you were not resolved to play the Jacks,[7] what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others, with *The Legend of Whittington,*[8] or *The Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange,*[9] or *The Story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks?*[10]

S. of Prol. You seem to be an understanding man: what would you have us do, sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

S. of Prol. Why, what do you say to *The Life and Death of fat Drake, or the repairing of Fleet-privies?*[11]

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

[1] *authors*] See p. 271.

[2] *censure*] i. e. opinion, judgment.

[3] *Venturewell*] Old eds. "A rich Merchant." "The name of this character is mentioned to be *Venterwels*, and it has been thought better to distinguish him by it throughout." WEBER, — who, strangely enough, did not perceive that in the passage to which he alludes — "We'll go to Master *Venterwels*, the merchant" (Act iii. sc. 5) — "*Venterwels*" means *the house of Venterwel*, and that the name in modern spelling should be *Venturewell*.

[4] *Several gentlemen sitting on stools upon the stage*] "The practice of accommodating gallants with seats on the stage, is often alluded to in old plays; and they commonly paid from sixpence to a shilling for a stool." WEBER.

[5] *girds*] i. e. strokes of satire, taunts, scoffs.

[6] *The London Merchant*] Written by Ford. Though entered on the Stationers' Books, June 29th, 1660, it appears never to have been printed. It was one of the MS. plays destroyed by Warburton's cook.

[7] *the Jacks*] Equivalent to — insolent, mocking fellows: the name *Jack* is often used as a familiar term of contempt.

[8] *The Legend of Whittington*] "This play was probably never printed; but [was] entered on the Stationers' Books, Feb. 8, 1604, with the following title, *The History of Richard Whittington, of his lowe byrthe, his great fortune, as yt was plaied by the Prynce's Servants.*" WEBER.

[9] *The Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange*] Means certainly (Weber says "probably") a drama by Heywood, entitled *If you know not me, You know nobody. The Second Part. With the building of the Royall Exchange. And the famous Victory of Queen Elizabeth: anno 1588,*" first printed in 1606. (Weber says in 1605; but that is the date of *The First Part* of the play.)

[10] *The story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks.*] An allusion doubtless (Weber says "probably") to *The Famous Chronicle of king Edward the first, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, with his returne from the holy land. Also the life of Llevellen rebell in Wales. Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charing-crosse, and rose againe at Potters-hith, now named Queene-hith*, first printed in 1593: it was written by Peele, and may be found in my ed. of his *Works*, vol. i. "*The rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks*" is added in jest.

[11] *The Life and Death of fat Drake, or the repairing of Fleet-privies*] "This probably likewise refers to a contemporary play, though I have not met with any other allusion to it." WEBER. There could have been no such drama: the title is merely a jocose invention.

S. of Prol. Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

S. of Prol. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him ——

Wife. [*below.*] Husband, husband!

Ralph. [*below.*] Peace, mistress.

Wife. [*below.*] Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant ye. — Husband, husband!

Cit. What sayst thou, cony?

Wife. [*below.*] Let him kill a lion with a pestle,[1] husband! let him kill a lion with a pestle!

Cit. So he shall. — I'll have him kill a lion with a pestle.

Wife. [*below.*] Husband! shall I come up, husband?

Cit. Ay, cony. — Ralph, help your mistress this way. — Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room. — I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you, sir. — So.

[*Wife comes on the stage.*

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all; I'm something troublesome: I'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen *Jane Shore*[2] once; and my husband hath promised me, any time this twelvemonth, to carry me to *The Bo'd Beauchamps*,[3] but in truth he did not. I pray you, bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools; and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things. [*Stools are brought.*

S. of Prol. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him; every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph play him! beshrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembered, wife. — Come up, Ralph. — I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a suit of apparel and necessaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hanged.

[*Ralph comes on the stage.*

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of apparel. — I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true: he will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feared, I warrant you, that we quake again: we'll fear our children with him; if they be never so unruly, do but cry, "Ralph comes, Ralph comes!" to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs. — Hold up thy head, Ralph; shew the gentlemen what thou canst do; speak a huffing part; I warrant you, the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. *By heaven, methinks,*[4] *it were an easy leap,*
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

Cit. How say you, gentlemen? is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before,[5] my husband says, Mucedorus,[6] before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have played Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager.[7]

S. of Prol. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph, in, Ralph; and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lovest me.

[*Exit Ralph.*

Wife. I warrant, our Ralph will look finely when he's dressed.

S. of Prol. But what will you have it called?

Cit. *The Grocers' Honour.*

S. of Prol. Methinks *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* were better.

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[1] *Let him kill a lion with a pestle*] In Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, (see p. 125.) Charles says, —

"Since first I bore this shield, I quarter'd it
With this Red Lion, whom I singly once
Slew in the forest."

Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vi. 464. last ed.

In a ballad entitled *The Honour of a London Prentice*, &c., the said prentice kills *two* lions, which by order of the "king of Turkey" were "prepared" to devour him, — tearing out their hearts, and throwing them at the king! *Ballads, Brit. Mus.* 643, m.

[2] *Jane Shore*] Probably, says Reed, *The First and Second Parts of King Edward the Fourth* by Heywood: and Weber mentions *The Tragedie of Richard the Third*, in which also she is introduced. But "*Jane Shore*" undoubtedly means some drama, which bore that title; and which is not extant. In January 1601-2, Chettle and Day were paid forty shillings by Henslowe in order that the "booke [play of *Shoare*" might be "newly written;" see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 91: and the play of *Shore* is mentioned in a metrical tract entitled *Pimlico, or Runne Red-cap*, 1609, (to which Weber on very doubtful authority gives the date of 1596).

[3] *The Bold Beauchamps*] Was a drama, produced before 1600, which is repeatedly noticed by our early writers. It is not extant. According to the author of the false *Second Part of Hudibras*, 1663, canto I. it was the work of Heywood. — "As bold as Beauchamp" is a proverbial expression, said to have originated in the valour of Thomas, first Earl of Warwick of that name, "who (Ray tells us, after Fuller), in the year 1346, with one squire and six archers, fought in hostile manner with an hundred armed men, at Hogges in Normandy, and overthrew them, slaying sixty Normans, and giving the whole fleet means to land." *Proverbs*, p. 218. ed. 1768.

[4] *By heaven, methinks*, &c.] "This speech (with very little variation) is taken from Shakespeare's First Part of Henry IV. (Act I. sc. 3)." *Ed.* 1778.

[5] *before*] Perhaps crept into the text by a mistake of the original compositor.

[6] *Mucedorus*] A character in a very popular and foolish drama, first printed in 1598. The title of the earliest ed. which I have seen is as follows: *A Most pleasant Comedie of Mucedorus the Kings sonne of Valentia, and Amadine the Kings daughter of Arragon, with the merrie conceites of Mouse. Newly set fourth, as it hath bin sundry times playde in the honorable Citie of London. Very delectable, and full of mirth.* 1606.

[7] *played Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager*] Jeronimo is a character in two plays by Kyd, — *The First Part of Jeronimo*, not printed till 1605, and *The Spanish Tragedie, or Hieronimo is mad againe*, of which the earliest extant edition is dated 1589, the later impressions of it containing additional scenes and speeches from the pen of Jonson: both pieces may be found in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii. last ed. Here, however, the Citizen alludes to *The Spanish Tragedy*, which was often called *Jeronimo*: it was by far the more celebrated of the two, and, though unmercifully ridiculed by our early dramatists, it evinces that Kyd, with all his extravagance, was a writer of no ordinary power.

To play a part for a wager was not uncommon. See, for instance, a letter concerning a wager that Alleyn would equal his predecessors Knell and Bentley in some character which they had performed; Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 335.

Wife. I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so. — Begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down.

S. of Prol. I pray you, do.

Cit. What stately music have you? you have shawms?[1]

S. of Prol. Shawms! no.

Cit. No! I'm a thief, if my mind did not give me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shawms: I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

S. of Prol. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be: there's two shillings, [*gives money;*] lets have the waits of Southwark; they are as rare fellows as any are in England; and that will fetch them all o'er the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

S. of Prol. You shall have them. Will you sit down, then?

Cit. Ay. — Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

[*Citizen and Wife sit down.*

S. of Prol. *From all that's near the court, from all that's great*
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene. Fly far from hence
All private taxes,[2] *immodest*[3] *phrases,*
Whatever may but shew like vicious!
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things. —

Thus much for that[4] we do; but for Ralph's part you must answer for yourself.

Cit. Take you no care for Ralph; he'll discharge himself, I warrant you.

[*Exit Speaker of Prologue.*

Wife. I'faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of* VENTUREWELL.

Enter VENTUREWELL *and* JASPER.

Vent. Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new-cast thee;
Adding the trust of all I have, at home,
In foreign staples, or upon the sea,
To thy direction; tied the good opinions
Both of myself and friends to thy endeavours;
So fair were thy beginnings. But with these,
As I remember, you had never charge
To love your master's daughter, and even then
When I had found a wealthy husband for her;
I take it, sir, you had not; but, however,
I'll break the neck of that commission,
And make you know you are but a merchant's factor.

Jasp. Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service,
In which my labour hath been all my profit:
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back;
Nor have I given a pension to my blood,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stock;
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim are strangers
To all my temperate actions. For your daughter,
If there be any love to my deservings
Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it;
Nor am I able to refrain her wishes,
She's private to herself, and best of knowledge
Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for:
Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of nature in him.

Vent. 'Tis very well, sir: I can tell your wisdom
How all this shall be cur'd.

Jasp. Your care becomes you.

Vent. And thus it shall[5] be, sir: I here discharge you
My house and service; take your liberty;
And when I want a son, I'll send for you. [*Exit.*

Jasp. These be the fair rewards of them that love!
Oh, you that live in freedom, never prove
The travail of a mind led by desire!

Enter LUCE.

Luce. Why, how now, friend? struck with my father's thunder!

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.

Luce. But mine.

Jasp. But yours, and only yours, I am;
That's all I have to keep me from the statute.
You dare be constant still?

Luce. Oh, fear me not!
In this I dare be better than a woman:
Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me,
Were they both equal to a prince's power.

Jasp. You know my rival!

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly;
Even as I love an ague or foul weather:
I prithee, Jasper, fear him not.

Jasp. Oh, no!
I do not mean to do him so much kindness.
But to our own desires:[6] you know the plot
We both agreed on?

[1] *shawms*] The shawm, or shalm, was a sort of pipe, resembling a hautboy, with a swelling protuberance in the middle: see the woodcut in Singer's note on Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 178, ed. 1827.

[2] *private taxes*] i. e. charges, censures on individuals.

[3] *immodest*] The modern editors, for the metre, print "all is modest."

[4] *that*] Altered by Weber to "what."

[5] *shall*] Weber gave with the first 4to. "must."

[6] *desires*] "Probably *designs*." *Ed.* 1778. "The text is perfectly right, being accordant with the language of the age, and meaning, 'what we ourselves desire to consummate.'" WEBER.

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.
Jasp. I desire no more.
Farewell, and keep my heart; 'tis yours.
Luce. I take it;
He must do miracles makes me forsake it.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Cit. *Fie upon 'em, little infidels! what a matter's here now! Well, I'll be hanged for a half-penny, if there be not some abomination knavery in this play. Well, let 'em look to't; Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks a-brewing* —

Wife. *Let 'em brew and bake too, husband, a' God's name; Ralph will find all out, I warrant you, an they were older than they are. — I pray, my pretty youth, is Ralph ready?*

Boy. *He will be presently.*

Wife. *Now, I pray you, make my commendations unto him, and withal carry him this stick of liquorice: tell him his mistress sent it him, and bid him bite a piece; 'twill open his pipes the better, say.* [*Exit Boy.*

SCENE II. — *Another Room in the House of* VENTUREWELL.

Enter VENTUREWELL *and* HUMPHREY.

Vent. Come, sir, she's yours; upon my faith, she's yours;
You have my hand: for other idle lets[1]
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They are scatter'd and no more. My wanton prentice,
That like a bladder blew himself with love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknown.
Hum. I thank you, sir,
Indeed, I thank you, sir; and, ere I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seem.
Vent. Oh, sir, I know it certain.
Hum. Sir, my friend,
Although, as writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a pudding hath his two,
Oh, let it not seem strange, I pray, to you,
If in this bloody simile I put
My love, more endless than frail things or gut!

Wife. *Husband, I prithee, sweet lamb, tell me one thing; but tell me truly. — Stay, youths, I beseech you, till I question my husband.*

Cit. *What is it, mouse?*

Wife. *Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? how it behaves itself, I warrant ye, and speaks and looks, and perts up the head! — I pray you, brother, with your favour, were you never none of Master Moncaster's*[2] *scholars?*

Cit. *Chicken, I prithee heartily, contain*[3] *thyself: the childer are pretty childer; but when Ralph comes, lamb* ——

Wife. *Ay, when Ralph comes, cony! — Well, my youth, you may proceed.*

Vent. Well, sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope,
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughter's,
And woo her when you please. You must be bold,
And clap in close unto her: come, I know
You have language good enough to win a wench.

Wife. *A whoreson tyrant! h'as been an old stringer*[4] *in's days, I warrant him.*

Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.
Vent. What, Luce! within there!

Enter LUCE.

Luce. Call'd you, sir?
Vent. I did:
Give entertainment to this gentleman;
And see you be not froward. — To her, sir:
My presence will but be an eye-sore to you.
[*Exit.*

Hum. Fair mistress Luce, how do you? are you well?
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell
How doth your little sister and your brother;
And whether you love me or any other.
Luce. Sir, these are quickly answer'd.
Hum. So they are,
When women are not cruel. But how far
Is it now distant from the place we are in,
Unto that blessèd place, your father's warren?
Luce. What makes you think of that, sir?
Hum. Even that face;
For, stealing rabbits whilom in that place,
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began ——
Luce. Your game, sir.
Hum. Let no game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the same,
Be ever more remember'd, thou fair killer,
For whom I sate me down, and brake my tiller.[5]

Wife. *There's a kind gentleman, I warrant you: when will you do as much for me, George?*

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, I am sorry for your losses,
But, as the proverb says, I cannot cry:
I would you had not seen me!
Hum. So would I,
Unless you had more maw to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion[6] be withstood?
Send for a constable, and raise the town.
Hum. Oh, no! my valiant love will batter down
Millions of constables, and put to flight

[1] *lets*] "i. e. hindrances." WEBER.

[2] *Moncaster's*] So one of the 4tos. of 1635, and folio 1679. Other eds. "Monkesters." Richard Mulcaster was the first head-master of Merchant-Taylors' School from 1561 to 1586. Some notices of dramas performed at court by a company of boys under him may be seen in Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.*, i. 205–8, 9, — where his name is written *Munkester*.

[3] *contain*] i. e. restrain.

[4] *stringer*] "Similar to *striker*, denoting a wenchet." WEBER.

[5] *tiller*] i. e. steel bow, or cross bow; see note, p. 169.

[6] *strange passion*] "Sympson says, 'To send for a *constable and raise a town*, to withstand a STRANGE *passion*, borders seemingly near upon nonsense;' he would therefore read, STRONG *passion*: but we see no reason why she may not go from one metaphor to another." *Ed.* 1778.

Even that great watch of Midsummer-day at night.[1]
Luce. Beshrew me, sir, 'twere good I yielded, then;
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance.
Hum. Yield, then; I am full
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves.
Look, Lucy, look; the dog's tooth nor the doves
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with silk, as you may see.
If you desire the price, shoot from your eye
A beam to this place, and you shall espy
F S, which is to say, my sweetest honey,
They cost me three and twopence, or no money.
Luce. Well, sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you:
What would you more?
Hum. Nothing.
Luce. Why, then, farewell.
Hum. Nor so, nor so; for, lady, I must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together:
God grant me time and patience and fair weather!
Luce. Speak, and declare your mind in terms so brief.
Hum. I shall: then, first and foremost, for relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it;
I care not at what price, for, on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I'll speak of now; for love hath tost me
In furious blanket like a tennis-ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!
Hum. I thank you heartily; and, as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I' the morning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet
Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adieu.
Luce. Now, by St. Mary,
That were great pity!
Hum. So it were, beshrew me;
Then, ease me, lusty Luce, and pity shew me.
Luce. Why, sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my father's grant; get his consent,
And then you may with[2] assurance try me.
Hum. The worshipful your sire will not deny me;
For I have ask'd him, and he hath replied,
"Sweet master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy bride."
Luce. Sweet master Humphrey, then I am content.
Hum. And so am I, in truth.
Luce. Yet take me with you;[3]
There is another clause must be annex'd,
And this it is: I swore, and will perform it,
No man shall ever joy me as his wife
But he that stole me hence. If you dare venture
I am yours (you need not fear; my father loves you;)
If not, farewell for ever!
Hum. Stay, nymph, stay:
I have a double gelding, colour'd bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind;
Another for myself, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree.
Luce. I am satisfied;
And so I give my hand. Our course must lie
Through Waltham-forest, where I have a friend
Will entertain us. So, farewell, Sir Humphrey.
And think upon your business. [*Exit.*
Hum. Though I die,
I am resolv'd to venture life and limb
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim.
[*Exit.*

Wife. *By my faith and troth, George, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young man that ever trod on shoe-leather. — Well, go thy ways: if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault, i' faith.*

Cit. *I prithee, mouse, be patient: 'a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoke for't.*

Wife. *That's my good lamb, George. — Fie, this stinking tobacco*[4] *kills me!*[5] *would there were none in England! — Now, I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco do you? nothing, I warrant you: make chimneys o' your faces!*

SCENE III. — *A Grocer's Shop.*

Enter RALPH, *as a grocer, reading* Palmerin of England,[6] *with* TIM *and* GEORGE.

Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph.

Cit. *Peace, fool! let Ralph alone. — Hark you,*

[1] *that great watch of Midsummer-day at night*] "The setting out of what was called 'the Midsummer watch,' we should have noticed earlier, as properly belonging to the more ancient class of the companies' shows already mentioned, but shall describe it here. This was, as we have seen 'in the Order of the companies for the *Marching Watch*,' a ceremony of established use in the 6th of Edward IV., and similar directions appear to have been regularly given every succeeding reign. Stow gives a splendid account of this pageant in the reign of Henry VIII., which monarch came purposely with his queen into the city to view it. We shall not again repeat his account, which has been often copied, but merely observe, that the Marching Watch was a grand sort of annual military muster of the citizens, embodying all the companies, for the purpose of forming a regular guard for the city during the ensuing year. The emulation for magnificence on this occasion created an expense so great and detrimental that Henry VIII. prohibited the show, and confined the citizens to the merely serviceable and efficient object of the assembling. It was afterwards revived on a more economical plan, and continued under the name of the 'Standing Watch,' till the force was finally superseded by the City Trained Bands, now the Artillery Company." Herbert's *Hist. of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London*, i. 196.

[2] *with*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "*with* full;" and so his successors.

[3] *take me with you*] i. e. hear me out, understand me fully.

[4] *tobacco*] Was smoked in all parts of our early theatres; but the Citizen's Wife is here speaking of that smoked by the gallants, who sat on stools upon the stage, and who used to have pipes and tobacco brought to them by their pages.

[5] *me*] So Sympson rightly printed "from the conjecture of an unknown friend." Old eds. "men;" which the later editors absurdly gave.

[6] *Palmerin of England, &c.*] "From the next note it will be seen that this is a mistake, as Ralph reads out of Palmerin de Oliva, but this must either be an inadvertence of the author, or an intentional mistake, as Palmerin of England is again mentioned on the next page but one." WEBER.

Ralph; do not strain yourself too much at the first. — Peace! — Begin, Ralph.

Ralph. [*reads.*] "Then Palmerin and Trineus,[1] snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, galloped amain after the giant; and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, 'Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in the world;' and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides his elephant. And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall; so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, 'All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me.'" I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer,[2] and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

Wife. *Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the king of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins*[3] *will come and snatch it from him.*

Cit. *Hold thy tongue. — On, Ralph.*

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor ladies.

Wife. *Ay, by my faith, are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.*

Ralph. There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken knights in this age: they will call one "the son of a whore," that Palmerin of England would have called "fair sir;" and one that Rosicleer would have called "right beauteous damsel," they will call "damned bitch."

Wife. *I'll be sworn will they, Ralph; they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of tobacco.*

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum and dragon's-water to visited houses,[4] that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

Cit. *Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!*

Wife. *They go finely, by my troth.*

Ralph. Why should not I, then, pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of atchievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle,[5] and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Wife. *Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.*

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but "the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle;" and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but "fair lady," if she have her desires, if not, "distressed damsel;" that you call all forests and heaths "deserts," and all horses "palfreys."

Wife. *This is very fine, faith. — Do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?*

Cit. *Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.*

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out. Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking,[6] and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. "Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?"

Ralph. No, thus: "Fair sir, the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle

[1] *Then Palmerin and Trineus, &c.*] "This passage is taken, with some slight variations, from 'Palmerin D'Olliva, the Mirrour of Nobilitie, Mappe of Honor, Anatomie of rare Fortunes, Heroycall President of Love, Wonder of Chivalrie, and most accomplished Knight in all Perfections.' 4to. 158-. B. L. p. 131." REED. The English version of this popular romance was by Anthony Munday, who also translated *Palmerin of England.*

[2] *the army that the prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer.*] "These were characters in the celebrated *Espejo de Caballerias*, one of the romances condemned by the curate in Don Quixote to the flames. The first part, consisting of two books, and written by Diego Ortunez, was printed in 1562. A second part, also divided into two books, by Pedro de la Sierra, was published in 1580. The third and fourth parts, each consisting of two books, were written by Marcos Martinez. The whole work was translated into English in nine parts, the last printed in 1602, with the title of the Mirrour of Knighthood." WEBER. See note, p. 190.

[3] *ettins*] "The good woman," says Sympson, "is here a little tautological . . . for 'giants and ettins' are giants and giants. *eten* in Saxon signifying so:" but, observes Nares, "as *ettin*, from its etymology, [A. S. *etan*, to eat] implies cannibalism, every giant might not deserve the name." *Gloss. in v.*, where he cites the present passage, and one from Cotton's *Scoffer Scoft*, —

"Nay, with *a gyant or an ettin.*"

Weber, after remarking that "the term *ettin* for a giant was very common," informs us that "in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, among other stories told by the shepherds, we have *The Red Ettin of Ireland*:" he ought to have said "*the reyde eyttyn riht the thre heydis*" (p. 98, ed. Leyden), — there being no mention in that work of any such *Irish* monster.

[4] *selling mithridatum and dragon's-water to visited houses*] "That is, to houses visited by the plague. Mithridate is well known to have been a composition of a vast variety of herbs, supposed to be a preservative against poison and the plague: the receipt for making it may be found in the old dispensatories. *Dragon's-water* is a ludicrous mistake for *dragon's-blood*, which, as Cotgrave informs us, 'is not, as the ignorant imagine, the blood of a dragon crushed to death by an elephant, but the gumme of the dragon-tree, opened or bruised in the dog-daies.'" WEBER.

[5] *Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle*] "This is in ridicule of Eustace, in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, bearing the Grocers' arms upon his shield." WEBER. See p. 271.

[6] *pricking*] i. e. spurring, riding briskly.

commanded me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsel,[1] or otherwise."

Cit. *Whoreson, blockhead, cannot remember!*

Wife. *I'faith, and Ralph told him on't before: all the gentlemen heard him. — Did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on't?*

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

Wife. *That's a good boy! see, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child.*

Ralph. Relieve her, with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my prentice[s], but my trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak my shield and arming pestle.

[*Exeunt* TIM *and* GEORGE.

Cit. *Go thy ways, Ralph! As I'm a true man,*[2] *thou art the best on 'em all.*

Wife. *Ralph, Ralph!*

Ralph. *What say you, mistress?*

Wife. *I prithee, come again quickly, sweet Ralph.*

Ralph. *By and by.* [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT *and* JASPER.

Mist. Mer. Give thee my blessing! no, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hanged first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Thou art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts: I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings and cries A merry heart lives long-a.[3] And thou art a wastethrift, and art run away from thy master that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou thinkest to bezzle that,[4] but thou shalt never be able to do it. — Come hither, Michael!

Enter MICHAEL.

Come, Michael, down on thy knees; thou shalt have my blessing.

Mich. [*kneels.*] I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me.

Mist. Mer. God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing; he shall be hanged first: shall he not, Michael? how say'st thou?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mist. Mer. That's a good boy!

Wife. *I'faith, it's a fine-spoken child.*

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love,
I must preserve the duty of a child.
I ran not from my master, nor return
To have your stock maintain my idleness.

Wife. *Ungracious child, I warrant him; hark, how he chops logic with his mother! — Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her she lies.*

Cit. *If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flay him, and salt him, whoreson halter-sack.*[5]

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love,
Which I must ever, though I never gain it;
And, howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of blood hid in these veins
But, I remember well, belongs to you
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. I'faith, I had sorrow enough for thee, God knows; but I'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

[*Exeunt* JASPER *and* MICHAEL.

Mer. [*singing within.*]

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,[6]
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mist. Mer. Hark, my husband! he's singing and hoiting; and I'm fain to cark and care,[7] and all little enough. — Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. [*sings.*]

Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves;
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would have little list[8] to sing, i-wis.[9]

Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest.

Mer. And will do.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How! why, how have I done hitherto

1 *damsel*] So folio 1679. Other eds. "damsels;" and so the modern editors, Sympson excepted.

2 *a true man*] "That is, an honest man, generally used in opposition to thief." WEBER.

3 *A merry heart lives long-a*] Resembles a line in the first verse of "Jog on, jog on the foot-path way," &c., a song printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy*, &c., 1661, p. 73: the first verse of it is sung by Autolycus in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 2.

4 *to bezzle that*] i. e. to squander that riotously; properly, in guzzling or drinking: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

5 *halter-sack*] "A term equivalent to gallows-bird." WEBER. Meaning, Nares supposes, "that the person so called was doomed to hang upon a halter, like a sack." *Gloss. in v.*

6 *Nose, nose, jolly red nose*, &c.] These and the next two lines sung by Merrythought are taken from a song (No. 7.) in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609, beginning,

"Of all the birds that euer I see,
the Owle is the fayrest," &c.

where they stand thus;

"Nose, nose, nose, nose,
and who gaue thee that iolly red nose?
. . . . . .
"Sinamont and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloues,
and that gaue me my iolly red nose."

7 *cark and care*] "These words, the former of which is now obsolete, are nearly synonymous." WEBER, — who might have added that this somewhat pleonastic expression was formerly a common one.

8 *list*] Altered by Weber to "lust."

9 *i-wis*] i. e. truly, certainly.

these forty years? I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and six o'clock,[1] I found excellent meat and drink o' the table; my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit: and without question it will be so ever; use makes perfectness. If all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

Wife. *It's a foolish old man this; is not he, George?*

Cit. *Yes, cony.*

Wife. *Give me a penny i' the purse while I live, George.*

Cit. *Ay, by lady,*[2] *cony, hold thee there.*

Mist. Mer. Well, Charles; you promised to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael. I pray you, pay Jasper his portion: he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock; he says his master turned him away, but, I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. *No, indeed, Mistress Merrythought; though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place; 'twas, i'faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter; my husband was by.*

Cit. *Hang him, rogue! he served him well enough; love his master's daughter! By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.*

Wife. *Ay, George; but yet truth is truth.*

Mer. Where is Jasper? he's welcome, however. Call him in; he shall have his portion. Is he merry?

Mist. Mer. Ay, foul chive him,[3] he is too merry! — Jasper! Michael!

Re-enter JASPER *and* MICHAEL.

Mer. Welcome, Jasper! though thou runnest away, welcome! God bless thee! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learned experience enough to govern it; thou art of sufficient years; hold thy hand — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee. [*Gives money.*] Thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course: if fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still!
But, father ——

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone. Thou hast my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee! Farewell, Jasper! [*Sings.*

But yet, or ere you part[4] (oh, cruel!),
Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel!

So, now begone; no words. [*Exit* JASPER.

Mist. Mer. So, Michael, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou hast my blessing: begone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee; I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant thee. [*Exit* MICHAEL.] — Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer. What! you will not?

Mist. Mer. Yes, indeed will I.

Mer. [*sings.*]

Heigh-ho, farewell, Nan!
I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mist. Mer. You shall not think, when all your own is gone, to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife; I expect it not: all I have to do in this world, is to be merry; which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be, [*sings.*

When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skies aloft for me are left.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Wife. *I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman for all that.* [Music.] *Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their rebecks*[5] *before the great Turk's grace; is't not, George?* [Enter a boy and dances.] *But, look, look! here's a youth dances!*[6] *— Now, good youth, do a turn o' the toe. — Sweetheart, i'faith, I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols. — He'll ride the wild mare,*[7] *gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. — I thank you, kind youth; pray, bid Ralph come.*

Cit. *Peace, cony. — Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players send Ralph; or, by God's* ——,[8] *an they do not, I'll tear some of their periwigs beside their heads; this is all riff-raff.* [Exit boy.

[1] *at eleven and six o'clock*] "These were the dinner and supper hours of our ancestors, when this play was written." WEBER.

[2] *by lady*] i. e. by our Lady, — a common form. Altered by the modern editors to "*by'r lady.*"

[3] *foul chive him*] i. e. may it end or turn out ill with him, — evil success attend him, ill luck to him. Fr. *chever.* ("*Chive him,*" says Weber, "may be a Somersetshire contraction for *shall have him*"! &c.)

[4] *But yet, or ere you part, &c.*] Varied from part of the first verse of a song (No. 15) printed in *The first Booke of Songes or Ayres of foure parts with Tableture for the Lute,* &c. 1597, by Dowland:

"Wilt thou, unkind, thus reaue me of my heart
and so leaue me?
Farewell; but yet or ere I part (O cruell),
Kisse me sweete, my Jewell."

[5] *rebecks*] i. e. stringed instruments, played with a bow, — a sort of fiddles.

[6] *a youth dances*] "This appears to have been a frequent practice in the ancient theatres to amuse the audience between the acts. The same practice prevailed on the Spanish stage of the seventeenth century." WEBER.

[7] *ride the wild mare*] "A game which seems to have been popular at the time." WEBER. "Is," says Douce, "another name for the childish sport of *see-saw*, or what the French call *bascule* and *balançoire.*" *Illust. of Shakespeare,* i. 458.

[8] *God's* ——] The editors of 1778 and Weber printed "*God's* wounds," without informing their readers that the latter word is not in the old eds.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of* VENTUREWELL.

Enter VENTUREWELL *and* HUMPHREY.

Vent. And how, faith,[1] how goes it now, son Humphrey?
Hum. Right worshipful, and my beloved friend
And father dear, this matter's at an end.
Vent. 'Tis well; it should be so: I'm glad the girl
Is found so tractable.
Hum. Nay, she must whirl
From hence (and you must wink; for so, I say,
The story tells,) to-morrow before day.
Wife. *George, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be a match? tell me but what thou thinkest, sweet rogue. Thou seest the poor gentleman, dear heart, how it labours and throbs, I warrant you, to be at rest! I'll go move the father for't.*
Cit. *No, no; I prithee, sit still, honeysuckle; thou'lt spoil all. If he deny him, I'll bring half-a-dozen good fellows myself, and in the shutting of an evening knock't up, and there's an end.*
Wife. *I'll buss thee for that, i'faith, boy. Well, George, well, you have been a way in your days, I warrant you; but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.*
Vent. How was it, son? you told me that to-morrow,
Before day-break, you must convey her hence.
Hum. I must, I must; and thus it is agreed:
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed,
I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian,
The honest host of the Red roaring Lion,
In Waltham situate. Then, if you may,
Consent in seemly sort; lest, by delay,
The Fatal Sisters come, and do the office,
And then you'll sing another song.
Vent. Alas,
Why should you be thus full of grief to me,
That do as willing as yourself agree
To any thing, so it be good and fair?
Then, steal her when you will, if such a pleasure.
Content you both; I'll sleep and never see it,
To make your joys more full. But tell me why
You may not here perform your marriage?
Wife. *God's blessing o' thy soul, old man! i'faith, thou art loath to part true hearts. I see 'a has her, George; and I'm as glad on't! — Well, go thy ways, Humphrey, for a fair-spoken man; I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of London; an I should say the suburbs too, I should not lie. — Why dost not rejoice with me, George?*
Cit. *If I could but see Ralph again, I were as merry as mine host, i'faith.*
Hum. The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare —
Help me, O Muses nine! Your daughter sware
A foolish oath, the more it was the pity;
Yet no one[2] but myself within this city
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble science:[3]
And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?
Truly, I cannot tell, unless it were
For her own ease; for, sure, sometimes an oath,
Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth;
And this it was she swore, never to marry
But such a one whose mighty arm could carry
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)
Her bodily away, through stick and stone,
Till both of us arrive, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham-forest.
Vent. If this be all, you shall not need to fear
Any denial in your love: proceed:
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.
Hum. Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,
And twenty more good nights, — that makes threescore! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *Waltham-forest.*

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL.

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; art thou not weary, boy?
Mich. No, forsooth, mother, not I.
Mist. Mer. Where be we now, child?
Mich. Indeed, forsooth, mother, I cannot tell, unless we be at Mile-End. Is not all the world Mile-End, mother?
Mist. Mer. No, Michael, not all the world, boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter: there has been a pitchfield,[4] my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed: my neighbour Coxstone was there, boy, and killed them all with a birding-piece.
Mich. Mother, forsooth —
Mist. Mer. What says my white boy?[5]
Mich. Shall not my father go with us too?
Mist. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up;[6] he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives; let him stay at home, and sing for his supper, boy. Come, child, sit down, and I'll shew my boy

[1] *faith*] Weber, for the metre, printed "i' *faith*."
[2] *no one*] Old eds. "none."

[3] *the noble science*] "Meaning the noble science of defence; a master of fencing." MASON.
[4] *Mile-End is a goodly matter: there has been a pitchfield*, &c.] "This must relate to some mock-fight which was fought at Mile-End, where the train-bands of the city were often exercised. One of the ballads mentioned by the fiddler in *Monsieur Thomas*, act iii. sc. 3, is 'The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the Bloody Battle at Mile-End.' Again in the epilogue to *A Wife for a Month*, 'the action at Mile-End' alludes to the same or a similar mock-fight." WEBER.
[5] *white boy*] "This was a usual term of endearment at the time." WEBER.
[6] *go snick-up*] "This phrase, which occurs again in act iii. sc. 2, is equivalent to 'go hang,' as will appear from the following lines in Taylor's *Praise of Hempseed*:

'A Tiburne hempen-caudell well will cure you.
It can cure traytors, but I hold it fit
T' apply't ere they the treason doe commit:
Wherefore in Sparta it ycleped was
Snickup, which is in English, gallow-grasse.'"
[p. 66 — *Workes*, 1630.] WEBER.

Nares (*Gloss. in v.*) observes that Weber was here more fortunate than usual in his annotation; and conjectures "that *neck-up* or *his neck-up* was the original notion." Richardson (*Dict. in v. Sneck*) says "q. d. *Snick*-up, *catch*-up, *latch*-up, the noose or cord."

fine knacks, indeed. [*They sit down: and she takes out a casket.*] Look here, Michael; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold by th' eye, my boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this, mother?

Mist. Mer. Ay, Michael, thou shalt have all, Michael.

Cit. *How likest thou this, wench?*

Wife. *I cannot tell;*[1] *I would have Ralph, George; I'll see no more else, indeed, la; and I pray you, let the youths understand so much by word of mouth; for, I tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise: the child's a fatherless child; and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins,*[2] *'twere worse than knot-grass;*[3] *he would never grow after it.*

Enter RALPH, TIM, *and* GEORGE.

Cit. *Here's Ralph, here's Ralph!*

Wife. *How do you, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say: it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are thy friends, Ralph; the gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou playest thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a' God's name!*

Ralph. My trusty squire, unlace my helm; give me my hat.
Where are we, or what desert may this be?

George. Mirror of knighthood,[4] this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham-down; in whose bottom stands the enchanted valley.

Mist. Mer. Oh, Michael, we are betrayed, we are betrayed! here be giants! Fly, boy! fly, boy, fly!

[*Exit with* MICHAEL, *leaving the casket.*

Ralph. Lace on my helm again. What noise is this?
A gentle lady, flying the embrace
Of some uncourteous knight! I will relieve her.
Go, squire, and say, the Knight, that wears this Pestle
In honour of all ladies, swears revenge
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her;
Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That bears her company.

Tim. I go, brave knight. [*Exit.*

Ralph. My trusty dwarf and friend, reach me my shield;
And hold it while I swear. First, by my knighthood;
Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul,
My famous ancestor; then by my sword
The beauteous Brionella girt about me;
By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour
The living trophy; and by all respect
Due to distressèd damsels; here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair lady
And that forsaken squire till by my valour
I gain their liberty!

George. Heaven bless the knight
That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen!

[*Exeunt.*

Wife. *Ay, marry, Ralph, this has some savour in't; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, George, I will not have him go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall: call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again; I prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an thou lovest me, George!*

Cit. *Peace a little, bird: he shall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there are.*

Enter JASPER.

Jasp. Now, Fortune, if thou be'st not only ill,
Shew me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length,
And stand.[5] This is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. Oh, age,
Where only wealthy men are counted happy!
How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles,
When I am only rich in misery?
My father's blessing and this little coin
Is my inheritance; a strong revenue!
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee: [*Throws away the money.*
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air
Breeds me a fresher fortune. — How! illusion? [*Sees the casket.*
What, hath the devil coin'd himself before me?
'Tis metal good, it rings well; I am waking,
And taking too, I hope. Now, God's dear blessing
Upon his heart that left it here! 'tis mine;
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine.

[*Exit with the casket.*

Wife. *I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embezzle*[6] *away the money; the poor gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows.*

Cit. *And reason good, sweetheart.*

Wife. *But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale in's ear shall fetch him again with a wanion,*[7] *I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides, George, here are a number of sufficient gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself, and the musicians, if we be called in question.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter RALPH *and* GEORGE.

But here comes Ralph, George; thou shalt hear him speak as[8] *he were an emperal.*

[1] *I cannot tell*] i. e. I know not what to say or think of it.
[2] *gaskins*] i. e. hose, breeches.
[3] *knot-grass*] Was supposed, if taken in an infusion, to prevent the growth of any animal: hence Shakespeare;
"You minimus, of hindering *knot-grass* made."
Midsummer-Night's Dream, act iii. sc. 2, — where Steevens quotes the present passage, and another from *The Coxcomb*, act ii. sc. 2.
[4] *Mirror of knighthood*] See note p. 278.
[5] *stand*] A word seems to have dropt out: qy. "*stand* secure"?
[6] *embezzle*] Used here probably in the same sense as *bezzle* in p. 279.
[7] *with a wanion*] Equivalent to — with a vengeance, with a plague. *Wanion*, written also *wannion*, comes, according to Gifford, "from *wan*, (*vaandr*, Dutch, a rod or wand) of which *wannie* and *wannion* are familiar diminutives." Introd. to Ford's *Works*, p. cxlvi. See also Richardson's *Dict. in v. Wanion.*
[8] *as*] Weber printed, with the first 4to. "an"!

Ralph. Comes not sir squire again?
George. Right courteous knight,
Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,
For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it.[1]

Enter TIM, *Mistress* MERRYTHOUGHT, *and* MICHAEL.

Ralph. Madam, if any service or devoir
Of a poor errant knight may right your wrongs,
Command it; I am prest[2] to give you succour;
For to that holy end I bear my armour.
Mist. Mer. Alas, sir, I am a poor gentlewoman, and I have lost my money in this forest!
Ralph. Desert, you would say, lady; and not lost
Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your tears,
Which ill befit[3] the beauty of that face,
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.
Mist. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your mastership, you looked so grim, and, as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a giant than a mortal man.
Ralph. I am as you are, lady; so are they;
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire?
Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep, do you think, when he hath lost his inheritance?
Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not; I am here
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dares deny
Distressed squires and ladies equity.
I have but one horse, on[4] which shall ride
This lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous squire: fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed
Beside us, squire and dwarf, to do us need!
[*Exeunt.*

Cit. *Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do? by the faith of my body, wench, for clean action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.*

Wife. *And so they may, i'faith; for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve Companies of London cannot match him, timber for timber. Well, George, an he be not inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel: but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankful.*

Cit. *Yes, I warrant thee, duckling.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter HUMPHREY *and* LUCE.

Hum. Good mistresss Luce, however I in fault am
For your lame horse, you're welcome unto Waltham;
But which way now to go, or what to say,
I know not truly, till it be broad day.
Luce. Oh, fear not, master Humphrey; I am guide
For this place good enough.
Hum. Then, up and ride;
Or, if it please you, walk, for your repose
Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose;
Either of which shall be indifferent
To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent
Is so entangled ever to your will,
As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.
Luce. Faith, an you say the word, we'll e'en sit down,
And take a nap.
Hum. 'Tis better in the town,
Where we may nap together; for, believe me,
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.
Luce. You're merry, master Humphrey.
Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my dam.
Luce. Your nurse had the less labour.
Hum. Faith, it may be,
Unless it were by chance I did beray me.[5]

Enter JASPER.

Jasp. Luce! dear friend Luce!
Luce. Here, Jasper.
Jasp. You are mine.
Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine:
What do you think I am?
Jasp. An arrant noddy.

1 *Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady, For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it*] Here Sympson appealed to the reader,—"could such nonsense ever flow from such standard writers as ours were?" declared that the first word of the second line was "the most unlucky *for* that e'er was wrote;" and, as "the only way to retrieve our authors' credit," gave the lines with the following emendation;

"*Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady*
Fair, and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it."

The Editors of 1778 thought it necessary to "go further before this passage is cleared of corruption;" and they accordingly printed,—

"*Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady.*
Ralph. Fair! *and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it!*
Madam, if any service," &c.

Ralph, they tell us, "first addresses himself both to Mrs. Merrythought and Michael: her he calls *Fair!*" &c. Weber, finding perhaps that it was impossible to "go further" than the Editors of 1778, contented himself with their alteration of the passage.

Now, the old eds are perfectly right, and the modern editors utterly wrong. The expression "*for and*" is not unfrequently used by our early writers:

"Syr Gy, Syr Gawen, Syr Cayus, *for and* Syr Olyuere."
Skelton's second poem *Against Garnesche*, — *Works*, i. 119 ed. Dyce.

"A hippocrene, a tweak, *for and* a fucus."
Middleton's *Fair Quarrel*, act v. sc. 1. — *Works*, iii. 544. ed. Dyce.

"A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet."
Hamlet, act v. sc. i.

(where Shakespeare's recent editors separate the words thus, "For — and.")

"*Squire of Damsels*," as Mason observes, is an allusion to Spenser's *Squire of Dames*; see *F. Queene*, B. iii. C. vii., st. 51, &c.

2 *prest*] "i. e. ready." WEBER.

3 *befit*] Old eds. "befits."

4 *on*] Sympson printed, for the metre, "upon;" and so his successors.

5 *beray me*] i. e. befoul myself.

Hum. A word of obloquy! Now, by God's body,
I'll tell thy master; for I know thee well.
Jasp. Nay, an you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that; and tell him, sir, I gave it;
And say, I paid you well. [*Beats him.*
Hum. Oh, sir, I have it,
And do confess the payment! Pray, be quiet.
Jasp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones.
Luce. Alas, poor Humphrey!
Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and comfrey;
A little oil of roses and a feather
To 'noint thy back withal.
Hum. When I came hither,
Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory![1]
Luce. Farewell, my pretty nump; I am very sorry
I cannot bear thee company.
Hum. Farewell:
The devil's dam was ne'er so bang'd in hell.
[*Exeunt* LUCE *and* JASPER.

Wife. *This young Jasper will prove me another things, o' my conscience, an he may be suffered. George, dost not see, George, how 'a swaggers, and flies at the very heads o' folks, as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his lesson for wronging the poor gentleman, I am no true woman. His friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, i-wis,[2] than have taught him these fegaries: he's e'en in the highway to the gallows, God bless him!*

Cit. *You're too bitter, cony; the young man may do well enough for all this.*

Wife. *Come hither, master Humphrey; has he hurt you? now, beshrew his fingers for't! Here, sweetheart, here's some green ginger for thee. Now, beshrew my heart, but 'a has peppernel in's head, as big as a pullet's egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat! Take the peace on him, sweetheart, take the peace on him.*

Cit. *No, no; you talk like a foolish woman: I'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge him up well-favouredly. — Sirrah boy, come hither.* [Enter Boy.] *Let Ralph come in and fight with Jasper.*

Wife. *Ay, and beat him well; he's an unhappy[3] boy.*

Boy. *Sir, you must pardon us; the plot of our play lies contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play.*

Cit. *Plot me no plots! I'll ha' Ralph come out; I'll make your house too hot for you else.*

Boy. *Why, sir, he shall; but if any thing fall out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us.*

Cit. *Go your ways, goodman boy!* [Exit Boy.] *I'll hold him a penny, he shall have his bellyful of fighting now. Ho, here comes Ralph! no more.*

SCENE V.[4] — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, TIM, *and* GEORGE.

Ralph. What knight is that, squire? ask him, if he keep
The passage, bound by love of lady fair,
Or else but prickant.[5]
Hum. Sir, I am no knight,
But a poor gentleman, that this same night
Had stolen from me, on[6] yonder green,
My lovely wife, and suffer'd (to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,
That whilst I live I shall think of that meeting.
Wife. *Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an thou sparest him, Ralph, I would thou wert hanged.*
Cit. *No more, wife, no more.*
Ralph. Where is the caitiff-wretch hath done this deed?
Lady, your pardon; that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious knight. —
And thou, fair squire, repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse
And the rich casket, till some better leisure.
Hum. Here comes the broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

Enter JASPER *and* LUCE.

Ralph. Go, squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant knight-at-arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him.
Tim. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, knight,
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady.
Jasp. Tell the knight that sent thee,
He is an ass; and I will keep the wench,
And knock his head-piece.
Ralph. Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.
Wife. *Break's pate, Ralph; break's pate, Ralph, soundly!*
Jasp. Come, knight; I am ready for you. Now your Pestle
[*Snatches away his pestle.*
Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar's of.
With that he stood upright[7] in his stirrups, and

[1] *John Dory*] "Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*, [iv. 381] says, 'The song of *John Dory*, with the tune to it, is printed in the *Deuteromelia, or the Second Part of Musick's Melodie*, 1609 [by Ravenscroft]. The legend of this person is, that being a sea-captain, or perhaps a pirate, he engaged to the king of France to bring the crew of an English ship bound as captives to Paris, and that accordingly he attempted to make prize of an English vessel, but was himself taken prisoner. The song of *John Dory*, and the tune to it, were a long time popular in England: in the comedy of *The Chances*, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, Antonio, a humorous old man, receives a wound, which he will not suffer to be dressed but upon condition that the song of *John Dory* be sung the while." *Ed.* 1778. See the song itself in a note on *The Chances*, act iii. sc. 2.

[2] *i-wis*] i. e. truly, certainly.

[3] *unhappy*] "Was formerly used in the sense of wicked, mischievous." WEBER. As we still say *unlucky*.

[4] *Scene* V.] Though Humphrey had not quitted the stage, having been detained by the Citizen's Wife, there can be no doubt that the audience were to *imagine* a change of scene on the entrance of Ralph: I have already noticed more than once that our early theatres were not furnished with moveable paint d scenery.

[5] *prickant*] "i. e. pricking or spurring along, bound on a journey." WEBER.

[6] *on*] Sympson printed, for the metre, "upon;" and so his successors.

[7] *With that he stood upright*, &c.] Quoted, or parodied, from some romance.

gave the Knight of the calf-skin such a knock [*knocks* RALPH *down*], that he forsook his horse, and down he fell; and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet ——

Hum. Nay, and my noble knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.
[*Exit.*

Wife. *Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life, boy; Jasper comes, Jasper comes!*
[*Exit* RALPH.

Jasp. Come, Luce, we must have other arms for you:
Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu!
[*Exeunt.*

Wife. *Sure the devil (God bless us!) is in this springald!*[1] *Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-drake?*[2] *I am afraid my boy's miscarried: if he be, though he were master Merrythought's son a thousand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some of them smart for't.*

Cit. *No, no; I have found out the matter, sweetheart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted: he could no more have stood in Ralph's hands than I can stand in my lord mayor's. I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet: be no more vexed, for it shall be so.*

SCENE VI. — *Before the Bell-Inn, Waltham.*

Enter RALPH, MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, TIM, *and* GEORGE.

Wife. *Oh, husband, here's Ralph again! — Stay, Ralph, let me speak with thee. How dost thou, Ralph? art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great lungies*[3] *laid unmercifully on thee: there's some sugar-candy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.*

Cit. *If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more.*

Mist. Mer. Truly, master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed, la, mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort, gentle dame, and your[4] fair squire;
For in this desert there must needs be plac'd
Many strong castles, held by courteous knights;
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. *Well said, Ralph! — George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?*

Cit. *Yes, duck.*

Wife. *I shall ne'er forget him. When we had lost our child, (you know it was strayed almost alone to Puddle-Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drowned itself but for a sculler,) Ralph was the most comfortablest to me: "Peace, mistress," says he, "let it go; I'll get you*[5] *another as good." Did he not, George? did he not say so?*

Cit. *Yes, indeed did he, mouse.*

George. I would we had a mess of pottage and a pot of drink, squire, and were going to bed!

Tim. Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell-Inn.

George Take courage, valiant knight, damsel, and squire!
I have discover'd, not a stone's cast off,
An ancient castle, held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain:
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his guests;
The first, hight[6] Chamberlino, who will see
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd hams;[7]
The second, hight Tapstero, who will see
Our pots full fillèd, and no froth therein;
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,
Who will our palfreys slick with wisps of straw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff.[8]

Wife. *That same dwarf's a pretty boy, but the squire's a groutnol.*[9]

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance. [*Tim knocks at the door.*

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Who's there? — You're welcome, gentlemen: will you see a room?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the squire Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair squire Tapstero, I a wandering knight,
Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought;
Where, hearing of the goodly entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damsels and all errant knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. *George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.*

Cit. *What is it, Nell?*

Wife. *Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? prithee, sweetheart, let him.*

Cit. *So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock them all.*

[1] *springald*] "i. e. youth." WEBER.
[2] *fire-drake*] i. e. fiery-dragon.
[3] *lungies*] i. e. long, awkward fellow.
[4] *your*] Weber gave with the first 4to. "you:" but compare a subsequent passage, p. 290, where all the old eds. have "fair lady, and *your* tender squire."
[5] *you*] Omitted by Weber!

[6] *hight*] i. e. called.
[7] *Where never footman stretched his butter'd hams*] An allusion, as Weber observes, to running footmen, who used to have their legs greased.
[8] *And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff*] "A common trick of the ostlers at the time to prevent the horses from eating the hay." WEBER.
[9] *groutnol*] i. e. thick-head, blockhead. Sympson and the Editors of 1778 gave "grout-nold;" — the reading of one of the 4tos. of 1635, and of folio 1679, and a not uncommon form of the word.

SCENE VII. — *A Room in the House of* VENTUREWELL.

Enter HUMPHREY *and* VENTUREWELL.

Wife. *Oh, George, here's master Humphrey again now that lost mistress Luce, and mistress Luce's father. Master Humphrey will do somebody's errand, I warrant him.*

Hum. Father, it's true in arms I ne'er shall clasp her;
For she is stoln away by your man Jasper.

Wife. *I thought he would tell him.*

Vent. Unhappy that I am, to lose my child!
Now I begin to think on Jasper's words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness:
Why didst thou let her go? thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father, forgive me. Shall I tell you true?
Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue:
Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge-binding.

Vent. Get men and horses straight: we will be there
Within this hour. You know the place again?

Hum. I know the place where he my loins did swaddle:
I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Vent. Mean time I will go talk with Jasper's father. [*Exeunt severally.*

Wife. *George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that master Humphrey has not mistress Luce yet? speak, George, what wilt thou lay with me?*

Cit. *No, Nell; I warrant thee, Jasper is at Puckeridge with her by this.*

Wife. *Nay, George, you must consider, mistress Luce's feet are tender; and besides 'tis dark; and, I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham-forest with her yet.*

Cit. *Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me, that Ralph has her not yet?*

Wife. *I will not lay against Ralph, honey, because I have not spoken with him.*

SCENE VIII. — *A Room in* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.

But, look, George, peace! here comes the merry old gentleman again.

Mer. [*sings*]

When it was grown[1] to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

I have money, and meat, and drink beforehand, till to-morrow at noon; why should I be sad? methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits within me; [*Sings.*

I am three merry men,[2] and three merry men!

To what end should any man be sad in this world? give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries, [*Sings.*

Troul the black bowl to me![3]

and a woman that will sing a catch in her travail! I have seen a man come by my door with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hat-band, carrying his head as if he looked for pins in the street; I have looked out of my window half a year after, and have spied that man's head upon London-bridge. 'Tis vile: never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work; his mind is of[4] nothing but filching.

Wife. *Mark this, George; 'tis worth noting, Godfrey, my tailor, you know, never sings, and he had fourteen yards to make this gown: and I'll be sworn, mistress Penistone the draper's wife had one made with twelve.*

Mer. [*sings*]

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease;
No man dies of that disease
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes,
Or meets with aches[5] in the bone,
Or catarrhs or griping stone;
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. *Look, George; how sayst thou by this, George? is't not a fine old man? — Now, God's blessing o' thy sweet lips! — When wilt thou be so merry, George? faith, thou art the frowningest little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.*

Cit. *Peace, cony; thou shalt see him taken down too, I warrant thee.*

Enter VENTUREWELL.

Here's Luce's father come now.

[1] *When it was grown, &c.*] "This stanza is from the ballad of Fair Margaret and Sweet William, Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 121, ed. 1794, where it is thus given [from "a modern printed copy"]:

'When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret
And stood at William's feet.'

The quotation in the text, and another at the end of the third act, gav rise to Mallet's Margaret's Ghost." WEBER. Mallet mentions only the present stanza as the origin of his ballad.

[2] *I am three merry men, &c.*] In *Twelfth-Night*, act ii. sc. 3, "*Three merry men be we*" occurs as the fragment of a song; and the commentators have cited various passages from plays and ballads, which contain the same expression, and which need not be repeated here: see Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), xi. 393.

[3] *Troul the black bowl to me*] Is probably, Weber says, the catch which is quoted by Hawkins (*Hist. of Music*, iii. 22,) from Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609;

"Trole, trole the bowl to me,
And I will trole the same again to thee," &c.

[4] *of*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "on;" and so Weber: but they ought to have recollected that *of* in the sense of *on* was formerly very common.

[5] *aches*] A dissyllable.

Mer. [*sings*]

As you came[1] from Walsingham,
From that[2] holy land,
There met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

Vent. Oh, master Merrythought, my daughter's gone! This mirth becomes you not; my daughter's gone!

Mer. [*sings*]

Why, an if she be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Vent. Mock not my misery; it is your son
(Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him,)
Has stoln my only joy, my child, away.

Mer. [*sings*]

He set her[3] on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a grey;
He never turned his face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Vent. Unworthy of the kindness I have shewn
To thee and thine! too late I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

Mer. Your daughter! what a stir's here wi' your daughter! Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing, [*Sings.*

Down, down, down they fall;
Down, and arise they never shall.

Vent. Oh, might I behold[4] her once again,
And she once more embrace her aged sire!

Mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes! "And she once more embrace her aged sire!" You'll make a dog on her, will ye?[5] she cares much for her aged sire, I warrant you. [*Sings.*

She cares not for her daddy, nor
She cares not for her mammy,
For she is, she is, she is, she is
My lord of Lowgave's lassy.

Vent. For this thy scorn I will pursue that son
Of thine to death.

Mer. Do; and when you ha' killed him, [*Sings.*

Give him flowers enow, palmer, give him flowers enow;
Give him red, and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Vent. I'll fetch my daughter ——

Mer. I'll hear no more o' your daughter; it spoils my mirth.

Vent. I say, I'll fetch my daughter.

Mer. [*sings.*]

Was never man[6] for lady's sake,
Down, down,
Tormented as I poor Sir Guy,
De derry down,
For Lucy's sake, that lady bright,
Down, down,
As ever men beheld with eye,
De derry down.

Vent. I'll be revenged, by heaven! [*Exeunt severally.*

Wife. *How dost thou like this, George?*

Cit. *Why, this is well, cony; but if Ralph were hot once, thou shouldst see more.* [Music.

Wife. *The fiddlers go again, husband.*

Cit. *Ay, Nell; but this is scurvy music. I gave the whoreson gallows money,*[7] *and I think he has not got me the waits of Southwark: if I hear 'em*[8] *not anan, I'll twinge him by the ears.—You musicians, play Baloo!*[9]

Wife. *No, good George; let's ha' Lachrymæ.*[10]

Cit. *Why, this is it, cony.*

Wife. *It's all the better, George. Now, sweet lamb, what story is that painted upon the cloth?*[11] *the Confutation of St. Paul?*

[1] *As you came*, &c.] "From a ballad printed in Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 94, ed. 1794, where the stanza runs thus:

'As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsingham,
O, met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?'" WEBER.

[2] *that*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "the;" and so the modern editors. It may be necessary to remind the reader that at Walsingham, in Norfolk, there was a famous image of the Virgin Mary.

[3] *He set her*, &c.] "A similar verse occurs in the ballad called The Douglas Tragedy, printed in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. ii. p. 217 [ed. 1810]: —

'He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.'" WEBER.

And in *The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter*:

"He sett her on a milk-white steede,
And himself upon a graye;
He hung a bugle about his necke,
And soe they rode awaye."
Percy's *Reliques*, &c. iii. 76, ed. 1794.

Perhaps the verse, as given by Merrythought, may exist in some ballad with which I am unacquainted.

[4] *I behold*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "but *I behold*," and Weber "*I but behold.*"

[5] *You'll make a dog on her, will ye?*] "We usually talk of a dog's sire and dam." WEBER.

[6] *Was never man*, &c.] "A stanza from The Legend of Sir Guy: Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 102, ed. 1794: —

'Was ever knight for ladyes sake
Soe tost in love, as I sir Guy
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye.'

The ballad is again quoted in The Little French Lawyer [Act ii. sc. 3.]" WEBER.

[7] *I gave the whoreson gallows money*] *Gallows* is a common term of reproach, meaning, one who deserves the gallows; yet Weber printed "*I gave the whoreson* gallows-money"!

[8] *'em*] Old eds. "him;" — a frequent misprint.

[9] *Baloo*] "See Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 196 [197 ed. 1794], Lady Anne Bothwell's Lamentation; in which the concluding lines of each stanza are these;

'*Balow*, my babe, lie stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.'"
Ed. 1778.

"There are several other popular songs which have a similar burden, but the text alludes to the tune, which was still popular in the reign of Charles II." WEBER.

[10] *Lachrymæ*] "This tune is frequently mentioned in these volumes." WEBER. Gifford (note on Massinger's *Works*, iii. 232, ed. 1813) cites the present passage as if it alluded to a celebrated work by Dowland, entitled *Lachrymæ, or Seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans*, &c.; and Weber elsewhere, Nares (Gloss. in v.), and I myself in a former publication, have fallen into the same error, — mistaking the tune called *Lachrymæ* for the musical volume which bears that title. Mr. Chappell obligingly informs me that "the tune called *Lachrymæ*, composed by Dowland, is often to be met with: it is in two MSS. of Dowland's (consisting of lute-music) in the Public Library at Cambridge, in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," &c.

[11] *the cloth*] Weber is probably right in explaining this to mean the curtains in front of the stage, what we now call the drop-scene: there were, however, other curtains in the rear of the stage, called *traverses*. Jonson in his address "To the Reader" before his *New Inn* mentions "*the faces* in the hangings" of the stage.

Cit. *No, lamb; that's Ralph and Lucrece.*
Wife. *Ralph and Lucrece! which Ralph? our Ralph?*
Cit. *No, mouse; that was a Tartarian.*[1]
Wife. *A Tartarian! Well, I would the fiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again!*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Waltham-forest.*

Enter JASPER *and* LUCE.

Jasp. Come, my dear dear;[2] though we have lost our way,
We have not lost ourselves. Are you not weary
With this night's wandering, broken from your rest,
And frighted with the terror that attends
The darkness of this wild unpeopled place?
Luce. No, my best friend; I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers,
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,
Whilst I (possess'd with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.
Jasp. You have caught me, Luce, so fast, that, whilst I live,
I shall become your faithful prisoner,
And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down,
And rest your body, too, too delicate
For these disturbances. [*They sit down.*] So: will you sleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are;
I know you are not skilful in these watches,
For women are no soldiers: be not nice,
But take it; sleep, I say.
Luce. I cannot sleep;
Indeed, I cannot, friend.
Jasp. Why, then, we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our senses.
Luce. I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.
Jasp. Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that enchanting voice.
Luce. You mock me, Jasper. [*They sing.*

Jasp. Tell me, dearest, what is love?[3]
Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire;
'Tis a smile
Doth beguile
Jasp. The poor hearts of men that prove.

Tell me more, are women true?
Luce. Some love change, and so do you.
Jasp. Are they fair, and never kind?
Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.
Jasp. Are they froward?
Luce. Ever toward
Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more; I see the god
Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace
Upon your eyelids.
Luce. I am very heavy. [*Sleeps.*
Jasp. Sleep, sleep; and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts!
Keep from her fair blood distempers,[4] startings,
Horrors, and fearful shapes! let all her dreams
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul
Gives to the senses! — So; my charms have took. —
Keep her, you powers divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind!
She is only fair and constant, only kind,
And only to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joys!
Whither will you transport me? let not fullness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And overcharge my spirits! I am weak.
Some say (however ill) the sea and women
Are govern'd by the moon; both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes; yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are
And heresies, to bring on pleasing war
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love and present fear;
Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men!
Which to make good, and please myself the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after-times her constancy. —
[*Draws his sword.*
Luce! Luce! awake!
Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distemper'd looks? what makes your sword
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?
I prithee, Jasper, sleep; thou art wild with watching.
Jasp. Come, make your way to heaven, and bid the world,
With all the villainies that stick upon it,
Farewell; you're for another life.

[1] *That was a Tartarian*] "The citizen's mistake and his wife's consequent surprise will not be understood without recollecting that *Tartarian* was a cant term for a thief. So in The Merry Devil of Edmonton, the Host says — 'There's not a *Tartarian* nor a carrier shall breathe upon your geldings; they have villainous rank feet, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my linen.' And in The Wandering Jew, 1640, as quoted by Mr. Reed, the Hangman says — 'I pray, master Jew, bestow a cast of your office upon me, a poor member of the law, by telling me my fortune, whether I shall die in my bed or no, or what else shall happen to me; and if any *thieving Tartarian* shall break in upon you, I will with both hands nimbly lend a cast of my office to him.'" WEBER, — who was indebted to the Index of Dodsley's *Old Plays* for these examples of a word, not of common occurrence, and the meaning of which they leave somewhat indefinite.

[2] *dear dear*] Weber printed "*dear* deer"!

[3] *Tell me, dearest, what is love, &c.*] This song, with variations, and the addition of a third stanza, occurs in *The Captain*, act ii. sc. 2.

[4] *distempers*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "all *distempers*:" and so his successors. Something perhaps may have dropt out from the line: it is nevertheless certain that our early poets very frequently used *fair* as a dissyllable.

Luce. Oh, Jasper,
How have my tender years committed evil,
Especially against the man I love,
Thus to be cropp'd untimely?
Jasp. Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flu g me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come; by this hand you die;
I must have life and blood, to satisfy
Your father's wrongs.
Wife. *Away, George, away! raise the watch at Ludgate, and bring a mittimus from the justice for this desperate villain! — Now, I charge you, gentlemen, see the king's peace kept! — Oh, my heart, what a varlet's this, to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentlewoman!*
Cit. *I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.*
Luce. Oh, Jasper, be not cruel!
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me;
I am a woman, made of fear and love,
A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes,
They shoot me through and through: strike, I am ready;
And, dying, still I love thee.

Enter VENTUREWELL, HUMPHREY, *and* Attendants.

Vent. Whereabouts?
Jasp. No more of this; now to myself again. [*Aside.*
Hum. There, there he stands, with sword, like martial knight,
Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the fight,
You that be wise; for, were I good Sir Bevis,[1]
I would not stay his coming, by your leavés.
Vent. Sirrah, restore my daughter!
Jasp. Sirrah, no.
Vent. Upon him, then!
[*They attack* JASPER, *and force* LUCE *from him.*
Wife. *So; down with him, down with him, down with him! cut him i' the leg, boys, cut him i' the leg!*
Vent. Come your ways, minion: I'll provide a cage
For you, you're grown so tame. — Horse her away.
Hum. Truly, I'm glad your forces have the day. [*Exeunt all except* JASPER.
Jasp. They are gone, and I am hurt; my love is lost,
Never to get again. Oh, me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed and die! I cannot. Oh, my folly,
Thou hast betray'd me! Hope, where art thou fled?
Tell me, if thou be'st any where remaining,
Shall I but see my love again? Oh, no!
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.
Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving[2] live, or losing die! [*Exit.*
Wife. *Is 'a gone, George?*
Cit. *Ay, cony.*
Wife. *Marry, and let him go, sweetheart. By the faith o' my body, 'a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an aspen-leaf; look o' my little finger, George, how it shakes. Now, in truth, every member of my body is the worse for't.*
Cit. *Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse; he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine own dear heart, how it quivers!*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Bell-Inn, Waltham.*

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, RALPH, MICHAEL, TIM, GEORGE, Host, *and* Tapster.

Wife. *Oh, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph? how hast thou slept to-night? has the knight used thee well?*
Cit. *Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone.*
Tap. Master, the reckoning is not paid.
Ralph. Right courteous knight, who, for the order's sake
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffen'd with hard achievements in wild desert.
Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.
Ralph. Thou merry squire Tapstero, thanks to thee
For comforting our souls with double jug:[3]
And, if adventurous fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair;
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
And false enchanters that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.
Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a true knight, I will not bate a penny.
Wife. *George, I prithee, tell me, must Ralph pay twelve shillings now?*
Cit. *No, Nell, no; nothing but the old knight is merry with Ralph.*
Wife. *Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he.*
Ralph. Sir knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well;
But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your squires will follow arms,
He shall receive from my heroic hand
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.
Host. Fair knight, I thank you[4] for your noble offer:

[1] *Sir Bevis*] Sir Bevis of Hampton, a celebrated hero of romance.

[2] *loving*] "Means here, possessing her I love." MASON.

[3] *double jug*] Mentioned by Cleveland in *The Rebel Scot*;
"Or which of the Dutch States a *double Jug*
Resembles most in Belly or in Beard."
Works, p. 41, ed. 1687.

[4] *Fair knight, I thank you*, &c.] So this speech is arranged in all the old eds., and was evidently intended for verse, (in

Therefore, gentle knight,
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap[1] you.

Wife. *Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? the Knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be beholding*[2] *to him: give him his money, George, and let him go snick-up.*[3]

Cit. *Cap Ralph! no. — Hold your hand, sir Knight of the Bell; there's your money* [gives money]: *have you any thing to say to Ralph now? — Cap Ralph!*

Wife. *I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that. — Now take thy course, Ralph.*

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket: shall we, Michael?

Mich. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

Wife. *Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ancles, with a mouse-skin; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and, I warrant you, he shall be well; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them; it's very sovereign for his head, if he be costive.*

Mist. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire.
If pricking through these deserts, I do hear
Of any traitorous knight, who through his guile
Hath light[4] upon your casket and your purse,
I will despoil him of them, and restore them.

Mist. Mer. I thank your worship.
[*Exit with* MICHAEL.

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield; squire, elevate my lance: —
And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell.

Cit. *Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.*

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight,
If aught you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant knight[5] may through his prowess win
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Host. Sir knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame;
And where I would not have you lose your life
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, sir knight; tell what he is and where:
For here I vow, upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze[6] a day in quietness,
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this distressèd town,
There doth stand a lowly house,[7]
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won,[8]
Yclepèd Barbarossa:[9] in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turn'd up; and him before he wears
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massacres
And ladies gent: without his door doth hang
A copper basin on a prickant spear;
At which no sooner gentle knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce Barbarossa hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted chair;
Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown;
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord,[10]
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off,[11] he doth fill

which the Host afterwards speaks,) though Weber printed it as prose. The incomplete sense shows that some words which preceded "Therefore" have dropt out from the second line.

1 *cap*] "With the nature of this *punishment*," says Weber, "I am not acquainted. *That it continued in use till the eighteenth century* will be seen by the following quotation," &c. Had he never heard of a *capias*? to *cap* is to arrest.

2 *beholding*] i. e. beholden, — a form common in our old writers.

3 *go snick-up*] See note p. 281.

4 *light*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "lit."

5 *knight*] Old eds. "knights."

6 *blaze*] This reading has not been questioned by any of the editors: but is it not a misprint, — occasioned perhaps by the eye of the original compositor having caught the word "blazing" in the preceding line? The sense seems to require "lose" or "pass."

7 *There doth stand a lowly house*] Something seems to have dropt out here. Sympson's "anonymous friend" proposed, —

"A mansion *there doth stand*, a lonely *house*," —

observing that afterwards "'tis called a *mansion*."

8 *won*] "i. e. dwell." SYMPSON.

9 *Barbarossa*] So the old eds. in the first speech of the Barber, sc. 4; in all the other passages where the name occurs, they have "Barbaroso." Sympson followed them exactly in giving the word "with a difference." His successors printed "Barbaroso" *passim*.

10 *of mighty bord*] "I conjecture the poets intended to say *bore*: so the cavity of a gun, cannon, &c., is commonly called." SYMPSON, — (who, it may be mentioned as a remarkable instance of obtuseness, — did not perceive that the utensil here spoken of is the barber's basin, but supposed it to be a piece of ordnance): — he accordingly printed "bore" in the text; and was followed by the Editors of 1778. "*Bord*," says Mason, "means rim or circumference. The word is used in this sense by Spenser." After all, it is only a corrupt form of *bore*: compare with the present passage Drayton's *Noah's Flood*:

"beside th' Artillery
Of fourescore pieces *of a mighty Boare*."
p. 103, ed. 1630.

11 *Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument With which he snaps his hair off*, &c.] The barber's "knack with his sheers or his fingers" is mentioned in Jonson's

The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise:
Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight with him. Kind sir,
Go but before me to this dismal cave,
Where this huge giant Barbarossa dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Rosicleer
That damnèd brood of ugly giants slew,
And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew,[1]
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted knight, thus far I will perform
This your request; I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,
For his[2] main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint George, set on before! march squire and page! [*Exeunt.*

Wife. *George, dost think Ralph will confound the giant?*

Cit. *I hold my cap to a farthing he does: why, Nell, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman,*[3] *and hurl him.*

Wife. *Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bigness. And yet they say there was a Scotchman higher than he, and that they two and a knight met,*[4] *and saw one another for nothing. But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, methinks the little child*[5] *that was so fair grown about the members was the prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite.*[6]

Cit. *Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie*[7] *was better.*

Wife. *Ninivie! oh, that was the story of Jone and the wall,*[8] *was it not, George?*

Cit. *Yes, lamb.*

SCENE III. — *Street before* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT.

Wife. *Look, George, here comes mistress Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph come and fight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to see't.*

Cit. *Good mistress Merrythought, begone, I pray you, for my sake; I pray you, forbear a little; you shall have audience presently; I have a little business.*

Wife. *Mistress Merrythought, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph have despatched the giant out of the way, we shall think ourselves much bound to you.*[9] [Exit Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT.] *I thank you, good mistress Merrythought.*

Cit. *Boy, come hither.* [Enter Boy.] *Send away Ralph and this whoreson giant quickly.*

Boy. *In good faith, sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our play, and make it to be hissed; and it cost money; you will not suffer us to go on with our plot. — I pray, gentlemen, rule him.*

Cit. *Let him come now and despatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.*

Boy. *Will you give me your hand of that?*

Wife. *Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll kiss him. I warrant thee, the youth means plainly.*

Boy. *I'll send him to you presently.*

Wife. [Kissing him.] *I thank you, little youth.* [Exit Boy.] *Faith, the child hath a sweet breath, George; but I think it be troubled with the worms; carduus benedictus and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't.*

SCENE IV. — *Before a Barber's Shop, Waltham.*

Enter RALPH, HOST, TIM, *and* GEORGE.

Oh, Ralph's here, George! — God send thee good luck, Ralph!

Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is.
Lo, where the spear and copper basin are!
Behold that string, on which hangs many a tooth,[10]

Silent Woman, act i. sc. 1, *Works*, vol. iii. 355, ed. Gifford, and in many other passages of our early writers. In Shadwell's *Translation of the tenth satire of Juvenal*, 1687 (to which Dryden is not without obligations),

"Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat"

is rendered, —

"Who *snapt his Fingers* at my youthful Chin."

1 *by that virtue that brave Rosicleer*
That damnèd brood of ugly giants slew,
And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew] "Rosicleer's adventures with the giants which infested the kingdom of Lira occur in *The Mirrour of Knighthood* (see note p. 278), and the combat of Palmerin and Frannarco is related in *Palmerin d'Olive* (see *ibid.*)." WEBER, — whose strange references to the *French* version of the former romance and to the *Dutch* translation of the latter, I have omitted.

2 *his*] Weber printed "this"!

3 *the great Dutchman*] Was possibly, Weber says, the same person who is mentioned as "the German fencer," in S. Rowley's *Noble Spanish Soldier*, as "the high German" in Middleton and Dekker's *Roaring Girl*, &c. I think not. "The great Dutchman" of our text seems to be described in the following passage of Stow: "This yeare [1581] were to be seene in London 2 Dutchmen of strange statures, *the one* in height seuen foote and seuen inches, in breadth betwixt the shoulders 3 quarters of a yard and an inch, the the compasse of his breast one yard and halfe and two inches, and about the wast one yard quarter and one inch, the length of his arme to the hand a full yard; a comely man of person, but lame of his legges (for he had broken them with lifting of a barrell of beere)." *Annales*, p. 694. ed. 1615. The other Dutchman was a dwarf.

4 *and a knight met*] Altered to "on *a* night *met*" by Sympson, who hopes the correction "will be allowed by every candid and judicious reader: *night* being the time when these men-monsters remove from place to place, thereby to prevent spoiling their market by exposing to common view what they would have the world pay dearly for the sight of." And so the Editors of 1778. Weber gave the reading of the old eds., observing that "perhaps the authors alluded to some known anecdote." — Qy. have the words "and a knight" been shuffled out of their right place in the sentence? and ought we to read, — "and yet they say there was a Scotchman *and a knight* higher than he, and that they two met, and saw one another for nothing"?

5 *the little child, &c.*] Is mentioned in Jonson's *Alchemist*, act v. sc. 1. — *Works*, iv. 161. ed. Gifford.

6 *the hermaphrodite*] "Perhaps," says Weber very foolishly, "the redoubted Moll Cut-purse, or Mary Frith, *who was commonly reputed to be a hermaphrodite*," &c. Poor Moll was assuredly a very notorious personage, but she was never one of "the sights" of London.

7 *Ninivie*] i. e. the motion or puppet-show of Nineveh, which appears to have been the most popular exhibition of the kind; the notices of it in our early writers, if collected, would occupy several pages.

8 *Jone and the wall*] Meaning, as Theobald (perhaps unnecessarily) observes, *Jonah and the whale.*

9 *bound to you*] So the first 4to. Later eds. (the compositor's eye having caught what immediately follows) "*bound to* thank *you*;" and so the modern editors.

10 *Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth*] "The barbers anciently displayed the teeth which they had drawn on a string or chain, which they sometimes wore about their persons. In the romance of Otuel, that champion

Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandering knights!
I dare not stay to sound; he will appear. [*Exit.*
Ralph. Oh, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear,
The cobbler's maid in Milk-street, for whose sake
I take these arms, oh, let the thought of thee
Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeds;
And, in the honour of thy beauteous self,
May I destroy this monster Barbarossa! —
Knock, squire, upon the basin, till it break
With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak.
[TIM *knocks upon the basin.*

Enter Barber.

Wife. *Oh, George, the giant, the giant! — Now, Ralph, for thy life!*
Bar. What fond[1] unknowing wight is this, that dares
So rudely knock at Barbarossa's cell,
Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind?
Ralph. I, traitorous caitiff, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against ladies gent
And errant knights. Traitor to God and men,
Prepare thyself; this is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.
Bar. Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby
This fond reproach: thy body will I bang;
[*Takes down his pole.*
And, lo, upon that string thy teeth shall hang!
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.
Ralph. Saint George for me!
Bar. Gargantua[2] for me! [*They fight.*
Wife. *To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant; set out thy leg before, Ralph!*
Cit. *Falsify a blow, Ralph, falsify a blow! the giant lies open on the left side.*
Wife. *Bear't off, bear't off still! there, boy! — Oh, Ralph's almost down, Ralph's almost down!*
Ralph. Susan, inspire me! now have up again.
Wife. *Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph! down with him, down with him, Ralph!*
Cit. *Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!*
[RALPH *knocks down the* Barber

having laid bare his adversary's jaw by a stroke of his faulchion, thus gibes him, v. 1311;

— 'Clarel, so mote thou thè,
Why sheuwestou thi teth to me?
I n' am no *toth drawere*;
Thou ne sest me no *cheine bere*.' [p. 71 of the ed. printed for the Abbotsford Club, were in the second line, "scheuwestou *the* teth."]

. . . . . and Cleveland, in his celebrated satire, entitled 'The Rebel Scot,' speaking of their national disposition to be mercenary soldiers, says,

'Nature with Scots as tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who use to string their teeth upon their belt.' [Weber's inaccurate citation of this couplet is now rectified.] See also Lazarillo's lamentation in the Woman-Hater, p. 112. From Southey's Letters from Spain, it seems that the practice is still prevalent in that country." WEBER.

[1] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[2] *Gargantua*] It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader here of Rabelais.

Wife. *There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph.*
Cit. *No, Ralph; get all out of him first.*
Ralph. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee! The just gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home
By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad Avernus, (whither it must go,)
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?
Bar. Go in, and free them all; thou hast the day.
Ralph. Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds. [*Exeunt* TIM *and* GEORGE.
Bar. I crave for mercy, as thou art a knight,
And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.
Ralph. Thou shew'd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any;
Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

Re-enter TIM *leading a* Man *winking, with a basin under his chin.*[3]

Tim. Behold, brave knight, here is one prisoner,
Whom this vild[4] man hath used as you see.
Wife. *This is the first wise word I heard the squire speak.*
Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,
That I may give him condign punishment.
Man. I am a knight that took my journey post
Northward from London; and in courteous wise
This giant train'd me to his loathsome den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch;
And all my body with a powder strew'd,
That smarts and stings; and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands tied;[5]
And with a water wash'd my tender eyes,
(Whilst up and down about me still he skipt,)
Whose virtue is, that, till my eyes be wip'd
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a dog i' the face.
Wife. *Alas, poor knight! — Relieve him, Ralph; relieve poor knights, whilst you live.*
Ralph. My trusty squire, convey him to the town,
Where he may find relief. — Adieu, fair knight.
[*Exit* Man *with* TIM, *who presently re-enters.*

Re-enter GEORGE, *leading a second* Man, *with a patch over his nose.*

George. Puissant Knight, of the Burning Pestle hight,[6]

[3] *under his chin*] To this stage-direction of the old eds., Weber adds, rather unnecessarily, "*as prepared for shaving.*"

[4] *vild*] i. e. vile. Old eds. "wilde" and "wild;" which Sympson gave; his successors printed "vile." See note p. 262.

[5] *And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands tied*] "In this fantastical manner the gallants of the time attired their hair, and the practice was strongly inveighed against by the puritans." WEBER.

[6] *hight*] i. e. called.

See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scotch'd [1] and scor'd in this inhuman wise!
Ralph. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this cave.
Sec. Man. I am a knight, Sir Pockhole is my name,
And by my birth I am a Londoner,
Free by my copy, but my ancestors
Were Frenchmen all; [2] and riding hard this way
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache;
And I, faint knight, to ease my weary limbs,
Light [3] at this cave; when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaster stands:
Relieve me, gentle knight, out of his hands!
Wife. *Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, and send him away; for in truth his breath stinks.*
Ralph. Convey him straight after the other knight. —
Sir Pockhole, fare you well.
Sec. Man. Kind sir, good night.
[*Exit with* GEORGE, *who presently re-enters.*
Third Man. [*within.*] Deliver us!
Woman. [*within.*] Deliver us!
Wife. *Hark, George, what a woful cry there is! I think some woman lies-in there.*
Third Man. [*within.*] Deliver us!
Woman. [*within.*] Deliver us!
Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? Speak, Barbarossa,
Or, by this blazing steel, thy head goes off!
Bar. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.
Send lower down into the cave,[4]
And in a tub that's heated smoking hot,[5]
There may they [6] find them, and deliver them.
Ralph. Run, squire and dwarf; deliver them with speed.
[*Exeunt* TIM *and* GEORGE.
Wife. *But will not Ralph kill this giant? Surely I am afraid,*[7] *if he let him go, he will do as much hurt as ever he did.*
Cit. *Not so, mouse, neither, if he could convert him.*
Wife. *Ay, George, if he could convert him; but a giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a witch, that had the devil's mark about her, (God bless us!) that had a giant to her son, that was called Loblie-by-the-fire;* [8] *didst never hear it, George?*
Cit. *Peace, Nell; here comes the prisoners.*

Re-enter TIM, *leading a third* Man, *with a glass of lotion in his hand, and* GEORGE *leading a* Woman, *with diet-bread and drink in her hand.*

George. Here be these pinèd wretches, manful knight,
That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.
Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this sad cave, and what your usage was?
Third Man. I am an errant knight that follow'd arms,
With spear and shield; and in my tender years
I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my lady dear,
And stole her from her friends in Turnbull-street,[9]
And bore her up and down from town to town,
Where we did eat and drink, and music hear;
Till at the length at this unhappy town
We did arrive, and coming to this cave,
This beast us caught, and put us in a tub,
Where we this two months sweat, and should have done
Another month, if you had not reliev'd us.
Woman. This bread and water hath our diet been,
Together with a rib cut from a neck
Of burnèd mutton; hard hath been our fare:
Release us from this ugly giant's snare!
Third Man. This hath been all the food we have receiv'd;
But only twice a-day, for novelty,
He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth
To each of us, through this same slender quill.
[*Pulls out a syringe.*
Ralph. From this infernal monster you shall go,
That useth knights and gentle ladies so. —
Convey them hence.
[*Third* Man *and* Woman *are led off by* TIM *and* GEORGE, *who presently re-enter.*
Cit. *Cony, I can tell thee, the gentlemen like Ralph.*
Wife. *Ay, George, I see it well enough. — Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for gracing my man Ralph; and I promise you, you shall see him oftener.*
Bar. Mercy, great knight! I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.
Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet shalt thou swear
Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform
Thy promise utterèd.

[1] *scotch'd*] i. e. cut, — nearly synonymous with "scor'd." The correction of Theobald and Sympson. Old eds. "scorchit."

[2] *my ancestors Were Frenchmen all*] "Alluding to the name of the knight. It should be remembered, that the occupation of a surgeon was at the time joined to that of a barber." WEBER.

[3] *Light*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "Lit."

[4] *care*] Some epithet belonging to this word seems to have dropt out.

[5] *a tub that's heated smoking hot*] Was formerly used for the cure of the venereal disease; see what presently follows. The process of sweating patients so afflicted is often mentioned in our old plays, and with a variety of jocular allusions.

[6] *may they*] Altered by Weber to "*they may.*"

[7] *I am afraid*] I may just notice that here the 4tos. read "*I am afeared;*" but in an earlier speech of the Citizen's Wife (p. 285) they have "*I am afraid.*"

[8] *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*] "*Lob*, as Dr. Johnson observes [Note on *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1.], as well as *lubber, looby, lobcock*, denotes inactivity of body, and dullness of mind. [The etymology of the word is uncertain.] It was commonly used as a term of contempt." WEBER, — who proceeds to quote Warton's erroneous remark that Milton in *L'Allegro* confounded "the lubber-fiend" with the sleepy giant mentioned in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*; and afterwards cites some lines from Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book iii. Canto vii. stanzas 6, 12, which he conjectures "that both Fletcher and Milton had in view," but which there can be very little doubt that they never thought of.

[9] *Turnbull-street*] "A street very notorious for its brothels at the time, and often alluded to in old plays." WEBER. A corruption of *Turnmill-street*, near Clerkenwell.

Bar. I swear and kiss. [*Kisses the pestle.*

Ralph. Depart, then, and amend. —

[*Exit* Barber.

Come, squire and dwarf; the sun grows towards his set,
And we have many more adventures yet.

[*Exeunt.*

Cit. *Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.*

Wife. *Ay, George, but it is well as it is: I warrant you, the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant.*

SCENE V. — *Street before* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL.

But, look, George; here comes mistress Merrythought, and her son Michael. — Now you are welcome, mistress Merrythought; now Ralph has done, you may go on.

Mist. Mer. Mick, my boy —

Mich. Ay, forsooth, mother.

Mist. Mer. Be merry, Mick; we are at home now; where, I warrant you, you shall find the house flung out of the windows. [*Music within.*] Hark! hey, dogs, hey! this is the old world, i'faith, with my husband. If I get[1] in among them, I'll play them such a lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again. — Why, master Merrythought! husband! Charles Merrythought!

Mer. [*appearing above and singing.*]

If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,
And hollow, and laugh again,
And then cry, "there, boys, there!" why, then,
One, two, three, and four,
We shall be merry within this hour.

Mist. Mer. Why, Charles, do you not know your own natural wife? I say, open the door, and turn me out those mangy companions; 'tis more than time that they were fellow and fellow-like with you. You are a gentleman, Charles, and an old man, and father of two children; and I myself, (though I say it) by my mother's side niece to a worshipful gentleman and a conductor; he has been three times in his majesty's service at Chester, and is now the fourth time, God bless him and his charge, upon his journey.

Mer. sings.]

Go from my window,[2] love, go;
Go from my window, my dear!
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again;
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark, you, mistress Merrythought, you that walk upon adventures, and forsake your husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what, shall I think myself the worse? Faith, no, I'll be merry. You come not here;[3] here's none but lads of mettle, lives of a hundred years and upwards; care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble "Heigh-ho, my heart is heavy!"

Mist. Mer. Why, master Merrythought, what am I, that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you children? are they not like you, Charles? look upon thine own image, hard-hearted man! and yet for all this —

Mer. [*sings.*]

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear!
The weather is warm,
'Twill do thee no harm;
Thou canst not be lodged here. —

Be merry, boys! some light music, and more wine! [*Exit above.*

Wife. *He's not in earnest, I hope, George, is he?*

Cit. *What if he be, sweetheart?*

Wife. *Marry, if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant[4] old man to use his bedfellow so scurvily.*

Cit. *What! how does he use her, honey?*

Wife. *Marry, come up, sir saucebox. I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot you are grown! you are a fine man, an you had a fine dog; it becomes you sweetly!*

Cit. *Nay, prithee, Nell, chide not; for, as I am an honest man and a true Christian grocer, I do not like his doings.*

Wife. *I cry you mercy, then, George! you know we are all frail and full of infirmities. — D'ye hear, master Merrythought? may I crave a word with you?*

Mer. [*appearing above.*] Strike up lively, lads!

Wife. *I had not thought, in truth, master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion, as I may say, being a gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions,[5] could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife; for your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yokefellow, with whose help you draw through the mire*

[1] *If I get*] So the first 4to. and one of the 4tos. of 1635. Other eds. "*I get*," and "I'll *get*."

[2] *Go from my window*, &c.] "A fragment of an old song very popular at the time, being again quoted in *The Woman's Prize* [Act i. sc. 3] and *Monsieur Thomas* [Act iii. sc. 3]." WEBER. The next fragment sung by Merrythought belongs, it would seem, to the same piece, and is found with the following slight variation in a song which begins, "Arise, arise, my Juggie, my Puggie, &c.," printed at the end of Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Begone, begone, my willie, my billie,
begone, begone, my deere,
The weather is warme, 'twill doe thee no harme,
thou canst not be lodged heere."

Durfey inserted the song from Heywood's play with some alterations in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 44. Mr. Chappell (*Nat. Engl. Airs*, ii. 150) is of opinion that the song given by Heywood and that cited here by Merrythought are distinct ballads.

[3] *You come not here*, &c.] With this speech of Merrythought some scraps of ballads seem to be interwoven; but I am unable to distinguish them exactly. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed the whole of the present passage *thus, — as part of a song!*

"You come not here, here's none but lads of mettle,
Lives of a hundred years, and upwards,
Care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble
Hey-ho, my heart is heavy."

[4] *ingrant*] "Is the reading of all the copies but that of 1711, which exhibits *ignorant*: of which word it may be a vitiation, as *ingrum* is in Wit without Money, [Act v. sc. 1.] *Ingrant* here seems to stand for *ingrateful* [or *ingrate*]." *Ed.* 1778.

[5] *conditions*] i. e. qualities, dispositions, habits.

of this transitory world; nay, she's your own rib: and again —

Mer. [*sings.*]

I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach;
I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the breech,
As thou art a lady gay.

Wife. *Marry, with a vengeance! I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, i'faith, greybeard, i'faith* ——

Cit. *I prithee, sweet honeysuckle, be content.*

Wife. *Give me such words, that am a gentlewoman born! hang him, hoary rascal! Get me some drink, George; I am almost molten with fretting: now, beshrew his knave's heart for it!* [*Exit* Citizen.

Mer. Play me a light lavolta.[1] Come, be frolic. Fill the good fellows wine.

Mist. Mer. Why, master Merrythought, are you disposed to make me wait here? you'll open, I hope; I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something; if not, [*Sings.*

You are no love[2] for me, Margaret;
I am no love for you. —

Come aloft, boys, aloft![3] [*Exit above.*

Mist. Mer. Now, a churl's fart in your teeth, sir! — Come, Mick, we'll not trouble him; 'a shall not ding us i' the teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee. We'll go to master Venturewell's, the merchant; I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster: will not that do well for thee, Mick? and let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father; I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Citizen *with beer.*

Wife. *Come, George, where's the beer?*

Cit. *Here, love.*

Wife. *This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet. — Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all; and I desire more of your acquaintance with all my heart.* [Drinks.] — *Fill the gentlemen some beer, George.* [Enter Boy.] *Look, George, the little boy's come again: methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness*[4] *about his neck. George, I will have him dance fading. — Fading is a fine jig,*[5] *I'll assure you, gentlemen. — Begin, brother.* [Boy dances.] — *Now 'a capers, sweetheart! — Now a turn o' the toe, and then tumble! cannot you tumble, youth?*

Boy. *No, indeed, forsooth.*

Wife. *Nor eat fire?*

Boy. *Neither.*

Wife. *Why, then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points*[6] *withal.*

ACT IV.[7]

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter JASPER *and* Boy.

Jasp. There, boy, deliver this; but do it well.
Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows, [*Gives a letter.*
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy business?

Boy. Sir, you need not fear;
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it:
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertains to this employment.

Jasp. There, my boy;
Take it, but buy no land. [*Gives money.*

Boy. Faith, sir, 'twere rare
To see so young a purchaser. I fly,
And on my wings carry your destiny.

Jasp. Go, and be happy! [*Exit* Boy.] Now, my latest hope,
Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand fix'd, thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all
You powers, that rule in men, celestial! [*Exit.*

Wife. *Go thy ways; thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew in London. I warrant him, he'll come to some naughty end or other; for his looks say no less: besides, his father (you know, George) is none of the best; you heard him take me up like a flirt-gill,*[8] *and sing bawdy songs upon me; but, i'faith, if I live, George* ——

Cit. *Let me alone, sweetheart: I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year,*[9]

[1] *lavolta*] "Was the name of a lively dance, somewhat resembling a German *waltz*." WEBER.
Sir John Davies, in a passage which has been often quoted, describes it as

"A loftie iumping, or a leaping round,
Where arme in arme two dauncers are entwind,
And whirle themselues, with strict embracements bound."
Orchestra, st. 70.

[2] *You are no love*, &c.] The Editors of 1778 erroneously state that these lines are to be found in the ballad of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*, reprinted by Percy: see note p. 286.

[3] *Come aloft*] "To *come aloft* means to tumble." MASON. The expression is generally found applied to apes that were taught to vault: here it is used merely as an incitement to mirth.

[4] *harness*] "i. e. armour." MASON.

[5] *fading. — Fading is a fine jig*] "This dance is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the Irish Masque at Court: 'Daunsh a *fading* at te vedding;' and again, 'Show tee how teye can foot te *fading* and to fadow.' [*Works*, vii 240, ed. Gifford.]" *Ed.* 1778. The dance took its name from the burden of an Irish song; and both seem to have been of a licentious description. "Hence," observes Weber, "the word *jig* in the text, which should be understood in its ancient sense, viz. [merry] song, or ballad."

[6] *points*] i. e. tagged laces used in the dress, — to attach the hose or breeches to the doublet, &c.

[7] *Act IV.*] "All the copies concur in making this *act* begin with the *Boy's dancing*; but as the *dance* was certainly introduced by way of interlude, here as well as at the end of the first act, we have made this *act* begin with a part of the real play, as all the others do." *Ed.* 1778.

[8] *flirt-gill*] So the first 4to., and one of the 4tos. of 1635. Other eds. "gill flirt."

[9] *I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year*, &c.] "Information in the prerogative court." WEBER. Nares, citing the present passage, says "It seems there was a prison belonging to this court." *Gloss.* in v. *Arches, Court of.*

and make him sing peccavi *ere I leave him; and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.*

Wife. *Do, my good George, do!*

Cit. *What shall we have Ralph do now, boy?*

Boy. *You shall have what you will, sir.*

Cit. *Why, so, sir; go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy of Persia come and christen him a child.*[1]

Boy. *Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; 'tis stale; it has been had before at the Red Bull.*[2]

Wife. *George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be very weary, and come to the king of Cracovia's house, covered with [black]*[3] *velvet; and there let the king's daughter stand in her window, all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's house; and then let Ralph talk with her.*

Cit. *Well said, Nell; it shall be so. — Boy, let's ha't done quickly.*

Boy. *Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.*

Cit. *Sir boy, let's ha't as you can, then.*

Boy. *Besides, it will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's daughter.*

Cit. *Will it so, sir? you are well read in histories! I pray you, what was sir Dagonet? was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of* The Four Prentices of London, *where they toss their pikes so.*[4] *I pray you, fetch him in, sir, fetch him in.*

Boy. *It shall be done. — It is not our fault, gentlemen.* [Exit.

Wife. *Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant ye, George.*

SCENE II. — *A Hall in the King of Moldavia's Court.*

Enter POMPIONA, RALPH, TIM, *and* GEORGE.

Oh, here they come! how prettily the king of Cracovia's daughter is dressed!

Cit. *Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant ye.*

Pomp. Welcome, sir knight, unto my father's court,
King of Moldavia;[5] unto me, Pompiona,[6]
His daughter dear! But, sure, you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.

[1] *Let the Sophy of Persia come and christen him a child*] In a note by Warton on the next speech but two of the Citizen, it is erroneously stated that "the Sophy of Persia christening a child" is a circumstance in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*; and Weber as erroneously adds that "There is no doubt a Sophy of Persia in Heywood's play, *but his christening a child is merely a ludicrous confusion of the foolish Citizen.*" The fact is, the Citizen is not thinking of Heywood's play; but of a drama written by Day, W. Rowley, and Wilkins, entitled *The Travailes of The three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, Mr. Robert Shirley*, which was printed in 1607, and which (as appears from the Boy's reply to the Citizen) had been acted at the Red Bull. In the last scene of it, the following dialogue takes place between the Sophy and Robert Shirley, who has married the Sophy's niece:

" *Soph.* If yet vnsatisfied thy griefes remaine,
Aske yet to please thy selfe, it shall be granted.
Rob. I feare to be too bold.
Soph. Aske and obtaine.
Rob. My child may be baptis'd in Christian faith,
And know the same God that the father hath.
Soph. Baptize thy Child: our selfe will ayd in it,
Our selfe will answer for't, a Godfather;
In our owne armes weele beare it to the place,
Where it shall receiue the compleat Ceremonie.
. . . . . .
Now for the Temple where our royall hand
Shall make thy Child first Christian in our land.
[*Exeunt.*
A show of the Christning."

[2] *the Red Bull*] "Was one of the playhouses in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was situated in St. John's Street." REED. Mr. J. P. Collier supposes that it was originally an inn-yard, and that it was constructed, or converted into a regular theatre, late in the reign of Elizabeth: see *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 324.

[3] [*black*] "I have inserted the *colour* of the *velvet*, which was here wanting, from what the Boy says in the second speech below, as to the impossibility of their complying with this request of the Citizen's Wife." SYMPSON. "The text probably refers to some contemporary romance of the Amadis school" WEBER.

[4] *it will shew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's daughter.*

Cit. *Will it so, sir? you are well read in histories! I pray you, what was sir Dagonet? was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of* The Four Prentices of London, *where they toss their pikes so*] Sir Dagonet, whom the Citizen mistakes for a grocer's prentice, is a character in the celebrated romance, the *Morte d'Arthur*, where he is described as "Kynge Arthurs foole," and we are told that "Kinge Arthur loued hym passynge wel, and made hym knyght [with] his owne handes. And att euery turnement he beganne to make Kinge Arthur to laughe." B. x. cap. 12. vol. ii. 21, ed. Southey. On all occasions sir Dagonet meets with very rough treatment: see, for instance, B. ix. cap. 3. vol. i. 314, where sir La-cote-male-tayle smites him over his horse's croup; and cap. 19 of the same B. p. 339, where sir Tristram "souses" him in a well, and afterwards takes him by the head and dashes him to the ground.

In particularly noticing *The Four Prentices of London*, at p. 125, I neglected to mention that Gilchrist (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vi. 402) concludes from the Citizen's expression in this speech, "*Read* the play," &c., that Heywood's drama must have been *printed* before 1615, the date of the earliest extant edition, — *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* having been produced in 1611. His conclusion may be right: but it ought to be observed that the Citizen is made to blunder in the rest of the speech; and that the words, "where they toss their pikes so," will apply as well to the acted as to the printed play. On the present passage Warton remarks, "In Heywood's comedy, Eustace, the grocer's prentice, is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontispiece the four prentices are represented in armour tilting with javelins." Here Warton, as usual, is very careless and inaccurate. In Heywood's play, *Eustace* does not court the French king's daughter: that lady courts *Guy, the goldsmith's prentice*, who at first rejects her because he can "love no woman in the world, save war," but afterwards marries her, when he has become king of Jerusalem. Again, the original wood-cut, (— the copy of it in Dodsley's *Old Plays* is a sad misrepresentation —) exhibits two of the prentices bearing bills or battle-axes, and two with spears in their hands.

[5] *King of Moldavia*] Weber ventures to conjecture that the present scene was founded on one of the romances in Don Quixote's library; and he adds still more rashly that in the following passage of Jonson's *Silent Woman* "there is a similar allusion, perhaps referring to the same romance;"

"*Cler.* How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here, and of the *prince of Moldavia*, and of his mistress, mistress Epicœne." Act v. sc. i.

Gifford must certainly have overlooked Weber's unfortunate remark, else he would have mentioned it with one of his bitterest sneers. "Nomentack" was an Indian chief, brought from Virginia to England; but concerning "the prince of Moldavia," — real or pretended, — nothing, I believe, is known.

[6] *Pompiona*] So the old eds. here; but in Ralph's speech at the conclusion of the play, they have "*Pompiana*," — rightly, perhaps.

Ralph. Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderness;
Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks, fair lady, be to you
For using errant knight with courtesy!
Pomp. But say, brave knight, what is your name and birth?
Ralph. My name is Ralph; I am an Englishman,
(As true as steel, a hearty Englishman,)
And prentice to a grocer in the Strand [1]
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But fortune calling me to follow arms,
On me this holy order I did take
Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.
Pomp. Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,
And fertile soil and store of wholesome food;
My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and nipitato call'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.
Ralph. Lady, 'tis true; you need not lay your lips
To better nipitato [2] than there is.
Pomp. And of a wild-fowl he will often speak,
Which powder'd-beef-and-mustard called is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly, Ralph, it was not 'long of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favour in your shield?
Ralph. I am a knight of [a] religious order,
And will not wear a favour of a lady [3]
That trusts in Antichrist and false traditions.
Cit. *Well said, Ralph! convert her, if thou canst.*
Ralph. Besides, I have a lady of my own
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
I took these arms; and Susan is her name,
A cobbler's maid in Milk-street; whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake whilst life and Pestle last.
Pomp. Happy that cobbling dame, whoe'er she be,
That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten thee!
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away!
Ralph. Lady, farewell; I needs must take my leave.
Pomp. Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies dost deceive!
Cit. *Hark thee, Ralph: there's money for thee* [gives money]; *give something in the king of Cracovia's house; be not beholding* [4] *to him.*
Ralph. Lady, before I go, I must remember
Your father's officers, who, truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid!
There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain;
And another [5] shilling for his cook,
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well;
And twelve-pence for your father's horse-keeper,
For 'nointing my horse-back, and for his butter [6]
There is another shilling; to the maid
That wash'd my boot-hose there's an English groat;
And two-pence to the boy that wip'd my boots;
And last, fair lady, there is for yourself
Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo-fair.
Pomp. Full many thanks; and I will keep them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph.
Ralph. Advance, my squire and dwarf! I cannot stay.
Pomp. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away. [*Exeunt.*
Wife. *I commend Ralph yet, that he will not stoop to a Cracovian; there's properer* [7] *women in London than any are there, i-wis.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* VENTUREWELL.

Enter VENTUREWELL, HUMPHREY, LUCE, *and* Boy.

But here comes master Humphrey and his love again now, George. [8]
Cit. *Ay, cony; peace.*
Vent. Go, get you up; I will not be entreated;
And, gossip mine, I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again with boys and unthrifts:
Come, they are women's tears; I know your fashion.—
Go, sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key
Safe as you love your life.
[*Exeunt* LUCE *and* Boy.
Now, my son Humphrey,
You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reap your own desire.
Hum. I see this love you speak of, through your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.
Vent. I do believe you, my good son, and thank you;
For 'twere an impudence to think you flatter'd.
Hum. It were, indeed; but shall I tell you why?
I have been beaten twice about the lie.
Vent. Well, son, no more of compliment. My daughter
Is yours again: appoint the time and take her;
We'll have no stealing for it; I myself
And some few of our friends will see you married.

[1] *Strand*] Here the first 4to. read "Strond" (which Weber gave); but in other passages of the play it has "Strand."
[2] *nipitato*] A word which frequently occurs in our early writers, and with various spelling,—means here, I apprehend, strong ale. The last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (xii. 397) says that "*Nipitaty* seems to have been a cant term for a certain wine;" but he is evidently mistaken. The term, whatever liquor was spoken of, only implied its strength and excellence: see the various passages cited in Nares's *Glossary*.
[3] *lady*] Old eds. "Ladies."
[4] *beholding*] See note, p. 290.
[5] *and another*] The modern editors print, for the metre, "*And* there's *another*," without mentioning the insertion.
[6] *butter*] "Mason says we should read *butter*, 'as Seward does.' But the edition of 1750, and every other, reads as in the text, and there is no occasion to alter it. Ralph gives an additional shilling for the butter used for his horse's back." WEBER.
[7] *properer*] i. e. handsomer.
[8] *again now, George*] The editors of 1778 and Weber point these words thus,—"again; now, George!" but compare p. 286, first line.

Hum. I would you would, i'faith! for, be it known,
I ever was afraid to lie alone.
Vent. Some three days hence, then.
Hum. Three days! let me see:
'Tis somewhat of the most; yet I agree,
Because I mean against the appointed day
To visit all my friends in new array.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without would speak with your worship.
Vent. What is she?
Serv. Sir, I asked her not.
Vent. Bid her come in. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL.

Mist. Mer. Peace be to your worship! I come as a poor suitor to you, sir, in the behalf of this child.
Vent. Are you not wife to Merrythought?
Mist. Mer. Yes, truly. Would I had ne'er seen his eyes! he has undone me and himself and his children; and there he lives at home, and sings and hoits and revels among his drunken companions! but, I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth he knows not: and therefore, if it like your worship I would entreat your letter to the honest host of the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my child under the protection of his tapster, in some settled course of life.
Vent. I'm glad the heavens have heard my prayers. Thy husband,
When I was ripe in sorrows, laugh'd at me;
Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To shew his love again, first stole my daughter,
Then wrong'd this gentleman, and, last of all,
Gave me that grief had almost brought me down
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Reliev'd my sorrows. Go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied; for I here profess
An everlasting hate to all thy name.
Mist. Mer. Will you so, sir? how say you by that? — Come, Mick; let him keep his wind to cool his pottage.[1] We'll go to thy nurse's, Mick: she knits silk stockings, boy; and we'll knit too, boy, and be beholding to none of them all. [*Exit with* MICHAEL.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this house.
Vent. How then, boy?
Boy. Then to yourself, sir, comes this letter. [*Gives letter.*
Vent. From whom, my pretty boy?
Boy. From him that was your servant; but no more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead:
Grief of your purchas'd anger broke his heart.
I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither:
Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.
Vent. [reads.] *Sir, that I have wronged your love I must confess; in which I have purchased to myself, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgiveness: let my body (if a dying man may so much prevail with you) be brought to your daughter, that she may truly know my hot flames are now buried, and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever happy!* JASPER.
God's hand is great in this: I do forgive him;
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again. — Boy, bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all.
Boy. 'Tis here without, sir.
Vent. So, sir; if you please,
You may conduct it in; I do not fear it.
Hum. I'll be your usher, boy; for, though I say it,
He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Room in the House of* VENTUREWELL.

Enter LUCE.

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures. — Thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, oh, Death! bring[2] me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruel friend! —
Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,
To be a say[3] to Fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together!
How happy had I been, if, being born,
My grave had been my cradle!

Enter Servant.

Serv. By your leave,
Young mistress; here's a boy hath brought a coffin:
What 'a would say, I know not; but your father
Charg'd me to give you notice. Here they come. [*Exit.*

Enter Boy, *and two Men bearing a coffin.*

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.
Boy. Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief
To that great store you have already. Jasper
(That whilst he liv'd was yours, now[4] dead
And here enclos'd) commanded me to bring

[1] *pottage*] Here the first 4to. and one of the 4tos. of 1635 read "porrage;" but in an earlier part of the play (p. 285) they have "pottage."

[2] *bring*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "and *bring*."

[3] *a say*] "Means a sample or example." MASON. It evidently means, (as Nares observes, *Gloss.* in v.,) a subject for experiments.

[4] *now*] Altered by Sympson to "now's." — Something seems to have dropt out from the line: qy.
"That whilst he liv'd was *only* yours, now dead"?

His body hither, and to crave a tear
From those fair eyes, (though he deserv'd not pity,)
To deck his funeral; for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he died.
Luce. He shall have many. —
Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd.
[*Exeunt* Boy *and Men.*
Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend!
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after. But, believe me,
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,
With so untimely death: thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving;
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
And all myself, before thou goest from me:
These[1] are but sparing rites; but if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge,
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
And fill one coffin and one grave together.
[*Sings.*

Come, you whose loves are dead,
And, whiles I sing,
Weep, and wring
Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew;
Ribands black and candles blue
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning,[2]
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.
[*Removes the cloth, and* JASPER *rises out of the coffin.*
Jasp. And thus you meet the living.
Luce. Save me, Heaven!
Jasp. Nay, do not fly me, fair; I am no spirit:
Look better on me; do you know me yet?
Luce. Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend!
Jasp. Dear substance,
I swear I am no shadow; feel my hand,
It is the same it was; I am your Jasper,
Your Jasper that's yet living and yet loving.
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof
I put in practice of your constancy;
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body: for which boldness
Doom me to any thing; if death, I take it,
And willingly.

[1] *These*] Old eds. "There."
[2] *moaning*] Old eds. "mourning."

Luce. This death I'll give you for it;
[*Kisses him.*
So, now I am satisfied you are no spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest friend:
Why do you come thus to me?
Jasp. First, to see you;
Then to convey you hence.
Luce. It cannot be;
For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.
Jasp. Nothing more possible. Within this coffin
Do you convey yourself: let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me;
Only I crave the shelter of your closet
A little, and then fear me not.[3] Creep in,
That they may presently convey you hence:
Fear nothing, dearest love; I'll be your second;
[LUCE *lies down in the coffin, and* JASPER *covers her with the cloth.*
Lie close; so; all goes well yet. — Boy!

Re-enter Boy *and* Men.

Boy. At hand, sir.
Jasp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary.
Boy. 'Tis done already.
[*Exeunt* Men *with the coffin.*
Jasp. Now must I go conjure.
[*Exit into a closet.*

Enter VENTUREWELL.

Vent. Boy, boy!
Boy. Your servant, sir.
Vent. Do me this kindness, boy; (hold, here's a crown;)
Before thou bury the body of this fellow,
Carry it to his old merry father, and salute him
From me, and bid him sing; he hath cause.
Boy. I will, sir.
Vent. And then bring me word what tune he is in,
And have another crown; but do it truly.
I have fitted him a bargain now will vex him.
Boy. God bless your worship's health, sir!
Vent. Farewell, boy. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V. — *Street before* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.

Wife. *Ah, old Merrythought, art thou there again? let's hear some of thy songs.*
Mer. [*sings.*]

Who can sing a merrier note
Than he that cannot change a groat?[4]

[3] *fear me not*] i. e. fear not for me. So p. 187, —
"*Fearing* the lord Philaster."

[4] *Who can sing a merrier note*
Than he that cannot change a groat] The last piece in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609, is *A Round or Catch for ten or eleven voices*; —
"Sing we now merily, our purses be empty, hey ho.
Let them take care
That list to spare,
For I will not doe soe:
Who can sing so merry a note
As he that cannot change a groat?
Hey hoe, trolly, lolly loe, trolly lolly lo."

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leaps: I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets. My wife and both my sons are I know not where; I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper; yet am I merry still, for I know I shall find it upon the table at six o'clock; therefore, hang thought! [*Sings.*

I would not be a serving-man
To carry the cloak-bag still,
Nor would I be a falconer
The greedy hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too;
But I would eat and drink of the best,
And no work would I do.

This is it that keeps life and soul together, mirth; this is the philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

Mer. Will they not? let 'em choose. The best is, I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves. [*Sings.*

For Jillian of Berry,[1] she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill;
And thither will we go now, now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess, and go your way:
And thither will we go now, now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

Enter another Boy.

Sec. Boy. Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Mer. Hang bread and supper! let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch, boy[s]; follow me, come.[2] [*They sing.*

Ho, ho, nobody at home![3]
Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none.
Fill the pot, Eedy,
Never more need I.

Mer. So, boys; enough. Follow me: let's change our place, and we shall laugh afresh. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. *Let him go, George; 'a shall not have any countenance from us, nor a good word from any i' the company, if I may strike stroke in't.*

Cit. *No more 'a sha' not, love. But, Nell, I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers. — Sirrah! you there, boy! Can none of you hear?*

Enter Boy.

Boy. *Sir, your pleasure?*

Cit. *Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks.*[4]

Boy. *Why, sir, you do not think of our plot, what will become of that, then?*

Cit. *Why, sir, I care not what become on't: I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myself; I'll have something done in honour of the city: besides, he hath been long enough upon adventures. Bring him out quickly; or, if I come in amongst you* ——

Boy. *Well, sir, he shall come out; but if our play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for't.*

Cit. *Being him away, then.* [*Exit* Boy.

Wife. *This will be brave, i' faith! George, shall not he dance the morris too, for the credit of the Strand?*

Cit. *No, sweetheart, it will be too much for the boy.*

Enter RALPH, *dressed as a May-lord.*

Oh, there he is, Nell! he's reasonable well in reparel; but he has not rings enough.

Ralph. London, to thee I do present the merry month of May;
Let each true subject be content to hear me what I say:
For from the top of conduit-head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My name is Ralph, by due descent though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the stock[5] of gracious grocery;
And by the common counsel of my fellows in the Strand,
With gilded staff and crossed scarf, the May-lord here I stand.

1 *Jillian of Berry*] "This is, perhaps, an error for Gillian of Brentford, a noted character of the sixteenth century. Among the Selden collection of black-letter Romances, there is one entitled — 'Jyl of Brentford's Testament.'" So writes Weber, and very absurdly. *Berry* is, of course, Bury. *Jyl of Braintfords Testament*, instead of being a romance, is a facetious poem.

2 *come*] The modern editors give, "*come*, sing this catch:" but in the first 4to. and one of the 4tos. of 1635, the words, "sing this Catch," are distinctly a stage-direction.

3 *Ho, ho, nobody at home*, &c.] In Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609, this catch (No. 85) stands as follows:

"Ey ho no body at home,
Meate nor drinke nor money haue I none,
Fill the pot Eadie. Hey *ut supra*."

4 *Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks*] "This incident was probably suggested by Eustace the grocer's apprentice, in Heywood's Four Prentices of London, the undoubted prototype of Ralph, who says —

'He will not let me see a mustering,
Nor in a May-day morning fetch in May.'

We are informed by Stow, 'that, in the month of May, the citizens of London, (of all estates,) lightly in every parish, or sometime two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime, all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets.' [*Survey*, B. i. 252, ed. 1720.] In some parts of England, May-lords are still elected, and decked out with ribands, scarfs, and rings. The last of these articles of ornament seems to have been peculiarly essential, as the citizen complains that Ralph 'has not rings enough.'" WEBER. I greatly doubt if the introduction of Ralph as a May-lord was suggested by the passage in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*. The Lord and Lady of the May are characters of very high antiquity. See Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* i. 212, ed. 1813. Compare also *Women Pleased*, act iv. sc. 1, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, act iii. sc. 5.

5 *stock*] Old eds. "flocke" (and "flock"); and so the modern editors.

Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice! rejoice, oh, lovers dear!
Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country! rejoice, eke every shire! [1]
For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort,
The little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do make fine sport;
And now the birchen tree doth bud, that makes the schoolboy cry;
The morris rings, while hobby-horse [2] doth foot it feateously; [3]
The lords and ladies now abroad, for their disport and play,
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and sometimes in the hay;
Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge the blood;
Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither good;
Now little fish on tender stone begin to cast their bellies,
And sluggish snails, that erst were mew'd,[4] do creep out of their shellies;
The rumbling rivers now do warm, for little boys to paddle;
The sturdy steed now goes to grass, and up they hang his saddle;
The heavy hart, the bellowing buck,[5] the rascal,[6] and the pricket,[7]
Are now among the yeoman's pease, and leave the fearful thicket:
And be like them, oh, you, I say, of this same noble town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads,[8] and slipping off your gown,
With bells on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders tied,[9]
With scarfs and garters as you please, and "Hey for our town!" [10] cried,
March out, and shew your willing minds, by twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon or to Newington, where ale and cakes are plenty;
And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the youths of London
Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left our custom undone.
Up, then, I say, both young and old, both man and maid a-maying,
With drums, and guns that bounce aloud, and merry tabor playing!
Which to prolong, God save our king, and send his country peace,
And root out treason from the land! and so, my friends, I cease. [*Exit.*

1 *shire*] Is of course to be read here, as if it were written "*shere*;" and so, I remember, John Kemble invariably pronounced the word. Weber unnecessarily printed "shere."

2 *hobby-horse*] Was a prominent person in the morris-dance: see *Women Pleased*, act iv. sc. i. and note.

3 *feateously*] The modern editors give, with folio 1679, "featuou-ly."

4 *mew'd*] Old eds. "mute." — "I have ventured to alter *mute* into the old word *mew'd*, i. e. shut up, confined." — SYMP ON.

5 *bellowing*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "blowing;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted. The worthy prioress of Sopwell, describing the various cries of beasts of chase, says,

"An harte *belowyth* and a bucke groynyth I fynde."
Book of Saint Albans, sig. d. ii.

6 *the rascal*] i. e. a deer lean and out of season.

7 *the pricket*] i. e. a buck in his second year.

8 *velvet heads*] A sly allusion to the *horns* of the citizens: see note, p. 179.

9 *With bells on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders tied*] Accoutrements of the morris-dancers: see *Women Pleased*, act iv. sc. i. and note.

10 *Hey for our town*] "A very usual exclamation at processions similar to the present. Butler uses the same expression in a passage where he probably recollected the text:

—'Followed with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troul'd and ballads,
Did ride with many a good-morrow,
Crying, *hey for our town*, through the borough.'"
WEBER.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of* VENTUREWELL.

Enter VENTUREWELL.

Vent. I will have no great store of company at the wedding; a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef stuck with rosemary.[11]

Enter JASPER *with his face mealed.*

Jasp. Forbear thy pains, fond [12] man! it is too late.
Vent. Heaven bless me! Jasper!
Jasp. Ay, I am his ghost,
Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love;
Fond worldly wretch! who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know, thy daughter is quite borne away
On wings of angels, through the liquid air,
To [13] far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face: but she and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves;
Where neither father's anger, poverty,
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men,
Shall make us sever our united hearts.
And never shalt thou sit or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didst to me:
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself,[14]
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.
Vent. Forgive me, Jasper! Oh, what might I do,
Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost?
Jasp. There is no means; too late thou think'st of this.

11 *rosemary*] This herb was used as an emblem [of remembrance] at weddings as well as funerals. WEBER.

12 *fond*] i. e. foolish.

13 *To*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "Too;" and so the modern editors!

14 *Invisible to all men but thyself*] In this passage our author evidently has an eye to the ghost of Banquo in *Macbeth*.

Vent. But tell me what were best for me to do?
Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. [*Exit.*
Wife. *Look, George; his very ghost would have folks beaten.*

Enter HUMPHREY.

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair mistress Luce:
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice.
Vent. Hence, fool, out of my sight with thy fond passion!
Thou hast undone me. [*Beats him.*
Hum. Hold, my father dear,
For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no peer!
Vent. Thy father, fool! there's some blows more; begone.— [*Beats him.*
Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeas'd
To see thy will perform'd. Now will I go
To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs.
[*Aside and exit.*
Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And mistress Luce is gone. Help me, device!
Since my true-love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles
In passion[1] in Saint Faith's church under Paul's.[2] [*Exit.*
Wife. *George, call Ralph hither; if you love me, call Ralph hither: I have the bravest thing for him to do, George; prithee, call him quickly.*
Cit. *Ralph! why, Ralph, boy!*

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. *Here, sir.*
Cit. *Come hither, Ralph; come to thy mistress, boy.*
Wife. *Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-End*[3] *in pompous fashion, and there exhort your soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning, Ralph; and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, "Kill, kill, kill!" My husband shall lend you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's a scarf; for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't. Do it bravely, Ralph; and think before whom you perform, and what person you represent.*
Ralph. *I warrant you, mistress; if I do it not, for the honour of the city and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedom!*
Wife. *'Tis well spoken, i'faith. Go thy ways; thou art a spark indeed.*
Cit. *Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph!*[4]
Ralph. *I warrant you, sir.* [*Exit.*
Cit. *Let him look narrowly to his service; I shall take him else. I was there myself a pikeman once, in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheer*[5] *away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet, I thank God, I am here.*
[*Drums within.*
Wife. *Hark, George, the drums!*
Cit. *Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran, tan! Oh, wench, an thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, Drum-Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go! Sa, sa, sa, bounce! quoth the guns; "Courage, my hearts!" quoth the captains; "Saint George!" quoth the pikemen; and withal, here they lay, and there they lay: and yet for all this I am here, wench.*
Wife. *Be thankful for it, George; for indeed 'tis wonderful.*

SCENE II. — *A Street (and afterwards Mile-End).*

Enter RALPH *and company of soldiers (among whom are* WILLIAM HAMMERTON *and* GEORGE GREENGOOSE), *with drums and colours.*

Ralph. March fair, my hearts! — Lieutenant, beat the rear up. — Ancient, let your colours fly; but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient.[6] — Open your files, that I may take a view both of your persons and munition. — Sergeant, call a muster.
Serg. A stand! — William Hammerton, pewterer!
Ham. Here, captain!
Ralph. A corselet and a Spanish pike; 'tis well: can you shake it with a terror?
Ham. I hope so, captain.
Ralph. Charge upon me. [*He charges on Ralph.*] — 'Tis with the weakest: put more strength, William Hammerton, more strength. As you were again! — Proceed, Sergeant.
Serg. George Greengoose, poulterer!
Green. Here!
Ralph. Let me see your piece, neighbour Greengoose: when was she shot in?
Green. An't[7] like you, master captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.
Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed; besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do well enough yet. Where's your powder?
Green. Here.

[1] *passion*] i. e. sorrowing, sorrowful exclamation.
[2] *Saint Faith's church under Paul's*] "At the west end of this Jesus Chappel, under the Quire of Pauls, also was, and is, a Parish Church of St. Faith, commonly called *St. Faith under Pauls.*" Stow's *Survey*, B. iii. 145, ed. 1720.
[3] *Mile-End*] "It has been before observed, that this was the place for training the citizens, who sometimes assembled in large bodies. Stow informs us, that in 1585, four thousand, and in 1599, thirty thousand citizens were trained there." WEBER.
[4] *Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph!*] "Foote had probably this scene in view when he wrote his *Mayor of Garrat.*" MASON.
[5] *sheer*] "Beaum. and Fletch. write it *shaer*," says Richardson in his *Dict.*, citing the present passage: a mistake, for that spelling is found only in folio 1679.
[6] *Ancient, let your colours fly . . . many a fair ancient*] *Ancient* (said to be a corruption of *ensign*) meant both a standard or flag, and the bearer of it.
[7] *An't*] Here the old eds. have "and:" but see fourth speech after this.

Ralph. What, in a paper! as I am a soldier and a gentleman, it craves a martial court! you ought to die for't. Where's your horn? answer me that.

Green. An't like you, sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not you should be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our neighbours, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't. — Stand, till I view you all. — What's become o' the nose of your flask?

First Sold. Indeed, la, captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the city's charge. — Where's the stone of this piece?

Sec. Sold. The drummer took it out to light tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault, my friend; put it in again. — You want a nose, — and you a stone. — Sergeant, take a note on't, for I mean to stop it in the pay. — Remove, and march! [*They march.*] Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! double your files! as you were! faces about![1] Now, you with the sodden face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah, it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So; make a crescent now; advance your pikes; stand and give ear![2] — Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-soldiers, I have brought you this day, from the shops of security and the counters of content, to measure out in these furious fields honour by the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this city fainted; but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns, for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's car[3] is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience; neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you.

To a resolved mind his home is every where:
I speak not this to take away
The hope of your return; for you shall see
(I do not doubt it) and that very shortly
Your loving wives again and your sweet children,
Whose care doth bear you company in baskets.
Remember, then, whose cause you have in hand,
And, like a sort[4] of true-born scavengers,
Scour me this famous realm of enemies.

I have no more to say but this: stand to your tacklings, lads, and shew to the world you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts!

All. Saint George, Saint George! [*Exeunt.*[5]

Wife. *'Twas well done, Ralph! I'll send thee a cold capon afield and a bottle of March beer; and, it may be, come myself to see thee.*

Cit. *Nell, the boy hath deceived me much; I did not think it had been in him. He has performed such a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I'll have him captain of the galley-foist,*[6] *or I'll want my will.*

SCENE III. — A *Room in* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoop,[7] boys? Care, live with cats: I defy thee! My heart is as sound as an oak; and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing; [*Sings.*

Come no more there, boys, come no more there;
For we shall never whilst we live come any more there.

Enter Boy, *and two men bearing a coffin.*

Boy. God save you, sir!

Mer. It's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes, sir, I can sing; but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Mer. [*sings*]

Sing we, and chant it,[8]
Whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Mer. [*sings*]

Oh, the Mimon round,
Full long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found,
And what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jasper in it. [*Exit with Men.*

Mer. Dead! [*sings*]

Why, farewell he!
Thou wast a bonny boy,
And I did love thee.

Enter JASPER.

Jasp. Then, I pray you, sir, do so still.

[1] *fares about*] "A common phrase, equivalent to the modern expression — *face about.*" WEBER. And see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 63.

[2] *stand and give ear*] The audience were to suppose that Ralph and his soldiers had now arrived at Mile-End. See note, p. 284.

[3] *car*] Altered by Weber to "cart."

[4] *sort*] i. e. company, band. The Editors of 1778 gave the whole of this speech as verse. Weber very properly threw it back into prose, with the exception of the present passage, which seems to be a recollection of Shakespeare: —

"Remember whom you are to cope withal," &c.
Richard III. act v. sc. 3.

[5] *Exeunt*] "While we smile at this humorous account of the discipline practised by the citizens of London, it may not be unnecessary to recollect the behaviour of these same train-bands in the civil wars which ensued shortly afterwards, and especially at the battle of Newbury: 'The London trained bands, and auxiliary regiments,' says Lord Clarendon, 'of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery-Garden, men had till then too cheap an estimation, behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about; of so sovereign benefit and use is that readiness, order, and dexterity, in the use of their arms, which hath been so much neglected.' *History of the Rebellion, Book II.*" [Book vii. vol. iv. 235, ed. 1826.] WEBER. [qy. Sir Walter Scott?]

[6] *galley-foist*] "Was the old name for the Lord Mayor's barge." MASON. See note p. 189.

[7] *a stoop*] "A vessel for drinking, deep and narrow. In Scotland and the north of England the word is still common." WEBER. *Stoop* or *stoup* is applied to drinking-vessels of various kinds and sizes.

[8] *Sing we, and chant it, &c.*] The commencement of the fourth song in Morley's *First Books of Ballatts, &c.*, 1600

Mer. Jasper's ghost! [*Sings.*

Thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soon:
Declare to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court are done.

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I ne'er came there; 'tis too hot for me, sir.

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost! [*Sings.*

And where is your true love? Oh, where is yours?

Jasp. Marry, look you, sir!

[*Removes the cloth, and* LUCE *rises out of the coffin.*

Mer. Ah, ha! art thou good at that, i'faith? [*Sings.*

With hey, trixy, terlery-whiskin,
The world it runs on wheels:
When the young man's ——,
Up goes the maiden's heels.

Mist. Mer. [*within.*] What, master Merrythought! will you not let's in? what do you think shall become of us?

Mer. [*sings*]

What voice is that that calleth at our door?

Mist. Mer. [*within.*] You know me well enough; I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

Mer. [*sings*]

And some they whistled,[1] and some they sung,
Hey, down, down!
And some did loudly say,
Ever as the lord Barnet's horn blew,
Away, Musgrave, away!

Mist. Mer. [*within.*] You will not have us starve here, will you, master Merrythought?

Jasp. Nay, good sir, be persuaded; she is my mother:
If her offences have been great against you,
Let your own love remember she is yours,
And so forgive her.[2]

Luce. Good master Merrythought,
Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mist. Mer. [*within.*] Why, master Merrythought, will you be a vexed thing still?

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love again; but you shall sing before you enter; therefore despatch your song, and so come in.

Mist. Mer. [*within.*] Well, you must have your will, when all's done. — Mick, what song canst thou sing, boy?

Mich. [*within.*] I can sing none, forsooth, but *A lady's daughter, of Paris properly.* [*Sings within.*

It was a lady's daughter, &c.[3]

MERRYTHOUGHT *opens the door: enter* MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL.

Mer. Come, you're welcome home again. [*Sings.*

If such danger be in playing,
And jest must to earnest turn,
You shall go no more a-maying ——

Vent. [*within*] Are you within, sir? master Merrythought!

Jasp. It is my master's voice: good sir, go hold him
In talk, whilst we convey ourselves into
Some inward room. [*Exit with* LUCE.

Mer. What are you? are you merry?
You must be very merry, if you enter.

Vent. [*within.*] I am, sir.

Mer. Sing, then.

Vent. [*within.*] Nay, good sir, open to me.

Mer. Sing, I say,
Or, by the merry heart, you come not in!

Vent. [*within.*] Well, sir, I'll sing. [*Sings.*

Fortune, my foe, &c.[4]

MERRYTHOUGHT *opens the door: enter* VENTUREWELL.

Mer. You are welcome, sir, you are welcome: you see your entertainment; pray you, be merry.

[1] *And some they whistled, &c.*] "This stanza is taken from the ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard, printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 64, ed. 1794, where it runs thus:

'Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudlye saye,
Whenever lord Barnardes horne it blewe,
Awaye, Musgrave, away.' [p. 67.]" WEBER.

[2] *Let your own love remember she is yours,*
And so forgive her] "This may mean, Let your self-love tell you that she is a part of yourself, and so forgive her. Yet I think it probable that we ought to read — 'Let your *old love*' — that is, your former affection." MASON. The meaning seems to be, — besides the consideration that she is my mother, let your own love as a husband, &c.

[3] *It was a lady's daughter, &c.*] "A rare example of a virtuous maid in Paris, who was by her own mother procured to be put in prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery: but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire

"Tune is — O man in desperation.

It was a lady's daughter,
Of Paris properly,
Her mother her commanded
To mass that she should hie:
O pardon me, dear mother,
Her daughter dear did say,
Unto that filthy idol
I never can obey."

The remaining eleven stanzas (of eight lines) may be found in Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 135, ed. 1810. How much of this ditty (as well as of *Fortune my foe*) was sung during the present scene, I cannot pretend to determine. In *The Chances*, act iii. sc. 2, where the old eds. have only the stage-direction "*Song of John Dorrie*," it is certain that the whole of that ballad was sung.

[4] *Fortune, my foe, &c.*] "Was," says Theobald, "the beginning of an old ballad in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of fortune." Note on *The Custom of the Country*, act i. sc. 1, where *Fortune, my foe* is again mentioned. That Theobald derived this description merely from his own imagination, I have little doubt. In the collection of Ballads, &c., British Museum, 643. m. is a broadside entitled *A sweet Sonnet, wherein the Lover exclaimeth against Fortune for the loss of his Ladies Favour almost past hope to get it again, and in the end receives a comfortable answer, and attains his desire, as may here appear. The Tune is, Fortune, my Foe.* It extends to twenty-two stanzas of four lines; the first is as follows: —

"*Fortune, my foe*, why dost thou frown on me?
And will thy favours never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?"

Malone, who cites these verses with a slight variation, and without mentioning where he found them, (note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 3), as also Mr. Chappell (*National English Airs*, ii. 63), consider the "Sweet Sonnet" in question to be the original ballad of *Fortune, my foe*, to which our old writers so frequently allude. With respect to the words of the title, *The tune is, Fortune my foe*, Mr. Chappell observes to me that "nothing is more common in reprints of ballads than to put the name of the tune the same as the ballad itself; as *The Carman's Whistle, to the tune of the Carman's Whistle*, &c."

Vent. Oh, master Merrythought, I am come to ask you
Forgiveness for the wrongs I offer'd you,
And your most virtuous son! they're infinite;
Yet my contrition shall be more than they:
I do confess my hardness broke his heart,
For which just Heaven hath given me punishment
More than my age can carry; his wandering spirit,
Not yet at rest, pursues me every where,
Crying, "I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty."
My daughter, she is gone, I know not how,
Taken invisible, and whether living
Or in [the] grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
Oh, master Merrythought, these are the weights
Will sink me to my grave! forgive me, sir.
Mer. Why, sir, I do forgive you; and be merry;
And if the wag in's lifetime play'd the knave,
Can you forgive him too?
Vent. With all my heart, sir.
Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.
Vent. I do, sir;
Now, by my soul, I do.

Re-enter LUCE *and* JASPER.

Mer. [*sings*]

With that came out his paramour;
She was as white as the lily-flower:
Hey, troul, troly, loly!
With that came out her own dear knight;
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together; there's no more to be said i' the matter.
Vent. I do, I do.
Cit. *I do not like this. Peace, boys! Hear me, one of you: every body's part is come to an end but Ralph's, and he's left out.*
Boy. *'Tis 'long of yourself, sir; we have nothing to do with his part.*
Cit. *Ralph, come away! — Make* [*an end*][1] *on him, as you have done of the rest, boys; come.*
Wife. *Now, good husband, let him come out and die.*
Cit. *He shall, Nell. — Ralph, come away quickly, and die, boy!*
Boy. *'Twill be very unfit he should die, sir, upon no occasion — and in a comedy too.*
Cit. *Take you no care of that, sir boy; is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? — Come away, Ralph!*

Enter RALPH, *with a forked arrow through his head.*

Ralph. When I was mortal,[2] this my costive corps
Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand;
Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,
Whose master wrought with lingel[3] and with awl,
And underground he vampèd many a boot.
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,
To follow feats of arms in warlike wise
Through Waltham-desert; where I did perform
Many achievements, and did lay on ground
Huge Barbarossa, that insulting giant,
And all his captives soon[4] set at liberty.
Then honour prick'd me from my native soil
Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love
Of Pompiona,[5] his belovèd daughter;
But yet prov'd constant to the black-thumb'd maid
Susan, and scornèd Pompiona's love;
Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,
And money for her father's officers.
I then returnèd home, and thrust myself
In action, and by all men chosen was
Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,
With scarfs and rings, and posy[6] in my hand.
After this action I preferrèd was,
And chosen city-captain at Mile-End,
With hat and feather, and with leading-staff,
And train'd my men, and brought them all off clear,
Save one man that beray'd him[7] with the noise.
But all these things I Ralph did undertake
Only for my belovèd Susan's sake.
Then coming home, and sitting in my shop
With apron blue, Death came into my stall
To cheapen *aquavitæ;* but ere I
Could take the bottle down and fill a taste,
Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body o'er,
And in an instant vanishèd away.
Cit. *'Tis a pretty fiction, i'faith.*
Ralph. Then took I up my bow and shaft in hand,
And walk'd into Moorfields to cool myself:
But there grim cruel Death met me again,
And shot this forkèd arrow through my head;
And now I faint; therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellows every one, of forkèd heads!
Farewell, all you good boys in merry London!
Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meet,
And pluck down houses of iniquity;[8] —

[1] [*an end*] "The two words which we have added seem absolutely necessary to the completion of the sense." *Ed.* 1778. Compare the preceding speech of the Citizen.

[2] *When I was mortal*, &c.] "This speech is a parody on that of the Ghost of Andrea, at the beginning of the famous play of Jeronimo:

'When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,' &c." REED, — who by "*Jeronimo*" means *The Spanish Tragedy*: see note, p. 274.

[3] *lingel*] or *lingle*, i. e. a thread or thong used by shoemakers and cobblers.

[4] *soon*] Seems to have crept into the text by mistake.

[5] *Pompiona*] Old eds. here "Pompana" and "Pompiana:" see note, p. 296.

[6] *posy*] "Refers," says Weber, "to the rhymes which Ralph reads at the conclusion of the fourth act," — a very doubtful explanation.

[7] *beray'd him*] i. e. befouled himself.

[8] *Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meet,*
And pluck down houses of iniquity] "They presently (like Prentises vpon Shroue-tuesday) take the lawe into their owne handes, and doe what they list." Dekker's *Seuen Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, sig. F 2. That one of the favorite amusements of the prentices on that day consisted in attacking "houses of iniquity" might be shewn from various passages of early writers: see for instance *Northward Ho*, act iv. sc. 3, and my note, — Webster's *Works*, iii. 225.

My pain increaseth; — I shall never more
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,
Nor daub a satin gown with rotten eggs;
Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall!
I die! fly, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall!
Oh, oh, oh, &c. [*Dies.*

Wife. *Well said, Ralph! do your obeisance to the gentlemen, and go your ways: well said, Ralph!* [RALPH *rises, makes obeisance, and exit.*

Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not depart[1] without a song.

Vent. A good motion.

Mer. Strike up, then!

SONG.

Better music ne'er was known
Than a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the gall or spleen,
Learn of us to keep his brow
Smooth and plain, as ours are now:
Sing, though before the hour of dying;
He shall rise, and then be crying,
"Hey, ho, 'tis nought but mirth
That keeps the body from the earth!"

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *depart*] i. e. part (as in our old marriage service, — "till death us *depart*"). So the first 4to. Other eds. "part;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

Cit. *Come, Nell,*[2] *shall we go? the play's done.*

Wife. *Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than so; I'll speak to these gentlemen first. — I thank you all, gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to Ralph, a poor fatherless child; and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco for you: for, truly, I hope you do like the youth, but I would be glad to know the truth; I refer it to your own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no: for I will wink, and whilst you shall do what you will. I thank you with all my heart. God give you good night! — Come, George.* [*Exeunt.*

[2] Cit. *Come, Nell, &c.*] Before this speech in the old eds. is "Epilogus."

I ought to have noticed in the prefatory matter to this play, — that in Kirkman's collection of drolls, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, (see p. 158 of the present work), is a droll entitled *The Encounter*, p. 93, which consists of Ralph's adventure with the Barber, though in the Catalogue at the end of the volume it is said to be taken from *The Humorous Lieutenant.*

A KING AND NO KING.

A King and no King. Acted at the Globe, by his Maiesties Seruants. Written by Francis Beamount, and Iohn Flecher. At London Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to bee sold at his shopp at the Eagle and Childe in Brittans-Bursse. 1619. 4to. On the title-page is a wood-cut, which represents Arbaces standing, with a crown held in a slanting position over his head by an arm projected from a cloud.

A King and no King. Acted at the Blacke-Fryars, by his Maiesties Seruants. And now the second time Printed, according to the true Copie. Written by Francis Beamoont and Iohn Flecher. London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Childe in Brittans-Burse. 1625. 4to.

A King and no King. Acted at the Blacke-Fryars, by his Maiesties Seruants. And now the third time Printed, according to the true Copie.

Written by { *Francis Beamont* & *Iohn Flecher* } *Gent.*

The Stationer to Dramatophilus.

A Play and no Play, who this Booke shall read,
Will iudge, and weepe, as if 'twere done indeed.

London, Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Chancerie Lane, neere Serjeants Inne. 1631. 4to.

A King and no King, &c. And now the fourth time printed, according to the true Copie, &c. (Couplet as before.) *London, Printed by E. G. for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane, neere unto the Rowles.* 1639. 4to.

A King and No King, &c. And now the fifth time Printed, according to the true Copie, &c. (Couplet as before.) *London, Printed for William Leak, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Crown in Fleet-street, between the two temple Gates.* 1655. 4to.

A King and no King, &c. And now the fourth [sic] *time Printed, according to the true Copie, &c.* (Couplet as before.) *London, Printed in the Year,* 1661. 4to.

Weber (who doubts the existence of 4to. 1625) mentions a 4to. dated 1628, which I have never seen, nor found noticed by any other writer.

In the folio of 1679.

A King and No King was "allowed to be acted in 1611" by Sir George Buck: see Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 263. That it was written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction is not to be doubted. "If," says Weber, "we can put any faith in commendatory verses, we might suppose that the plot was the work of Fletcher, and that the inimitable character of Bessus was produced by his younger friend, Beaumont." Herrick,[1] indeed, in his lines *Upon Master Fletcher's incomparable plays*, speaks of, —

"that high design
Of *King and No King*, and *the rare plot thine;*"

but I suspect that he meant nothing more than that *the authors had invented the plot of their piece.* As to Earle's[1] expression in his verses *On Master Beaumont*, —

"Where's such an humour as *thy* Bessus, pray?"

it carries no weight whatever; for he has just before mentioned

"— *thy Philaster* and *Maid's Tragedy;*"

in the composition of which two plays Fletcher assuredly had a share. Weber thinks it probable "that the greater part of the scenes written in verse were produced by Beaumont."

This drama continued to be very popular both before and after the Restoration:[2] it "has always," says Langbaine (whose work is dated 1691), "been acted with Applause, and has lately been reviv'd on our present Theatre with so great success, that we may justly say with Horace,

Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit."
Account of Engl. Dram. Poets, p. 210.

The Editors of 1778 observe, "Notwithstanding its prodigious merit, it has not been performed for many years past; nor do we find that it ever received any alterations." Davies informs us that Garrick had prepared for the stage an alteration of *A King and No King*, and had distributed the various parts among the performers, retaining Arbaces for himself; but that it was withdrawn, most probably because the manager feared that the audience would be offended, both at the king's ardent passion for a lady whom he supposes to be his sister, and at the baseness of Bessus, who is not only a beaten

[1] See the *Commendatory Poems* prefixed to the first vol. of the present edition.
[2] In Kirkman's collection of drolls, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, (see p. 158 of the present work,) is one entitled *Forc'd Valour*, p. 87, made up from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, but which is wrongly stated in the Catalogue at the end of the volume to be taken from *A King and No King*.

coward, but a voluntary pandar: see *Dram. Miscell.* ii. 41. Garrick seems to have judged wisely in withdrawing it: when Harris, having made an alteration of the play, produced it at Covent-Garden Theatre in 1788, it was coldly received.

"Tate," says Weber, "is supposed to have intended his farce of *Duke and No Duke* as a parody upon the present play," — a remark which he borrowed from the Editors of 1778, and which shews that they had never looked into the former piece. The title of *A Duke and No Duke* was doubtless suggested by that of the present drama; but the farce itself is merely a *rifacimento* of Sir Aston Cockain's comedy, *Trappolin suppos'd a Prince*. Weber adds that "Dryden appears to have partly taken from *A King and No King* the plot of his last and unsuccessful comedy, "*Love Triumphant*," — an observation which he found in the *Biographia Dramatica*. The resemblance, however, between the two plays is so slight that Dryden's assertion in the prologue to his wretched tragi-comedy may be allowed to pass unquestioned,

——— "here's a story which no books relate,
Coin'd from our own old poet's addle-pate."

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL[1] AND WORTHY KNIGHT, SIR HENRY NEVILL

WORTHY SIR,

I present, or rather return unto your view, that which formerly hath been received from you, hereby effecting what you did desire. To commend the work in my unlearned method, were rather to detract from it than to give it any lustre. It sufficeth it hath your worship's approbation and patronage, to the commendation of the authors, and encouragement of their further labours: and thus wholly committing myself and it to your worship's dispose, I rest, ever ready to do you service, not only in the like, but in what I may,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ARBACES, king of Iberia.
TIGRANES, king of Armenia.
GOBRIAS, lord-protector, father to ARBACES.
BACURIUS, a lord.
MARDONIUS, } captains.
BESSUS, }
LYGONES, father to SPACONIA.
Two Sword-men.
Three Shop-men.
PHILIP.
Gentlemen, Attendants, &c.

ARANE, the queen-mother.
PANTHEA, her daughter.
SPACONIA, daughter to LYGONES.
Citizens' Wives, &c."[2]

SCENE, — *During the first act the frontiers of* ARMENIA; *afterwards the metropolis of* IBERIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Camp of* ARBACES, *on the Frontiers of Armenia.*

Enter MARDONIUS *and* BESSUS.

Mar. Bessus, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. Would my sword had a close basket-hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives! for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We that are commanders shall do well enough.

Mar. Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee perdu[3] for a pudding i' the dark as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lovest 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much i' thy behalf: and yet thou art valiant enough upon a retreat; I think thou wouldst kill any man that stopt thee, an thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

Mar. Why, didst thou see't?

Bes. You stood with me.

Mar. I did so; but methought thou winkedst every blow they strake.

Bes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus, — many a thousand; but, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou darest talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner, in the heart of his own country, in single combat!

Mar. See how thy blood cruddles[4] at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

[1] *To the right worshipful*, &c.] Prefixed to the first 4to. If this Dedication was written in 1619, the mention of "the *authors*, and *their* further labours" is somewhat remarkable, Beaumont having died in 1615. The manuscript, it would seem, came into Walkley's hands without the knowledge of Fletcher.

[2] The old eds. at the commencement of act ii. mark the entrance of a waiting woman named *Mandane*: but no mention of her occurs elsewhere, and in my copy of 4to. 1619 the name is struck through with a pen by a very early possessor.

[3] *perdu*] "From the French *enfans perdus*, equivalent to the forlorn hope of the present day." WEBER. It means here — in ambush.

[4] *cruddles*] So the two earliest 4tos. Latter eds. "curdles;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for't.

Mar. Hum; no venture neither, good Bessus.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

Mar. Why, art thou famed for any valour?

Bes. Famed![1] ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I'm e'en heartily glad on't: I have been with thee ever since thou camest to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em; in my conscience, thou deservest it not.

Bes. Yes, I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou mayst wait of[2] a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting a trencher;[3] but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus: where was it? is the place vanished?

Bes. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption.

Mar. Bessus'[4] Desperate Redemption! where's that?

Bes. There, where I redeemed the day; the place bears my name.

Mar. Prithee, who christened it?

Bes. The soldier.[5]

Mar. If I were not a very merrily disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there, i' th' head o' the troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus; I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeemed all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meanedst to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou rannest upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gavest; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and I think we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

Bes. You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceedest, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, come,[6] our king's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou camest to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vainglorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with the prey in his foot.

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, *two* Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Arb. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory: am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They that plac'd me here
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day.
What should afflict you? you are free[7] as I;
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly: and never think,
The man I held worthy to combat me
Shall be us'd servilely. Thy ransom is,
To take my only sister to thy wife;
A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is
A lady that the neighbour-princes send
Blanks to fetch home.[8] I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes: she but nine years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since; your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory; she was a pretty child;
Then I was little better; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle.
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke
But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Is't the course of
Iberia to use their[9] prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',
I should not thus have talk'd; for[10] in Armenia
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,
Perhaps, to brag.

Arb. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I, then, boast? Where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole realm, that I have not pass'd,
Fighting and conquering? Far, then, from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate
By this sole arm, propt by divinity;

[1] *Famed*] Theobald and Weber gave with the first 4to. "I *famed*."

[2] *of*] i. e. on.

[3] *a trencher*] i. e. a wooden platter.

[4] *Bessus*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "At *Bessus*:" and so the modern editors.

[5] *The soldier*] i. e. The soldiery. So the two first 4tos. Other eds. "*The* souldiers;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[6] *Come, come*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "Come;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[7] *you are free*] So all the 4tos. Folio of 1679 "*you are as free*;" which Weber gave, the other modern editors printing, "*you're as free*."

[8] *A lady that the neighbour-princes send*
Blanks to fetch home] "That is, she is of such supreme beauty, that neighbour princes, in order to obtain her for a wife, send blank bonds to Arbaces to be filled up with whatever conditions he shall please to insert." WEBER.

[9] *their*] Altered unnecessarily to "her" by the Editors of 1778; and so Weber.

[10] *talk'd: for*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "*talk'd*, sir;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour-world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

Mar. Indeed, this is none! [*Aside.*

Arb. Tigranes, no; did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds, as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you do. [*Aside.*

Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast: after an act
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk. [*Aside.*

Arb. I offer you my sister; and you answer,
I do insult; a lady that no suit,
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not;[1]
But that you think to over-grace me with
The marriage of your sister troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her.

Arb. See, if I insult,
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the conquerèd,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn!
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death
At their own foulness.[2] Yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not:
They say, her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name. Yet were she odious,[3]
Her birth deserves the empire of the world;
Sister to such a brother, that hath ta'en
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to take,[4]
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely
She did for me. But you will think I brag.

Mar. I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions severed would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate: would one of 'em were away! [*Aside.*

Tigr. Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own sex
Could find a want; had she so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;[5]
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fix'd
Mine eyes, not to be mov'd, and she on me;
I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit yourself in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you tried,
You thought yourself a match for me in fight.
Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace as I in war; she'll conquer too:
You shall see, if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way; but if she be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you must.

Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance,
And will obey. But give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.

Arb. Some two[6] await him forth, and see him safe;
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is,
Till he be free from me.

[*Exit* TIGRANES, *with two* Attendants.

This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

Mar. And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have done't
Hadst thou joined with him, though thy name in arms
Be great. Must all men that are virtuous
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquer'd him, and bravely; did I not?

Bes. An please your majesty, I was afraid at first ——

Mar. When wert thou other?

Arb. Of what?

Bes. That you would not have spied your best advantages; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

Mar. Like a tailor at a wake.

Bes. And then, if't please your majesty to remember at one time —— by my troth, I wished myself wi' you.

[1] *me not*] Weber gave with the first 4to. "*not me.*"

[2] *foulness*] i. e. ugliness.

[3] *That wants a name. Yet were she odious*] Weber followed the pointing of the first 4to. —

"That wants a name yet. Were she odious,"

which, he says, "is much better" than that of the other eds. I think not.

[4] *take*] Though Theobald had rightly given this reading from the two earliest 4tos., the Editors of 1778 preferred the corrupt lection "taste"!

[5] *Could find a want: had she so tempting fair,*
That she could wish it off, for damning souls] So all the old eds., except the first 4to., in which the lines are slightly corrupted. Theobald printed, —

"*Could find a want*; were *she so tempting fair*," &c.

The Editors of 1778 gave, —

"*Could find a want* she had; *so tempting fair*," &c.

and Weber adopted their alteration! The word *fair* as a substantive, in the sense of — beauty, is very common in our early writers (e. g. "Demetrius loves your *fair*," Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act i. sc. 1.), and the meaning of the passage is, — Had she so tempting a beauty that she could wish it away, for the fear of damning souls.

[6] *two*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "to." The modern editors print "do"!

Mar. By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' the lists.

Arb. What to do?

Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an occasion: you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipped up your leg thus, and reached him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run about his head.

Mar. What country fence-school didst thou learn that at?

Arb. Puff![1] did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.

Arb. Talk'd[2] enough!
Will you confine my words? By heaven and earth,
I were much better be a king of beasts
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant
Throughout the world: they will offend to death
Each minute. Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I bragg'd.
Bessus, he said, I bragg'd.

Bes. Ha, ha, ha!

Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me to a chair,
And jest at me! but I shall make a start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me?
He said, I boasted. Speak, Mardonius,
Did I? He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience; I can endure his silence. What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer?[3] am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else, by heaven ——

First. Gent. So please your ——

Arb. Monstrous!
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,
And not I. Now it is a time to speak.
I hearken.

First Gent. May it please ——

Arb. I mean not you;
Did not I stop you once? but I am grown
To talk but idly: let another speak.[4]

Sec. Gent. I hope your majesty ——

Arb. Thou drawl'st[5] thy words
That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants: throw your words away
Quick and to purpose; I have told you this.

Bes. An't please your majesty ——

Arb. Wilt thou devour me? This is such a rudeness
As yet you never shew'd me: and I want
Power to command too;[6] else Mardonius
Would speak at my request. Were you my king,
I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius:
I pray you, speak, and truly; did I boast?

Mar. Truth will offend you.

Arb. You take all great care
What will offend me, when you dare to utter
Such things as these.

Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that sole arm, propt by divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,
That daily ventur'd lives?

Arb. Oh, that thy name
Were great as mine! would I had paid my wealth,
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would through all the regions habitable
Search thee, and, having found thee, with my sword
Drive thee about the world, till I had met
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Hath miss'd of; there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

Bes. The king
Rages extremely: shall we slink away?
He'll strike us.

Sec. Gent. Content.

Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm.
I grant, you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you; but 'twas this arm
Mov'd you like wheels; it mov'd you as it pleas'd.
Whither slip you now? what, are you too good
To wait on me? Puff![7] I had need have temper,

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[1] *Puff*] First 4to. "Puft." Other eds. "Pish;" and so the modern editors,—Weber excepted, who printed "Puff." See note, next column.

[2] *Talk'd*] So the folio of 1679. Weber gave—with the 4tos., "Talk."

[3] *answer*] The first 4to. has "audience;" which Weber gave, observing that the other eds. "*unnecessarily*" read "answer." Unnecessarily! Arbaces is urging them, not to listen, but to speak to him.

[4] *but I am grown*
To talk but idly: let another speak] The first 4to.,—

"*but I am growne*
To balke, *but* I desire, *let another speake.*"

Other eds. (with a very trifling variety of spelling),—

"*but I am growne*
To balke, *but* I defie, *let another speake.*"

Theobald gave, from Seward's conjecture, "*To* talk *but* idly,"—(i. e. in vain, ineffectually, without being heeded), an emendation which is also found *in a very old hand on the margin of a copy of the first 4to., now in my possession*, and which is undoubtedly the genuine text. The Editors of 1778 printed,—

"*But I am grown*
To talk! *But I defy* —— *Let another speak;*"—

and Weber adopted the lection of the first 4to.!—their notes on the passage being of the most extravagant absurdity.

[5] *drawl'st*] Three of the 4tos. and the folio of 1679 have by a misprint "drawest;" which Weber gave!

[6] *too*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to., which has "mee." Weber chose to print "ye."

[7] *Puff*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to., which omits it. The Editors of 1778 placed it between brackets (as it is given in all the old eds. after the second 4to.), pronouncing it to be a stage-direction. Weber also considered it to be such, and omitted it,—*having forgotten that in a preceding passage* (see note, preceding column) *he had printed* "Puff" *as a portion of the text!*

That rule such people; I have nothing left
At my own choice: I would I might be private!
Mean men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our curse
To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no.
Go, get you gone! Why, here they stand like death;
My words move nothing.
First Gent. Must we go?
Bes. I know not.
Arb. I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my sight.
[*Exeunt two* Gentlemen, BESSUS, *and* Attendants. MARDONIUS *is going out.*
Why, now they leave me all! — Mardonius!
Mar. Sir?
Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? methinks,
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.
Mar. Sir, shall I speak?
Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied; but I can scarce intreat
What I would have. Do, speak.
Mar. But will you hear me out?
Arb. With me you article,[1] to talk thus. Well,
I will hear you out.
Mar. [*kneels.*] Sir, that I have ever lov'd you,
My sword hath spoken for me; that I do,
If it be doubted, I dare call an oath,
A great one, to my witness; and were
You not my king, from amongst men I should
Have chose you out, to love above the rest:
Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake
I should have done it,[2] because I would have lov'd
The most deserving man, for so you are.
Arb. [*raising him.*] Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not kneel:
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no difference in men's worths,
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded; but believe
It shall be better: more than friend in arms,
My father and my tutor, good Mardonius!
Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.
Arb. And so I will: speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.
Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities
That do eclipse your virtues.
Arb. Eclipse my virtues!
Mar. Yes, your passions, which are so manifold, that they appear even in this: when I commend you, you hug me for that truth; when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the hearing. But ——[3]
Arb. When you commend me! Oh, that I should live
To need such commendations! If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched. Spare your idle praise:
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise that thou thought'st impudence,
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise,
I hug you! 'tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,
From me. But thou shalt understand thy lies;
For, shouldst thou praise me into heaven, and there
Leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee though[4]
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.
Mar. However you will use me after, yet,
For your own promise-sake, hear me the rest.
Arb. I will; and after call unto the winds,
For they shall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak.
Mar. Would you but leave
These hasty tempers, which I do not say
Take from you all your worth, but darken 'em,[5]
Then you would[6] shine indeed.
Arb. Well.
Mar. Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.
Arb. Why, now you flatter.
Mar. I never understood the word. Were you no king, and free from these wild moods, should I choose a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I would find out you, for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke: consider to yourself, find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.
Arb. Is not material! more than ten such lives
As mine, Mardonius. It was nobly said;
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth
As might offend another. I have been
Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see
A swift amendment. But I want those parts

[1] *With me you article*] Theobald printed (for the better doubtless, but without any authority), "*You article with me.*"

[2] *done it*] So the folio of 1679. The first 4to. "doted;" which Weber adopted. The other 4tos. "done."

[3] *when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the hearing. But*—] The first 4to. has "*when I speak of your faults,*" &c. Other eds. "but *when I speak your faults,*" &c.; and so the modern editors, Weber excepted. Theobald printed "*and fly the hearing* out."

[4] *though*] "This," says Weber, "is the text of *the oldest quarto.*" It happens to be *the reading of every one of the old eds.* Theobald and the editors of 1778 printed "then,"—rightly, I suspect; for in my copy of the first 4to. "though" is struck through with a pen, and "then" written on the margin in a very old hand.

[5] *worth . . . 'em*] Theobald (at Sympson's suggestion) gave "*worth . . . it;*" and so the Editors of 1778. Weber printed "worths . . . *'em.*" But compare *Philaster*,

"And taste the *waters* of the springs as sweet
As *'twas* before."—p. 175.

Similar ungrammatical passages occur in various early writers. Let it be observed too, that in the preceding page Mardonius says to Arbaces, "Though you have *all this worth,*" &c.

[6] *would*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "will;" and so the modern editors.

You praise me for: I fight for all the world!
Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me as thou art beyond in years;
I know thou dars't and wilt. It troubles me
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee;
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I
Should differ thus!

Mar. Why, 'tis no matter, sir.

Arb. Faith, but it is: but thou dost ever take
All things I do thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee but with love,
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately: pray thee, tell me,
Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear.[1]

Mar. Why, at the taking of a town.

Arb. A wench,
Upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,
Gave thee that jewel.

Mar. Wench! they respect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I' those businesses I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. Ay, by this light, do they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes, faith.

Arb. And do they improve themselves?

Mar. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't?

Mar. Why, I think I must petition to you.

Arb. Thou shalt take 'em up at my price.

Re-enter two Gentlemen *and* Bessus.

Mar. Your price!

Arb. Ay, at the king's price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

First Gent. Is he not merry now?

Sec. Gent. I think not.

Bes. He is, he is: we'll shew ourselves.

Arb. Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I bade you haste; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Bes. An't please your majesty, I have a suit.

Arb. Is't not lousy, Bessus? what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a lady with me ——

Arb. Then thou hast two suits.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither; will't not?

Bes. I know not that, sir; but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes. If I can.

Arb. Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet I think thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis, whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you. Do you see this sword, sir? [*Draws.*

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Health to your majesty. [*Delivers a letter.*

Arb. From Gobrias?

Mes. Yes, sir.

Arb. How does he? is he well?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good news. —
[*Gives money.*
A trustier servant to his prince there lives not
Than is good Gobrias. [*Reads.*

First Gent. The king starts back.

Mar. His blood goes back as fast.

Sec. Gent. And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me: be it far
From me to struggle! If my secret sins
Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears
Enow to wash me white, that I may feel
A child-like innocence within my breast:
Which once perform'd, oh, give me leave to stand
As fix'd as Constancy herself; my eyes
Set here unmov'd, regardless of the world,
Though thousand miseries encompass me!

Mar. This is strange. — Sir, how do you?

Arb. Mardonius, my mother ——

Mar. Is she dead?

Arb. Alas, she's not so happy! Thou dost know
How she hath labour'd, since my father died,
To take by treason hence this loathèd life,
That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practise new sins, not repent the old.
She now had hir'd a slave to come from thence,
And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out,
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there,
The carefull'st servant! Heaven, let me but live
To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many deaths
As are the times that he hath sav'd my life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head;
Vex not yourself.

Arb. What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me laden, when my life
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: my sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace,
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender spotless maid; she stains her cheeks
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;

[1] *that same jewel in thine ear*] When this play was written, it was customary for men to wear ear-rings. The fashion indeed prevailed long after: in Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, act ii. sc. 2, Manly says to Olivia, "Was it the gunpowder spit on his hand, or *the jewel in his ear*, that purchased your heart?"

And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,
Her pure oblations, for my safe return. —
If I have lost the duty of a son,
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices,
Nay, farther, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wandering thoughts,
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back; do you direct[1] her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine:
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason! I will use no means
But prayer: for, rather suffer me to see
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my danger off with mother's blood.

Mar. I ne'er saw such sudden extremities.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Camp.*

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me fly,[2] Spaconia?
What should I do?

Spa. Nay, let me stay alone;
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I:
Some friend, that either loves[3] me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women; many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids
That place[4] their loves unfortunately high,[5]
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why should you go to Iberia?

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the man
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves:
Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?

Spa. That conquer'd thee!
Tigranes, he has won but half of thee,
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his; his will did never combat thine,
And take it prisoner.

Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling?

Spa. Oh, Tigranes!
I know you are to see a lady there;
To see, and like, I fear: perhaps the hope
Of her makes you forget me ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell.

Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In short, destruction meet me, that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our love;
And I have given gold unto a captain,
That goes unto Iberia from the king,
That he would place a lady of our land
With the king's sister that is offer'd me;
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid,
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?

Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

Spa. Why, I had rather lose you. Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words?
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie!

Tigr. Yet, do thy best.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. What, is your majesty ready?

Tigr. There is the lady, captain.

Bes. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship[6] for your fair sake.

Spa. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must haste; I have received new letters from the king, that require more speed than I expected: he will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.

Tigr. He shall not do so long.

Bes. Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir; you shall call me what you please.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Capital of Iberia. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter GOBRIAS, BACURIUS, ARANE, PANTHEA, Waiting-women, *and* Attendants.

Gob. My lord Bacurius, you must have regard
Unto the queen; she is your prisoner;
'Tis at your peril, if she make escape.

Bac. My lord, I know't; she is my prisoner,
From you committed: yet she is a woman;
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,
I sorrow for her.

Gob. So do I, my lord:
I sorrow for her, that so little grace
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm
Against her king; so little womanhood

1 *do you direct*, &c.] "An address to the gods of a similar nature, without naming them, occurs in act iii. sc. 1, where Arbaces says,

'Why should you that have made me stand in war,' &c. MASON.

2 *fly*] Old eds. "die." — "We should certainly read *fly* instead of *die*. Spaconia's reply shews that she had been exhorting him to flight." MASON.

3 *either loves*] So the two first 4tos.; which Theobald rightly followed. Other eds. "ever lov'd;" and so the Editors of 1778. Weber printed "ever loves"!

4 *place*] So all the 4tos. Folio of 1679 "plac'd;" and so the modern editors.

5 *unfortunately high*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to., which has "*unfortunately* too light." Weber chose to print "*unfortunately* too *high*."

6 *courtship*] "i. e. courtly breeding, the behaviour of a courtier." WEBER.

And natural goodness, as to think[1] the death
Of her own son.
Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.
Gob. There is a lady takes not after you;
Her father is within her; that good man,
Whose tears paid down his sins.[2] Mark how she weeps;
How well it does become her! and if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her
Find out the way, and by your reason weep:
All this she does for you, and more she needs,
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.
Think how this want of grief discredits you;
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.
Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose; but you know, I know
You speak not what you think.
Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softness should be urg'd
Against my mother! A more troubled thought
No virgin bears about her: should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In losing which a brother and a king
Were taken from me; if I seek to save
That life so lov'd, I lose another life,
That gave me being, — I shall[3] lose a mother,
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,
That it strikes reverence through it. May the will
Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!
Ara. But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this fault
Is not in me as in another woman.[4]
[*They walk apart.*
Gob. I know it is not.
Ara. Yet you make it so.
Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?
Ara. I know it is.
Gob. Nay, should you publish it
Before the world, think you 'twould be believ'd?
Ara. I know, it would not.
Gob. Nay, should I join with you,
Should we not both be torn,[5] and yet both die
Uncredited?
Ara. I think we should.
Gob. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses? As for me,
I do but right in saving of the king
From all your plots.
Ara. The king!
Gob. I bade you rest
With patience, and a time would come for me
To reconcile all to your own content;
But by this way you take away my power;
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you, your urging: being done,
I must preserve mine own;[6] but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.
Ara. Accursèd be this over-curious brain,
That gave that plot a birth! accurs'd this womb,
That after did conceive to my disgrace!
Bac. My lord-protector, they say there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour: received you any to that effect?
Gob. Yes; 'tis most certain.
Bac. I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won,
But that 'twas won by him. We held him here
A coward: he did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd,
And so did all the world; for nor I
Nor any other held him worth my sword.

Enter BESSUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bes. Health to my lord-protector! from the king these letters, — and to your grace, madam, these. [*Gives letters to* GOBRIAS *and* PANTHEA.
Gob. How does his majesty?
Bes. As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him: your letters will tell you all.
Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My brother's health: good captain, is he well?
Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.
Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?
Bes. He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.
Pan. I do not ask how strange that soldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.
Bes. He had divers.
Pan. And is he well again?
Bes. Well again, an't please your grace! Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i' th' head with a cross arrow, and yet am well again.
Pan. I do not care how thou dost; is he well?
Bes. Not care how I do! Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady as you[7] distressed.
Pan. Why, I will care: I'm glad that thou art well;
I prithee, is he so?
Gob. The king is well, and will be here tomorrow.
Pan. My prayers are heard. Now will I open mine. [*Reads.*
Gob. Bacurius, I must case you of your charge. —
Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,

[1] *think*] "i. e. intend." WEBER.
[2] *paid down his sins*] "That is, paid the forfeit of his sins, were sufficient to balance them. The reading of the old [the first] quarto was subsequently changed thus, — '*weigh'd* down his sins.'" WEBER.
[3] *shall*] Altered by Weber to "should."
[4] *another woman*] "So the first quarto. After editions read, with a disagreeable jingle — 'another *mother*.'" WEBER.
[5] *torn*] i. e. torn to death, tortured. Theobald adopted Sympson's ridiculous alteration of this passage, in which "sworn" is substituted for "torn."
[6] *mine own*] i. e. him who is my own.
[7] *as you*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to, which omits these words, and which Weber followed

And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely:
Your own will is your law; be where you please.

Ara. I thank him.

Gob. You will be ready
To wait upon his majesty to-morrow?

Ara. I will.

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad
I have lost this office. [*Exit* ARANE.

Gob. Good captain Bessus, tell us the discourse[1]
Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how
We got the victory.

Pan. I prithee, do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long
Before thou bring him off, for all that while
My heart will beat.

Bes. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell truth; and thus it was. They fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before; else perhaps we had been two to two, — I cannot tell, some thought, we had; — and the occasion of my hurt was this; the enemy had made trenches ——

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt
Be much material to this business,
We'll hear't some other time.

Pan. I prithee,[2] leave it,
And go on with my brother.

Bes. I will; but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single-sword and gauntlet[3] was their fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I; and 'twas my chance to stand next a captain of the enemy's side, called Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and asked me, who[4] I thought would overcome. I smiled, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answered; and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I ——

Pan. All this is of thyself: I prithee, Bessus,
Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bac. I fear, yet, this fellow's abused with a good report.

Bes. Ay, but I ——

Pan. Still of himself!

Bes. Cried, "Give the word!" when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us martialists as, "I will fight with you:" I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done ——

Pan. He slips o'er all the fight!

Bes. I called him to me; "Cosroes," said I ——

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bes. No, no, I lie.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bes. "Captain," said I; so 'twas.

Pan. I tell thee I will hear no further.

Bes. No! your grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Bes. An't please your grace, this is she. — Charge,[5] will you come nearer[6] the princess?

Pan. You're welcome from your country; and this land
Shall shew unto you all the kindnesses
That I can make it. What's your name?

Spa. Thalestris.

Pan. You're very welcome: you have got a letter
To put you to me, that has power enough
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,
That are so far from being so to me,
That you ne'er saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth!

Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

Bes. I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare give my word for her, and for her[7] honesty: she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this

[1] *discourse*] "This was one of the numerous words derived from the Latin, which were used with a great latitude of meaning by our ancestors [see note, p. 162]. Here it signifies, as Mr. Mason observes, 'transaction, not conversation.'" WEBBER. Mason may be right: but perhaps "*the discourse betwixt Tigranes and our king*" is equivalent to — the story, the full particulars, of what took place between Tigranes and our king. The following passages occur in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia* — "And vnderstanding the ful *discourse* (as Fame was verie prodigall of so notable an accident) in what case Pyrocles was," &c. B. ii. p. 198. ed. 1598. "And therefore desired his mother that she would tell him the whole *discourse*, how all these matters had happened." B. iii. p. 241. "And then with a mery mariage looke he sang this following *discourse* [tale], for with a better grace he could sing then tell." B. iii. p. 377.

[2] *I prithee*] I may just notice that the first 4to. has "I [Ay], *I prethee*."

[3] *gauntlet*] Theobald printed "target," the rash conjecture of Sympson. "As this alteration is countenanced by none of the old copies, so the reason for which it is made will hardly be deemed a sufficient one, when it is understood that every combatant was provided with a gauntlet when he fought. In a book entitled 'Honor Military and Civill, contained in foure Bookes. By W. Segar,' fo. 1602, p. 130, is the following passage: 'He that loseth his gauntlet in fight, is more to be blamed than he who is disarmed of his poulderon. For the gauntlet armeth the hand, without which member no fight can be performed; and therefore that part of the armor is commonly sent in signe of defiance.'" REED.

[4] *who*] So fol. 1679. The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print with the 4tos. "whom."

[5] *Charge*] See p. 314, near end of act i.

[6] *nearer*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., "near;" and so the modern editors.

[7] *her*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

light, none but what she might do with modesty to a man of my rank.

Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touched any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee!

Bes. No, you know I did not; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge, whilst I live. Your grace shall understand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him so well already,
I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world. — And so I take my leave of your grace, — and of you, my lord-protector. — I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

Bac. Oh, captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship. [*Exit.*

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius! [*Exit* BACURIUS.

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to you?

Pan. Oh, my lord,
The kindest words! I'll keep 'em, whilst I live,
Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em;
They lie disorder'd in this paper, just
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob. And to me
He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;
And yields all thanks to me for that dear care
Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princess living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.

Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for any thing, or [1] feels more heat
And cold within her breast, than I do now
In hope to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this: he writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince;
And if he love you, as he makes a show,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant you;
He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.

Gob. Trust me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with
Before I choose [2] him.

Pan. But I am not built
On such wild humours; if I find him worthy,
He is not less because he's offerèd.

Spa. 'Tis true, he is not: would he would seem less! [*Aside.*

Gob. I think there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother standing by;
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his.

Spa. I know a lady may, and more, I fear,
Another lady will. [*Aside.*

Pan. Would I might see him!

Gob. Why, so you shall. My businesses are great:
I will attend you when it is his pleasure
To see you, madam.

Pan. I thank you, good my lord.

Gob. You will be ready, madam?

Pan. Yes. [*Exit* GOBRIAS *with Attendants.*

Spa. I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.

Pan. Sirs,[3] leave me all.
[*Exeunt Waiting-women.*

Spa. I kneel, a stranger here, to beg a thing [*Kneels.*
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant:
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a beggar should intreat a king
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a strange request.

Spa. As ill is mine.

Pan. Then do not utter it.

Spa. Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die!
I am asham'd to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,
That will not talk [4] something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it. I shall seem
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;
Yet so I must. I would you were not fair
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;
If foul,[5] you had not power to hinder me, —
He would not love you.

Pan. What's the meaning of it?

Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet; for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Prithee, speak it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have,
He brings him; and so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man; for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.

Pan. Trust me, I could weep

[1] *or*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "and;" which the modern editors give.

[2] *choose*] Altered by the modern editors to "chose."

[3] *Sirs*] Was formerly a not unusual address to women? see p. 182.

[4] *talk*] Theobald's correction, — and an obvious one, in which he had been anticipated by the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. Old eds., "take."

[5] *foul*] i. e. ugly.

Rather; for I have found in all thy words
A strange disjointed sorrow.
Spa. 'Tis by me
His own desire too,[1] that you would not love him.
Pan. His own desire! Why, credit me, Thalestris,
I am no common wooer: if he shall woo me,
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear
I will not love him; but, if he will stay
To have me woo him, I will promise thee
He may keep all his graces to himself,
And fear no ravishing from me.
Spa. 'Tis yet
His own desire; but when he sees your face,
I fear it will not be. Therefore I charge you,
As you have pity, stop those tender ears
From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you: I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I shall walk to visit him,
If he break promise with me; for as fast
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.
Pan. Then be fearless;
For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,
I could gaze on him, — if I knew it sin
To love him, — without passion.[2] Dry your eyes:
I swear you shall enjoy him still for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive
You are not what you seem: rise, rise, Thalestris,
If your right name be so.
Spa. [*rising.*] Indeed, it is not:
Spaconia is my name; but I desire
Not to be known to others.
Pan. Why, by me
You shall not; I will never do you wrong;
What good I can, I will: think not my birth
Or education such, that I should injure
A stranger-virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded;
But when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Fields in the Neighbourhood of the City. — A great Crowd.*

Enter three Shop-Men *and* a Woman.

First Shop-M. Come, come, run, run, run.
Sec. Shop-M. We shall outgo her.
Third Shop-M. One were better be hanged than carry women out fiddling to these shows.
Wom. Is the king hard by?
First Shop-M. You heard, he with the bottles said he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is!
Wom. But what had he in those bottles?
Third Shop-M. I know not.
Sec. Shop-M. Why, ink, goodman fool.
Third Shop-M. Ink! what to do?
First Shop-M. Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.
Wom. Let's take our places quickly;[3] we shall have no room else.
Sec. Shop-M. The man told us, he would walk o'foot through the people.
Third Shop-M. Ay, marry, did he.
First Shop-M. Our shops are well looked to now.
Sec. Shop-M. 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.
First Shop-M. No, 'tis not he.

Enter two Citizens' Wives, *and* PHILIP.

First Cit. W. Lord, how fine the fields be! what sweet living 'tis in the country!
Sec. Cit. W. Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.
First Cit. W. My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?
Sec. Cit. W. Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.
First Cit. W. And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?
Sec. Cit. W. Very good people, God help 'em.
First Cit. W. Wilt thou go down with me this summer, when I am brought to bed?
Sec. Cit. W. Alas, 'tis no place for us!
First Cit. W. Why, prithee?
Sec. Cit. W. Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.
First Cit. W. No!
Sec. Cit. W. No, truly, nor milk.
First Cit. W. Nor milk! how do they?
Sec. Cit. W. They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.
First Cit. W. Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.
Sec. Cit. W. Ay, God knows, will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.
First Cit. W. Do they not? alas! in good faith, I cannot blame them, for we do not greatly care for them ourselves. — Philip, I pray, choose us a place.
Phil. There's the best, forsooth.
First Cit. W. By your leave, good people, a little.
First Shop-M. What's the matter?
Phil. I pray you, my friend,[4] do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.
Sec. Shop-M. Let her look to herself, then. Has she not had thrusting enough yet? if she stay shouldering here, she may hap to go home[5] with a cake in her belly.
Third Shop-M. How now, goodman squitter-breech! why do you lean so[6] on me?

[1] *too*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "so;" which the modern editors give.
[2] *For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,*
I could gaze on him, — if I knew it sin
To love him, — without passion] "i. e. If she knew it a sin to fall in love with him, let him be ever so lovely, she could avoid it." SEWARD.

[3] *quickly*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.
[4] *I pray you, my friend*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to., which omits "you" Weber printed, "*I pray you, my* friends," and informed the reader in a note that *he followed the first* 4to!
[5] *hap to go home*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "haps *go home*;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.
[6] *so*] Found only in the first 4to. Omitted by the modern editors.

Phil. Because I will.

Third Shop-M. Will you, sir sauce-box?

[*Strikes him.*

First Cit. W. Look, if one ha' not struck Philip! — Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

First Cit. W. Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

First Cit. W. As God save me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

Third Shop-M. It's at the first end, then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

First Cit. W. Well, slip-string,[1] I shall meet with you.

Third Shop-M. When you will.

First Cit. W. I'll give a crown to meet with you.

Third Shop-M. At a bawdy-house.

First Cit. W. Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

[*Flourish.*

Enter a Man *running.*

Man. The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full,
When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.
By you I grow; 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height.
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have bestow'd on me,
All your expenses to maintain my war,
Is but a little word: you will imagine
'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought without our[2] bloods:
'Tis peace!

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. Now you may live securely in your towns,
Your children round about you; you may sit
Under your vines, and make the miseries
Of other kingdoms a discourse for you,
And lend them sorrows; for yourselves, you may
Safely forget there are such things as tears:
And may you[3] all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In all such a calm estate!

All. God bless your majesty!

Arb. See, all good people, I have brought the man,
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home:
Behold him; 'tis Tigranes. In your hearts
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

First Cit. W. Out upon him!

Sec. Cit. W. How he looks!

Wom. Hang him, hang him!

Mar. These are sweet people.

Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a scornèd spectacle
To common people.

Arb. It was far from me[4]
To mean it so. — If I have aught deserv'd,
My loving subjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells
All worth, of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare;
The terror of his name has stretch'd itself
Wherever there is sun: and yet for you
I fought with him single, and won[5] him too;
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,
Soar'd to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall
Beneath mine: this, inspir'd with all your loves,
I did perform; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.

All. The Lord bless your majesty!

Tigr. So, he has made me
Amends now with a speech in commendation
Of himself; I would not be so vain-glorious.

[*Aside.*

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may
Do good to any creature here, speak out;
For I must leave you: and it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you; else my joy
Would be to spend my days amongst you all.
You shew your loves in these large multitudes,
That come to meet me. I will pray for you:
Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,
And live to see your children's children
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is
A want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you:
God keep you all!

All. God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty!

[*Flourish. Exeunt* ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

First Shop-M. Come, shall we go? all's done.

Wom. Ay, for God's sake; I have not made a fire yet.

Sec. Shop-M. Away, away! all's done.

Third Shop-M. Content. — Farewell, Philip.

First Cit. W. Away, you halter-sack,[6] you!

First Shop-M. Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.

Phil. Ay, marry, am I afraid of my face?

Third Shop-M. Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou sawest it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.

First Cit. W. You'll be hanged, sirrah. [*Exeunt. three* Shop-men *and* Woman.] Come, Philip, walk afore us homewards. — Did not his majes-

[1] *slip-string*] The first 4to has "stripling," a reading which Weber chose to adopt, and which is manifestly wrong: towards the end of this scene, the same Citizen's Wife says to the same Shop-man, "Away, you *halter-sack*, you!"

[2] *without our*] So the first 4to. Sec. 4to., "but with *our*." Other eds., "but with your."

[3] *may you*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., "*you may*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber!

[4] *It was far from me*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds., "*It was so far from me*," — which, says Weber with his usual carelessness, is the reading of the first 4to.

[5] *won*] Qy. "I *won*"?

[6] *halter-sack*] See note, p. 279.

ty say he had brought us home peas[1] for all our money?

Sec. Cit. W. Yes, marry, did he.

First Cit. W. They're the first I heard on this year, by my troth: I longed for some of 'em. Did he not say we should have some?

Sec. Cit. W. Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARBACES *and* GOBRIAS.

Arb. My sister take it ill!
Gob. Not very ill;
Something unkindly she does take it, sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.
Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,
My will, and not her own, must govern her.
What, will she marry with some slave at home?
Gob. Oh, she is far from any stubbornness!
You much mistake her; and no doubt will like
Where you will have her: but, when you behold her,
You will be loath to part with such a jewel.
Arb. To part with her! why, Gobrias, art thou mad?
She is my sister.
Gob. Sir, I know she is;
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With such a beauty to enrich another.
Arb. Pish! will she have him?
Gob. I do hope she will not. —— [*Aside.*
I think she will, sir.
Arb. Were she my father and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,
She should be forc'd[2] to have him, when I know
'Tis fit: I will not hear her say she's loath.
Gob. Heaven, bring my purpose luckily to pass!
You know 'tis just. [*Aside.*] — Sir, she'll[3] not need constraint,
She loves you so.
Arb. How does she love me? speak.
Gob. She loves you more than people love their health,
That live by labour; more than I could love
A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.
Arb. She is not like her mother, then.
Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt;
For at the first, on every little scratch,
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well; and many times the news
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death as you[4] your health.
Arb. Alas, poor soul! but yet she must be rul'd:
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her: have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?
Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter a Gentleman *and* TIGRANES.

Gent. Sir, here is the Armenian king.
Arb. He's welcome.
Gent. And the queen-mother and the princess wait
Without.
Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in. ——
[*Exit* GOBRIAS.
Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd
In a strange land, where mothers cast[5] to poison
Their only sons: think you, you shall be safe?
Tigr. Too safe I am, sir.

Re-enter GOBRIAS, *with* ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, BACURIUS, MARDONIUS, BESSUS, *and two* Gentlemen.

Ara. [*kneels.*] As low as this I bow to you;[6] and would
As low as to my grave, to shew a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.
Arb. Oh, stand up,
And let me kneel! the light will be asham'd
To see observance done to me by you.
Ara. You are my king.
Arb. You are my mother: rise. [*Raises her.*
As far be all your faults from your own soul
As from my memory! then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself.
Ara. I came
Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge
My sorrow for my sins: longer to stay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still!
Arb. Your own desires
Shall be your guide. [*Exit* ARANE.
Pan. Now let me die!
Since I have seen my lord the king return

[1] *peas*] B. Jonson had previously employed this wretched pun: see *Every Man out of his Humour*, act iv. sc. 1. *Works*, ii. 133. ed. Gifford.

[2] *She should be forc'd*, &c.] So the passage is pointed in all the old eds. Mason would point it thus;

"She should be forc'd to have him. When I know
'Tis fit, I will not hear her say she's loath."

[3] *Sir, she'll*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "She will;" and so the modern editors.

[4] *you*] "This word, which is not in the oldest quarto, was properly supplied in the folio of 1679." WEBER. Another specimen of Weber's carelessness: "you" is found not only in the first, but also in the second 4to.!

[5] *cast*] i. e. contrive, project.

[6] *As low as this I bow to you*, &c.] "There is a fine passage, upon a similar occasion, in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, to which our authors might possibly have an eye:

"*Vol.* Oh, stand up bless'd!
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.'" [act v. sc. 3.]
THEOBALD.

In safety, I have seen all good that life
Can shew me: I have ne'er another wish
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come
In giving thanks that this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?
Arb. To whom?
Gob. To the princess.
Pan. Alas, sir, I am fearful you do look
On me as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun!
Gob. Sir, you should speak to her.
Arb. Ha!
Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:
Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel
[*Kneels.*
Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindness from you.
Gob.[1] Will you speak, sir?
Arb. Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? shew forth thyself.
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there;
Up, and begone; if thou be'st love, begone!
Or I will tear thee from my wounded flesh,[2]
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill,
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing mother[3] in thy blood,
That you are powers belied, and all your darts
Are to be blown away by men resolv'd,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words: away!
Tigr. Oh, misery! why should he be so slow?
There can no falsehood come of loving her:
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith.
I would he would present me to her quickly!
[*Aside.*
Pan. Will you not speak at all? are you so far
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb; say something, though it be
Poison'd with anger, that may[4] strike me dead.
Mar. Have you no life at all? for manhood-sake,
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus:
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.
Arb. You mean this lady: lift her from the earth;
Why do you let her kneel so long? — Alas,
[*They raise* PANTHEA.
Madam, your beauty uses to command,
And not to beg! what is your suit to me?
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affairs are great. — But where's my sister?
I bade she should be brought.
Mar. What, is he mad? [*Aside.*
Arb. Gobrias, where is she?
Gob. Sir?
Arb. Where is she, man?
Gob. Who, sir?
Arb. Who! hast thou forgot? my sister.[5]
Gob. Your sister, sir!
Arb. Your sister, sir! Some one that hath a wit,
Answer where is she.
Gob. Do you not see her there?
Arb. Where?
Gob. There.
Arb. There! where?
Mar. 'Slight there: are you blind?
Arb. Which do you mean? that little one?
Gob. No, sir.
Arb. No, sir! why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here but that petitioning lady.
Gob. That's she.
Arb. Away!
Gob. Sir, it is she.
Arb. 'Tis false.
Gob. Is it?
Arb. As hell! by heaven, as false as hell!
My sister! — Is she dead? if it be so,
Speak boldly to me, for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I see you all are mute, and stand amaz'd,
Fearful to answer me: it is too true;
A decreed instant cuts off every life,
For which to mourn is to repine: she died
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is:
I know she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man. We all must die;
And she hath taught us how.
Gob. Do not mistake,
And vex yourself for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good Gobrias?
That lady dost thou mean?
Gob. That lady, sir:
She is your sister; and she is your sister
That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. Pish! this is tedious:
I cannot hold; I must present myself;
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to sin. [*Aside.*
Arb. Away!
No more of this. Here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister; 'tis a lie,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will say so next,

[1] *Gob.*] Old eds. "Tigr.;" and so the modern editors.
[2] *flesh*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "breast" (a word which occurs in the fifth line above); and so the modern editors.
[3] *laughing mother*] "Venus is by the poets both Greek and Latin characterized with the epithets of φιλομμειδής and *ridens*." THEOBALD.
[4] *that may*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*that* it may;" and so Weber.
[5] *hast thou forgot? my sister*] So in the first 4to. these words are rightly pointed. In other eds. thus — "*hast thou forgot my sister?*" and so the modern editors.

Let him draw out his sword, and sheathe it here;
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be;
If she were any, I create her none:
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with: I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now: is that my sister?
Mar. Oh, this is fine! [*Aside.*
Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your majesty;
I never thought she was; she's nothing like you.
Arb. No; 'tis true, she is not.
Mar. Thou shouldst be hang'd. [*To* Bessus.
Pan. Sir, I will speak but once. By the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead; and so much love
A stranger may importune; pray you, do.
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other family
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets
By their regardless mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.
Arb. I will hear no more. —
Why should there be such music in a voice,
And sin for me to hear it? all the world
May take delight in this; and [1] 'tis damnation
For me to do so. — You are fair and wise,
And virtuous, I think; and he is blest
That is so near you as your [2] brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease,
Continual torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he that undertakes my cure must first
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts,
Allowing them to do all actions
As freely as they drink when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The having which would kill me. — No man here
Offer to speak for her; for I consider
As much as you can say. I will not toil
My body and my mind too; rest thou there;
Here's one within will labour for you both.
Pan. I would I were past speaking!
Gob. Fear not, madam;
The king will alter: 'tis some sudden rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.
Pan. Pray Heaven it do!
Tigr. Though she to whom I swore be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer; if my father
Should rise again, disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out. —
[*Aside.*
Madam, a stranger and a prisoner begs
To be bid welcome.
Pan. You are welcome, sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so; for I am here a stranger
Greater than you: we know from whence you come;
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain; found here in the court,
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning.
Spa. Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught! he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope. [*Aside.*
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter things that misbecome your looks?
Can you want owning?
Spa. Oh, 'tis certain so! [*Aside.*
Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.
Arb. How now?
Tigr. And then
See if you want an owner.
Arb. They are talking!
Tigr. Nations shall own you for their queen.
Arb. Tigranes, art not thou my prisoner?
Tigr. I am.
Arb. And who is this?
Tigr. She is your sister.
Arb. She is so.
Mar. Is she so again? that's well. [*Aside.*
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it! why, you brought me hither, sir,
To that intent.
Arb. Perhaps I told you so:
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,
Or I will temper it.
Spa. Blest be that breath! [*Aside.*
Tigr. Tempter my tongue! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the law of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft. My tongue be temper'd! I must speak,
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will!
Spa. Alas, my fortune! [*Aside.*
Tigr. Do not fear his frown:
Dear madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my frown! but that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou shouldst be conquerèd by me.
Mar. He has one ransom with him already; methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.
[*Aside.*
Arb. Away with him to prison! — Now, sir, see
If my frown be regardless. — Why delay you?
Seize him, Bacurius. — You shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind, and all it grapples with
Are as the chaff before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.

1 *and*] For which Theobald substituted "yet," — is here, as the Editors of 1778 observe, equivalent to *and yet*.
2 *your*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "my." The modern editors, without authority, print "a."

Arb. Help there!
Tigr. Away!
First Gent. It is in vain to struggle.
Sec. Gent. You must be forc'd.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon us;
We must obey.
Arb. Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by any thing.
Bac. Come, sir.
Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off. — This is tyranny,
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,
Or that fam'd tyrant's bed.[1] Thou might'st as well
Search i' the deep of winter through the snow
For half-starv'd people, to bring home with thee
To shew 'em fire, and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.
Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius.
[*Exit* TIGRANES, *with* BACURIUS *and two* Gentlemen.
Spa. I ne'er rejoic'd at any ill to him
But this imprisonment. What shall become
Of me forsaken? [*Aside.*
Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you, sir?
Arb. By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong,
And made myself believe much of myself
That is not in me. — You did kneel to me,
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,
And, like a god incensèd, gave no ear
To all your prayers. Behold, I kneel to you:
[*Kneels.*
Shew a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will suffer it; yet, at the last,
Forgive me.
Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did! you mock me now.
[*Kneels.*
Arb. Never forgive me, then; which is the worst
Can happen to me.
Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look
And two kind words, and I shall be in heaven.
Arb. Rise you, then, too. Here[2] I acknowledge thee
[*Rising, and raising* PANTHEA.
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me!
Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frown'd; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block: and when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me!

[1] *the burning bull's,*
Or that fam'd tyrant's bed] Allusions to the brazen bull of Phalaris, and the bed of Procrustes, — of both which Theobald gives a full and particular account. Mason says that the right reading is "bull:" I think not.

[2] *Rise you, then, too. Here*] This reading, which is found in the two earliest 4tos. (— the other eds. have "*Rise you then to hear*" —) was supposed by the Editors of 1778, and Weber, to be "the alteration of Theobald"!

Arb. Then, thus I do salute thee; and again,
[*Kisses her.*
To make this knot the stronger. — Paradise
Is there! — It may be you are yet in doubt;
This third kiss blots it out. — I wade in sin,
And foolishly entice myself along. — [*Aside.*
Take her away; see her a prisoner
In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias.
Pan. Alas, sir, why?
Arb. I must not stay the answer. —
Do it.
Gob. Good sir!
Arb. No more: do it, I say.
Mar. This is better and better. [*Aside.*
Pan. Yet hear me speak.
Arb. I will not hear you speak. —
Away with her! Let no man think to speak
For such a creature; for she is a witch,
A poisoner, and a traitor.
Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.
Pan. Nay, 'tis well;
The king is pleas'd with it.
Arb. Bessus, go you along[3] too with her. I will prove
And this that I have said, if I may live
So long: but I am desperately sick,
For she has given me poison in a kiss, —
She had it 'twixt her lips, — and with her eyes
She witches people. Go, without a word.
[*Exeunt* GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, BESSUS, *and* SPACONIA.
Why should you,[4] that have made me stand in war
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleas'd,
Decree such an unworthy end of me
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy: rather so,
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins. Incest is in me
Dwelling already; and it[5] must be holy,
That pulls it thence. — Where art, Mardonius?
Mar. Here, sir.
Arb. I prithee, bear me, if thou canst.
Am I not grown a strange weight?
Mar. As you were.
Arb. No heavier?
Mar. No, sir.
Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my body. Oh, Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never run!
Mar. And so I shall again.
Arb. Oh, no, 'tis past!
Mar. Pray you, go rest yourself.
Arb. Wilt thou hereafter, when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear, nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?
Mar. Yes, I will.

[3] *along*] Should perhaps be thrown out.

[4] *you*] See note p. 314.

[5] *it*] i. e. that thing, that power; — which I notice only because Theobald was "puzzled a great while" by the passage.

Arb. I prithee, do;
For thou shalt never see me so again.
Mar. I warrant ye.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of* BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger: but my opinion is otherwise; for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away; which nobody knows but Mardonius, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me: then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still!" then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again; and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hazel-sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozened somebody with me for venison. After this I railed, and eat quietly; for the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whipped fellow,[2] and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger; of which I was glad, — I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven called an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hands for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgelled me: yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongst my[3] enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved, — a plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating: and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account, (worthily, as they call it,) by the way of challenge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Good morrow, captain Bessus.

[1] Mar. *I warrant ye*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[2] *till they hung me up by the heels . . . a baffled whipped fellow*] *Baffled* means ignominiously treated; and the passage contains an allusion to the punishment inflicted on recreant knights:

"And after all, for greater infamie,
He by *the heeles him hung upon a tree*,
And *baffuld* so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see."
Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. VI. C. vii. st. 27.

See more on this subject in Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Baffle*.

[3] *my*] Altered, without authority, to "mine" by the modern editors.

Bes. Good morrow, sir.
Gent. I come to speak with you ——
Bes. You're very welcome.
Gent. From one that holds himself wronged by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.
Bes. A pox on 'em! so they cry all. [*Aside.*
Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: it is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides. [*Gives a letter.*
Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?
Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.
Bes. An inviting! Oh, cry you mercy! — What a compliment he delivers it with! he might as agreeably to my nature present me poison with such a speech. — [*Aside; and then reads.*] Um, um, um — *reputation* — um, um, um — *call you to account* — um, um, um — *forced to this* — um, um, um, — *with my sword* — um, um, um — *like a gentleman* — um, um, um — *dear to me* — um, um, um — *satisfaction.* — 'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must await[4] an answer this thirteen weeks.
Gent. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off his[5] stain as soon as he could.
Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.
Gent. Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.
Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve: and I have a spent body too, much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain with you,[6] above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll the two hundredth and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think[7] so. Pray you, commend me to him, and tell him this.
Gent. I will, sir. Good morrow to you.
Bes. Good morrow, good sir. [*Exit* Gentleman.] — Certainly my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred: the place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would

[4] *await*] Altered by Weber to "wait."

[5] *his*] Altered by Weber to "this."

[6] *with you*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

[7] *I think*] Qy. did these words creep into the text by a mistake of the original compositor, his eye having caught them from the preceding line? and ought the passage to run thus: "I think there will be more after him than before him So, pray you, commend me," &c.?

have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' the paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, 'My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction." — Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my lord Bacurius: I fear all is not well betwixt us.

Enter BACURIUS.

Bac. Now, captain Bessus; I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wronged me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now people will call you valiant, — desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with[1] me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements —

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, captain Bessus: it is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who, then, pray?

Bes. Bessus the coward wronged you.

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bac. I prithee, leave these cheating tricks. I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely and kicked.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up! [*Kicks him.*

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. [*Kicks him.*

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert! confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bes. Why I am one.

Bac. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword, then? Come, unbuckle; quick!

Bes. My lord!

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Bes. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's gift.

[*Gives his sword,*[2] *with a knife in the scabbard.*

Bac. I thank you very heartily. Sweet captain, farewell.

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain. [*Exit*

Bes. I will make better use of this than of my sword. A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife: how to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit but impudence: therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. I'll move the king; he is most strangely altered: I guess the cause, I fear, too right; Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him. He has followed me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stay to await his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business; so turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter ARBACES.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him: his very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears in their eyes. [*Aside.*

Arb. I cannot utter it. Why should I keep
A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?
Darkness is in my bosom and there lie
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light.
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How do you, sir?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius:
How dost thou do?

Mar. Better than you, I fear.

Arb. I hope thou art; for, to be plain with thee,
Thou art in hell else. Secret scorching flames,
That far transcend earthly material fires,
Are creep into me, and there is no cure:
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or here is something hid, that you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is; but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I will not shrink to do you service. I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is: I know 'tis subject to more chances than it has hours; and I were better lose it in my

[1] *with*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to omit this word.

[2] *Gives his sword, &c.*] "Hitherto no stage-direction has been given in this place, and consequently the passage must have been obscure to any one who happened not to have been acquainted with the custom, which once prevailed, of wearing a dagger or a knife in a sheath, attached to the scabbard of the sword." WEBER.

king's cause than with an ague or a fall, or, sleeping, to a thief; as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you.

Arb. It will not out. Were you with Gobrias,
And bade him give my sister all content
The place affords, and give her leave to send
And speak to whom she please?

Mar. Yes, sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my business.

Mar. Oh, say not so!
You had an answer of all[1] this before:
Besides, I think this business might be utter'd
More carelessly.

Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out. I do beseech thee,
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,
To see my sister from me.

Mar. Well; and what?

Arb. That's all.

Mar. That's strange: shall I say nothing to her?

Arb. Not a word:
But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way
To make her understand by signs.

Mar. But what shall I make her understand?

Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd!

Mar. You may; but I can[2] only see her, then?

Arb. 'Tis true. [*Gives a ring.*
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,
Thou shalt speak to her: tell her I do love
My kindred all; wilt thou?

Mar. Is there no more?

Arb. Oh, yes! — and her the best;
Better than any brother loves his sister:
That's all.

Mar. Methinks, this need not have been delivered with such caution.[3] I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet: wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it,
After I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me?

Mar. I hope I do not, sir.[4]

Arb. No! thou art dull. Kneel down before her,
And never rise again, till she will love me.

Mar. Why, I think she does.

Arb. But better than she does; another way;
As wives love husbands.

Mar. Why, I think there are few wives that love their husbands better than she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me. Is it fit
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,
Naked as it is: I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To do a sin that needs must damn us both,
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes; there's your ring again. What have I done
Dishonestly in my whole life, name it,
[*Gives back the ring.*
That you should put so base a business to me?

Arb. Didst thou not tell me thou wouldst do it?

Mar. Yes, if I undertook it: but if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd
In such a cause to save my last life.[5]

Arb. O guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou!
This man that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here,
Having this cause; whilst I, press'd down with sin,
Could not resist him. — Dear[6] Mardonius,
It was a motion misbeseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.

Mar. Heaven grant you may be so! You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince; but otherwise, I think I shall not love you more, for you are sinful; and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws, for, after this, it will be great injustice to you to punish any offender for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big; I feel I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. The gods preserve you, and mend you![7]

Arb. Mardonius! stay, Mardonius! for, though
My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepar'd
For every wicked act, yet who does know
But that my loathèd fate may turn about,
And I have use for honest men again?
I hope I may: I prithee, leave me not.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. Where is the king?

Mar. There.

Bes. An't please your majesty, there's the knife.

Arb. What knife?

Bes. The sword is eaten.

[1] *all*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[2] *can*] Altered in my copy of the first 4to. in a very old hand to "shall," — which seems to be the better reading.

[3] *caution*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "a *caution*;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[4] *I hope I do not, sir*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*I hope you do not, sir*;" which (incredible as it may seem) the Editors of 1778 and Weber adopted!

[5] *last life*] Here Theobald, for the metre, printed "*last* of *life*;" and throughout this scene between the King and Mardonius, the whole of which he was determined to exhibit as verse, he took the most unwarrantable liberties with the text.

[6] *Dear*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "Hear;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[7] *The gods preserve you, and mend you*] The two earliest 4tos. "God *preserve you, and mend you*." Other eds. "*the Gods preserve you, and mend*;" and so Weber. Theobald and the Editors of 1778 printed, "*The Gods preserve and mend you*."

Mar. Away, you fool! the king is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?

Arb. No, no; 'tis well, Bessus, 'tis very well: I'm glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to that, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you.

Arb. No; let him stay, Mardonius, let him stay;
I have occasions[1] with him very weighty,
And I can spare you now.

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Why, I can spare you now.

Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state-affairs.

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. [*Exit.*

Arb. Bessus, I should employ thee: wilt thou do't?

Bes. Do't for you! by this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this light, but I will; any thing whatsoever.

Arb. But I shall name a[2] thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister for me, —
Thou understand'st me, — in a wicked manner.

Bes. Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.

Arb. Wilt thou? dost thou make no more on't?

Bes. More! no. Why, is there any thing else? if there be, tell[3] me; it shall be done too.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, and mayst yet
Corrupt me further. Pray thee, answer me,
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

Bes. Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathèd, dètestable thing,
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four rows of iron teeth.

Bes. I feel no such thing. But 'tis no matter how I look, I'll do your business as well as they that look better: and when this is despatched, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

Arb. My mother! — Heaven forgive me, to hear this!
I am inspir'd with horror. — Now I hate thee
Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise
In any breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument.
Thou art too sinful to employ in this:
Out of the world, away! [*Beats him.*

Bes. What do you mean, sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight
Into the deserts; where, 'mongst all the monsters,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

Bes. Good sir ——

Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,[4]
We kings could never act such wicked deeds.
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And nature's[5] too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law and good,
And live with him; for him thou canst not spoil:
Away, I say! [*Exit* BESSUS.
I will not do this sin:
I'll press it here till it do break my breast.
It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin,
And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of* GOBRIAS.[6]

Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, *and* SPACONIA.

Gob. Have you written, madam?

Pan. Yes, good Gobrias.

[1] *occasions*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "occasion;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *a*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "the;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *tell*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "trust"!

[4] *If there were no such instruments as thou, &c.*] "The following passage, in Shakespeare's *King John*, conveys the same sentiment, and is similar to this before us: —

'It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.
[Act iv. sc. 2].'" *Ed.* 1778.

[5] *nature's*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "nature."

[6] *A room in the house of Gobrias*] Weber wrongly marked this scene, "*The apartment of the Princess in the Palace.*" When Arbaces (act iii. sc. 1) first orders Panthea into confinement, he exclaims, —

"see her a prisoner
In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias."

What Panthea tells Arbaces (act iv. sc. 3) proves that she was not a prisoner in the palace;

"I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often."

And towards the conclusion of the play, Arbaces says, —

"One call the queen.
. . . Go, some one,
She is in Gobrias' house."

Gob. And with a kindness and such winning words
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?
Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may win him
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, since they are many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em to speak for me,
That, if he be but gracious and receive 'em ——
Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: though he should not
Give you your present end in this, believe it,
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempest (which, I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience),
All those contents your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How far he has been asunder from himself,
What a mere stranger to his golden temper,
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again
Into a thousand glories, bearing his[1] fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, straight as justice,
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly;
I know it; and I hope I need not further
Win you to understand it.
Pan. I believe it:
Howsoever,[2] I am sure I love him dearly;
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witness with me, and my faith,
I had rather live entomb'd here.
Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief;
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,
And this night will deliver this true story
With this hand to your brother.
Pan. Peace go with you!
You are a good man. — [*Exit* GOBRIAS.
My Spaconia,
Why are you ever sad thus?
Spa. Oh, dear lady!
Pan. Prithee, discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.
How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is easier known than cur'd.
Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And gives yours happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.
Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
How shall I do you service?
Spa. Noblest lady,
You make me more a slave still to your goodness,
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you;
For that is all the business of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.
Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for from so sweet a virtue
No ill demand has issue.
Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the prince Tigranes,
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.[3]
Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia;
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your own command.
Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,
So utter empty of those excellencies
That tame authority:[4] but in you, sweet lady,
All these are natural; beside, a power
Deriv'd immediate from your royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom.
Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you shall carry,
For fear it fail you.
Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.
Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me, lady,
It joys me I shall do a good to you,
Though to myself I never shall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token
[*Gives ring.*
Deliver it: I think they will not stay you.
So, all your own desires go with you, lady!
Spa. And sweet peace to your grace!
Pan. Pray Heaven, I find it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Prison.*[5]

TIGRANES *discovered.*

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myself,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one: I have childishly
Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia,
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now!

[1] *his*] Theobald, for the metre, omitted this word.
[2] *Howsoever*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "But *howsoever;*" and so the modern editors.
[3] *if not more*] I may just observe that the first 4to. has "*if no more;*" which perhaps might mean — if no otherwise equal.
[4] *That tame authority*] "i. e. that can have any control over people in office and power." THEOBALD.
[5] *A Prison*] Though all the old eds., except the first 4to., have "*Enter Tigranes in prison,*" perhaps this scene ought to be marked, — "*A room in the house of Bacurius.*"

Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her
To the fair princess? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still,
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment!
Thou hast deserv'd it. Couldst thou find no lady,
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse,
But she that lov'd thee ever, poor Spaconia?
And so much lov'd thee, that in honesty
And honour thou art bound to meet her virtues!
She, that forgot the greatness of her griefs,[1]
And miseries that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild as woman's![2] she, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country! You have paid me, equal heavens,[3]
And sent my own rod to correct me with,
A woman! For inconstancy I'll suffer;
Lay it on, justice, till my soul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting
Upon a new face, after all my oaths,
Many and strange ones.
I feel my old fire flame again, and burn
So strong and violent, that, should I see her
Again, the grief and that would kill me.

Enter BACURIUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge; you may pass:
There is the king.
Spa. I thank your lordship for it.
[*Exit* BACURIUS.
Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me ever from her!
Would I were buried, or so far remov'd,
Light might not find me out! I dare not see her.
Spa. Nay, never hide yourself; for,[4] were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you.
I must speak ere I die. Were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjur'd man,
And only mighty in the[5] wickedness
Of wronging women. Thou art false, false prince!
I live to see it; poor Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false, and then no more:[6]
She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant
Than all ill women ever were together;
Thy faith as[7] firm as raging overflows,
That no bank can command; and[8] as lasting
As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' the air and broken:
The wind is fix'd to[9] thee; and sooner shall
The beaten mariner with his shrill whistle
Calm the loud murmurs[10] of the troubled main,
And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any; thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!
Tigr. Oh! oh!
Spa. The Destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou mayst die for love,
Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,
The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,
Than such a beast as thou art. — I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrow[11] me for it! — Sir,
This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it. — He's asham'd:[12]
Alas, I have been too rugged! — Dear my lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint
To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleas'd
To think it was a fault of love, not malice,
And do as I will do, — forgive it, prince:
I do, and can, forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of. Pray, believe me.[13]
Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia! oh, thou virtuous woman!
Spa. No more; the king, sir.

Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS, *and* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,

1 *griefs*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "grief;" and so the modern editors.

2 *as woman's*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "*as* women," except 4to. 1661, which has "*as* woman." Theobald adopted Seward's conjecture, "in women;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 295) pronounces Seward's emendation to be "right and obvious;" but he was unacquainted with the reading of the first 4to., which not one of the modern editors have even mentioned.

3 *equal heavens*] i. e. just heavens. Weber absurdly pointed the passage thus, — "*You have paid me equal, heavens.*"

4 *for*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "or;" and so the modern editors!

5 *the*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "your;" and so the modern editors.

6 *and then no more*] Theobald at Sympson's suggestion printed "*and* tell thee *more*"! Seward (Postscript to vol. I. of ed. 1750) says that "*then no more*" means, — this shall be the last time I will upbraid you with your falsehood. The Editors of 1778 and Weber followed the old eds., but they evidently understood the passage no better than their predecessors. The meaning of it is this, — "poor Spaconia lives to tell thee thou art false, and then *she lives* no more:" she has previously said, "I must speak *ere I die.*"

7 *as*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "is;" which the Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to adopt.

8 *and*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

9 *to*] i. e. compared to.

10 *murmurs*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "murmur;" and so the modern editors.

11 *beshrow*] So all the old eds., except the 4tos. of 1631 and 1639, which have "beshrew."

12 *He's asham'd*] "I have adopted the reading of Theobald's copy. The old editions and that of 1778 read — 'tis asham'd.'" WEBER. The first 4to. has distinctly "hee's asham'd"!

13 *me*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?
Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my care, sir.
Arb. 'Tis well. — Royal Tigranes, health!
Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can give, sir.
I offer back again to great Arbaces.
Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray, excuse us.
We have not seen you since your being here.
I hope your noble usage has been equal
With your own person: your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy;
And shall not outlast two days.
Tigr. I thank you.[1]
My usage here has been the same it was,
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd-for;
But I must bear it.
Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius?
Bac. One of the princess' women, sir.
Arb. I fear'd it.
Why comes she hither?
Bac. To speak with the prince Tigranes.
Arb. From whom, Bacurius?
Bac. From the princess, sir.
Arb. I knew I had seen her.
Mar. His fit begins to take him now again:
'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all
Anon, I fear. Would he were well cur'd of
This raging folly! Give me the wars, where men
Are mad, and may talk what they list, and held
The 'bravest fellows: this pelting,[2] prattling[3] peace
Is good for nothing; drinking's a virtue to't. [*Aside.*
Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his own ends. Why did you let her in?
Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him:
Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my warrant.
Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not?
Sirrah,[4] tell truth.
Bac. I do not use to lie, sir;
'Tis no way I eat or live by: and I think
This is no token, sir.
Mar. This combat has undone him: if he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, till he have a horseman's staff poked[5] through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet. [*Aside.*
Arb. I am trifled with.
Bac. Sir?
Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.
Mar. Now the clap comes. [*Aside.*
Bac. You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it;
And durst a worse man tell me, though my better ——
Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soul. [*Aside.*
Arb. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.
Bac. That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.
Arb. I say, sir, once again ——
Bac. You may say what you please, sir.
Mar. Would I might do so![6] [*Aside.*
Arb. I will, sir; and say openly,
This woman carries letters: by my life,
I know she carries letters; this woman does it.
Mar. Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her! he would quickly tell you what she carried, sir.
Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.
Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chamber-maids, and post-boys. I thank heaven, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing. [*Aside.*
Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.
Tigr. Do what, sir? I reach you not.
Arb. It shall not serve your turn, prince.
Tigr. Serve my turn, sir!
Arb. Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.
Tigr. Be plainer, good sir.
Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love, Panthea; by heaven, she shall not; I say she shall not.
Mar. This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.[7] [*Aside.*
Tigr. This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.
Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let 'em be prisoners,[8] strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.
Tigr.[9] Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions.
Spa. This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for always,
And the dear place I would choose. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt* BACURIUS, TIGRANES, *and* SPACONIA.
Mar. Sir, have you done well now?
Arb. Dare you reprove it?
Mar. No.
Arb. You must be crossing me.
Mar. I have no letters, sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's
To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.
Arb. How darest thou so often[10] forfeit thy life?
Thou knowest it is in my power to take it.

[1] *you*] Theobald printed, without authority, "*you*, sir."
[2] *pelting*] i. e. paltry, contemptible: see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Paltry*, and Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Pelting*. The word is very common in our early writers.
[3] *prattling*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "prating;" and so the modern editors.
[4] *Sirrah*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "Sir;" and so the modern editors (Theobald choosing to print, "Sir, *tell* the *truth*").
[5] *poked*] So the first 4to. Other eds. (with various spelling) "yoakt;" and so the modern editors!
[6] *Would I might do so*] The first 4to. rightly gives these words to Mardonius. Other eds. (the prefix "*Mar.*" having dropt out) assign them to Bacurius; and so the modern editors!
[7] *Termagant*] "Was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities." PERCY. Termagant was a deity whom the Crusaders and romance-writers charged the Saracens with worshipping, though there was certainly no such Saracenic divinity. Concerning the name, see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, ii. 125. ed. 1813, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.
[8] *let 'em be prisoners*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "*let them prisoners be*;" and so the modern editors.
[9] *Tigr.*] The first 4to. has "Bac.," to whom, indeed, the speech is not unsuitable.
[10] *often*] Altered by Theobald, for the metre, to "oft."

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo'not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.
Arb. Why?
Mar. Who shall then [1] tell you of these childish follies,
When I am dead? who shall put-to his power
To draw those virtues out of a flood of humours,
Where [2] they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again?
No, cut my head off:
Then you may talk, and be believ'd, and grow worse,
And have your too self-glorious temper rock'd [3]
Into a dead sleep, and the kingdom with you,
Till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter
Be every where about you, like your flatterers.
Do, kill me.
Arb. Prithee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'st I love thee, nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old soldier, I am all [4] thine;
But I am rack'd clean from myself: bear with me;
Wo't thou bear with me, good [5] Mardonius?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too; he's temperate:
You may live to have need of such a virtue;
Rage is not still in fashion.
Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias.
Gob. My service and this letter to your grace. [*Gives letter.*
Arb. From whom?
Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and all [6] beauty,
Your mournful sister.
Arb. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?
Gob. [*kneels.*] She is, sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit
That all the sweetness of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,
And wilder people that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloister'd up! For your love's sake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady and forlorn,
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As nature and obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties!
Arb. Prithee, stand up. 'Tis true, she is too fair, [GOBRIAS *rises.*
And all these commendations but her own:
Would thou hadst never so commended her,
Or I ne'er lived to have heard it, Gobrias!
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou wouldst, in pity of her, be a liar.
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,
Whither myself nor thou canst well tell. Oh, my fate!
I think she loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart: how think'st thou, Gobrias?
Gob. I do beseech your grace, believe it not;
For, let me perish, if it be not false.
Good sir, read her letter. [ARBACES *reads.*
Mar. This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starved, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him. [*Aside.*
Arb. Alas, she would [7] be at liberty!
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,
Thousands, that will deny it;
Which if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and bless her virtue [8] for it,
And me, though she were closer: she would, Gobrias;
Good man, indeed she would.
Gob. Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and with reason make her know
Why she must live thus from you.
Arb. I will. Go, bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS, *two* Sword-men, [9] *and* Boy.

Bes. You're very welcome, both. — Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table. — Gentlemen o' the sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment. — Begone, child. [*Exit* Boy.
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.
First Sw. M. We understand ourselves, sir.
Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and my [10] dear friends o' the sword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the case [11]
I hang upon, which, in few, [12] is my honour.

[1] *then*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.
[2] *Where*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "When;" and so the modern editors.
[3] *rock'd*] Seward's correction, in which, however, he had been anticipated by the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. Old eds., "rott" and "rot."
[4] *all*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.
[5] *good*] So the first 4to., and rightly, as the next line shews. Other eds., "my;" and so the modern editors.
[6] *all*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds.; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[7] *she would*] Theobald, for the metre, printed, "*she fain would.*"
[8] *virtue*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "vertues;" and so the modern editors.
[9] *Sword-men*] i. e. professors of the science of arms ("masters of dependencies," as they are termed in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, act v. sc. 1); needy bullies, who undertook to assist the timorous, — to ascertain for them the authentic grounds of a quarrel, to settle it according to the laws of the duello, &c., — and whose language was a jargon derived from Caranza and other writers of that description. Duelling with all its absurd punctilios was the passion of the age; and there seems every reason to believe that what mainly contributed to the suppression of such follies was the ridicule with which they were treated by most of our early dramatists. See Seward's note on the present passage (Postscript to vol. i. of ed. 1750), and Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iii. 9. ed. 1813.
[10] *my*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[11] *case*] Old eds. here, and in the next speech, "cause;" and so the modern editors. But compare the rest of this scene.
[12] *in few*] i. e. in few words.

Sec. Sw. M. You cannot hang too much, sir, for your honour.
But to your case: be wise, and speak truth.[1]
Bes. My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.
First Sw. M. Stay there a little, sir: do you doubt[2] a beating?
Or have you had a beating by your prince?
Bes. Gentlemen o' the sword, my prince has beaten me.
Sec. Sw. M. Brother, what think you of this case?
First Sw. M. If he have beaten him, the case is clear.
Sec. Sw. M. If he have beaten him, I grant the case. —
But how? — we cannot be too subtle in this business, —
I say, but how?
Bes. Even with his royal hand.
First Sw. M. Was it a blow of love or indignation?
Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen,
Besides two blows o' the face.
Sec. Sw. M. Those blows o' the face have made a new case[3] on't;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.
First Sw. M. Two blows o' the face, and given by a worse man,
I must confess, as we[4] sword-men say, had turn'd
The business: mark me, brother, by a worse man;
But being by his prince, had they been ten,
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard
Of his nose for ever, all these[5] had been but favours.
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.
Sec. Sw. M. The king may do much, captain, believe it;
For had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle,
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you,
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.
Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.
But how far may he strike me?
First Sw. M. There's another,
A new case[6] rising from the time and distance,
In which I will deliver my opinion.
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten;
For these are natural to man:
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth
As his dominion reacheth;[7] that's for the distance;
The time, ten miles a-day, I take it.
Sec. Sw. M. Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.
Bes. 'Tis o' the longest, but we subjects must —
First Sw. M. Be subject to it: you are wise and virtuous.
Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' the sword.
Sec. Sw. M. No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding: we are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinions
Shortly and discreetly.
Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.
Sec. Sw. M. How far, sir?
Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over:
My sword lost, but not forc'd;[8] for discreetly
I render'd it, to save that imputation.
First Sw. M. It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.
Sec. Sw. M. Brother, this is a pretty case;[9] pray, ponder on't:
Our friend here has been kick'd.
First Sw. M. He has so, brother.
Sec. Sw. M. Sorely, he says. Now, had he sit[10] down here
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.
First Sw. M. I think it had been cowardly indeed.
Sec. Sw. M. But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering
His sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities:
He should have kick'd him after the delivery,[11]
Which is the confirmation of a coward.
First Sw. M. Brother, I take it you mistake the question;
For say, that I were kick'd.
Sec. Sw. M. I must not say so;
Nor I must not hear it spoke by the tongue of man:
You kick'd, dear brother! you are merry.
First Sw. M. But put the case, I were kick'd.

[1] *be wise, and speak truth*] The first 4to. rightly gives these words to *Sec. Sw. M.* In other eds. they are assigned to *Bes.*: and so by the modern editors! — Theobald printing "the *truth*," for the metre.
[2] *doubt*] i. e. dread, apprehend.
[3] *case*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "cause;" and so the modern editors.
[4] *we*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "the;" and so the modern editors.
[5] *these*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "this;" and so the modern editors.
[6] *case*] Old eds. "cause;" and so the modern editors.
[7] *reacheth*] Altered by Weber to "reaches."
[8] *lost, but not forc'd*] Old eds. "*forc'd, but not lost.*" "This is as absurd and ridiculous a transposition (made through the error of the copyists, or at press) as we shall meet with in haste. Though Bessus was by nature and habit a liar, yet here he meant to represent the state of his case seriously to the Sword-men, to have their opinion upon it. We find in a preceding scene, that, upon Bacurius discovering him to be a notorious poltron, he orders him to unbuckle and deliver up his sword. Bessus obeys, and does it with a gasconade; saying, *it is a pretty hilt, and if his lordship takes an affection to it, with all his heart he'll present it to him for a new-years-gift.* How then was his sword *forc'd* from him? It was not; for he immediately subjoins here to the Sword-men, *for I discreetly* rendered *it to save that imputation. . . .* Let the two words *forc'd* and *lost* change places, and then all is clear, and the fact truly stated." THEOBALD.
[9] *case*] So the four earliest 4tos. Other eds. "cause;" and so the modern editors.
[10] *sit*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "set;" and so the modern editors.
[11] *delivery*] So the four earliest 4tos. Other eds. "delivering;" and so the modern editors, those of 1778 excepted.

Sec. Sw. M. Let them put it,
That are things weary of their lives, and know not
Honour: put the case, you were kick'd!
First Sw. M. I do not say I was kick'd.
Sec. Sw. M. Nor no silly creature that wears his head
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat:
You kick'd, dear brother!
Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honestly: good sirs, to the question.
First Sw. M. Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd, captain.
Sec. Sw. M. The boy may be suppos'd, he's[1] liable:
But, kick my brother!
First Sw. M. A foolish, forward zeal, sir, in my friend.
But to the boy: suppose the boy were kick'd.
Bes. I do suppose it.
First Sw. M. Has your boy a sword?
Bes. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword too.
First Sw. M. I do suppose it. You grant, your boy was kick'd, then.
Sec. Sw. M. By no means, captain; let it be suppos'd still;
The word "grant" makes not for us.
First Sw. M. I say, this must be granted.
Sec. Sw. M. This must be granted, brother!
First Sw. M. Ay, this must be granted.
Sec. Sw. M. Still the[2] must!
First Sw. M. I say, this must be granted.
Sec. Sw. M. Give[3] me the must again! brother, you palter.
First Sw. M. I will not hear you, wasp.
Sec. Sw. M. Brother,
I say, you palter: the must three times together!
I wear as sharp steel as another man,
And my fox[4] bites as deep; musted,[5] my dear brother!
But to the case[6] again.
Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen —
Sec. Sw. M. In a word, I ha' done.
First Sw. M. A tall[7] man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity.
Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.
Sec. Sw. M. Forward.
First Sw. M. And, being throughly[8] kick'd, laughs at the kicker.
Sec. Sw. M. So much for us. Proceed.
First Sw. M. And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?
Bes. It lies i' the beating, sir; I found it four days since.
Sec. Sw. M. The error, and a sore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.
Bes. I understand that well; 'tis sore indeed, sir.
First Sw. M. That is, according to the man that did it.
Sec. Sw. M. There springs a new branch: whose was the foot?
Bes. A lord's.
First Sw. M. The case[9] is mighty; but, had it been two lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.
Bes. I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?
Sec. Sw. M. Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.
Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.
First Sw. M. My reason now: the valiant man is known
By suffering and contemning;[10] you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.
Sec. Sw. M. If he be sure he has been kick'd enough;
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuk'd[11]
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bedstaves;
This shews a valiant man.
Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;
For these are all familiar things to me,
Familiar as my sleep or want of money;
All my whole body's but one bruise with beating:
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,
And almost all religions.
Sec. Sw. M. Embrace him, brother: this man is valiant;
I know it by myself, he's valiant.
First Sw. M. Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman;
Abide upon't,[12] a very valiant man.

[1] *he's*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "is;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *the*] So the first 4to. rightly (see what follows). Other eds "this;" and so the modern editors. — Theobald assures us that "the poets here are flirting" at Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* —

"It is a mind,
That *shall* remain," &c. &c. Act iii. sc. 1.

and that when the *First Sw. M.* says, "I will not hear you, *wasp*," there is a sneer upon the quarrelling scene between Brutus and Cassius in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3, — where the word "*waspish*" happens to occur!

[3] *Give*] So the four earliest 4tos. Other eds. "I [Ay], *give*:" and so the modern editors.

[4] *fox*] a familiar (and very common) term for the old English broadsword.

[5] *musted*] May, perhaps, be right; but I have felt strongly inclined to alter it to "must," — as the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. has done.

[6] *case*] Old eds. "cause;" and so the modern editors.

[7] *tall*] i. e. high-spirited, bold, brave.

[8] *throughly*] The 4to. of 1655 and folio of 1679 "thorowly;" and so the modern editors.

[9] *case*] Old eds. "cause;" and so the modern editors.

[10] *contemning*] Theobald printed, for the metre, and against the sense, "*contemning* it." The probability is, that the word "had" has dropt out from the end of the line.

[11] *in a head rebuk'd*, &c.] "There is a pleasant passage in Plautus's *Persian* about parasites, whom he styles *hard-headed* fellows, because they had frequently things thrown at their pates.

His cognomentum erat duris capitonibus [i. 2. 8].

Casaubon has this note upon the place. *Olim inter alia instrumenta perditi luxus, et matulæ in triclinia inferri solitæ; quas sæpe, ubi incaluissent, in capita sibi invicem illiserunt. Hinc dicti propterea parasiti*, duri capitones." SYMPSON.

[12] *Abide upon't*] i. e. Depend upon it. The first 4to., "To *abide upon't*;" which Theobald gave. Other eds. "To bide *upon*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Bes. My equal friends o' the sword, I must request
Your hands to this.
Sec. Sw. M. 'Tis fit it should be.
Bes. Boy,
Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within. — [*To* Boy *within.*
Am I clear, gentlemen?
First Sw. M. Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be cover of their legs hereafter.
Bes. I must request you go along, and testify
To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,
How you find my case.[1]
Sec. Sw. M. We will; and tell that lord he must be rul'd,
Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter on one side ARBACES, *on the other* GOBRIAS *and* PANTHEA.

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself. — [*Exit* GOBRIAS.
You're welcome, sister; and I would to Heaven
I could so bid you by another name! —
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.
Pan. Sir, does it please you I should speak?
Arb. Please me!
Ay, more than all the art of music can,
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds
As thou brought'st joyful, unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I prithee, think so.
Pan. Be it so; I will.
I am[2] the first that ever had a wrong,
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it: I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.
Arb. No, do not go,
For I will hear thee with a serious thought;
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd
To hear thee largely: but I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me, for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.
Pan. Alas, sir, am I venom?
Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold
As nature can make; yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee: I prithee, draw no nearer to me.
Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world; and why it should be thus,
Is all I wish to know.
Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By heaven, 'tis true; believe it, if thou canst.
Pan. Children and fools are ever[3] credulous,
And I am both I think, for I believe.
If you dissemble, be it on your head!
I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.
Arb. Fie, you come in a step; what do you mean?
Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,
Where I am would you be? why, that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.
Pan. Then I must endure it, sir.
Heaven keep you!
Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, Panthea;
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down, like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom; but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it. Know, I[4] have lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.
Pan. Heaven forbid!
Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
(Which, I beseech thee, do not,) thou mayst gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content:
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee; for Heaven knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness,
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.
Pan. Far be it from me to revile the king!
But it is true that I shall rather choose

[1] *case*] Old eds. "cause;" and so the modern editors.
[2] *I am*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*Am I;*" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[3] *ever*] Weber printed "very"!
[4] *Know, I*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*Know that I;*" and so the modern editors.

To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!
Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me,
(Thy prayers are pure,) that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending. If that happen,
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange, yet-uninvented sin upon me.
Pan. Sir, I will pray for you; yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us:
For I could wish, as heartily as you,
I were no sister to you; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.
Arb. Couldst thou affect me, then?
Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart
To like another.
Arb. Then, I curse my birth.
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too? is there no stop
To our full happiness but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?
Pan. There is nothing else:
But these, alas, will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us!
Arb. I have liv'd
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
Not to be grasp'd: let 'em be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up;
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast;
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force
Or policy to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?
Pan. Would I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine.
Arb. Accursed man!
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious[1] rules, when every beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he lik'd,
Because they had one dam?
Pan. Sir, I disturb you
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.

[1] *curious*] I. e. scrupulously strict.

Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was;[2]
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: brothers and sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so will[3] we.
Come nearer: is there any hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?
Pan. No, by heaven.
Arb. Why, yet
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.
Pan. True,
But for another: for the truth ——
Arb. No more:
I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie,
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing else
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we;
And kiss again too: we were scrupulous[4]
And foolish, but we will be so no more.
Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours.
Arb. That is impossible: what should we do?
Pan. Fly, sir, for heaven's sake.
Arb. So we must: away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter MARDONIUS *and* LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, the king has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely, by this warrant, gives you power to visit prince Tigranes, your noble master.
Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.
Mar. But is the main of all your business ended in this?
Lyg. I have another, but a worse: I am ashamed; it is a business —
Mar. You seem[5] a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure you are: you may employ me, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.
Lyg. I am bound to your nobleness.
Mar. I may have need of you, and then this courtesy,
If it be any, is not ill bestow'd.
But may I civilly desire the rest?
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

[2] *I will not be so foolish as I was*] The first 4to. gives this line to Panthea: but compare the fourth speech of Arbaces after this.
[3] *will*] Altered by Weber to "shall"!
[4] *were scrupulous*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*were* too *scrupulous*;" and so the modern editors, those of 1778 excepted.
[5] *seem*] Old eds. "serve;" which is altered to "seeme" by the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. Mason too had pointed out the right reading; but Weber did not even mention his note.

Lyg. Sir, you shall know I have lost a foolish daughter,
'And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away
By a mean captain of your king's.
Mar. Stay there, sir:
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,
Though she were yours and noble.
Lyg. I grant all that too. But this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name
That serves to feed him: were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.
Mar. I confess, such fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,
To make the sin[1] of coward more detested
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.
Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus; and now
I think, 'tis he.
Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me, sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age: a pox upon him!
For that must be the[2] end of all his service.
Your daughter was not mad, sir?
Lyg. No; would she had been!
The fault had had more credit. I would do something.
Mar. I would fain counsel you, but to what I know not.
He's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaves; and
To hang him were to cast away a rope.
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth; this rascal
Fears neither God nor man; has been so beaten,
Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had,
Since he was first a slave,
At least three hundred daggers set in's head,
As little boys do new knives in hot meat;
There's not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry beating;
And now his sides look like two wicker targets,
Every way bended:
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bows[3] in his forehead. He
Is of so base a sense, I cannot in
A week imagine what should[4] be done to him.
Lyg. Sure,[5] I have committed some great sin,
That this strange[6] fellow should be made my rod:
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.
Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not.
If a laming[7] of him, or such a toy, may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for you; and I'll help you to him: 'tis no news to him to have a leg broken or a shoulder out, with being turned o' the stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience, his head will break it: we use him i' the wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal.
Here comes the very person of him; do
As you shall find your temper; I must leave you:
But if you do not break him like a biscuit,
You are much to blame, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter BESSUS *and two* Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your name Bessus?
Bes. Men call me captain Bessus.
Lyg. Then, captain Bessus,
You are a rank rascal, without more exordiums,
A dirty, frozen slave! and with the favour
Of your friends here, I will beat you.
Sec. Sw. M. Pray, use your pleasure, sir; you seem to be
A gentleman.
Lyg. Thus, captain Bessus, thus!
Thus twinge your nose, thus kick you, and thus tread you.[8] [*Kicks him, &c.*
Bes. I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly.
Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that first.
Bes. I take it so.
First Sw. M. Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.
Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating:
You have stoln away a lady, captain Coward,
And such a one ——
Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir!
I never yet stole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.
Lyg. Sir, I know you dare lie.
Bes. With none but summer-whores, upon my life, sir:
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock.
Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me. Where is this lady?
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
Wash 'em and put 'em in again that will.[9]
Bes. There was a lady, sir, I must confess,
Once in my charge; the prince Tigranes gave her
To my guard, for her safety. How I us'd her,
She may herself report; she's with the prince now:
I did but wait upon her like a groom,

[1] *sin*] Altered by the early possessor of my copy of the first 4to. to "name."
[2] *the*] Altered by Weber to "an."
[3] *stone-bows*] i. e. cross-bows, which shoot stones.
[4] *should*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "shall;" and so the modern editors.
[5] *Sure*] Altered, for the metre, to "Surely" by Theobald, — who, throughout this scene, introduced sundry variations, for which he had not the slightest authority.
[6] *strange*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. Theobald printed "base;" and so his successors.
[7] *laming*] Ought perhaps to be "lamming," i. e. beating, — which is undoubtedly the right reading in scene third of this act; see p. 338.
[8] *thus kick you, and thus tread you*] So the first 4to. The sec. 4to. "*thus kicke, and thus treade you.*" Other eds. "*thus kick, thus tread you.*" Theobald printed "*thus kick, thus tread* upon *you*;" and so his successors.
[9] *that will*] Is obviously the right reading. Old eds. "*that wid* I;" and so the modern editors.

Which she will testify, I am sure; if not,
My brains are at your service, when you please, sir,
And glad I have 'em for you.
Lyg. This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon,
And am sorry I was so intemperate.
Bes. Well, I can ask no more. You would think it strange now to have me beat you at first sight.
Lyg. Indeed I would; but I know your goodness can forget twenty beatings: you must forgive me.
Bes. Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow, for all this.
Lyg. My daughter is a whore;
I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her;
Discharge myself of [1] being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die. — [*Aside.*
Farewell, captain.
Bes. Farewell, sir, farewell;
Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray. [*Exit* LYGONES.
First Sw. M. How now, captain? bear up, man.
Bes. Gentlemen o' the sword, your hands once more: I have
Been kick'd again; but the foolish fellow is penitent,
Has ask'd me mercy, and my honour's safe.
Sec. Sw. M. We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better
Have kick'd his grandsire.
Bes. Confirm, confirm, I pray.
First. Sw. M. There be our hands again.
Sec. Sw. M. Now let him come,
And say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.[2]
Bes. Alas, good, ignorant old man! let him go,
Let him go; these courses will undo him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Prison.*[3]

Enter LYGONES *and* BACURIUS.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king: I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Lyg. There he is,
Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.
Tigr. I do perceive my fault so much, that yet,
Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.
Lyg. Health to your majesty!
Tigr. What, good Lygones!
Welcome: what business brought thee hither?
Lyg. Several
Businesses: my public business will appear [*Gives a paper.*
By this; I have a message to deliver,
Which, if it please [4] you so to authorise,
Is an embassage from the Armenian state
Unto Arbaces for your liberty:
The offer's there set down; please you to read it.
Tigr. There is no alteration happen'd since
I came thence?
Lyg. None, sir; all is as it was.
Tigr. And all our friends are well?
Lyg. All very well. [TIGRANES *reads.*
Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good,
I dare not see my father: it was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good. [*Aside.*
Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.
Spa. Oh, good sir, forgive me!
Lyg. Forgive you! why, I am no kin to you, am I?
Spa. Should it be measured by mean deserts,
Indeed you are not.
Lyg. Thou couldst prate unhappily [5]
Ere thou couldst go; would thou couldst do as well!
And how does your custom hold out here?
Spa. Sir?
Lyg. Are you in private still, or how?
Spa. What do you mean?
Lyg. Do you take money? are you come to sell sin yet? perhaps I can help you to liberal clients: or has not the king cast you off yet? Oh, thou vild [6] creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy mother had lived to see this; or, rather, that I had died ere I had seen it! Why didst not make me acquainted when thou wert first resolved to be a whore?
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied
More privately: I would have kept a dancer,
And a whole consort [7] of musicians,
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.
Spa. Sir, I was never whore.
Lyg. If thou couldst not
Say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.
Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;
You shall deliver it.
Lyg. Well, sir, I will:
But I have private business with you.
Tigr. Speak, what is't?
Lyg. How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,
That you can pick no strumpets i' the land
But out of my breed?
Tigr. Strumpets, good Lygones!
Lyg. Yes; and I wish to have you know, I scorn
To get a whore for any prince alive;
And yet scorn will not help: methinks, my daughter

[1] *of*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "from;" and so the modern editors.
[2] *Sec. Sw. M. Now let him . . . sleeps for it.*] So the first 4to. In other eds., the prefix having dropt out, this is given to the *First Sw. M.*; and so by the modern editors.
[3] *A Prison*] See note, p. 328.
[4] *please*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "pleases;" and so Weber.
[5] *unhappily*] i. e. mischievously, waggishly, wantonly.
[6] *vild*] So the three earliest 4tos. Other eds. "vile;" and so the modern editors. See note, p. 201.
[7] *consort*] i. e. company, band. Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "concert."

Might have been spar'd; there were enow besides.
Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent
As morning light, for me! and, I dare swear,
For all the world.
Lyg. Why is she with you, then?
Can she wait on you better than your man?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?
Can she make caudles well, or cut your corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen,
I know, you do contemn her; so should I;
And every subject else think much at it.
Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm than earth,
Thou seest thy queen there.
Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand: I called her whore. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen; but if I shall speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore.
Tigr. Get you about your business to Arbaces;
Now you talk idly.
Lyg. Yes, sir, I will go.
And shall she be a queen? she had more wit
Than her old father, when she ran away:
Shall she be a[1] queen? now, by my troth, 'tis fine.
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding;
Shall I not, sir?
Tigr. Yes, marry, shalt thou.
Lyg. I'll make these wither'd kexes[2] bear my body
Two hours together above ground.
Tigr. Nay, go;
My business requires haste.
Lyg. Good Heaven preserve you!
You are an excellent king.
Spa. Farewell, good father.
Lyg. Farewell, sweet, virtuous daughter.
I never was so joyful in my life,
That I remember: shall she be a queen?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;
I had thought they had lied that said so. [*Exit.*
Tigr. Come, my dear love.
Spa. But you may see another,
May alter that again.
Tigr. Urge it no more:
I have made up a new strong constancy,
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have
The passions of a man; but if I meet
With any subject that should hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: let that suffice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* BACURIUS.

Enter BACURIUS *and* Servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Bac. Let them come in.
Serv. They are enter'd, sir, already.

Enter BESSUS *and two* Sword-men.

Bac. Now, fellows, your business? — Are these the gentlemen?
Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,
My friends o' the sword, along with me.
Bac. I am
Afraid you'll fight, then.
Bes. My good lord, I will not;
Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.
Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.
Bes. I ask no more in honour. — Gentlemen,
You hear my lord is sorry.
Bac. Not that I have
Beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten;
One whose dull body will require a lamming,[3]
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.
Now, to your sword-men:
What come they for, good captain Stockfish?
Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.
Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they are
Things fitter, I must confess, for any thing
Than my remembrance, or any honest man's:
What shall these billets do? be pil'd up in my wood-yard?
Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still; heaven continue it!
But, for these gentlemen, they come ——
Bac. To swear
You are a coward: spare your book; I do believe it.
Bes. Your lordship still draws wide; they come to vouch
Under their valiant hands, I am no coward.
Bac. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirrah,[4] be wise, and take money for this motion;[5] travel with it; and where the name of Bessus has been known, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting: this will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your captainship, and more natural. — Men of most valiant hands, is this true?
Sec. Sw. M. It is so, most renown'd.
Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.
First Sw. M. Lord, it is strange, yet true.
We have examin'd, from your lordships foot there
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;
And we do find his honour is come off
Clean and sufficient: this, as our swords shall help us!
Bac. You are much bound to your bilbo-men;[6]
I am glad you are straight again, captain. 'Twere good
You would think on[7] some way to gratify them:

[1] *a*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors. But compare what precedes and follows.
[2] *kexes*] i. e. dry stalks (properly of hemlock).

[3] *lamming*] i. e. beating. The first 4to. "launcing" (for which the early possessor of my copy has substituted "lammyng"). Other eds. "laming." In justice to Weber, let me mention that he alone of the modern editors gave the right reading here.
[4] *Sirrah*] Theobald chose to print "Sirs;" and so his successors.
[5] *motion*] i. e. puppet-show.
[6] *bilbo-men*] i. e. sword-men.
[7] *on*] So the folio of 1679. Omitted in the 4tos. Theobald (ever tampering with the text) printed,

They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.
Sec. Sw. M. Your lordship must understand we are no men
O' the law, that take pay for our opinions;
It is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.
Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd
In conscience, will discharge. — Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.
Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord;
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.
Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for their[1] pains.
Sec. Sw. M. Oh, lord! my good lord!
Bac. Be not so modest; I will give you something.
Bes. They shall dine with your lordship; that's sufficient.
Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires,[2]
Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?
[*Kicks them.*
First Sw. M. I do beseech your lordship!
Sec. Sw. M. Oh, good lord!
Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here! —
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.
[*Exit* Servant.
Sec. Sw. M. More of your foot, I do beseech your lordship!
Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.
First Sw. M. O' this side, good my lord!
Bac. Off with your swords; for if you hurt my foot,
I'll have you flay'd, you rascals.
First Sw. M. Mine's off, my lord.
Sec. Sw. M. I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my strap's
Tied to my cod-piece point: now, when you please. [*They take off their swords.*
Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends! you long for a little too?
Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.
Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mongrel?
Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with't quickly.
Sec. Sw. M. [*takes out a pistol.*[3]] Here 'tis, sir;
A small piece of artillery, that a gentleman,
A dear friend of your lordship's, sent me with
To get it mended, sir; for, if you mark,
The nose is somewhat loose.
Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal! —
I was never wearier of doing nothing[4]
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

Re-enter Servant, *with a cudgel.*

Serv. Here's a good cudgel, sir.
Bac. It comes too late; I am weary; prithee, do thou beat them.
Sec. Sw. M. My lord, this is foul play, i'faith, to put
A fresh man upon us: men are but men, sir.
Bac. That jest shall save your bones. — Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and begone. — I had rather thrash than be bound to kick these rascals till they cried ho![5] — Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. — Farewell: as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good breath.[6]
[*Exit.*
Sec. Sw. M. H'as a devilish hard foot; I never felt the like.
First Sw. M. Nor I; and yet, I'm sure, I ha' felt a hundred.
Sec. Sw. M. If he kick thus i' the dog-days, he will be dry-founder'd. —
What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?
Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go?
Sec. Sw. M. Yes, Heaven be thank'd! but I feel a shrewd ache;
Sure, h'as sprang my huckle-bone.
First Sw. M. I ha' lost a haunch.
Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter;
Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter:
Probatum est.
Sec. Sw. M. Captain, we must request
Your hand now to our honours.
Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye;
And then let all the world come; we are valiant
To ourselves, and there's an end.
First Sw. M. Nay, then, we must
Be valiant. Oh, my ribs!
Sec. Sw. M. Oh, my small guts!
A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes! they are murderers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARBACES, *with his sword drawn.*

Arb. It is resolv'd: I bore it whilst I could;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them: if they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the most damn'd have dwelling. Ere I end,
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,
But I may call it mine: I must begin
With murder of my friend, and so go on
To that incestuous ravishing, and end
My life and sins with a forbidden blow
Upon myself.

"You'd think *on* some way *how* to gratify them:" and the Editors of 1778 and Weber, having thrown out from the line the "on" of the folio, retained Theobald's "how."

[1] *their*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "the;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[2] *apple-squires*] i. e. pimps.

[3] *takes out a pistol*] Was added by Weber. In a copy of ed. 1778 Gifford has queried "a syringe?"

[4] *nothing*] Theobald gave, with the folio of 1679, "anything."

[5] *ho*] The first 4to. has "hold:" but *ho*, in the sense of — stop, hold, is very common in our early writers.

[6] *breath*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "health;" and so the modern editors.

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,
But it cried 'dead' to something.
Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrias come?
Mar. How do you, sir?
Arb. Well. Is he coming?
Mar. Why, sir, are you thus?
Why does your hand[1] proclaim a lawless war
Against yourself?
Arb. Thou answer'st me one question with another:
Is Gobrias coming?
Mar. Sir, he is.
Arb. 'Tis well:
I can forbear your questions, then; begone.
Mar. Sir, I have mark'd ——
Arb. Mark less; it troubles you and me.
Mar. You are
More variable than you were.
Arb. It may be so.
Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler[2]
Than you were to us all.
Arb. And what of this?
Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes,
As you would look us all out of the land.
Arb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?
I prithee, get thee gone.
Mar. Sir, I will speak.
Arb. Will ye?
Mar. It is my duty.
I fear you will kill yourself: I am a subject,
And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause,
And I may speak.
Arb. Thou art not train'd in sin,
It seems, Mardonius: kill myself! by heaven,
I will not do it yet; and when I will,
I'll tell thee; then I shall be such a creature,
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees:[3] I am not come
So high as killing of myself; there are
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do; I shall[4] come to't at last,
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.
Mar. I am sorry 'tis so ill.
Arb. Be sorry, then:
True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.[5]
Mar. I pray you, let me see your sword put up
Before I go: I'll leave you then.
Arb. [*sheathing his sword.*] Why, so.
What folly is this in thee? is it not
As apt to mischief as it was before?
Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are toys
For children to be pleas'd with, and not men.
Now I am safe, you think: I would the book
Of Fate were here! my sword is not so sure,
But I would get it out, and mangle that,
That all the Destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new
For[6] other fortunes: mine could not be worse.
Wilt thou now leave me?
Mar. Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear.
Arb. Go; thou art honest. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.
Why should the hasty errors of my youth
Be so unpardonable to draw the sin;
Helpless, upon me?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Gob. There is the king;
Now it is ripe. [*Aside.*
Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man,
That art the author of the loathed'st crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak:
Curses incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his spirit can receive,
Be with thee!
Gob. Why, sir, do you curse me thus?
Arb. Why do I curse thee! If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,
His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my heart.
Gob. How, sir! have I preserv'd you, from a child,
From all the arrows malice or ambition
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?
Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that
Wert crueller than harden'd murderers
Of infants and their mothers: thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a way
How to destroy me cunningly thyself;
This was a curious way of torturing.
Gob. What do you mean?
Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me:
Dost thou remember all those witching letters
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Fill'd with the praise of my belovèd sister,
Where thou extol'dst her beauty? — what had I
To do with that? what could her beauty be
To me? — and thou didst write how well she lov'd me, —
Dost thou remember this? — so that I doted
Something before I saw her.
Gob. This is true.
Arb. Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou know'st
Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in

[1] *does your hand*] So all the 4tos. The folio of 1679, "do your hands;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *humbler*] To be read as a trisyllable: indeed, the first 4to. has "humblier;" and so perhaps the poet wrote.

[3] *There is a method in man's wickedness; It grows up by degrees*] "From Juvenal's Satires,

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus."

THEOBALD.

[4] *I shall*] So the two earliest 4tos., which the Editors of 1778 rightly followed. Other eds., "and *I shall;*" and so Weber (Theobald chose to print, "and *I shall come to't last*").

[5] *True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself*] "Evidently shadowed out from one of Martial's epigrams;

Ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet."

THEOBALD.

[6] *For*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave, with the first 4to., "*Fur.*" — wrongly: in the preceding line "new" means — new decrees.

To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection
As good men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant;
I think I was the cause.
Arb. Wert thou? nay, more,
I think thou meant'st it.
Gob. Sir, I hate a lie:
As I love heaven and honesty, I did;
It was my meaning.
Arb. Be thine own sad judge;
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyself to die.
Gob. Why, sir, to die?
Arb. Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy
After confession of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweetness
Left for me.
Gob. Now is the time. [*Aside.*] — Hear me but speak.
Arb. No. Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me: thou didst steal into me,
And never gav'st me warning; so much time
As I give thee now, had prevented me[1]
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.
Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins, before you do 'em:
If you kill me ——
Arb. I will not stay, then.
Gob. Know,
You kill your father.
Arb. How!
Gob. You kill your father.
Arb. My father! Though I know it for a lie,
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,
The very reverence of the word comes 'cross me,
And ties mine arm down.
Gob. I will tell you that
Shall heighten you again: I am thy father;
I charge thee hear me.
Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found
A bastard issue, the despised fruit
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire
All my wild passions. But another truth[2]
Shall be wrung from thee: if I could come by
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,
Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lies
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter ARANE.

Ara. Turn thee about:
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man;
Hear me, thou tyrant!
Arb. I will turn to thee:
Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.
Ara. My shame! Thou hast less shame than any thing:
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?
Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly! [*Draws his sword.*
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,
And have it.
Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias!
Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt: though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.
Think not of help; answer!
Ara. I will; to what?
Arb. To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do what I must blush
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,
If thou refusest.
Ara. Why, you are his son.
Arb. His son! swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd!
Ara. By all that's good, you are!
Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad. Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch,
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me;
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot:
Then,[3] wicked mother of my sins and me,
Shew me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee, which is a spacious world
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.
Plagues rot thee as thou liv'st, and such diseases
As use to pay lust recompense thy deed!
Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.
Arb. Too well.
You are a pair of vipers; and, behold,
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;
And I am every way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of a law,
As they.
Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain,
And rail upon a guess: hear us a little.
Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.
Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.
Arb. How's that?
Ara. Nor child of mine.
Arb. Still you go on
In wonders to me.
Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.
Arb. I will kneel, [*Kneels.*

1 *prevented me*] The alteration of Theobald (who states, untruly, that it is the reading of 4to. 1619); and so his successors. Old eds. "*prevented* thee," — which might, indeed, be explained to mean, 'had prevented thee from being able to seduce my affections into such an unlawful channel;' but which, I apprehend, every reader who carefully weighs the whole passage will conclude to be a mistake of the original compositor.

2 *another truth*] "Does not mean *one truth more*; for Arbaces supposes that what Gobrias had said was false. *Another truth* is a truth of a different nature." MASON.

3 *Then*] Theobald gave, with the first 4to., "Thou."

And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, speak: I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.
Gob. First know, our last king, your supposèd father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almost all the land, as she, past hope
Of issue from him.
Arb. Therefore she took leave
To play the whore, because the king was old:
Is this the comfort?
Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find
How you have injur'd me? Let fire consume me,
If ever I were whore!
Gob. Forbear these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,
As you are now. If you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,
That cools and blasts not.
Arb. Bring it out, good father.
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently [*Lies down.*
As to an angel: if I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.
Gob. Our king, I say, was old; and this our queen
Desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband
She thought was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think, she would not: if she would have been,
The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,
And had so slender opportunities,
She hardly could have been. But yet her cunning
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with child;
And posts were sent in haste throughout the land,
And God was humbly thank'd in every church,
That so had bless'd the queen, and prayers were made
For her safe going and delivery.
She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceiv'd
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large respect from every man,
And saw her power encrease, and was resolv'd,
Since she believ'd she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well? nay, I will make
No noise at all; but, pray you, to the point,
Quick as you can.
Gob. Now when the time was full
She should be brought to bed, I had a son
Born, which was you. This the queen hearing of,
Mov'd me to let her have you; and such reasons
She shewèd me, as she knew would tie[1]
My secrecy; she swore you should be king;
And, to be short, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own house kept a funeral,
And had an empty coffin put in earth.
That night the queen feign'd hastily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up
As the king's son, till you were six years old:
Then did the king die, and did leave to me
Protection of the realm; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen
Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair;
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak
In public, for she knew she should be found
A traitor, and her tale would have been thought
Madness, or any thing rather than truth.
This was the only cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the reason why I sought to kindle
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That she might get part of her right again.
Arb. And have you made an end now? is this all?
If not, I will be still till I be aged,
Till all my hairs be silver.
Gob. This is all.
Arb. [*rising.*] And is it true, say you too, madam?
Ara. Yes;
Heaven knows, it is most true.
Arb. Panthea, then, is not my sister?
Gob. No.
Arb. But can you prove this?
Gob. If you will give consent,
Else who dares go about it?
Arb. Give consent!
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd
To get this from 'em. — All that wait without,
Come in; whate'er you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy!

Re-enter MARDONIUS, *with* BESSUS, *two* Gentlemen, *and Attendants.*

Oh, you are welcome!
Mardonius, the best news! — nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it, — I am found no king.
Mar. Is that so good news?
Arb. Yes, the happiest news
That e'er was heard.
Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obey'd.
Arb. One call the queen.
Mar. Why, she is there.
Arb. The queen,
Mardonius! Panthea is the queen,
And I am plain Arbaces. — Go, some one;
She is in Gobrias' house.
[*Exit* First Gentleman.
Since I saw you,
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me
You little dream of.
Mar. So it should seem. — My lord,
What fury's this?
Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury;
All that he says is truth.
Mar. 'Tis very strange.
Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentlemen?
Is it to me? I swear, it must not be;

[1] *She shewèd me, as she knew would tie*] Theobald, for the metre, gave —
"She shew'd *to* me, as she knew *well* would tie."
The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed, —
"She shewed me, as she knew *well* would tie."

Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be:
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you took
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.
Mar. We will: but[1] you are not found
So mean a man but that you may be cover'd
As well as we; may you not?
Arb. Oh, not here!
You may, but not I, for here is my father
In presence.
Mar. Where?
Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole story
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself
For ever! — Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverent words
That I have spoke in idle moods to you! —
I am Arbaces; we all fellow-subjects;
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.
Bes. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister; ay, and she looked nothing like you.
Arb. I think you did, good captain Bessus.
Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved no king. [*Aside.*

Enter LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state.
Arb. Where is he? — I know your business, good Lygones.
Lyg. We must have our king again, and will.
Arb. I knew that was your business. You shall have
Your king again; and have him so again
As never king was had. — Go, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.
[*Exit* Sec. Gentleman.
Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.
Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.
Lyg. She is my daughter.
Arb. She is so: I could now tell any thing
I never heard. Your king shall go so home
As never man went.
Mar. Shall he go on's head?
Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He shall pay any ransom: and thyself,
That art the messenger, shalt ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.
Lyg. Why, I shall be made
For ever! They belied this king with us,
And said he was unkind. [*Aside.*
Arb. And then thy daughter;
She shall have some strange thing: we'll have the kingdom
Sold utterly and put into a toy,
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,
Somewhere or other.

Enter PANTHEA *with* First Gentleman.

See, the virtuous queen! —
Behold the humblest subject that you have
Kneel here before you. [*Kneels.*
Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vassal?
Arb. Grant me one request.
Pan. Alas, what can I grant you? what I can I will.
Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.
Pan. Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this air.
Arb. [*rising.*] I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

Sec. Gent.[2] Sir, Tigranes
Is coming, though he made it strange[3] at first
To see the princess any more.
Arb. The queen
Thou mean'st.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!
Tread on my neck; I freely offer it;
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,
For I have injur'd thee.
Tigr. No; I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found repentance
Than I my liberty.
Arb. Mayst thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!
You owe no ransom to the state! Know that
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me? pray you, do.
Tigr. I will.
Arb. Take, then, your fair one with you: — and you, queen
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave
To take your arm in mine! — Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd no king!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *but*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors, Theobald excepted.

[2] *Sec. Gent.*] Though Arbaces has sent to "bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither," yet Bacurius does not make his appearance here. In the first 4to. the prefix to the present speech is "*Mar.*,"—qy. if a misprint for "Bac."? and ought the Sec. Gent. to re-enter with Tigranes and Spaconia?

[3] *made it strange*] i. e. made it a matter of nicety, scruple.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

Cvpids Revenge. As it hath beene diuers times Acted by the Children of her Maiesties Reuels. By Iohn Fletcher. London Printed by Thomas Creede for Iosias Harison, and are to bee solde at the Golden Anker in Pater-Noster-Row. 1615. 4to.

Weber, who certainly had not seen the 4to. of 1615, mentions one dated 1625, the existence of which I disbelieve.

Cvpids Revenge. As it was often acted (with great applause) by the Children of the Reuells.

Written by { *Fran. Beaumont* & *Io. Fletcher* } *Gentlemen.*

The second Edition. London: Printed for Thomas Iones, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard in Fleet-street. 1630. 4to.

Cupids Revenge, &c. The third Edition. London, Printed by A. M. 1635. 4to.

In the folio of 1679.

"As," says Weber, "we are informed by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine that this play was acted at court in 1613, we may *confidently* assign the date of its original representation to that year." This remark only shews how dangerous it is to be *confident* in matters of such uncertainty. An authentic document is now before me, which proves that the present tragedy is of an earlier date: a MS. *Booke of the Reuells* records that "The Sunday ffollowing [after "Neweres night," 1611-12] A play called *Cupids Reueng*" was acted by the Children of Whitefriars.

According to the *Biographia Dramatica*, "it was entered on the Stationers' books, April 24, 1615," — in which year also it was first printed.

That this drama was written by Beaumont and Fletcher conjointly, there is every reason to believe. The *Arcadia* furnished the ground-work of the plot: and the abstract of Sidney's narrative which was given by Weber,[1] I have taken some pains to alter into the following shape. "'Of late there reigned a king in Lydia, who had, for the blessing of his marriage, this only daughter of his, Erona, a princess worthy for her beauty as much praise as beauty may be praiseworthy. This princess, Erona, being nineteen years of age, seeing the country of Lydia so much devoted to Cupid, as that in every place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored, (either moved thereunto by the esteeming that could be no godhead which could breed wickedness, or the shame-fast consideration of such nakedness,) procured so much of her father as utterly to pull down and deface all those statues and pictures. Which how terribly he punished, (for to that the Lydians impute it,) quickly after appeared.'[2] Erona was punished for the sacrilege she had committed, by falling desperately in love with Antiphilus, the son of her nurse. Accordingly, when her father offered to wed her to Tiridates, king of Armenia, she refused it; and neither the reported flight of Antiphilus, nor his pretended execution, (another being put to death under his name, while he was kept in prison,) could divert her love. When she thought him dead, she endeavoured to take away her life, and thus 'send her soul at least to be married in the eternal church with him.' This occasioned the death of her father, and Erona, inheriting the kingdom, sought by all means to obtain her desires in a union with Antiphilus. 'But before she could accomplish all the solemnities,' Tiridates, who was violently enamoured of her, and determined to obtain her, invaded and wasted the country, and besieged her in her best city. Pyrocles and Musidorus, the princes of Macedon and Thessalia, happening to arrive there, gathered together 'the honestest Lydians' for her relief, and had defeated her adversary, if Plangus, the cousin of Tiridates and general of his horse, had not retrieved the battle. The latter then offered a challenge of three princes in his retinue against the two princes and Antiphilus, in order to decide the war. Pyrocles and Musidorus slew their adversaries; but Plangus took Antiphilus prisoner, whom Tiridates threatened to behead before the walls on the third day after, unless Erona should grant his suit. By the valour of her two confederates, her lover was rescued, and Tiridates slain; and Erona was married to Antiphilus, though against the consent of all her nobility. Plangus now returned to Armenia. The circumstances which had brought him to take part in the war against Erona were these. He was the only son to the king of Iberia by his queen, who died soon after his birth. He had an intrigue with the wife of a private citizen; and his father having discovered it, disguised himself, surprised the lovers together, and laid his 'threatenings upon her, and upon him reproaches.' The prince endeavoured to produce a more favourable opinion of her in his father's mind, and (thinking 'if it be ever lawful to lie, it is for one's lover') praised her chastity and resistance to his wishes so strongly that the old king fell violently in love with her, and, sending his son to subdue a distant province which had rebelled, plied his suit so earnestly, that she, whose husband died very opportunely, became his queen, and bore him a son and a daughter. When Plangus returned, she tried to induce him to resume their criminal intercourse; but, finding him absolute in his refusal, and consequently both hating and fearing him, she resolved upon revenge. This she commenced by praising him extravagantly to the king, and thus gradually awakening his jealousy. She not only extolled his beauty and superior accomplishments, but suborned one of her servants to intimate the extreme affection of the Iberians to the prince, and their weariness of the old king's government. The queen now engaged the principal men of the country to propose to the king to make Plangus joint ruler in the kingdom. Plangus disclaimed any wish for, and refused to accept, such a dignity; but the old king thought he dissembled, 'and therefore delaying the desire of his subjects, attended some fit occasion to lay hands upon his son, which his wife brought thus to pass.' She sent her accomplice to inform the prince that his step-mother and certain noblemen had, with the consent of the king, conspired his destruction. Plangus credited the story, but not choosing to fly the country, as he was advised, he determined to wait and 'see further.' Upon this, his informer offered to bring him that same night into a place where he should overhear the plot meditated against him. Plangus, having armed himself on account of the lateness of the hour, was accordingly conducted into a room adjoining the chamber of the queen. She meanwhile, counterfeiting extreme affliction, 'lay almost grovelling on the floor;' and, the king having been summoned by her attendants, she at last declared to him that she was weary of her life, as she must either conceal his murder, or accuse his son, who had besought her to assist in destroying him, and had assured her he would marry her afterwards. Her accomplice now rushed into the

[1] Weber says that *Shirley* selected the same plot for his tragedy of *Andromana*: but that play was certainly the work of some other, and far inferior, dramatist.

[2] P. 151, ed. 1598.

chamber, and falling at the king's feet, intreated him to save himself, for a man with a drawn sword was in the next apartment. The king having called the guard, they found Plangus, with his sword in his hand, 'not naked, but standing suspiciously enough to one already suspicious.' He was immediately sent to prison, being destined for death the following morning. But he was rescued by his friends and followers; and though he might have then revenged himself and obtained the crown, he chose rather a voluntary exile, and withdrew to the court of his cousin Tiridates, where he remained 'eleven or twelve years, ever hoping by his intercession and his own desert to recover his father's grace: at the end of which time the war of Erona happened.' His father, however, still believing him to be guilty, employed 'that wicked servant' already mentioned to poison him: but the villain being detected by the watchfulness of Plangus's attendants, was taken, tortured, and executed. Palladius, the son of the new queen, was now proclaimed heir to the kingdom of Iberia. — The remainder of the story bears no similarity to the plot of *Cupid's Revenge*."

Malone cites from Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book; "Upon Innocents night, the [prince] and the duke of Brunswyck being there, *Cupids Revenge*, by the Queen of Bohemia's Servants. Att Whitehall. 1624." *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 228. It appears to have been a very popular play till the suppression of the theatres: and in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*,[1] (see p. 158 of the present work,) is a droll entitled *The Loyal Citizens*, taken from the third scene of the fourth act. After the Restoration, *Cupid's Revenge* seems to have been neglected.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.[2]

It is a custom used by some writers in this age to dedicate their plays to worthy persons, as well as their other works; and there is reason for it, because they are the best Minervas of their brain, and express more purity of conceit in the ingenious circle of an act or scene than is to be found in the vast circumference of larger volumes, and therefore worthy an answerable Mecænas to honour and be honoured by them. But not having any such epistle from the author (in regard I am not acquainted with him), I have made bold myself, without his consent, to dedicate this play to the judicious in general, of what degree soever; not insinuating herein with any, be they never so great, that want of judgment, for to them it belongs not, though they pay for it, more than in this respect, that, like Æsop's cock, having met with a precious stone by accident, they knew not the true use thereof, but had rather have a barleycorn to their humour than a perfect diamond. But leaving them to their ignorance, I once again dedicate this book to the judicious, some whereof I have heard commend it to be excellent; who, because they saw it acted, and knew what they spake, are the better to be believed: and for my part, I censure[3] it thus, — that I never read a better.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CUPID.

LEONTIUS, duke[4] of Lysia.
LEUCIPPUS, his son.
ISMENUS, his nephew.
DORIALUS.
AGENOR.
NISUS.
TELAMON.
TIMANTUS.
ZOILUS, a dwarf.

NILO.
Priest of Cupid.
Citizens, Gentlemen, Attendants, &c.

HIDASPES, daughter to LEONTIUS.
CLEOPHILA, HERO, } her attendants.
BACHA, a widow.
URANIA, her daughter.
Waiting-maids to BACHA and URANIA, &c.

SCENE, — LYCIA.

[1] The Catalogue erroneously states that *The Loyal Citizens* is taken from *Philaster*, and that the droll formed from the latter play is a portion of *Cupid's Revenge*.
[2] *The Printer to the Reader*, &c.] Prefixed to 4to. 1615.
[3] *censure*] i. e. pass opinion on.
[4] "There is a great and irremediable confusion in this play. Leontius is sometimes called duke, at others, king of Lycia; Bacha, after her marriage to Leontius, queen and duchess, and Leucippus, prince and marquis." WEBER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Age. Trust me, my lord Dorialus, I had missed of this, if you had not called me; I thought the princess's birthday had been to-morrow.

Nisus. Why, did your lordship sleep out the day?

Dor. I marvel what the duke meant, to make such an idle vow.

Nisus. Idle! why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to swear to grant his daughter any thing she shall ask on her birthday? she may ask an impossible thing; and I pray Heaven she do not ask an unfit thing, at one time or other: 'tis dangerous trusting a man's vow upon the discretion on's[1] daughter.

Age. I wonder most at the marquis her brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

Dor. He's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous.

Dor. So is Leucippus her brother.

Nisus. She's twenty year old; I wonder she ask not a husband.

Dor. That were a folly in her, having refused all the great princes in one part of the world: she'll die a maid.

Age. She may ask but once, may she?

Nisus. A hundred times this day, if she will: and, indeed, every day is such a day; for though the duke has vowed it only on this day, he keeps it every day; he can deny her nothing.

[*Cornets within.*

Enter LEONTIUS, HIDASPES, LEUCIPPUS, ISMENUS, TIMANTUS, *and* TELAMON.

Leon. Come, fair Hidaspes; thou art duchess to-day;
Art thou prepar'd to ask? thou know'st my oath
Will force performance: — and, Leucippus, if
She now ask aught that shall or would have performance
After my death, when by the help of Heaven
This land is thine, accursèd be thy race,
May every one forget thou art my son,
And so their own obedience ——

Leuc. Mighty sir,
I do not wish to know that fatal hour
That is to make me king; but if I do,
I shall most hastily,[2] and like a son,
Perform your grants to all, chiefly to her. —
Remember that you ask what we agreed upon.

[*Aside to* HID.

Leon. Are you prepar'd? then, speak.

Hid. Most royal sir, I am prepar'd;
Nor shall my will exceed a virgin's bounds;
What I request shall both at once bring me
[And you][3] a full content.

Leon. So it ever does:
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make known thy good desire, for I dare swear
Thou lovest me.

Hid. [*kneeling.*] This is it I beg,
And on my knees. The people of your land,
The Lycians, are, through all the nations
That know their name, noted to have in use
A vain and fruitless superstition;
So much more hateful, that it bears the show
Of true religion, and is nothing else
But a self-pleasing bold lasciviousness.

Leon. What is it?

Hid. Many ages before this,
When every man got to himself a trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life far worse than death,
Some one that gave himself to wine and sloth,
Which breed lascivious thoughts, and found himself
Contemn'd[4] for that by every painful man,
To take his stain away, fram'd to himself
A god, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest; for a name,
He call'd him Cupid. This created god
(Man's nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood)[5]
Had ready followers enow; and since
In every age they grew, especially
Amongst your subjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowsy deity,
Which drink invented; and the wingèd boy
(For so they call him)[6] has his sacrifices,
And these loose naked statues through the land,
In every village; nay, the palace
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erected obscene images
May be pluck'd down and burnt, and every man

[1] *on's*] Seward printed "of one's;" the Editors of 1778 and Weber, "of his." That *on* was often used for *of*, has been already observed.

[2] *hastily*] Altered by the modern editors to "heartily."

[3] *And you*] Mason's insertion. I give this speech according to the arrangement of the old eds. The modern editors divide the lines differently. In several places of this play the blank verse is irremediably corrupted by the dropping out of words.

[4] *Contemn'd*] Sympson's conjecture; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Seward printed "Condemn'd." — Old eds. "conioynd," and "conjoyn'd." — "The Editors [of 1778] are clearly right in reading *Contemn'd* instead of *Conjoin'd*: *every painful man* means, every laborious man, who takes pains to fulfil the duties of his profession. — Seward, in his note, accuses the poets of an outrage on poetical justice by making this just speech of Hidaspes to be esteemed such an act of impiety as to involve the extirpation of her and her family: but he surely must have forgot that the Lycians were pagans, that Cupid was their tutelar deity, and that therefore this just speech, as he calls it, must have been the most horrid blasphemy, and the subsequent proceedings to which it prompted highly sacrilegious." MASON.

[5] *blood*] "i. e. disposition, or propensity of nature." MASON.

[6] *and the winged boy,*
(*For so they call him*), &c.] Old eds.
"and the winged Boy,
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices.
These loose naked statues [1st 4to. statutes] through the Land,
And in every Village, nay the Palace
Is not free from 'em."

Seward printed, —
"And these loose naked statues through the land,
In every village; nay, the palace' *self*," &c.

and so the Editors of 1778. I have followed him only in removing "And" from the beginning of one line to that of the preceding line, — an alteration which at least gives a sense to this corrupted passage; and so Weber.

That offers to 'em any sacrifice
May lose his life.
Leon. [*raising her*] But be advis'd,
My fairest daughter: if he be a god,
He will express it upon thee, my child;
Which Heaven avert!
Leuc. There is no such power;
But the opinion of him fills the land
With lustful sins: every young man and maid,
That feel the least desire to one another,
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is
Blind Cupid's motion; and he is a god!
Leon. This makes our youth unchaste. I am resolv'd. —
Nephew Ismenus, break the statues down
Here in the palace, and command the city
Do [1] the like: let proclamations
Be drawn, and hastily sent through the land,
To the same purpose.
Ism. Sir, I'll break down none
Myself, but I'll deliver your command:
Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.
Leon. Go, and command it. [*Exit* ISMENUS.
Pleasure of my life,
Wouldst thou aught else? make many thousand suits;
They must and shall be granted.
Hid. Nothing else.
Leon. But go and meditate on other suits;
Some six days hence I'll give thee audience again,
And by a new oath bind himself to keep it:
Ask largely for thyself; dearer than life,
In whom I may be bold to call myself
More fortunate than any in my age,
I will deny thee nothing.
Leuc. 'Twas well done, sister.
[*Exeunt all except* DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.
Nisus. How like you this request, my lords? [2]
Dor. I know not yet, I am so full of wonder:
We shall be gods ourselves shortly,
An we pull 'em out of heaven o' this fashion.
Age. We shall have wenches now when we can catch 'em,
An we transgress thus.
Nisus. An we abuse the gods once, 'tis a justice
We should be held at hard meat. For my part,
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection;
I know the god incens'd must send a hardness
Through all good women's hearts, and then we have brought
Our eggs and muscadine to a fair market:
Would I had gi'n an hundred pound for a toleration,
That I might but use my conscience in mine own house!
Dor. The duke, he's old and past it; he would never
Have brought such a plague upon the land else;
'Tis worse than sword and famine. Yet, to say truth,
We have deserv'd it, we have liv'd so wickedly,
Every man at his livery; and would that
Would have suffic'd us!
We murmur'd at this blessing, that 'twas [3] nothing,
And cried out to the god for endless pleasures:
He heard us, and supplied us, and our women
Were new still, as we needed [4] 'em; yet we,
Like beasts, still cried, "Poor men can number their whores,[5]
Give us abundance!" we had it, and this curse withal.
Age. By'r lady, we are like to have a long Lent on't;
Flesh will [6] be flesh now. Gentlemen, I had rather
Have anger'd all the gods than that blind gunner.
I remember, once the people did but slight him
In a sacrifice; and what follow'd? women kept
Their houses, grew good huswives, honest forsooth!
Was not that fine?
Wore their own faces, though they wore gay clothes,[7]
Without surveying; and, which was most lamentable,
They lov'd their husbands.
Nisus. I do remember it to my grief:
Young maids were as cold as cucumbers, and much
Of that complexion; bawds were abolish'd;
And (to which misery it must come again)
There were no cuckolds.
Well, we had need pray [8] to keep these devils [9] from us;
The times grow mischievous. — There he goes! Lord!

An Attendant, *carrying an image of* CUPID, *passes over the stage.*

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of:
Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows!
Age. And I too. You shall see, within these few years,
A fine confusion i' the country, mark it:
Nay, an we grow for to depose the powers,
And set up Chastity again, — well, I have done, —
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings
Are hunger and hard beds!
Nisus. This comes of fulness, a sin too frequent with us:
I believe now we shall find shorter commons.

[1] *Do*] The modern editors print "To *do*."
[2] *lords*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "lord;" and so the modern editors. Compare the last two speeches of this scene.
[3] *'twas*] Mason's correction. Old eds. "was."
[4] *needed*] Old eds. "need."
[5] *whores*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "woers."
[6] *will*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "shall;" and so the modern editors.
[7] *though they wore gay clothes*] Old eds. "*though they* weare," &c. Seward altered the passage to, "nay, *they* let us *wear gay clothes*;" and so his successors gave it. The Rev. J. Mitford would read, "as *though they* were *gay clothes*." These speeches come under the head of what Mr. Darley calls the *blank doggerel* of our authors. Introd. to the *Works of B. and F.*, p. xlvii.
[8] *pray*] Weber printed "to *pray*."
[9] *devils*] Qy. "evils"?

Dor. Would I were married! somewhat has some savour;[1]
The race of gentry will quite run out, now
'Tis only left to husbands: if younger sisters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.[2]
Age. Well, let come what will come, I am but one,
And as the plague falls, I will shape myself:
If women will be honest, I'll be sound.
If the god be not too unmerciful,
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,
And thank him, and say nothing.
Nisus. This ill wind yet may blow the city good,
And let them (if they can) get their own children;
They have hung long enough in doubt: but, howsoever,
The old way was the surer; then they had 'em.
Dor. Farewell, my lords. I'll e'en take up what rent
I can before the day; I fear the year
Will fall out ill.
Age. We'll with you, sir: — and, Love, so favour us,
As we are still thy servants! — Come, my lords;
Let's to the duke, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Temple of Cupid.*

Enter Priest, *with four young* Men *and* Maidens, *and* Boy.

Priest. Come, my children, let your feet
In an even measure meet,
And your cheerful voices rise,
For to present this sacrifice
To great Cupid, in whose name
I his priest begin the same.
Young men, take your loves and kiss;
Thus our Cupid honour'd is;
Kiss again, and in your kissing
Let no promises be missing;
Nor let any maiden here
Dare to turn away her ear
Unto the whisper of her love,
But give bracelet, ring, or glove,
As a token to her sweeting
Of an after secret meeting.
Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts
Fuller of great Cupid's darts.
[*The* Boy *sings the following*

SONG.

Lovers, rejoice! your pains shall be rewarded,
The god of love himself grieves at your crying;
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid[3] denying;
No more shall virgins sigh, and say "We dare not,
For men are false, and what they do they care not:"
All shall be well again; then do not grieve;
Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice! what you shall say henceforth,
When you have caught your sweethearts in your arms,
It shall be accounted oracle and worth;
No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of harms,
And cry "They are too young;" the god hath said,
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid:
Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown;
Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.
[*A measure.*[4]

Enter NILO, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Nilo. No more of this: here break your rites for ever;
The duke commands it so. Priest, do not stare;
I must deface your temple, though unwilling,
And your god Cupid here must make a scarecrow,
For any thing I know, or, at the best,
Adorn a chimney-piece.
Priest. Oh, sacrilege unheard of!
Nilo. This will not help it. —
Take down the images, and away with em.[5] —
[*Attendants take down, and carry out the images of* CUPID.
Priest, change your coat, you had best; all service now
Is given to men; prayers above their hearing
Will prove but babblings; learn to lie and thrive,
'Twill prove your best profession. For the gods,
He that lives by 'em now must be a beggar:
There's better holiness on earth, they say;
Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice!
Go home;
And if your god be not deaf as well as blind,
He will make some smoke for it.
[*Exeunt* Priest, *young* Men *and* Maidens, *and* Boy.
First Gent. Sir ——
Nilo. Gentlemen,
There is no talking; this must be done and speedily:
I have commission that I must not break.
Sec. Gent. We are gone, to wonder what shall follow.
Nilo. On
To the next temple! [*Exeunt.*

Cornets *within.* CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. Am I, then, scorn'd? is my all-doing will,
And power that knows no limit nor admits none,
Now look'd into by less than gods, and weaken'd?
Am I, whose bow struck terror through the earth
No less than thunder, and in this exceeding
Even gods themselves, who kneel[6] before my altars,

1 *savour*] Weber chose to print "favour."
2 *lawful*] Mason wishes to read "awful."
3 *maid*] So the first 4to.; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778 (though they had not seen that 4to). Other eds. "maids;" and so Weber.
4 *A measure*] See note, p. 146.
5 *the images . . . 'em*] So the two first 4tos. The third 4to., "their *images . . . um;*" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Folio of 1679, "*the* image . . . *em:*" which Seward gave. I suspect (from the preceding speech of Nilo) that only a single image of Cupid is now removed, and that the right reading is, "*the* image . . . him," — our early printers, as we have seen before, frequently confounding *'em* and *him.*
6 *who kneel*] Old eds. "whose knees;" a misprint, which arose, I imagine, from the eye of the original compositor

Now shook off and contemn'd[1] by such whose lives
Are but my recreation? Anger, rise!
My sufferance and myself are made the subject
Of sins against us: go thou out, displeasure!
Displeasure of a great god, fling[2] thyself
Through all this kingdom; sow whatever evils
Proud flesh is taking of amongst these rebels;
And on the first heart that despis'd[3] my greatness
Lay a strange misery, that all may know
Cupid's revenge is mighty. With [t]his arrow,
Hotter than plagues or[4] mine own anger, will I
Now nobly right myself; nor shall the prayers,
Nor sweet smokes on my altars, hold my hand,
Till I have left this a most wretched land.
[*Ascends.*

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter HIDASPES *and* CLEOPHILA.

Hid. Cleophila, what was he that went hence?
Cleo. What means your grace now?
Hid. I mean that handsome man,
That something more than man, I met at door.
Cleo. Here was no handsome man.
Hid. Come, he's some one
You would preserve in private; but you want
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance
See all the graces of a man. Who was't?
Cleo. That went hence now?
Hid. That went hence now; ay, he.
Cleo. Faith, here was no such one as your grace thinks:
Zoilus, your brother's dwarf, went out but now.
Hid. I think 'twas he: how bravely he pass'd by!
Is he not grown a goodly gentleman?
Cleo. A goodly gentleman, madam! he is
The most deformèd fellow i' the land.
Hid. Oh, blasphemy! he may perhaps to thee
Appear deformèd, for he is indeed
Unlike a man: his shape and colours are
Beyond the art of painting; he is like
Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
When rising from his bed he stirs himself,
And shakes day from his hair.[5]
Cleo. He resembles Apollo's recorder.[6]
Hid. Cleophila, go send a page for him,
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent.
[*Exit* CLEOPHILA.
Alas, what do I feel? My blood rebels,
And I am one of those I us'd to scorn:
My maiden-thoughts are fled; against myself
I harbour traitors; my virginity,[7]
That from my childhood kept me company,
Is heavier than I can endure to bear.
Forgive me, Cupid! for thou art a god,
And I a wretched creature: I have sinn'd;
But be thou merciful, and grant that yet
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love![8]

Re-enter CLEOPHILA *with* ZOILUS.

Cleo. Zoilus is here, madam.
Hid. He's there indeed.
Now be thine own judge: see, thou worse than mad,
Is he deformèd? look upon those eyes,
That let all pleasure out into the world,
Unhappy that they cannot see themselves;
Look on his hair, that, like so many beams,
Streaking the east, shoot light o'er half the world;
Look on him altogether, who is made
As if two natures had contention
About their skill, and one had brought forth him!
Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
Madam, though nature hath not given me
So much as others in my outward show,
I bear a heart as loyal unto you
In this unsightly body (which you please
To make your mirth), as many others do
That are far more befriended in their births:
Yet I could wish myself much more deform'd
Than yet I am, so I might make your grace
More merry than you are. Ha, ha, ha!
Hid. Beshrew me, then,
If I be merry! but I am content
Whilst thou art with me; thou that art my saint,
By hope of whose mild favour I do live
To tell thee so. I pray thee, scorn me not:
Alas, what can it add unto thy worth
To triumph over me, that am a maid
Without deceit, whose heart doth guide her tongue,
Drown'd in my passions? yet I will take leave
To call it reason, that I dote on thee.
Cleo. The princess is besides[9] her grace, I think,
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serve i' the dark when one is drunk. [*Aside.*
Hid. What answer wilt thou give me?
Zoilus. If it please your grace to jest on, I can abide it.
Hid. If it be jest,[10] not to esteem my life

having caught "whose" in the following line. The modern editors suppose a line to have dropt out after the present one. Mason would read "who've knelt."

[1] *contemn'd*] Weber printed "condemn'd"!

[2] *fling*] Is evidently the right reading, which Seward gave from Theobald's conjecture. All the old eds. "flying," — except 4to. 1635, which has "fly," and which the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed!

[3] *heart that despis'd*] So 4to. 1635, rightly (Hidaspes being alluded to, and the "strange misery" meaning her passion for Zoilus). Other eds., "*heart that* despise." The modern editors print "hearts *that* despise."

[4] *or*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber, "of"!

[5] *shakes day from his hair*] Here Reed cites a passage from Lord Falkland's *Marriage Night*, which is merely a copy of the present one; and Mason quotes another from Virgil, which is nothing to the purpose.

[6] *recorder*] "i. e. flageolet." WEBER.

[7] *traitors; my virginity*] Old eds., "*traitors* in *my virginity*."

[8] *wilt have me love*] Old eds. "*wilt have me, Love*." — "As the address is to *Love*, a comma and a great letter was a material corruption here: to ask Cupid to let her enjoy what he would have her enjoy was a ridiculous request; but to let her enjoy what he would have her love is the common prayer of all worshippers of Cupid. SEWARD.

[9] *besides*] The modern editors print "beside."

[10] *If it be jest, &c.*] "This is very like the turn of a speech in *Philaster*, '*If it be love*,' &c. [see p. 170.]" *Ed.* 1778.

Compar'd with thee; if it be jest in me,
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour
Upon those lips, and take 'em off again;
If it be jest for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilst I live;
Then all I say is jest;
For every part of this, I swear by those
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to do!
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,
(Which pardon me that I am bold to kiss
With so unworthy lips,) that thou wilt swear
To marry me, as I do here to thee,
Before the face of Heaven!

Zoilus. Marry you! ha, ha, ha!

Hid. Kill me, or grant! wilt thou not speak at all?

Zoilus. Why, I will do your will for ever.

Hid. I ask no more: but let me kiss that mouth
That is so merciful, — that is my will;
Next, go with me before the king in haste, —
That is my will, — where I will make our peers
Know that thou art their better.

Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
That is fine! ha, ha, ha!

Cleo. Madam, what means your grace?
Consider, for the love of Heaven, to what
You run madly:[1] will you take this viper
Into your bed?

Hid. Away! hold off thy hands! —
Strike her, sweet Zoilus; for it is my will,
Which thou hast sworn to do.

Zoilus. Away, for shame!
Know you no manners? — Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit with* HIDASPES.

Cleo. Thou know'st none, I fear. —
This is just Cupid's anger. Venus, look
Down mildly on us! and command thy son
To spare this lady once, and let me be
In love with all, and none in love with me![2]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ISMENUS *and* TIMANTUS.

Tim. Is your lordship for the wars this summer?

Ism. Timantus, wilt thou go with me?

Tim. If I had a company, my lord.

Ism. Of fiddlers? thou a company!
No, no; keep thy company at home, and cause cuckolds:
The wars will hurt thy face; there's[3] no semsters,
Shoemakers, nor tailors, nor almond-milk i' the morning,
Nor poached eggs to keep your worship soluble,
No man to warm your shirt, and blow your roses,[4]
Nor none to reverence your round lace breeches.
If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a case
For thy captainship; a shower will spoil thee else.
Thus much for thee.

Tim. Your lordship's wondrous witty;
Very pleasant, believe't.

Enter LEONTIUS, TELAMON, DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS, *and* Attendants.

Leon. No news yet of my son?

Tel. Sir, there be divers out in search; no doubt
They'll bring the truth where he is, or the occasion
That led him hence.

Tim. They have[5] good eyes, then. [*Aside.*

Leon. The gods go with them! — Who be[6] those that wait there?

Tel. The lord Ismenus, your general, for his despatch.

Leon. Oh, nephew, we have no use to employ your virtue
In our war; now the province is well settled.
Hear you aught of the marquis?

Ism. No, sir.

Leon. 'Tis strange he should be gone thus; these five days
He was not seen.

Tim. I'll hold my life, I could bolt him in an hour. [*Aside.*

Leon. Where's my daughter?

Dor. About the purging of the temples, sir.

Leon. She is chaste and virtuous. Fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now
Her last request, without repenting me,
Be it what it will. [*Exit* NISUS.
She is wise, Dorialus,
And will not press me farther than a father.

Dor. I pray the best may follow! yet, if your grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At least of such whose wisdoms ever wake
About your safety, I may say it, sir,
Under your noble pardon, that this change
Either had been more honour to the gods,
Or I think not at all. Sir, the princess.

Enter HIDASPES, *with* NISUS *and* ZOILUS.

Leon. Oh, my daughter,
My health! and did I say my soul, I lied not,
Thou art so near me! speak, and have whatever
Thy wise will leads thee to. Had I a heaven,
It were too poor a place for such a goodness.

Dor. What's here?

Age. An ape's skin stuft, I think, 'tis so plump.

Hid. Sir, you have pass'd your word; still be a prince,
And hold you to it. Wonder not I press you;
My life lies in your word; if you break that,
You have broke my heart. I must ask that's my shame,

[1] *madly*] Seward, for the metre, printed "thus *madly*."

[2] *In love with all, and none in love with me*] "The editors [of 1778] say that this is certainly corrupt, and that the conclusion of the prayer is a strange one. But they mistake the meaning of the faithful Cleophila, who implores Venus to spare her mistress, and to let all her [Cupid's] vengeance light upon herself; and considers the loving all mankind without being beloved by any as the severest punishment that could be inflicted on her." MASON.

[3] *there's*] The modern editors print "*there* are."

[4] *roses*] i. e. the (sometimes preposterously large and costly) knots of ribands on the shoes.

[5] *They have*] Seward and his successors print "They must *have*."

[6] *be*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "are."

And your will must not deny me: now, for Heaven,
Be not forsworn.
Leon. By the gods,[1] I will not,
I cannot! were there no other power
Than my love called to a witness of it.
Dor. They have much reason to trust you have forsworn one of 'em out o' the country already. [*Aside.*
Hid. Then this is my request: this gentleman —
Be not asham'd, sir; you are worth a kingdom.
Leon. In what?
Hid. In the way of marriage.[2]
Leon. How!
Hid. In the way of marriage: it must be so;
Your oath is tied to Heaven, as my love
To him.
Leon. I know thou dost but try my age;
Come, ask again.
Hid. If I should ask all my lifetime,
This is all still. Sir, I am serious; I must have
This worthy man, without inquiring why,
And suddenly, and freely: do not look
For reason or obedience in my words;
My love admits no wisdom; only haste
And hope hangs on my fury. Speak, sir, speak!
But not as a father; I am deaf and dull to counsel;
My[3] inflam'd blood hears nothing but my will:
For God's sake, speak!
Dor. Here's a brave alteration!
Nisus. This comes of chastity!
Hid. Will not you speak, sir?
Age. The god begins his vengeance: what a sweet youth
He has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly!
Leon. Oh, let me never speak,
Or with my words let me speak out my life! —
Thou power abus'd, great Love, whose vengeance now
We feel and fear, have mercy on this land!
Nisus. How does your grace?
Leon. Sick; very sick, I hope.
Dor. Gods comfort you!
Hid. Will not you speak? is this your royal word?
Do not pull perjury upon your soul:
Sir, you are old, and near your punishment;
Remember.
Leon. Away, base woman!
Hid. Then be no more my father, but a plague
I am bound to pray against! be any sin
May force me to despair, and hang myself!
Be thy name never more remember'd, king,
But in example of a broken faith,
And curs'd even to forgetfulness! may thy land
Bring forth such monsters as thy daughter is! —
I am weary of my rage. — I pray, forgive me,
And let me have him! will you, noble sir?
Leon. Mercy, mercy, Heaven! —
Thou heir of all dishonour, sham'st thou not
To draw this little moisture left for life
Thus rudely from me? — Carry that slave to death!
Zoilus. For Heaven's sake, sir! it is no fault of mine
That she will love me.
Leon. To death with him, I say!
Hid. Then make haste, tyrant, or I'll be before him![4]
This is the way to hell.
Leon. Hold fast, I charge you!
Away with him! [*Exit* ZOILUS *with* Attendants.
Hid. Alas, old man! death hath more doors than one,
And I will meet him. [*Exit.*
Leon. Dorialus, pray, see her in her chamber,
And lay a guard about her. [*Exit* DORIALUS.
The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties
Is will[5] and disobedience in our issues,
Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us,
With our fond[6] loves. Beasts, you are only blest,
That have that happy dulness to forget
What you have made! your young ones grieve not you;
They wander where they list, and have their ways
Without dishonour to you; and their ends
Fall on 'em without sorrow of their parents,
Or after ill remembrance. Oh, this woman!
Would I had made myself a sepulchre,
When I made her! — Nephew, where is the prince? —
Pray God he have not more part of her baseness
Than of her blood about him! — Gentlemen,
Where is he?
Ism. I know not, sir: h'as his ways by himself,
Is too wise for my company.
Leon. I do not like this hiding of himself
From such society as [fits] his person:
Some of ye needs must know.[7]
Ism. I am sure not I,
Nor have known twice this ten days; which, if I were
As proud as some of 'em, I should take scurvily:
But he is a young man, let him have his swinge;
[TIMANTUS *whispers the* DUKE.
'Twill make him —— there's some good matter now in hand:
How the slave jeers[8] and grins! the duke is pleas'd;

[1] *By the gods, &c.*] Such is the arrangement of this speech in the old eds., and bad enough it is; but I doubt if the following would be better;

"By the gods, I will not, I cannot!
Were there no other power than my love
Call'd to a witness of it."

[2] *way of marriage*] Equivalent to — marriage; see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 309, ed. 1813.

[3] *My*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

[4] *I'll be before him*] Old eds. "*I'll be* for *him.*" The Editors of 1778 observe that "perhaps the original ran (which seems more in our authors' style) 'I will *before him.*'" I think not. When two syllables exactly the same happen to come together, one of them is not unfrequently omitted by the compositor.

[5] *will*] "i. e. wilfulness." *Ed.* 1778.

[6] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[7] *Some of ye needs must know*] The first 4to., "*Some of* it *needs must yee know.*" The second 4to. and the folio of 1679, "*Some of* it *ye needs must know.*" The third 4to., "*Some of* it *ye must needs know.*" On the superfluous "it" Theobald founded his conjecture "fits," to supply the deficiency in the preceding line, where Seward printed "suits."

[8] *jeers*] Qy. "leers"?

There's a new pair of scarlet hose [1] now, and as much
Money to spare as will fetch the old from pawn,
A hat and a cloak to go out to-morrow;
Garters and stockings come by nature. [*Aside.*
Leon. Be sure of this.
Tim. I durst not speak else, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Temple of* CUPID.

Cornets within. CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. Leucippus, thou art shot through with a shaft
That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
To sow a world of helpless misery
In this unhappy kingdom. Dost thou think,
Because thou art a prince, to make a part
Against my power? but it is all the fault
Of thy old father, who believes his age
Is cold enough to quench my burning darts;
But he shall know ere long that my smart loose [2]
Can thaw ice, and inflame the wither'd heart
Of Nestor: thou thyself art lightly struck;
But his mad love shall publish that the rage
Of Cupid has the power to conquer age.
[*Ascends.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of* BACHA.

Enter BACHA *and* LEUCIPPUS.[3]

Leuc. Why, what's the matter?
Bacha. Have you got the spoil
You thirsted for? Oh, tyranny of men!
Leuc. I pray thee, leave.
Bacha. Your envy [4] is, Heaven knows,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex:
What pain, alas, could it have been to you,
If I had kept mine honour? you might still
Have been a prince, and still this country's heir:
That innocent guard which I till now had kept
For my defence, my virtue, did it seem
So dangerous in a state, that yourself [5]
Came to suppress it?
Leuc. Dry thine eyes again;
I'll kiss thy tears away: this is but folly;
'Tis past all help.
Bacha. Now you have won the treasure,
'Tis my request that you would leave me thus,
And never see these empty walls again:
I know you will do so; and well you may,
For there is nothing in 'em that is worth
A glance. I loathe myself, and am become
Another woman; one, methinks, with whom
I want acquaintance.
Leuc. If I do offend thee,
I can be gone; and though I love thy sight,
So highly do I prize thine own content,
That I will leave thee.
Bacha. Nay, you may stay now;
You should have gone before: I know not now
Why I should fear you; all I should have kept
Is stoln, nor is it in the power of man
To rob me farther; if you can invent,
Spare not: no naked man fears robbing less
Than I do; now you may for ever stay.
Leuc. Why, I could do thee farther wrong.
Bacha. You have a deeper reach in evil than I;
'Tis past my thought.[6]
Leuc. And past my will to act;
But, trust me, I could do it.
Bacha. Good sir, do;
That I may know there is a wrong beyond
What you have done me.
Leuc. I could tell the [7] world
What thou hast done.
Bacha. Yes, you may tell the world;
And do you think I am so vain to hope
You will not? you can tell the world but this,
That I am a widow, full of tears in show,
(My husband dead, and one that lov'd me so,
Hardly a week,) forgot my modesty,
And, caught with youth and greatness, gave myself
To live in sin with you: this you may tell;
And this I do deserve.
Leuc. Why, dost thou think me
So base to tell? these limbs of mine shall part
From one another on a rack,
Ere I disclose. But thou dost utter words
That much afflict me; you did seem as ready,
Sweet Bacha, as myself.
Bacha. You are right a man;
When they have witch'd us into misery,
Poor innocent souls, they lay the fault on us.
But be it so: for prince Leucippus' sake,
I will bear any thing.
Leuc. Come, weep no more,
I wrought thee to it; it was my fault:
Nay, see if thou wilt leave! Here, take this pearl, —
Kiss me, sweet Bacha, — and receive this purse.
[*Gives pearl and purse.*
Bacha. What should I do with these? they will not deck
My mind.
Leuc. Why, keep 'em to remember me.
I must be gone; I have been absent long;
I know the duke my father is in rage:
But I will see thee suddenly again.
Farewell, my Bacha!
Bacha. Gods keep you! Do you hear, sir?
Pray, give me a point [8] to wear.
Leuc. Alas, good Bacha!
Take one, I pray thee, where thou wilt.

1 *hose*] i. e. breeches (the stockings being mentioned afterwards).
2 *smart loose*] The 4to. of 1635 has, by a misprint, "dart *loose*," — which reading is given by the modern editors! *Loose* is a technical term for the discharging of an arrow: "the Archers terme, who is not said to finish the feate of his shot before he giue the *loose*, and deliuer his arrow from his bow." Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 145.
3 *Enter Bacha and Leucippus*] The old eds. add, "*Bacha, a handkercheffe* [to dry her tears]," — a direction intended for the performer of that part.
4 *envy*] i. e. malice.
5 *yourself*] The modern editors print "you *yourself*."
6 *thought*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "thoughts;" and so the modern editors.
7 *the*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "all *the*;" and so the modern editors.
8 *point*] See note, p. 295.

Bacha. [*taking a point from his dress.*] Coming
From you, this point is of as high esteem
With me as all pearl and gold. Nothing but good
Be ever with or near you!
Leuc. Fare thee well,
Mine own good Bacha! I will make all haste.
[*Exit.*
Bacha. Just as you are a dozen[1] I esteem you;
No more. Does he think I would prostitute
Myself for love? it was the love of these
Pearls and gold that won me. I confess
I lust more after him than any other,
And would at any rate, if I had store,
Purchase his fellowship; but being poor,
I'll both enjoy his body and his purse,
And, he a prince, ne'er think myself the worse.

Enter LEONTIUS, *with* LEUCIPPUS, ISMENUS, *and* TIMANTUS.

Leon. Nay, you must back, and shew us what it is
That witches you out of your honour thus.
Bacha. Who's that?
Tim. Look there, sir!
Leon. Lady, never fly;
You are betray'd.
Bacha. Leave me, my tears, a while,
And to my just rage give a little place! —
What saucy man are you, that without leave
Enter upon a widow's mournful house?
You hinder a dead man from many tears,
Who did deserve more than the world can shed,
Though they should weep themselves to images.
If not for love of me, yet of yourself,
Away! for you can bring no comfort to me;
But you may carry hence you know not what;
Nay, sorrow is infectious.
Leon. Thou thyself
Art grown infectious. Wouldst thou know my name,
I am the duke, father to this young man
Whom thou corrupt'st.
Bacha. Has he, then, told him all? [*Aside.*
Leuc. You do her wrong, sir.
Bacha. Oh, he has not told. — [*Aside.*
Sir, I beseech you pardon my wild tongue,
[*Kneels.*
Directed by a weak distemper'd head,
Madded with grief! Alas, I did not know
You were my sovereign! but now you may
Command my poor unworthy life, which will
Be none, I hope, ere long.
Leon. All thy dissembling
Will never hide thy shame: and were't not more
Respecting womanhood in general
Than any thing in thee, thou shouldst be made
Such an example, that posterity,
When they would speak most bitterly, should say,
"Thou art as impudent as Bacha was."
Bacha. Sir, though you be my king, whom I will serve
In all just causes, yet when wrongfully
You seek to take mine honour, I will rise
[*Rises.*
Thus, and defy you; for it is a jewel
Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,
(Though in this lowly house,) I shall esteem
Myself above the princes of the earth
That are without it. If the prince your son,
Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak
Dishonour of me, if he do not do it,
The plagues of hell light on him! may he never
Govern this kingdom! Here I challenge him,
Before the face of Heaven, my liege, and these,
To speak the worst he can: if he will lie
To lose a woman's fame, I'll say he is
Like you, — I think I cannot call him worse.
He's dead, that with his life would have defended
My reputation, and I forc'd to play
(That which I am)[2] the foolish woman,
And use my liberal tongue.
Leuc. Is't possible?
We men are children in our carriages,
Compar'd with women. Wake thyself, for shame,
And leave not her (whose honour thou shouldst keep
Safe as thine own) alone to free herself!
But I am press'd, I know not how, with guilt,
And feel my conscience (never us'd to lie)
Loath to allow my tongue to add a lie
To that too much I did: but it is lawful
To defend her, that only for my love
Lov'd evil. [*Aside.*
Leon. Tell me, why did you, Leucippus,
Stay here so long?
Leuc. If I can urge aught from me but a truth,
Hell take me! [*Aside.*
Leon. What's the matter? why speak you not?
Tim. Alas, good sir, forbear to urge the prince!
You see his shamefacedness.
Bacha. What does he say, sir? — If thou be a prince,
Shew it, and tell the truth.
Ism. If you have lain with her, tell your father;
No doubt but he has done as ill before now:
The gentlewoman will be proud on't.
Bacha. For God's sake, speak!
Leuc. Have you done prating yet?
Ism. Who prates?
Leuc. Thou know'st I do not speak to thee, Ismenus: —
But what said you, Timantus, concerning my shamefacedness?
Tim. Nothing, I hope, that might displease your highness.
Leuc. If any of thy great-great-grandmothers,
This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,
It would have made thee honester: I stay'd
To hear what you would say. She is, by Heaven,
Of the most strict and blameless chastity
That ever woman was; — good gods, forgive me! — [*Aside.*

[1] *dozen*] Mason would read "donor;" which Weber might well say "has a very tame sound."

[2] (*That which I am*), &c.] The poet probably wrote "(*That which I am* indeed)," &c. Seward and the Editors of 1778 (contrary to the old eds.) make this line end with "and use." — *Liberal* means — licentiously free.

Had Tarquin met with her, she had been kill'd
With a slave by her ere she had agreed.
I lie with her! would I might perish, then!
Our mothers, whom we all must reverence,
Could ne'er exceed her for her chastity,
Upon my soul! for, by this light, she is
A most obstinate modest creature!
Leon. What did you with her, then, so long, Leucippus?
Leuc. I'll tell you, sir: you see she's beautiful.
Leon. I see it well.
Leuc. Mov'd by her face, I came
With lustful thoughts (which was a fault in me,
But, telling truth, something more pardonable,
And for the world I will not lie to you);
Proud of myself, I thought a prince's name
Had power to blow 'em down flat of[1] their backs,
But here I found a rock not to be shook;
For, as I hope for good, sir, all the battery
That I could lay to her, or of my person,
My greatness, or gold,[2] could nothing move her.
Leon. 'Tis very strange, being so young and fair.
Leuc. She's almost thirty, sir.
Leon. How do you know
Her age so just?
Leuc. She told it me herself,
Once when she went about to shew by reason
I should leave wooing her.
Leon. She stains[3] the ripest virgins of the[4] age.
Leuc. If I had sinn'd with her, I would be loath
To publish her disgrace; but, by my life,
I would have told it you, because I think
You would have pardon'd me the rather, sir:[5]
And I will tell you farther;[6] by this light,
(But that I never will bestow myself
But to your liking) if she now would have me,
I now would marry her.
Leon. How's that, Leucippus?
Leuc. Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet
I have not done, but had a will to do,
And I will tell it?
Leon. Be it what it will,
I pardon thee.
Leuc. I offer'd marriage to her.
Leon. Did she refuse it?
Leuc. With that earnestness,
And almost scorn to think of any other
After her lost mate, that she made me think
Myself unworthy of her.
Leon. You have stay'd
Too long, Leucippus.

[1] *of*] i. e. on. Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "o'."
[2] *gold*] Seward printed "my *gold*;" and so probably the author wrote.
[3] *She stains*] "i. e. she makes them look faded [sullied] by the superior lustre of her beauty." MASON.
[4] *the*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "her;" and so the modern editors.
[5] *sir*] Evidently belongs to this line. Old eds. place it at the end of the next; and so the modern editors. Seward, finding the present line too short, printed, —
"*You would have pardon'd me the rather* for it."
[6] *farther*] So Seward rightly printed from Theobald's and Sympson's correction; and so Weber. The Editors of 1778 gave, with the old eds., "father."

Leuc. Yes, sir. — Forgive me, Heaven!
What multitudes[7] of oaths have I bestow'd
On lies! and yet they were officious lies,[8]
There was no malice in 'em. [*Aside.*
Leon. She is the fairest
Creature that ever I beheld; and then
So chaste, 'tis wonderful: the more I look on her,
The more I am amazèd. I have long
Thought of a wife, and one I would have had,
But that I was afraid to meet a woman
That might abuse my age: but here she is
Whom I may trust to; of a chastity
Impregnable, and approv'd[9] so by my son;
The meanness of her birth will still preserve her
In due obedience; and her beauty is
Of force enough to pull me back to youth.
My son once sent away, whose rivalship
I have just cause to fear, if power, or gold,
Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine. —
[*Aside.*
Nephew Ismenus, I have new intelligence
Your province is unquiet still.
Ism. I'm glad on't.
Leon. And so dangerously, that I must send
The prince in person with you.
Ism. I'm glad of that too:
Sir, will you despatch us? we shall wither here
For ever.
Leon. You shall be despatch'd within
This hour. — Leucippus, never wonder, nor ask;
It must be thus. — Lady, I ask your pardon,
Whose virtue I have slubber'd with my tongue;
And you shall ever be
Chaste in my memory hereafter: but
We old men often dote. To make amends
For my great fault, receive that ring:
[*Gives ring.*
I'm sorry for your grief; may it soon leave you! —
Come, my lords: let's be gone.
Bacha. Heaven bless your grace!
[*Exeunt all except* BACHA.
One that had but so much modesty left as to blush,
Or shrink a little at his first encounter,
Had been undone: where[10] I come off with honour,
And gain too: they that never would be track'd
In any course by the most subtle sense,
Must bear it through with frontless impudence.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Dor. Gentlemen, this is a strange piece of justice, to put the wretched dwarf to death because she doted on him: is she not a woman, and subject to those mad figaries[11] her whole sex is infected with? Had she loved you, or you, or I, or all on's, (as indeed the more the

[7] *multitudes*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "multitude;" and so the modern editors.
[8] *officious lies*] i. e. lies uttered with a kind intention.
[9] *approv'd*] i. e. proved.
[10] *where*] i. e. whereas.
[11] *figaries*] i. e. vagaries.

merrier still with them,) must we therefore have our heads pared with a hatchet? So she may love all the nobility out o' the dukedom in a month, and let the rascals in.

Nisus. You will not, or you do not, see the need
That makes this just to the world.

Dor. I cannot tell; I would be loath to feel it:
But, the best is, she loves not proper men;
We three were in wise cases else. But make me know
This need.

Nisus. Why, yes: he being taken away,
This base incontinence dies presently,
And she must see her shame, and sorrow for it.

Dor. Pray God she do! But was the sprat beheaded? or did they swing him about like a chicken, and so break his neck?

Age. Yes, he was beheaded, and a solemn justice made of it.

Dor. That might have been deducted.

Age. Why, how would you have had him die?

Dor. Faith, I would have had him roasted, like a warden,[1] in a brown paper, and no more talk on't; or a feather stuck in's head like a quail; or ha' hanged him in a dog-collar. What should he be beheaded? we shall have it grow so base shortly, gentlemen will be out of love with it.

Nisus. I wonder from whence this [race] of the dwarfs[2] first sprung?

Dor. From an old lecherous pair of breeches, that lay upon a wench to keep her warm; for certainly they are no man's work: and I am sure a monkey would get one of the guard to[3] this fellow; he was no bigger than a small portmanteau, and much about that making, if't had legs.

Age. But, gentlemen, what say you to the prince?

Nisus. Ay, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

Dor. Why, then, he will come home I know not when. You shall pardon me; I'll talk no more of this subject, but say, Gods be with him, where'er he is, and send him well home again! for why he is gone, or when he will return, let them know that directed him: only this, there's mad moriscoes in the state; but what they are, I'll tell you when I know. Come, let's go, hear all, and say nothing.

Age. Content. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter TIMANTUS *and* TELAMON.

Tel. Timantus, is the duke ready[5] yet?

Tim. Almost.

Tel. What ails him?

Tim. Faith, I know not: I think he has dreamt he's but eighteen; has been worse since he sent you forth for the frizzling-iron.

Tel. That cannot be; he lay in gloves all night, and this morning I brought him a new periwig with a lock[6] at it, and knocked up a swing in's chamber.

Tim. Oh, but since his tailor came, and they have fallen out about the fashion on's clothes; and yonder's a fellow come has bored a hole in's ear;[7] and he has bespoke a vaulting-horse. You shall see him come forth presently: he looks like Winter, stuck here and there with fresh flowers.

Tel. Will he not tilt, think you?

Tim. I think he will.

Tel. What does he mean to do?

Tim. I know not; but, by this light, I think he is in love: he would ha' been shaved but for me.

Tel. In love! with whom?

Tim. I could guess, but you shall pardon me: he will take me along with him somewhither.

Tel. I overheard him ask your opinion of somebody's beauty.

Tim. Yes; there it goes that makes him so youthful: and h'as laid by his crutch, and halts now with a leading-staff.

Enter LEONTIUS *with a staff and a looking-glass.*[8]

Leon. Timantus —

Tim. Sir?

Leon. This feather is not large enough.

Tim. Yes, faith, 'tis such an one as the rest of the young gallants wear.

Leon. Telamon, does it do well?

Tel. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rarcliest ——

Leon. Away! dost think so?

Tel. Think, sir! I know it. Sir, the princess is past all hope of life since the dwarf was put to death.

Leon. Let her be so; I have other matters in hand. But this same tailor angers me, he has made my doublet so wide;[9] and, see, the knave has put no points[10] at my arm!

Tim. Those will be put-to quickly, sir, upon any occasion.

Leon. Telamon, have you bid this[11] dancer come a-mornings?

Tel. Yes, sir.

Leon. Timantus, let me see the glass again.

[1] *a warden*] "A Warden (Pear) *pyrum volemum* or *sylvestre.*" Coles's *Dict.*

[2] *this* [*race*] *of the dwarfs*] So Weber. Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes "[breed]." Seward printed "*this* love *of the dwarf's*," the Editors of 1778 "*this* love *of the* dwarf;" and Mason would read "*this* love, *the* dwarf:" — all wrongly, beyond a doubt: see the next speech.

[3] *to*] i. e. compared to.

[4] *moriscoes*] i. e. morris-dances (intended originally as an imitation of Moorish dances), — commotions.

[5] *ready*] i. e. dressed.

[6] *a lock*] "i. e. a *love-lock.* The allusion is (as Dr. Warburton observes in a note on *Much Ado About Nothing*) to the fantastical custom in our poets' days of men wearing 'a favourite lock of hair, which was brought before, tied with ribbands, and called a *love-lock.* Against this fashion Prynne wrote his treatise called *The Unloveliness of Love-locks.*'" *Ed.* 1778.

[7] *a hole in's ear*] "i. e. For an *ear-ring.*" *Ed.* 1778. See note, p. 313.

[8] *a looking-glass*] "This article of refinement was worn by gallants as well as ladies," &c. WEBER. It is quite evident that Leontius does not *wear* the glass.

[9] *my doublet so wide*] "At the time this play was written, the wide stuffed doublets and great hose had given way to those of a closer make," &c. WEBER.

[10] *points*] See note, p. 295.

[11] *this*] Altered by Weber to "the."

Look you how careless you are grown! is this tooth well put in?

Tim. Which, sir?

Leon. This, sir.

Tim. It shall be.

Tel. Methinks that tooth should put him in mind on's years; and Timantus stands as if (seeing the duke in such a youthful habit) he were looking in's mouth how old he were. [*Aside.*

Leon. So, so.

Tel. Will you have your gown, sir?

Leon. My gown! why, am I sick? bring me my sword. [*Exit* TELAMON.] Timantus,[1] let a couple of the great horses be brought out for us.

Tim. He'll kill himself. [*Aside.*] — Why, will you ride, sir?

Leon. Ride! dost thou think I cannot ride?

Tim. Oh, yes, sir, I know it: but, as I conceive your journey, you would have it private; and, then, you were better take a coach.

Leon. These coaches make me sick; yet 'tis no matter; let it be so.

Re-enter TELAMON *with a sword.*

Tel. Sir, here's your sword.

Leon. Oh, well said! let me see it. I could, methinks — [*Endeavours to draw it*]. Why, Telamon, bring me another: what, thinkest thou I will wear a sword in vain?

Tel. He has not strength enough to draw it: a yoke of fleas tied to a hair would have drawn it. [*Aside; and then draws it.*] — 'Tis out, sir, now; the scabbard is broke.

Leon. Oh, put it up again, and on with it! methinks, I am not dressed till I feel my sword on. [TEL. *sheathes it, and then puts it on* LEON.] Telamon, if any of my council ask for me, say I am gone to take the air. [*Exit.*

Tim. He has not been dressed this twenty years, then.[2] If this vein hold but a week, he will learn to play o' the base-viol, and sing to't. He's poetical already; for I have spied a sonnet on's[3] making lie by's bed's side: I'll be so unmannerly to read it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The Apartment of* HIDASPES.

HIDASPES *discovered on a bed,* CLEOPHILA *and* HERO *attending.*

Hid. He's dead, he's dead, and I am following!

Cleo. Ask Cupid mercy, madam.

Hid. Oh, my heart!

Cleo. Help!

Hero. Stir her.

Hid. Oh, oh!

Cleo. She's going; wretched women that we are!
Look to her, and I'll pray the while.

Hero. Why, madam ——

Cleo. [*kneeling.*] Cupid, pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last!
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy deity adore;
Troths at fifteen we will plight,
And will tread a dance each[4] night,
In the fields or by the fire,
With the youths that have desire. —
How does she yet?

Hero. Oh, ill!

Cleo. Given ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
Which they on our arms shall twist,
With their names carv'd, on our wrist;
All the money that we owe[5]
We in tokens will bestow;
And learn to write that, when 'tis sent,
Only our loves know what is meant.
Oh, then, pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last! —
What, mends she?

Hero. Nothing; you do it not wantonly; you should sing.

Cleo. Why ——

Hero. Leave, leave, 'tis now too late; she is dead,
Her last is breath'd.

Cleo. What shall we do?

Hero. Go, run,
And tell the duke; and whilst I'll close her eyes. [*Exit* CLEOPHILA.
Thus I shut thy faded light,
And put it in eternal night.
Where is she can boldly say,
Though she be as fresh as May,
She shall not by this corpse be laid,
Ere to-morrow's light do fade?
Let us all now living be
Warn'd by thy strict chastity,
And marry all fast as we can;
Till then we keep a piece of man
Wrongfully from them that owe it:
Soon may every maid bestow it!
[*Scene closes.*

SCENE VI. — *A Room in the House of* BACHA.

Enter BACHA *and* Maid.

Bacha. Who is it?

Maid. Forsooth, there's a gallant coach at the door, and the brave[6] old man in't that you said was the duke.

Bacha. Cupid, grant he may be taken! — Away![7]

Maid. He is coming up, and looks the swaggeringest, and has such glorious clothes!

Bacha. Let all the house seem[8] sad, and see all handsome. [*Exit* Maid.

[1] *Timantus*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors (Seward printing "and" instead of it).

[2] *then*] Was deliberately altered by Seward to "thus;" which his successors gave! Leontius has just said, "I am not dressed till I feel my sword on;" and now Timantus observes, "*Then* he has not been dressed this twenty years [for during that time he has not had a sword on]."

[3] *on's*] Altered by the modern editors to "of his."

[4] *each*] So the first 4to. Other eds., "at;" and so the modern editors.

[5] *owe*] i. e. own.

[6] *brave*] i. e. richly, finely, dressed.

[7] *Away*] So all the old eds. (the word being by mistake printed in Italics), — except 4to. 1635, which omits it, and which the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed.

[8] *seem*] Old eds. "see me."

Enter LEONTIUS *and* TIMANTUS.

Leon. Nay, widow, fly not back; we come not now [BACHA *kneels.*
To chide; stand up, and bid me welcome.
Bacha [*rising.*] To a poor widow's house, that knows no end
Of her ill fortune, your highness is most welcome.
Leon. Come, kiss me, then; this is but manners, widow: [*Kissing her.*
Ne'er fling your head aside; I have more cause
Of grief than you; my daughter's dead; but what!
'Tis nothing. — Is the rough French horse brought to the door?
They say he is a high-goer; I shall soon try his mettle.
Tim. He will be, sir, and the grey Barbary;
They are fiery both.
Leon. They are the better:
Before the gods I am lightsome, very lightsome! —
How dost thou like me, widow?
Bacha. As a person
In whom all graces are.
Leon. Come, come, you flatter:
I'll clap your cheek for that; and you shall not
Be angry. Hast no music? now could I cut
Three times with ease, and do a cross-point should
Shame all your gallants!
Bacha. I do believe you; — and yourself too:
Lord, what a fine old zany [1] my love has made him!
He's mine, I am sure: Heaven make me thankful for him! [*Aside.*
Leon. Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweetheart?
Tim. Your grace will not buy her! she may trip, sir.
Bacha. My sorrow shews me elder than I am
By many years.
Leon. Thou art so witty I must kiss again.
[*Kissing her.*
Tim. Indeed, her age lies not in her mouth;
Ne'er look it there, sir: she has a better register,
If it be not burnt.
Leon. I will kiss thee. [*Kissing her.*] — I am a-fire, Timantus!
Tim. Can you choose, sir, having such heavenly fire
Before you?
Leon. Widow, guess why I come; I prithee, do.
Bacha. I cannot, sir, unless you be pleas'd to make
A mirth out of my rudeness;
And that I hope your pity will not let you,
The subject is so barren. — Bite, king, bite!
I'll let you play a while. [*Aside.*
Leon. Now, as I am an honest man, I'll tell thee truly. —
How many foot did I jump yesterday, Timantus?
Tim. Fourteen of your own and some three fingers.

[1] *zany*] "i. e. buffoon." WEBER.

Bacha. This fellow lies as lightly [2] as if he
Were in cut taffata.
Alas, good almanack, get thee to bed,
And tell what weather we shall have to-morrow! [*Aside.*
Leon. Widow, I am come, in short, to be a suitor.
Bacha. For whom?
Leon. Why, by my troth, I come to woo thee, wench,
And win thee, for myself: nay, look upon me;
I have about me that will do it.
Bacha. Now Heaven defend me!
Your whore you shall never.[3] I thank the gods, I have
A little left me to keep me warm and honest:
If your grace take not that, I seek no more.
Leon. I am so far from taking any thing,
I'll add unto thee.
Bacha. Such additions may
Be for your ease, sir, not my honesty;
I am well in being single; good sir, seek another;
I am no meat for money.
Leon. Shall I fight for thee?
This sword shall cut his throat that dares lay claim
But to a finger of thee, but to a look;
I would see such a fellow!
Bacha. It would be but a cold sight to you.
This is the father of St. George a-footback:
Can such dry mummy [4] talk? [*Aside.*
Tim. Before the gods, your grace looks like Æneas.
Bacha. He looks like his old father upon his back,
Crying to get aboard. [*Aside.*
Leon. How shall I win thy love? I pray thee, tell me.
I'll marry thee, if thou desirest that;
That is an honest course, — I am in good earnest, —
And presently, within this hour, — I am mad for thee: —
Prithee, deny me not; for, as I live,
I'll pine for thee, but I'll have thee.
Bacha. Now he is in the toil, I'll hold him fast. [*Aside.*
Tim. You do not know what 'tis to be a queen;
Go to, you're mad else. What [5] the old man falls short of,

[2] *lies as lightly*] i. e. lies as easily, readily, — with a play on the words.

[3] *Your whore you shall never*] The two earliest 4tos., and the folio of 1679, have, "*your whore shall never.*" The 4to. of 1635 has the reading which I have adopted, and which (though I hardly think it can be the genuine one) may mean — Your whore you shall never *win me to be.* Seward printed "*your whore I shall be never.*" The Editors of 1778 followed the 4to. of 1635, varying the punctuation thus, "*Your whore? you shall never* —," marking it as a broken sentence; and so Weber.

[4] *mummy*] Old eds. "mumming."

[5] *you're mad else. What*, &c.] The first 4to., "*your* Maide, *else what*," &c. The sec. 4to., and the folio of 1679, "you Maide, *else what*, &c. The 4to. of 1635, "you Mayd, *what*," &c. The Editors of 1778 printed, "*you're* made! *What*," &c., and Weber, "*you're* made! *Else what*," &c.: but Seward had previously given the right reading, though he pointed it wrongly, — "*you're mad, else what*," &c. In the second scene of the next act, Bacha says,

"The world *had called me mad*, had I refus'd
The king."

There's others can eke out, when you please to call on 'em.

Bacha. I understand you not. — Love, I adore thee! —
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks
[*Kneeling.*
For so much honouring your humble handmaid
Above her birth, far more her weak deservings.
I dare not trust the envious tongues of all
That must repine at my unworthy rising;
Beside, you have many fair ones in your kingdom
Born to such worth: oh, turn yourself about,
And make a noble choice!

Leon. [*raising her.*] If I do, let me famish! I will have thee,
Or break up house, and board here.

Bacha. Sir, you may
Command an unwilling woman to obey you;
But Heaven knows ——

Leon. No more:
These half-a-dozen kisses, and this jewel,
[*Kissing her, and giving jewel.*
And every thing I have, and away with me,
And clap it up, and have a boy by morning! —
Timantus, let one be sent
Post for my son again and for Ismenus;
They are scarce twenty miles on their way yet:
By that time we'll be married.

Tim. There shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Nisus. Is not this a fine marriage?

Age. Yes, yes; let it alone.

Dor. Ay, ay, the king may marry whom's list.[1] Let's talk of other matters.

Nisus. Is the prince coming home certainly?

Dor. Yes, yes; he was sent post for yesterday: let's make haste; we'll see how his new mother-in-law will entertain him.

Nisus. Why, well, I warrant you: did you not mark how humbly she carried herself to us on her marriage-day, acknowledging her own unworthiness, and that she would be our servant?

Dor. But mark what's done.

Nisus. Regard not show.

Age. Oh, God! I knew her when I have been offered her to be brought to my bed for five pounds; whether it could have been performed or no, I know not.

Nisus. Her daughter's a pretty lady.

Dor. Yes; and having had but mean bringing-up, it talks the prettiliest and innocentliest! The queen will be so angry to hear her betray her breeding by her language! but I am persuaded she's well disposed.

Age. I think, better than her mother.

Nisus. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *whom's list*] Altered by the modern editors to "*whom he list.*"

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS.

Ism. How now, man! struck dead with a tale?

Leuc. No, but with a truth.

Ism. Stand of yourself: can you endure blows, and shrink at words?

Leuc. Thou knowest I have told thee all.

Ism. But that all's nothing to make you thus, your sister's dead.

Leuc. That's much; but not the most.

Ism. Why, for the other, let her marry and hang! 'tis no purposed fault of yours; and if your father will needs have your cast whore, you shall shew the duty of a child better in being contented, and bidding much good do his good old heart with her, than in repining thus at it; let her go: what! there are more wenches, man; we'll have another.

Leuc. Oh, thou art vain! thou know'st I do not love her.
What shall I do? I would my tongue had led me
To any other thing but blasphemy,
So I had miss'd commending of this woman,
Whom I must reverence, now she is my mother!
My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill:
And I beseech thee to be warned by me,
And do not lie! if any man should ask thee
But how thou dost, or what o'clock 'tis now,
Be sure thou do not lie; make no excuse
For him that is most near thee; never let
The most officious falsehood[2] scape thy tongue;
For they above (that are entirely truth)
Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies
Yield miseries a thousand-fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Sir, your highness is welcome home: the king and queen[3] will presently come forth to you.

Leuc. I'll wait on them.

Tim. Worthy Ismenus, I pray, how have you sped[4] in your wars?

Ism. This rogue mocks me. — Well, Timantus. Pray, how have you sped here at home at shovel-board?

Tim. Faith, reasonable. How many towns have you taken in this summer?

Ism. How many stags have you been at the death of this grass?

Tim. A number. Pray, how is the province settled?

Ism. Prithee, how does the dun nag?

Tim. I think you mock me, my lord.

Ism. Mock thee! yes, by my troth, do I: why,

[2] *officious falsehood*] See note, p. 354.

[3] *the king and queen*] So 4to. 1635. Other eds., "*the* Duke *and Queen*," (which sounds rather oddly); and so Seward and Weber. The confusion of these titles throughout the play has been already noticed (see p. 345): in what presently follows, Bacha twice calls her husband *king*.

[4] *I pray, how have you sped*] So the first 4to. Sec. 4to. and folio of 1679, "*I pray* you, *have you sped*;" and so Seward. Quarto 1635, "*I pray* you, *how have you sped*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

what wouldst thou have me do[1] with thee? art
good for any thing else?

Enter LEONTIUS, BACHA, DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS, *and* TELAMON.

Leuc. My good Ismenus, hold me by the wrist;
And if thou seest me fainting, wring me hard,
For I shall swoon again else. [*Kneels.*
Leon. Welcome, my son! rise. I did send for thee
Back from the province by thy mother's counsel, [LEUC. *rises.*
Thy good mother[2] here, who loves thee well;
She would not let me venture all my joy
Amongst my enemies. I thank thee for her,
And none but thee; I took her on thy word.
Leuc. Pinch harder. [*Aside to* ISMENUS.
Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome: I have now
Some near affairs; but I will drink a health
To thee anon. — Come, Telamon. — I'm grown
Lustier, I thank thee for it, since I married. —
Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone,[4]
And never stagger. [*Exit with* TELAMON.
Bacha. Welcome, most noble sir, whose fame is come
Hither before you! — Out, alas! you scorn me,
And teach me what to do.
Leuc. No; you are
My mother.
Bacha. Far unworthy of that name,
God knows: but, trust me, here before these lords,
I am no more but nurse unto the duke;
Nor will I breed a faction in the state;
It is too much for me that I am rais'd
Unto his bed, and will remain the servant
Of you that did it.
Leuc. Madam, I will serve you
As shall become me. — Oh, dissembling woman!
Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy quiver,
Sure-aim'd Apollo, one of thy swift darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden beams,
And let it melt this body into mist,
That none may find it! [*Aside.*
Bacha. Shall I beg, my lords,
This room in private for the prince and me?
[*Exeunt all except* BACHA *and* LEUCIPPUS.
Leuc. What will she say now? [*Aside.*
Bacha. I must still enjoy him:
Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,
That wishes he would move it; but he stands
As if he grew there, with his eyes on earth. —
[*Aside.*
Sir, you and I, when we were last together,
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting by ourselves.
Leuc. Madam, 'tis true;
Heaven pardon it!
Bacha. Amen, sir. You may think
That I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.
Leuc. 'Tis past now.
Bacha. But it was no fault of mine:
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd
The king; nor laid I any train to catch him,
It was your own oaths did it.[4]
Leuc. 'Tis a truth,
That takes my sleep away: but would to Heaven,
If it had so been[5] pleas'd, you had refus'd him,
Though I had gratified that courtesy
With having you myself! But since 'tis thus,
I do beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth; and not abuse his credulous age,
Which you may easily do. As for myself,
What I can say, you know, alas, too well,
Is tied within me! here it will sit like lead,
But shall offend no other; it will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me
Of some friend's death. But I will bear myself
To you with all the due obedience
A son owes to a[6] mother: more than this
Is not in me; but I must leave the rest
To the just gods, who in their blessèd time,
When they have given me punishment enough
For my rash sin, will mercifully find
As unexpected means to ease my grief
As they did now to bring it.
Bacha. Grown so godly!
This must not be. [*Aside.*] — And I will be to you
No other than a natural mother ought;
And for my honesty, so you will swear
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe
From any other.
Leuc. Bless me! I should urge you!
Bacha. Nay, but swear, then, that I may be at peace;
For I do feel a weakness in myself,
That can deny you nothing: if you tempt me,
I shall embrace sin, as it were a friend,
And run to meet it.
Leuc. If you knew how far
It were from me, you would not urge an oath;
But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you ——
Bacha. Swear not. — I cannot move him. [*Aside.*] — This sad talk
Of things past help does not become us well:
Shall I send one for my musicians, and we'll dance?
Leuc. Dance, madam!
Bacha. Yes, a lavolta.[7]
Leuc. I cannot dance, madam.
Bacha. Then let's be merry.
Leuc. I am as my fortunes bid me;
Do not you see me sour?
Bacha. Yes. And why think you I smile?
Leuc. I am so far

1 *me do*] Weber chose to print "*me* to *do*."
2 *Thy good mother*] Altered by Seward to "By *thy good* mother's."
3 *Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone*] So 4to. 1635. Other eds., "*I can stand now alone, why, Telamon;*" and so Seward.
4 *oaths did it*] So all the old eds., — except 4to. 1635, which has "*oaths* that *did it*," and which the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed (printing, "'Twas," &c.)
5 *so been*] Seward and Weber print "*been so.*"
6 *a*] Seward and Weber print "his."
7 *lavolta*] See note, p. 295.

From any joy myself, I cannot fancy
A cause of mirth.
Bacha. I'll tell you; we are alone.
Leuc. Alone!
Bacha. Yes.
Leuc. 'Tis true; what then?
Bacha. What then!
You make my smiling now break into laughter:
What think you is to be done then?
Leuc. We should pray
To Heaven for mercy.
Bacha. Pray! that were a way indeed
To pass the time! But I will make you blush,
To see a bashful woman teach a man
What we should do alone; try again
If you can find it out.
Leuc. I dare not think
I understand you.
Bacha. I must teach you, then:
Come, kiss me.
Leuc. Kiss you!
Bacha. Yes: be not asham'd
You did it not yourself; I will forgive you.[1]
Leuc. Keep, you displeased gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my mother, fast[2] within me,
Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance
Will cure me.
Bacha. Leave these melancholy moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips
A thousand times.
Leuc. Pray, leave this wicked talk:
You do not know to what my father's wrong
May urge me.
Bacha. I am careless, and do weigh
The world, my life, and all my after hopes,
Nothing without thy love: mistake me not;
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within itself. What say you?
Leuc. Nothing.
Bacha. [*kneels.*] Pity me! behold, a duchess
Kneels for thy mercy; and I swear to you,
Though I should lie with you, it is no lust,
For it desires no change; I could with you
Content myself. What answer will you give?
Leuc. They that can answer must be less amaz'd
Than I am now: you see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.
Bacha. Shall I be contemn'd?
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,
To let a lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.
Leuc. 'Tis your will,
Heaven! but let me bear me like myself,
However she does.
Bacha. [*rising.*] Were you made an eunuch
Since you went hence? yet they have more desire
Than I can find in you. How fond[3] was I
To beg thy love! I'll force thee to my will:
Dost thou not know that I can make the king
Dote as my list?[4] Yield quickly, or, by heaven,
I'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose!
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee
Fed with such meats as best shall fit my ends,
And not thy health, — why dost not speak to me? —
And when thou dost displease me, and art grown
Less able to perform, then I will have thee
Kill'd and forgotten: are you stricken dumb?
Leuc. All you have nam'd, but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that:
Say what you will, I'll hear you as becomes me;
If you speak [wickedly],[5] I will not follow
Your counsel, neither will I tell the world
To your disgrace, but give you the just honour
That is due from me to my father's wife.
Bacha. Lord, how full of wise formality
You're grown of late! but you were telling me
You could have wish'd that I had married you:
If you will swear so yet, I'll make away
The king.
Leuc. You are a strumpet!
Bacha. Nay, I care not
For all your railings; they will batter walls
And take in towns, as soon as trouble me:
Tell him, I care not; I shall undo you only,
Which is no matter.
Leuc. I appeal to you
Still and for ever, that are and cannot
Be other! — Madam, I see 'tis in your power
To work your will on him; and I desire you
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,
But suffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace: alas, he never did you wrong!
And farther, I beseech you pardon me
For the ill word I gave you; for, however
You may deserve, it became not me
To call you so; but passion urges me
I know not whither. — My heart, break now,
And ease me ever!
Bacha. Pray you, get you hence
With your godly[6] humour! I am weary of you
Extremely.
Leuc. Trust me, so am I of myself too.
Madam, I'll take my leave. Gods set all right!
Bacha. Amen, sir. Get you gone!
[*Exit* LEUCIPPUS.
Am I denied? It does not trouble me
That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd:
I have lost my patience. I will make him know

[1] *Yes: be not ashamed, &c.*] "The pointing in the text is Mason's, who thus explains the speech: 'Be not ashamed of your not having kissed me without my bidding; I will forgive that neglect.'" WEBER.

[2] *fast*] "Another judicious emendation of Mason's has here been adopted; the old text ['hast' and 'haste'], though unnoticed by the editors of 1750 and 1778, being stark nonsense." WEBER. In the *MS. Notes* of Heath, written long before the *Comments* of Mason, I find "fast" substituted for "haste."

[3] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[4] *as my list*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print "at *my list*," Weber, "*as* me *list*:" but, surely, the old text may mean — according to my pleasure.

[5] *wickedly*] That something, absolutely necessary to complete the sense, has dropt out here, probably by a mistake of the original compositor, is quite evident; though the modern editors (those of 1778 and Weber pointing this speech in a most ridiculous manner) do not appear to have perceived the deficiency. In the preceding page Leucippus says, "Pray, leave this *wicked* talk."

[6] *godly*] Old eds., "goodly;" and so the modern editors. The correction is from Heath's *MS. Notes*: compare what Bacha has previously said, — "Grown so *godly!*" p. 359.

Lust is not love; for lust will find a mate
While there are men; and so will I, and more
Than one or twenty.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Yonder is Timantus,
A fellow void of any worth to raise himself,
And therefore like to catch at any evil
That will but pluck him up: him will I make
Mine own. [*Aside.*] — Timantus!
Tim. Madam?
Bacha. Thou know'st well
Thou wert by chance a means of this my raising, —
Brought the duke to me; and though 'twere but chance,
I must reward thee.
Tim. I shall bend my service
Unto your highness.
Bacha. But do it, then, entirely and in every thing;
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing thou
Wouldst not do for me?
Tim. No, by my soul, madam.
Bacha. Then thou art right.
Go to my lodging, and I'll follow thee,
With my instruction. [*Exit* TIMANTUS.
I do see already
This prince, that did but now contemn me, dead;
Yet will I never speak an evil word
Unto his father of him, till I have
Won a belief I love him; but I'll make
His virtues his undoing, and my praises
Shall be so many swords against his breast:
Which once perform'd, I'll make Urania,
My daughter, the king's heir, and plant my issue
In this large throne; nor shall it be withstood:
They that begin in lust must end in blood.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, gentlemen.
Nisus. And a fine duke, that, through his doting age,
Suffers him[self] to be a child again,
Under his wife's tuition.
Age. All the land
Holds in that tenure too, in woman's service:
Sure, we shall learn to spin.
Dor. No, that's too honest;
We shall have other liberal sciences
Taught us too soon: lying and flattering,
Those are the studies now; and murder shortly
I know will be humanity.[1] Gentlemen,
If we live here, we must be knaves, believe it.
Nisus. I cannot tell, my lord Dorialus;
Though my own nature hate it,
If all determine to be knaves, I'll try
What I can do upon myself, that's certain:
I will not have my throat cut for my goodness;
The virtue will not quit the pain.

[1] *humanity*] i. e. (with a play on the word) polite literature.

Age. But pray you, tell me,
Why is the prince, now ripe and full experient,[2]
Not made a doer[3] in the state?
Nisus. Because he is honest.

Enter TIMANTUS

Tim. Goodness attend your honours!
Dor. You must not be amongst us, then.
Tim. The duchess,
Whose humble servant I am proud to be,
Would speak with you.
Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wait:
When is it?
Tim. An hour hence, my good lords; and so I leave my service. [*Exit.*
Dor. This is one of her ferrets that she boults business out withal: this fellow, if he were well ript, has all the linings of a knave within him; how sly he looks!
Nisus. Have we nothing about our clothes that he may catch at?
Age. O' my conscience, there's no treason in my doublet: if there be, my elbows will discover it, — they are out.
Dor. Faith, and all the harm that I can find in mine is, that they are not paid for: let him make what he can of that, so he discharge that.[4] Come, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BACHA, LEONTIUS, *and* TELAMON.

Bacha. And you shall find, sir, what a blessing Heaven
Gave you in such a son.
Leon. Pray gods I may! Let's walk, and change our subject.
Bacha. Oh, sir, can any thing come sweeter to you,
Or strike a deeper joy into your heart,
Than your son's virtue?
Leon. I allow his virtues;
But 'tis not handsome thus to feed myself
With such [im]moderate praises of mine own.
Bacha. The subject of our commendations
Is itself grown so infinite in goodness,
That all the glory we can lay upon it,
Though we should open volumes of his praises,
Is a mere modesty in his expression,[5]
And shews him lame still, like an ill-wrought piece
Wanting proportion.
Leon. Yet still he is a man, and subject still
To more inordinate vices than our love
Can give him blessing.[6]
Bacha. Else he were a god;
Yet so near, as he is, he comes to Heaven,
That we may see, so far as flesh can point us,
Things only worthy them, and only these
In all his actions.

[2] *experient*] So all the old eds., — except 4to. 1635, which has "experienc't," and which the Editors of 1778 and Weber follow.
[3] *doer*] Old eds. "dore."
[4] *that*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print "it."
[5] *in his expression*] "i. e. in the expression of him and his merits." MASON.
[6] *blessing*] Altered by the modern editors to "blessings," — rightly, perhaps.

Leon. This is too much, my queen.
Bacha. Had the gods lov'd me, that my unworthy womb
Had bred this brave man ——
Leon. Still you run wrong.
Bacha. I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him,
Fed on his growing hopes.
Leon. This touches me.
Bacha. I know[1] no friends, nor being, but his virtues.
Leon. You have laid out words enough upon a subject.
Bacha. But words cannot express him, sir.
Why, what a shape Heaven has conceiv'd him in!
Oh, nature made him up ——
Leon. I wonder, duchess ——
Bacha. So you must; for less than admiration
Loses this godlike man.
Leon. Have you done with him?
Bacha. Done with![2] Oh, good gods,
What qualities thus[3] pass by us without reverence!
Leon. I see no such perfection.
Bacha. Oh, dear sir, you are a father, and those joys
To you speak in your heart, not in your tongue.
Leon. This leaves a taste behind it worse than physic.
Bacha. Then, for his wisdom,[4] valour, good fortune, and all
Those friends of honour, they are in him as free
And natural as passions in a woman.
Leon. You make me blush, at all these years,
To see how blindly you have flung your praises
Upon a boy, a very child; and worthless,
Whilst I live, of these honours.
Bacha. I would not have my love, sir, make my tongue
Shew me so much a woman, as to praise
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,
Or general allowance of the people.
Leon. Allowance of the people! what allow they?

1 *I know*] Is not the right reading, — "Ay, known"?
2 *Done with*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*Done with* him."
3 *qualities thus*] The first 4to., "frailties this." Other eds., "frailties *thus*." Seward printed "virtues *thus*." I have adopted Sympson's conjecture, which is given by the Editors of 1778 and Weber, and approved by Heath in his *MS. Notes*; and which is preferable to what once occurred to me, — "faculties." The Rev. J. Mitford would retain the old reading, "frailties *thus*," and thinks that the line may mean (Bacha alluding to the king's imperfect estimate of his son's character) — What weaknesses of judgment, *frailties*, (for she dare not use a stronger term,) pass by us without any reverence for us, any shame of their baseness! — an explanation which I cannot but consider as both too subtle, and not in accordance with the context.
4 *Then, for his wisdom*, &c.] Old eds. "*Then for* all *his wisdom*," &c. — a mistake, I imagine, of the original compositor, whose eye had caught the "all," a few words after. Seward printed, —

"*Then for his wisdom, valour*, and *good fortune,*
And all those friends of honour," &c.

and so the Editors of 1778. Weber altered the arrangement of the two preceding speeches to suit exactly the following division, —

"*Then*
For all his wisdom, valour, good fortune, and all
Those friends of honour," &c.

Bacha. All I have said for truth; and they must do it,
And dote upon him, love him, and admire him.
Leon. How's that?
Bacha. For in this[5] youth and noble forwardness
All things are bound together that are kingly;
A fitness to bear rule ——
Leon. No more!
Bacha. And sovereignty
Not made to know command.
Leon. I have said, no more!
Bacha. I have done, sir, though unwilling; and pardon me.
Leon. I do; not a word more!
Bacha. I have gi'n thee poison,
Of more infection than the dragon's tooth,
Or the gross air o'er-heated. [*Aside.*

Enter TIMANTUS.

Leon. Timantus, when
Saw you the prince?
Tim. I left him now, sir.
Leon. Tell me truly,
Out of your free opinion, without courting,
How you like him.
Tim. How I like him!
Leon. Yes;
For you in conversation may see more
Than a father.
Bacha. It works. [*Aside.*
Tim. Your grace has chosen out an ill observer.
Leon. Yes, I mean of his ill; you take[6] rightly.
Tim. But you take me wrong. All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly: he is the storehouse
And head of virtue, your great self excepted,
That feeds the kingdom.
Leon. These are flatteries. Speak me his vices; there
You do a service worth[7] a father's thanks.
Tim. Sir, I cannot. If there be any, sure
They are the times', which I could wish less dangerous.
But pardon me, I am too bold.
Leon. You are not:
Forward, and open what these dangers are!
Tim. Nay, good sir —
Leon. Nay, fall not off again; I will have all.
Tim. Alas, sir, what am I, you should believe
My eyes or ears so subtle to observe
Faults in a state? all my main business
Is service to your grace, and necessaries
For my poor life.
Leon. Do not displease me, sirrah;
But that you know tell me, and presently.
Tim. Since your grace will have it,
I'll speak it freely; always my obedience
And love preserv'd unto the prince.
Leon. Prithee, to the matter.
Tim. For, sir, if you consider

5 *this*] Altered by Seward to "his;" and so his successors: but "this" means — this his youth.
6 *take*] So the first 4to. (a reading which is proved to be right by what immediately follows). Other eds. "talk;" and so the modern editors.
7 *worth*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "worthy," to suit their arrangement of the metre.

How like a sun in all his great employments,
How full of heat ——
Leon. Make me understand
What I desire.
Tim. And, then, at his return ——
Leon. Do not anger me!
Tim. Then, thus, sir: all mislike you,
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with 'em.
Leon. What!
Tim. Talk and prate as their ignorant rages lead[1] 'em,
Without allegiance or religion.
For heaven's sake, have a care of your own person!
I cannot tell; their wickedness may lead
Farther than I dare think yet.
Leon. Oh, base people!
Tim. Yet the prince,
For whom this is pretended, may persuade 'em,
And no doubt will; virtue is ever watchful:
But be you still secur'd and comforted!
Leon. Heaven, how have I offended, that this rod,
So heavy and unnatural, should fall upon me
When I am old and helpless?
Tim. Brave gentleman!
That such a madding love should follow thee,
To rob thee of a father! All the court
Is full of dangerous whispers.
Leon. I perceive it;
And, spite of all their strengths, will make my safety:
I'll cut him shorter, I'll cut him shorter first, —
Then let him rule!
Bacha. What a foul age is this,
When virtue is made a sword to smite the virtuous!
Alas, alas!
Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.
Tim. By no means, sir; rather make more your love,
And hold your favour to him; for 'tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts, —
As I must ne'er believe, — run with their rages,
He ever[2] was so innocent. But what reason
His grace has to withdraw his love from me
And other good men that are near your person,
I cannot yet find out; I know my duty
Has ever been attending.
Leon. 'Tis too plain:
He means to play the villain; I'll prevent him.
Not a word more of this; be private. [*Exit.*
Tim. Madam, 'tis done.
Bacha. He cannot escape me. Have you spoken with
The noblemen?
Tim. Yes, madam; they are here.
I wait a farther service.

[1] *lead*] Old eds., "leads."
[2] *ever*] Old eds., "never." — "A very involved paragraph, but the meaning is, — 'It is now impossible to restrain him, if he has given up his thoughts to their rages (that is, to their violent intents) which I must not suffer myself to believe, as he was ever so innocent.'" WEBER, — who was indebted to Mason for this wrong explanation. That "their rages" means those of the people, is plain from what Timantus has said a little before, —

"Talk and prate as *their* ignorant *rages* lead 'em."

Bacha. Till you see[3] the prince,
You need no more instructions.
Tim. No; I have it. [*Exit.*
Bacha. That fool that willingly provokes a woman,
Has made himself another evil angel,
And a new hell, to which all other torments
Are but mere pastime.

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Now, my noble lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannerly
We have broke your private business.
Age. Your good grace
May command us and that.
Bacha. Faith, my lord Agenor,
It is so good a cause, I am confident
You cannot lose by it.
Dor. Which way does she fish now?
The devil is but a fool to[4] a right woman.
[*Aside.*
Nisus. Madam, we must needs win in doing service
To such a gracious lady.
Bacha. I thank you, and will let you know the business,
So I may have your helps: never be doubtful;
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you
Upon the knowledge seem so honourable,
That I assure myself your willing hearts
Will straight be for me in it.
Age. If she should prove good now, what were't like?
Dor. Thunder in January, or a good woman; that's stranger than all the monsters in[5] Afric.
Bacha. It shall not need your wonder; this it is.
The duke you know is old, and rather subject
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,
Cares, and continual watchings, that attend
A kingdom's safety; therefore, to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing estate
As this has ever[6] been, and to put off
The murmur[s] of the people, that increase
Against my government, which the gods know[7]
I only feel the trouble of, I present
The prince unto your loves, a gentleman
In whom all excellencies are knit together,
All pieces of a true man: let your prayers
Win from the duke half his vexation,
That he may undertake it, whose discretion
I must confess, though it be from a[8] father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern:
'Tis not my own desire, but all the land's;
I know the weakness of it.[9]

[3] *Till you see*] So 4to. 1635. Other eds., "*Till* yet be." Seward printed "Still beset"!
[4] *to*] i. e. compared to.
[5] *the monsters in*] So 4to. 1635. Omitted in other eds.; and by Seward. In *The Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 3 (q. v.), we find, —

"'Foot, this is *stranger than an Afric monster!*"

[6] *ever*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.
[7] *know*] Old eds., "knows."
[8] *a*] So 4to. 1635. Other eds., "the;" and so Seward.
[9] *I know the weakness of it*] "i. e. of the duke's discretion, compared with that of Leucippus." MASON. "I should rather conceive the meaning to be — 'It is the desire

Nisus. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your loves: we'll to the king;
And since your grace has put it in our mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can.
Dor. I was never cozen'd in a woman before;
For commonly they are like apples; if once they bruise,
They will grow rotten through, and serve for nothing
But to assuage swellings. [*Aside.*
Bacha. Good lords, delay no time, since 'tis your good pleasures
To think my counsel good; and by no means
Let the prince know it, whose affections
Will stir mainly against it; besides, his father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward will appear not in it.
Go, and be happy!
Dor. Well, I would not be chronicled as thou
Wilt be for a good woman, for all the world.
[*Aside.*
Nisus. Madam, we kiss your hand; and so inspir'd,[1]
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS.

Leuc. And[2] thus she has us'd me: is't not a good mother?
Ism. Why kill'd you her not?
Leuc. The gods forbid it!
Ism. 'Slight, if all the women i' the world were barren, she had died!
Leuc. But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.
Ism. Then have I none at all; for all I have in me directs me. Your father's in a pretty rage.
Leuc. Why?
Ism. Nay, 'tis well if he know himself. But some of the nobility have delivered a petition to him; what's in't I know not; but it has put him to his trumps: he has taken a month's time to answer it, and chafes like himself.
Leuc. He's here, Ismenus.

Enter LEONTIUS *led on by* TELAMON, *and* BACHA.

Leon. Set me down, Telamon. — Leucippus!
Leuc. Sir?
Bacha. Nay, good sir, be at peace; I dare swear
He knew not of it.
Leon. You are foolish; peace.
Bacha. All will go ill![3] Deny it boldly, sir;
Trust me, he cannot prove it by you.
Leuc. What?
Bacha. You'll make all worse too with your facing it.
Leuc. What is the matter?
Leon. Know'st thou that petition?
Look on it well: wouldst thou be join'd with me?
Unnatural child, to be weary of me,
Ere fate esteem me fit for other worlds!
Bacha. May be he knows not of it.
Leuc. Oh, strange carriages!
Sir, as I have hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my usages,
Which have been, — but it is no matter what, —
Have put me so far from the thought of greatness,
That I should welcome it like a disease
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gave you this;
And yet they call me friend, and are themselves,
I fear, abus'd. I am weary of my life;
For God's sake, take it from me! it creates
More mischief in the state than it is worth.
The usage I have had, I know would make
Wisdom herself run frantic through the streets,
And Patience quarrel with her shadow. Sir,
This sword —— [*Offers his sword to* LEONTIUS.
Bacha. Alas! help, for the love of Heaven! —
Make way[4] through me first; for he is your father.
Leon. What, would he kill me?
Bacha. No, sir, no.
Leon. Thou always mak'st the best on't; but I fear —
Leuc. Why do you use me thus? who is't can think
That I would kill my father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you? — Here, sir, is my sword;
[*Throws down his sword.*
I dare not touch it, lest she say again
I would have kill'd you. Let me not have mercy
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest servant! — Let these faults [*Aside to* BACHA.
Be mended, madam: if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.
Bacha. I told the duke as much before.
Leuc. What? what did you tell him?
Bacha. That it was only an ambition,
Nurs'd in you by your youth, provok'd you thus,
Which age would take away.
Leon. It was his doing, then? — Come hither, love.
Bacha. No, indeed, sir.
Leuc. How am I made, that I can bear all this?
If any one had us'd a friend of mine
Near this, my hand had carried death about it.
Leon. Lead me hence, Telamon. — Come, my dear Bacha.
I shall find time for this.
Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speak before
The king; but you know well, (if not, I'll tell it[5] you,)

of the whole land, not my own desire only, of which I know the inadequacy.'" WEBER.
1 *inspir'd*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "inspire."
2 *And*] Omitted in 4to. 1635; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
3 *ill*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "well," — a specious conjecture.
4 *way*] Weber chose to print "a way."
5 *it*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

You are the most wicked'st[1] and most murderous strumpet
That ever was call'd woman!
Bacha. My lord,
What I can do for him, he shall command me.
Leon. I know thou art too kind: away, I say!
[*Exeunt* LEONTIUS, BACHA, *and* TELAMON.
Ism. Sir, I am sure we dream; this cannot be.
Leuc. Oh, that we did! My wickedness has brought
All this to pass, else I should bear myself.
[URANIA *passes over the stage.*
Ism. Look, do you see who's there? your virtuous mother's issue: kill her; yet take some little piddling revenge.
Leuc. Away!
The whole court calls her virtuous; for they say
She is unlike her mother; and if so,
She can have no vice.
Ism. I'll trust none of 'em
That come of such a breed.
Leuc. But I have found
A kind of love in her to me: alas,
Think of her death! I dare be sworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad mother's full. She was brought up
I' the country, as her tongue will let you know,
If you but talk with her, with a poor uncle,
Such as her mother had.

Re-enter URANIA.

Ism. She's come again.
Ura. I would fen speak to the good marquis, my brother,
If I but thought he could abaid me.
Leuc. Sister, how do you?
Ura. Very well, I thank you.
Ism. How does your good mother?
Leuc. Fie, fie, Ismenus,
For shame! mock such an innocent soul as this!
Ura. Feth, a' she be no good, God ma'[2] her so!
Leuc. I know you wish it with your heart, dear sister:
But she is good, I hope.
Ism. Are you so simple,
To make so much of this? do you not know
That all her wicked mother labours for
Is but to raise her to your right, and leave her
This dukedom?
Ura. Ay; but ne'er, sir, be afred;
For though she take th' ungainest weas she can,
I'll ne'er ha't fro you.
Leuc. I should hate myself, Ismenus,
If I should think of her simplicity
Aught but extremely well.
Ism. Nay, as you will.
Ura. And though she be my mother,
If she take any caurse to do you wrang,
If I can see't, you'st quickly hear on't, sir:
And so I'll take my leave.
Leuc. Farewell, good sister:
I thank you. [*Exit* URANIA.
Ism. You believe all this?
Leuc. Yes.
Ism. A good faith doth well; but, methinks, it were no hard matter now for her mother to send her.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Yonder's one you may trust, if you will, too.
Leuc. So I will,
If he can shew me as apparent signs
Of truth as she did. Does he weep, Ismenus?
Ism. Yes, I think so; some good's happened I warrant. — Do you hear, you? what honest man has scaped misery, that thou art crying thus?
Tim. Noble Ismenus, where's the prince?
Ism. Why, there: hast wept thine eyes out?
Tim. Sir, I beseech you, hear me.
Leuc. Well, speak on.
Ism. Why, will you hear him?
Leuc. Yes, Ismenus; why?
Ism. I would hear blasphemy as willingly.
Leuc. You are to blame.
Tim. No, sir, he is not to blame,
If I were as I was.
Ism. Nor as thou art,
I'faith, a whit to blame.
Leuc. What's your business?
Tim. Faith, sir, I am asham'd to speak before you;
My conscience tells me I have injur'd you,
And, by the earnest instigation
Of others, have not done you to the king
Always the best and friendliest offices:
Which pardon me, or I will never speak.
Ism. Never pardon him, and silence a knave.
Leuc. I pardon thee.
Tim. Your mother sure is naught.
Leuc. Why shouldst thou think so?
Tim. Oh, noble sir, your honest eyes perceive not
The dangers you are led to! Shame upon her,
And what fell miseries the gods can think on,
Shower down upon her wicked head! she has plotted,
I know too well, your death: would my poor life,
Or thousand such as mine is, might be offer'd
Like sacrifices up for your preserving;
What free oblations would she have to glut her!
But she is merciless, and bent to ruin,
If Heaven and good men step not to your rescue,
And timely, very timely. Oh, this dukedom!
I weep, I weep for the poor orphans i' the country,
Left without friends or parents.[3]

[1] *wicked'st*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "wicked." Perhaps the arrangement of the old eds., where the word "strumpet" begins the next line, is that which was intended by the author.

[2] *ma'*] i. e. make. Weber remarks on a later scene, that "it is one of the numerous singularities in this play, that Urania speaks a mixture of broad Scotch and Yorkshire." The absurdity is not to be defended; but the same sort of rustic gibberish, and as much out of place, may be found in various other early dramas.

[3] *without friends or parents*] All the old eds., "*with* but *friends or parents*;" — except 4to. 1635, which has "*with* but *friends*, not *parents*." Seward printed, —

"*I weep, I weep, for the poor orphans* in
This *country, left without* or *friends or parents.*"

And so the Editors of 1778. Weber retained Seward's "This," and his arrangement of the lines.

Leuc. Now, Ismenus, what think you of this fellow?
This was a lying knave, a flatterer!
Does not this love still shew him so?
Ism. This love! this halter. If he prove not yet
The cunning'st, rankest rogue that ever canted,
I'll never see man again; I know him to bring,[1]
And can interpret every new face he makes:
Look how he wrings, like a good stool, for a tear!
Take heed;
Children and fools first feel the smart, then weep.
Leuc. Away, away! such an unkind distrust
Is worse than a dissembling, if it be one,
And sooner leads to mischief. I believe it,
And him an honest man; he could not carry,
Under an evil cause, so true a sorrow.
Ism. Take heed; this is your mother's scorpion,
That carries stings even in his tears, whose soul
Is a rank poison through: touch not at him;
If you do, you are gone, if you had twenty lives.
I knew him from[2] a roguish boy,
When he would poison dogs, and keep tame toads;
He lay with his mother, and infected her,
And now she begs i' the hospital, with a patch
Of velvet where her nose stood, like the queen of spades,
And all her teeth in her purse.
The devil and this fellow are so near,
'Tis not yet known which is the eviler angel.
Leuc. Nay, then, I see 'tis spite. — Come hither, friend:
Hast thou not heard the cause yet that incens'd
My mother to my death? for I protest
I feel none in myself.
Tim. Her will, sir, and ambition, as I think,
Are the provokers of it, as in women
Those two are ever powerful to destruction;
Beside a hate of your still-growing virtues.
She being only wicked.[3]
Leuc. Heavens defend me,
As I am innocent, and ever have been,
From all immoderate thoughts and actions,
That carry such rewards along with 'em!
Tim. Sir, all I know, my duty must reveal;
My country and my love command it from me,
For whom I'll lay my life down. This night coming,
A council is appointed by the duke
To sit about your apprehension:
If you dare trust my faith, (which, by all good things,
Shall ever watch about you!) go along,
And to a place I'll guide you, where no word
Shall scape without your hearing, nor no plot
Without discovering to you; which once known,
You have your answers and prevention.
Ism. You are not so mad to go! shift off this fellow:
You shall be rul'd once by a wise man. — Ratsbane,
Get you gone, or ——
Leuc. Peace, peace, for shame! thy love is too suspicious;
'Tis a way offer'd to preserve my life,
And I will take it. — Be my guide, Timantus,
And do not mind this angry man; thou know'st him:
I may live to requite thee.
Tim. Sir, this service
Is done for virtue's sake, not for reward,
However he may hold me.
Ism. The great pox on you! but thou hast that curse so much,
'Twill grow a blessing in thee shortly. — Sir,
For wisdom's sake, court not your death! I am
Your friend and subject, and I shall lose in both:
If I lov'd you not, I would laugh at you, and see you
Run your neck into the noose, and cry, A woodcock![4]
Leuc. So much of man, and so much fearful, fie!
Prithee, have peace within thee: I shall live yet
Many a golden day to hold thee here
Dearest and nearest to me. — Go on, Timantus. —
I charge you by your love, no more, no more!
[*Exeunt* LEUCIPPUS *and* TIMANTUS.
Ism. Go, and let your own rod whip you! I pity you:
And, dog, if he miscarry, thou shalt pay for't;
I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last
Longer and sharper than a tedious winter,
Till thou blasphem'st, and then thou diest and damn'st. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LEONITUS *and* TELAMON.

Leon. I wonder the duchess comes not.

1 *I know him to bring*] Seward printed "*I know him to* b'a rogue"! Mason would read "*I know him to* be one;" and Weber had "little hesitation in believing that here a line had been overlooked by the compositor."

Though sure that the text is uncorrupted, I am by no means sure about its exact meaning, which I leave the reader to determine from a comparison of the following passages.

"*E. Love.* I would have watched you, sir, by your good patience,
For ferreting in my ground.
Lady. You have been with my sister?
Wel. Yes, *to bring*.
E. Love. An heir into the world he means."
The Scornful Lady, act v. sc. 4, (which see.)

"And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promised me, and then I'll be with him *to bring*;
Well, such shifting knaves as I am, the ambodexter must play,
And for commodity serve every man, whatsoever the world say."
Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes, — Peele's *Works*, iii. 44. ed. Dyce.

"And here I'll have a fling at him, that flat;
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee *to bring*,
And thee, Lorenzo," &c.
Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, act iv., — Dodsley's *Old Plays*, iii. 163, last ed.

2 *from*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "for;" and so the modern editors.

3 *only wicked*] "i. e. nothing but wickedness, entirely compounded of it." MASON.

4 *woodcock*] Became a common cant term for a simpleton. Again, in Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*, act iv. sc. 4, we find the same allusion to the readiness with which woodcocks ran into the springes, or nets, that were formerly set for them.

Tel. She has heard, sir, your will to[1] speak with her:
But there is something leaden at her heart,
(Pray God it be not mortal!) that even keeps her
From conversation with herself.

Enter BACHA.

Bacha. Oh, whither
Will you, my cross affections, pull me? Fortune, Fate,
And you whose powers direct our actions,
And dwell within us, you that are angels
Guiding to virtue, wherefore have you given
So strong a hand to evil? wherefore suffer'd
A temple of your own, you deities,
Where your fair selves dwelt only and your goodness,
Thus to be soil'd with sin?
Leon. Heaven bless us all!
From whence comes this distemper? speak, my fair one.
Bacha. And have you none, Love and Obedience,
You ever-faithful servants, to employ
In this strange story of impiety
But me, a mother? must I be your trumpet,[2]
To lay black treason open?[3] and in him
In whom all sweetness was; in whom my love
Was proud to have a being; in whom justice,
And all the gods for our imaginations[4]
Can work into a man, were more than virtues?
Ambition, down to hell, where thou wert foster'd!
Thou hast poison'd the best soul, the purest, whitest,
And merest innocence[5] itself, that ever
Man's[6] greedy hopes gave life to.
Leon. This is still stranger: lay this treason open
To my correction.
Bacha. Oh, what a combat duty and affection
Breed[7] in my blood!
Leon. If thou conceal'st him, may,
Beside my death, the curses of the country,
Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,
Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave!
Bacha. My being, for another tongue to tell it!
Oh, ease[8] a mother, some good man that dares
Speak for his king and country! I am full
Of too much woman's pity: yet, oh, heaven,
Since it concerns the safety of my sovereign,
Let it not be a cruelty in me,
Nor draw a mother's name in question
Amongst unborn people, to give up that man
To law and justice, that unrighteously
Has sought his father's death! Be deaf, be deaf, sir!
Your son is the offender: now have you all;
Would I might never speak again!
Leon. My son!
Heaven help me! No more: I thought it;
And since his life is grown so dangerous,
Let them that gave him take him; he shall die,
And with him all my fears.
Bacha. Oh, use your mercy!
You have a brave subject to bestow it on:
I'll forgive him, sir; and for his wrong to me,
I'll be before you.
Leon. Durst his villany
Extend to thee?
Bacha. Nothing but heats of youth, sir.
Leon. Upon my life, he sought my bed!
Bacha. I must confess he lov'd me
Somewhat beyond a son; and still pursued it
With such a lust, I will not say ambition,
That, clean forgetting all obedience,
And only following his first heat unto me,
He hotly sought your death, and me in marriage.
Leon. Oh, villain!
Bacha. But I forget all; and am half asham'd
To press a man so far.

Enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Where is the duke? for God's sake, bring me to him!
Leon. Here I am: — each corner of the dukedom
Sends new affrights forth: — what wouldst thou? speak.
Tim. I cannot, sir, my fear ties up my tongue.
Leon. Why, what's the matter? take thy courage to thee,
And boldly speak. — Where are the guard? — In the gods' name,
Out with it!

Enter the Guard.

Tim. Treason, treason!
Leon. In whom?
Bacha. Double the guard!
Tim. There is a fellow, sir ——
Leon. Leave shaking, man.
Tim. 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.
Leon. Well?
Tim. There is a fellow, sir, close[9] i' the lobby: —
You o' the guard, look to the door there!
Leon. But let me know the business.
Tim. Oh, that the hearts of men should be so harden'd
Against so good a duke! — For God's sake, sir,
Seek means to save yourself! this wretched slave
Has his sword in his hand; I know his heart:
Oh, it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it!
Leon. Where is he?
Tim. I' the lobby, sir, close in a corner:

1 *to*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with 4to. 1635, "is *to*."
2 *trumpet*] So the Editors of 1778. Old eds. "strumpet."
3 *open*] Old eds. "upon."
4 *And all the gods for our imaginations*] Seward printed, — "*And all the gods for* all *our imaginations.*"
The Editors of 1778 propose in a note "or *our imaginations.*" Mason would read "to *our imaginations.*" And Weber gave (Sympson's conjecture) "*for our* imitations." Surely, the text may mean, — And all that the gods, to satisfy our imaginations of perfection.
5 *innocence*] Theobald's and Seward's correction. Old eds. "innocent'st."
6 *Man's*] So 4to. 1635. Other eds. "Men's;" and so Seward.
7 *Breed*] Old eds. "Breeds."
8 *Oh, ease*] Seward's correction. Old eds. "Cease."
9 *close*] i. e. secretly hid.

Look to yourselves, for Heaven's sake! methinks,
He is here already. — Fellows of the guard, be valiant!
Leon. Go, sirs, and apprehend him. Treason shall
Never dare me in mine own gates.
[*Exeunt the Guard.*
Tim. 'Tis done.
Bacha. And thou shalt find it to thy best content.
Leon. Are these the comforts of my age? They're happy
That end their days contented with a little,
And live aloof from dangers: to a king
Every content doth a new peril bring.

Re-enter the Guard with LEUCIPPUS.

Oh, let me live no longer! — Shame of nature,
Bastard to honour, traitor, murderer,
Devil in a human shape! — Away with him!
He shall not breathe his hot infection here.
Leuc. Sir, hear me.
Leon. Am I or he your duke? away with him
To a close prison! — Your highness now shall know,
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.
Leuc. Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome;
My innocency[1] is my armour. Gods preserve you! [*Exit with the Guard.*
Bacha. Fare thee well!
I shall never see so brave a gentleman:
Would I could weep out his offences!
Tim. Or
I could weep out mine eyes!
Leon. Come, gentlemen;
We'll determine presently about his death:
We cannot be too forward in our safety.
I am very sick; lead me unto my bed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter First Citizen *and* Boy.

First Cit. Sirrah, go fetch my fox[2] from the cutler's;
There's money for the scouring: tell him I stop
A groat, since the last great muster, he had in stone-pitch
For the bruise he took with the recoiling of his gun.
Boy. Yes, sir.
First Cit. And, do you hear? when you come, take down my buckler,
And sweep the cobwebs off, and grind the pick[3] on't,
And fetch a nail or two, and tack on bracers:[4]
Your mistress made a pot-lid on't, I thank her,
At her maid's wedding, and burnt off the handle.
Boy. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
First Cit. [*knocking at a door.*] Who's within here? ho, neighbour!
Not stirring yet?

Enter Second Citizen.

Sec. Cit. Oh, good morrow, good morrow:
What news, what news?
First Cit. It holds, he dies this morning.
Sec. Cit. Then happy man be his fortune! I am resolv'd.
First Cit. And so am I, and forty more good fellows,
That will not give their heads for the washing,[5] I take it.
Sec. Cit. 'Sfoot, man, who would not hang in such good company,
And such a cause? A fire o' wife and children!
'Tis such a jest, that men should look behind 'em
To the world, and let their honours, their honours, neighbour, slip.
First Cit. I'll give thee a pint of bastard[6] and a roll
For that bare word.
Sec. Cit. They say that we tailors are
Things that lay one another, and our geese hatch us:
I'll make some of 'em feel they are geese o' the game, then. —
Jack, take down my bill;[7] 'tis ten to one I use it. — [*To* Boy *within.*
Take a good heart, man; all the low ward is ours,
With a wet finger. —
And lay my cut-finger'd gauntlet ready for me,
[*To* Boy *within.*
That that I us'd to work in when the gentlemen
Were up against us, and beaten out of town,
And almost out o' debt too, — for, a plague on 'em!
They never paid well since: and take heed, sirrah,
Your mistress hears not of this business,
She's near her time; yet, if she do, I care not;
She may long for rebellion, for she has
A devilish spirit.
First Cit. Come, let's call up
The new iremonger:[8] he's as tough as steel,
And has a fine wit in these resurrections. —
Are you stirring, neighbour?
[*Knocking at another door.*
Third Cit. [*within.*] Oh, good morrow, neighbours:
I'll come to you presently.
Sec. Cit. Go to,[9]
This is his mother's doing; she's a polecat.
First Cit. As any is in the world.

[1] *innocency*] The modern editors print "innocence."
[2] *fox*] See note, p. 333.
[3] *the pick*] i. e. the pike, or spike, in the centre of the buckler.
[4] *bracers*] i. e. straps, to pass the arm through. The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave, with 4to. 1635, "the *bracers.*"
[5] *That will not give their heads for the washing*] "This proverbial phrase occurs in *Hudibras* (Part I. Canto III. ver. 255.). WEBER. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Head.*
[6] *bastard*] Was a sweetish wine, (approaching to the muscadel wine in flavour, and perhaps made from a *bastard* species of muscadine grape,) which was brought from some of the countries bordering the Mediterranean. There were two sorts, white and brown. See Henderson's *Hist. of Wines*, pp. 290-1.
[7] *bill*] See note, p. 189.
[8] *iremonger*] The modern editors give, with 4to. 1635, "ironmonger."
[9] *Go to*] Weber put a dash after these words, wrongly supposing them to be addressed to the Third Citizen.

Sec. Cit. Then say I have hit it, and a vengeance on her,
Let her be what she will!
First Cit. Amen, say I:
She has brought things[1] to a fine pass with her wisdom, do you mark it?
Sec. Cit. One thing I am sure she has, the good old duke:
She gives him pap again, they say, and dandles him,
And hangs a coral and bells about his neck,
And makes him believe his teeth will come again;
Which if they did, and I he, I would worry her
As never cur was worried, — I would, neighbour,
Till my teeth met I know where; but that's counsel.[2]

Enter Third Citizen.

Third Cit. Good morrow, neighbours: hear you the sad news?
First Cit. Yes; would we knew as well how to prevent it!
Third Cit. I cannot tell: methinks, 'twere no great matter,
If men were men; but ——
Sec. Cit. You do not twit me with my calling,[3] neighbour?
Third Cit. No, surely; for I know your spirit to be tall:
Pray, be not vex'd.
Sec. Cit. Pray, forward with your counsel. I am what I am,
And they that prove me shall find me to their cost:
Do you mark me, neighbour? to their cost, I say.
First Cit. Nay, look how soon you are angry!
Sec. Cit. They shall, neighbours? yes, I say they shall.
Third Cit. I do believe they shall.
First Cit. I know they shall.
Sec. Cit. Whether you do or no, I care not two-pence:
I am no beast; I know mine own strength, neighbours:
God bless the king! your companies is fair.
First Cit. Nay, neighbour, now ye err; I must tell you so,
An ye were twenty neighbours.
Third Cit. You had best
Go peach; do, peach.
Sec. Cit. Peach! I scorn the motion.
Third Cit. Do, and see what follows: I'll spend an hundred pound
(An't be two, I care not), but I'll undo thee.
Sec. Cit. Peach! oh, disgrace!
Peach in thy face! and do the worst thou canst!
I am a true man, and a free-man: peach!
First Cit. Nay, look, you will spoil all.
Sec. Cit. Peach!
First Cit. Whilst you two brawl together,
The prince will lose his life.
Third Cit. Come, give me your hand;
I love you well. Are you for the action?
Sec. Cit. Yes;
But peach provokes me: 'tis a cold fruit; I feel it
Cold in my stomach still.
Third Cit. No more: I'll give you cake to disgest[4] it.

Enter Fourth Citizen.

Fourth Cit. Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call, boys: [*To* Boys *within.*
And one of you run over my old tuck with a few ashes
('Tis grown odious with toasting cheese), and burn
A little juniper in my murrin[5] (the maid made it
Her chamber-pot); an hour hence I'll come again:
And, as you hear from me, send me a clean shirt!
Third Cit. The chandler by the wharf, an it be thy will!
Sec. Cit. Gossip, good morrow.
Fourth Cit. Oh, good morrow, gossip, —
Good morrow, all. I see ye of one mind,
You cleave so close together. Come, 'tis time:
I have prepar'd an hundred, if they stand.
First Cit. 'Tis well done: shall we sever, and about it?
Third Cit. First, let's to the tavern; and a pint a-piece
Will make us dragons.
Sec. Cit. I will have no mercy,
Come what will of it.
Fourth Cit. If my tuck hold, I'll spit
The guard like larks with sage between 'em.
Sec. Cit. I have
A foolish bill to reckon with 'em, will make
Some of their hearts ache, and I'll lay it on:
Now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.
Third Cit. Come, I'll do something for the town to talk of
When I am rotten: pray God there be enough
To kill! that's all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Age. How black the day begins!
Dor. Can you blame it, and look upon such a deed as shall be done this morning?
Nisus. Does the prince suffer to-day?
Dor. Within this hour, they say.
Age. Well, they that are most wicked are most safe:
'Twill be a strange justice and a lamentable;
Gods keep us from the too soon feeling of it!
Dor. I care not if my throat were next; for to

[1] *She has brought things*, &c.] Mr. Darley remarks that "a multitude of elisions would give Beaumont and Fletcher's works the unsightliest aspect, if the lines were printed as they must be pronounced." Introd. to their *Works*, p. xliii. The present line of course is to be shortened thus in the reading, —

"S'has brought things to a fine pass with her wisdom, d'ye mark it?"

[2] *that's counsel*] "i. e. that is a secret." WEBER.

[3] *my calling*] The Sec. Cit. is a tailor: see his speech, p. 368.

[4] *disgest*] So all the old eds. — except 4to. 1635, which has "digest," and which the modern editors follow. Even supposing *disgest* to be a vulgarism (which formerly it was not), it would be unobjectionable here.

[5] *murrin*] i. e. murrion, morion, — steel cap, plain helmet.

live still, and live here, were but to grow fat for the shambles.

Nisus. Yet we must do it, and thank 'em too, that our lives may be accepted.

Age. Faith, I'll go starve myself, or grow diseased, to shame the hangman; for I am sure he shall be my herald, and quarter me.

Dor. Ay, a plague on him! he's too excellent at arms.

Nisus. Will you go see this sad sight, my lord Agenor?

Age. I'll make a mourner.

Dor. If I could do him any good, I would go;
The bare sight else would but afflict my spirit:
My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes.
As you find him settled,
Remember my love and service to his grace.

Nisus. We will weep for you, sir. Farewell.

Dor. Farewell: [*Exeunt.*

To all our happiness a long farewell! —
Thou angry power, whether of heaven or hell,
That lay'st this sharp correction on our kingdom
For our offences, infinite and mighty,
Oh, hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,
Too heavy for our weakness; and accept
(Since it is your discretion, heavenly wisdoms,
To have it so) this sacrifice for all,
That now is flying to your happiness,
Only for you most fit; let all our sins
Suffer in him! — [*A shout within.*
Gods, what's the matter? I hope
'Tis joy.

Re-enter AGENOR *and* NISUS.

How now, my lords?

Nisus. I'll tell you with that[1] little breath I have:
More joy than you dare think; the prince is safe
From danger.

Dor. How!

Age. 'Tis true, and thus it was. His hour was come
To lose his life; he, ready for the stroke,
Nobly, and full of saint-like patience,
Went with his guard; which when the people saw,
Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,
That bred desires, and whispers to each other,
To do some worthy kindness for the prince;
And ere they understood well how to do,
Fury stepp'd in, and taught them what to do,
Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,
As a white innocent: then flew the roar,
Through all the streets, of "Save him, save him, save him!"
And as they cried, they did; for catching up
Such sudden weapons as their madness shew['d] them,
In short, they beat the guard, and took him from 'em,
And now march with him like a royal army.

Dor. Heaven, Heaven, I thank thee! What a slave was I
To have my hand so far from this brave rescue!
'T had been a thing to brag on when I was old.
Shall we run for a wager to the next temple,
And give thanks?

Nisus. As fast as wishes. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *that*] Altered by Weber to "what."

SCENE V. — *A Street.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS *and* ISMENUS.

Leuc. Good friends, go home again! there's not a man [*To the people within.*
Shall go with me.

Ism. Will you not take revenge?
I'll call them on.

Leuc. All that love me, depart!
I thank you, and will serve you for your loves;
But I will thank you more to suffer me
To govern 'em. Once more, I do beg ye,
For my sake, to your houses!

All. [*within.*] Gods preserve you!

Ism. And what house will you go to?

Leuc. Ismenus, I will take the wariest courses
That I can think of to defend myself,
But not offend.

Ism. You may kill your mother,
And never offend your father, an honest man.[2]

Leuc. Thou know'st I can scape now; that's all I look for:
I'll leave.[3]

Ism. Timantus, a pox take him! would I had him here! I would kill him at his own weapon, single scythes: we have built enough on him. Plague on't! I'm out of all patience: discharge such an army as this, that would have followed you without paying! oh, gods!

Leuc. To what end should[4] I keep 'em? I am free.

Ism. Yes, free o' the traitors; for you are proclaimed one.

Leuc. Should I therefore make myself one?

Ism. This is one of your moral philosophy, is it? Heaven bless me from subtilties to undo myself with! but I know, if Reason herself were here, she would not part with her own safety.

Leuc. Well, pardon,[5] Ismenus; for I know
My courses are most just; nor will I stain 'em
With one bad action. For thyself, thou know'st
That, though I may command thee, I shall be
A ready servant to thee, if thou need'st:
And so I'll take my leave.

Ism. Of whom?

Leuc. Of thee.

Ism. Heart, you shall take no leave of me!

Leuc. Shall I not?

Ism. No, by the gods, shall you not! nay, if you have no more wit but to go absolutely alone, I'll be in a little.

[2] *an honest man*] Altered by Seward to "or any *honest man*;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[3] *I'll leave*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1635, which has "*Ile leave* thee." The modern editors print it thus, "I will leave —"

[4] *should*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave, with 4to. 1635, "shall."

[5] *pardon*] The author most probably wrote "*pardon me.*"

Leuc. Nay, prithee, good Ismenus, part with me!

Ism. I wo'not, i'faith: never move it any more; for, by this good light, I wo'not!

Leuc. This is an ill time to be thus unruly: Ismenus, you must leave me.

Ism. Yes, if you can beat me away; else the gods refuse me, if I will leave you till I see more reason! you sha'nt undo yourself.

Leuc. But why wilt not leave me?

Ism. Why, I'll tell you: because when you are gone, then — life, if I have not forgot my reason — hell take me! you put me out of patience so — oh, marry, when you are gone, then will your mother — a pox confound her! she never comes in my head but she spoils my memory too. There are a hundred reasons.

Leuc. But shew me one.

Ism. Shew you! what a stir here is! why, I will shew you: do you think — well, well, I know what I know; I pray, come, come; 'tis in vain, but I am sure — devils take 'em! what do I meddle with 'em? — you know yourself — soul, I think I am — is there any man i' the world — as if you knew not this already better than I! Pish, pish, I'll give no reason!

Leuc. But I will tell thee one why thou shouldst stay:
I have not one friend in the court but thou,
On whom I may be bold to trust to send me
Any intelligence, and if thou lov'st me,
Thou wilt do this; thou need'st not fear to stay;
For there are new-come proclamations out,
Where all are pardon'd but myself.

Ism. 'Tis true; and in the same proclamation your fine sister Urania, whom you used so kindly, is proclaimed heir-apparent to the crown.

Leuc. What though? thou mayst stay at home without danger.

Ism. Danger! hang danger! what tell you me of danger?

Leuc. Why, if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

Ism. I dare not! If you speak it[1] in earnest, you are a boy.

Leuc. Well, sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Ism. Why, so you shall; I will stay.

Leuc. Why, God-a-mercy!

Ism. You know I love you but too well.

Leuc. Now take these few directions; farewell![2]
Send to me by the wariest ways thou canst:
I have a soul tells me we shall meet often.
The gods protect thee!

Ism. Pox o' myself for an ass! I'm crying now. God be with you! if I never see you again, why, then — pray, get you gone; for grief and anger wo'not let me know what I say. I'll to the court as fast as I can, and see the new heir-apparent. [*Exeunt severally.*

[1] *it*] Omitted by Weber.

[2] *farewell*] The modern editors print "and *farewell*;" which perhaps the poet wrote.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*[3]

Enter URANIA *in boy's clothes, and* Maid.

Ura. What, hast thou found him?

Maid. Madam, he is coming in.

Ura. Gods[4] bless my brother, wheresoe'er he is!
And I beseech you, keep me fro the bed
Of any naughty tyrant, whom my mother
Would ha' me have to wrong him!

Enter ISMENUS.

Ism. What would her new grace have with me?

Ura. Leave us a while. [*Exit* Maid.
My lord Ismenus,
I pray, for the love of Heaven and God,
That you would tell me one thing, which I know
You can do weel.

Ism. [*mocking her.*] Where's her fain grace?

Ura. You know me weel enough, but that you mock;
I am she my sen.

Ism. God bless him that shall be thy husband! if thou wearest breeches thus soon, thou'lt be as impudent as thy mother.

Ura. But will you tell me this one thing?

Ism. What is't? if it be no great matter whether I do or no, perhaps I will.

Ura. Yes, feth,[5] 'tis matter.

Ism. And what is't?

Ura. I pray you,
Let me know whair the prince my brother is.

Ism. I'faith, you shan be hanged first! Is your mother so foolish to think your good grace can sift it out of me?

Ura. If you have any mercy left i' you
To a poor wench, tell me!

Ism. Why, wouldst not thou have thy brains beat out for this, to follow thy mother's steps so young?

Ura. But, believe me, she knows none of this.

Ism. Believe you! why, do you think I never had wits? or that I am run out of them? how should it belong to you to know, if I could tell?

Ura. Why, I will tell you; and, if I speak false,
Let the devil[6] ha' me! Yonder's a bad man,
Come from a tyrant[7] to my mother, and what name
They ha' for him, good feth, I cannot tell.

Ism. An ambassador?

Ura. That's it: but he would carry me away
And have me marry his master; and I'll day
Ere I will ha' him.

[3] *An Apartment in the Palace*] Weber marked this scene, "*Street*," — wrongly, as the second speech shews.

[4] *Gods*] Altered by Seward and Weber to "God."

[5] *feth*] Here (and only in this speech of Urania) the old eds. agree in reading "faith."

[6] *devil*] Altered by Seward to "de'll;" and so his successors.

[7] *tyrant*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "tayrant," with 4to. 1635; but even that 4to. in the second speech of Urania in this scene has "*tyrant*."

Ism. But what's this to knowing where the prince is?

Ura. Yes; for you know all my mother does
Agen the prince, is but to ma' me great.

Ism. Pray — I know that too well — what ten?[1]

Ura. Why, I would go to the good marquis my brother,
And put myself into his hands, that so
He may preserve himself.

Ism. Oh, that thou hadst no seed of thy mother in thee, and couldst mean this now!

Ura. Why, feth,[2] I do;
Would I might never stir more, if I do not!

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damned else: hang me, if I do not half believe thee.

Ura. By my troth, you may.

Ism. By my troth, I do: I know I'm an ass for't, but I cannot help it.

Ura. And won you tell me, then?

Ism. Yes, faith, will I, or any thing else i' the world; for I think thou art as good a creature as ever was born.

Ura. But ail go i' this lad's reparrel;[3] but you mun help me
To silver.

Ism. Help thee! why, the pox take him that will not help thee to any thing i' the world! I'll help thee to money, and I'll do't presently too: and yet, soul, if you should play the scurvy, harlotry, little pocky baggage now, and cozen me, what then?

Ura. Why, an I do, would I might ne'er see day again!

Ism. Nay, by this light, I do not think thou wilt: I'll presently provide thee money and a letter. [*Exit.*

Ura. Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.
When I have found my brother, I will beg
To serve him; but he shall never know who I am;
For he must hate me then for my bad mother:
I'll say I am a country lad that want a service,
And have stray'd on him by chance, lest he discover me.
I know I must not live long; but that taime
I ha' to spend shall be in serving him:
And, though my mother seek to take his life away,
In ai[4] day my brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, though she were naught.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BACHA *and* TIMANTUS.

Bacha. Run away! the devil be her guide!

Tim. Faith, she's gone: there's a letter; I found it in her pocket. [*Gives letter to* BACHA, *who reads it.*] — Would I were with her! she's a handsome lady: a plague upon my bashfulness! I had bobbed her long ago else. [*Aside.*

Bacha. What a base whore is this, that, after all
My ways for her advancement, shoul l so poorly
Make virtue her undoer, and choose this time,
The king being deadly sick, and I intending
A present marriage with some foreign prince,
To strengthen and secure myself! She writes here,
Like a wise gentlewoman, she will not stay;
And the example of her dear brother makes her
Fear herself,[5] to whom she means to fly.

Tim. Why, who can help it?

Bacha. Now poverty and lechery, which is thy end,
Rot thee, where'er thou goest, with all thy goodness!

Tim. By'r lady, they'll bruise her, an she were of brass! I am sure they'll break stone walls: I have had experience of them both, and they have made me desperate. But there's a messenger, madam, come from the prince with a letter to Ismenus, who by him returns an answer.

Bacha. This comes as pat as wishes. Thou shalt presently
Away, Timantus.

Tim. Whither, madam?

Bacha. To the prince; and take the messenger for guide.

Tim. What shall I do there? I have done too much mischief to be believed again; or, indeed, to scape with my head on my back, if I be once known.

Bacha. Thou art a weak shallow fool! Get thee a disguise;
And withal, when thou com'st before him, have a letter
Feign'd to deliver him; and then, as thou
Hast ever hope of goodness by me or after me,
Strike one home-stroke that shall not need another!
Dar'st thou? speak, dar'st thou? If thou fallest off,
Go, be a rogue[6] again, and lie and pandar
To procure thy meat! Dar'st thou? speak to me.

Tim. Sure, I shall never walk when I am dead, I have no spirit. Madam, I'll be drunk, but I'll do it; that's all my refuge.

Bacha. Away! no more, then.
[*Exit* TIMANTUS.
I'll raise an army whilst the king yet lives,
If all the means and power I have can do it;
I cannot tell.

Enter ISMENUS, DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS.

Ism. Are you inventing still? we'll ease your studies.

Bacha. Why, how now, saucy lords?

[1] *ten*] The 4to. of 1635 has "then;" and so the modern editors. Ismenus is still mocking Urania, being not yet convinced of her sincerity.

[2] *feth*] Altered by Seward and the Editors of 1778 to "ifeth."

[3] *reparrel*] Seward gave, with the folio of 1679, "apparel."

[4] *ai*] "i. e. one." *Ed.* 1778.

[5] *Fear herself*] "Seward reads, '*fear* for *herself*;' but the text is good sense, according to the idiom prevailing in our authors' time." *Ed.* 1778. See note, p. 299. — The editors of 1778 and Weber take "her" from the end of the preceding line, and place it at the beginning of this, forgetting that "fear" was often used as a dissyllable.

[6] *rogue*] "Means here a beggar, as it frequently does in these plays." MASON.

Ism. Nay, I'll shake you; yes, devil, I will shake you!
Bacha. Do not you know me, lords?
Nisus. Yes, deadly sin, we know you: would we did not!
Ism. Do you hear, whore? a plague o' God upon thee!
The duke is dead.
Bacha. Dead!
Ism. Ay, wildfire and brimstone take thee! good man, he is dead, and past those miseries, which thou, salt infection, like a disease,[1] flungest upon his head. Dost thou hear? an 'twere not more respect to womanhood in general than thee, because I had a mother, — who, I will not say she was good, she lived so near thy time, —
I would have thee, in vengeance of this man,
Whose peace is made in heaven by this time,
Tied to a post, and dried i' the sun, and after
Carried about, and shewn at fairs for money,
With a long story of the devil thy father,
That taught thee to be whorish, envious, bloody!
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
Ism. You fleering harlot, I'll have a horse to leap thee, and thy base issue shall carry sumpters.[2] — Come, lords, bring her along: we'll to the prince all, where her hell-hood shall wait his censure; — and if he spare thee, she-goat, may he lie with thee again! and beside, mayst thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease, that hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch! Lead, you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad shall make you skip: away to the prince!
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
I hope yet I shall come too late to find him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Temple of* CUPID.

Cornets within. CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. The time now of my revenge[3] draws near;
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a god,
With all the cries and prayers that have been,
And those that be to come, though they be infinite
In need and number. [*Ascends.*

SCENE IV. — *A Forest, with a cave in the background.*

Enter LEUCIPPUS, *and* URANIA[4] *in boy's clothes.*

Leuc. Alas, poor boy, why dost thou follow me?
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.
Ura. In good feth, I shall be weel and rich enough,
If you will love me, and not put me from you
Leuc. Why dost thou choose out me, boy, to undo thee?
Alas, for pity, take another master,
That may be able to deserve thy love,
In breeding thee hereafter! Me thou know'st not
More than my misery; and therefore canst not
Look for rewards at my hands: would I were able,
My pretty knave, to do thee any kindness!
Truly, good boy, I would, upon my faith:
Thy harmless innocence moves me at heart.
Wilt thou go save thyself? why dost thou weep?
Alas, I do not chide thee!
Ura. I cannot tell;
If I go from you, sir, I shall ne'er dawn[5] day more:
Pray, if you can — I will be true to you —
Let me wait on you. If I were a man,
I would fight for you:
Sure, you have some ill-willers; I would slay 'em.
Leuc. Such harmless souls are ever prophets. Well,
I take thy wish, thou shalt be with me still:
But, prithee, eat, then,[6] my good boy; thou wilt die,
My child, if thou fast one day more; this four days
Thou hast tasted nothing: go into the cave,
And eat; thou shalt find something for thee,[7]
To bring thy blood again and thy fair colour.
Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you! but I'll eat to-morrow.
Leuc. Thou'lt be dead by that time.
Ura. I should be well then; for you will not love me.
Leuc. Indeed, I will. —
This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt yet! —
Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?
Ura. You have fair eyes, master.
Leuc. Sure, the boy dotes! —
Why dost thou sigh, my child?
Ura. To think that such
A fine man should live, and no gay lady love him.
Leuc. Thou wilt love me?
Ura. Yes, sure, till I die;
And when I am in heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.
Leuc. And I'll come to thee, boy. This is a love
I never yet heard tell of. — Come, thou art sleepy, child;
Go in, and I'll sit with thee. — Heaven, what portends this?

[1] *infection, like a disease*] Old eds., "*infection*-like, *like a disease.*" "The reduplication of *like* is evidently accidental, but the modern editions not only retain it, but introduce another *thou.*" WEBER.

[2] *sumpters*] i. e. packs, baggage, burdens. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) citing the present passage, says, "I fancy it [*sumpter*] originally meant the pannier, or basket, which the *sumpter-horse* carried." Coles has "A Sumpter-saddle, Sagma." *Dict.* — I have no doubt that the whole of this and of the preceding speech of Ismenus would run into regular blank verse, if we possessed an uncorrupted text.

[3] *my revenge*] Qy. "*my* full *revenge*"? — In the old eds. this speech is placed at the end of the play.

[4] *and* URANIA] The old eds. add, "*Leucippus with a bloody handkerchief,* — a direction intended for the performer of that part, who was to have a bloody handkerchief ready to be displayed when Urania should be stabbed.

[5] *dawn*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print "draw."

[6] *then*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

[7] *for thee*] Seward, for the metre, printed "*for thee* there."

Ura. You are sad, but I am not sleepy: would I could
Do aught to make you merry! shall I sing?
Leuc. If thou wilt, good boy. Alas, my boy, that thou
Shouldst comfort me, and art far worse than I!

Enter TIMANTUS *disguised.*

Ura. La, master, there's one! look to yourself![1]
Leuc. What art thou that in[to] this dismal place,
Which nothing could find out but misery,
Thus boldly step'st? Comfort was never here;
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house
Built by a better architect than beasts;
And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: if you conquer him,
He is your meat; if not, you must be his.
Tim. I come to you (for, if I not mistake,
You are the prince) from that most noble lord
Ismenus, with a letter. [*Gives letter.*
Ura. Alas, I fear
I shall be discover'd now! [*Aside.*
Leuc. Now I feel
Myself the poorest of all mortal things:
Where is he that receives such courtesies
But he has means to shew his gratefulness
Some way or other? I have none at all;
I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.
Tim. His letters speak him, sir.
[*While* LEUCIPPUS *opens the letter,* TIMANTUS *runs at him;* URANIA *rushes between, and receives the wound.*
Ura. Gods keep him but from knowing me till I die![2]
Aye me, sure, I cannot live a day! —
Oh, thou foul traitor! — How do you, master?
Leuc. How dost thou, my child? — Alas, look on this!
It may make thee repentant, to behold
Those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.
Ura. 'Tis nothing, sir, an you be well.
Tim. Oh, pardon me!
[*Kneels and discovers himself.*
Know you me now, sir?
Leuc. How couldst thou find me out?
Tim. We intercepted
A letter from Ismenus, and the bearer
Directed me.
Leuc. Stand up, Timantus, boldly. [TIM. *rises.*
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the state and me:
But, oh, far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a traitor death
Without a trial! Here thy[3] country is not
To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore,
(A nobler trial[4] than thou dost deserve,
Rather than none at all,) here I accuse thee,
Before the face of Heaven, to be a traitor
Both to the duke my father and to me,
And the whole land. Speak; is it so, or no?
Tim. 'Tis true, sir: pardon me!
Leuc. Take heed, Timantus,
How thou dost cast away thyself: I must
Proceed to execution hastily
If thou confess it. Speak once again; is't so, or no?
Tim. I am not guilty, sir.
Leuc. Gods and thy sword
Acquit thee! here it is. [*Delivers him his sword.*
Tim. I will not use
Any violence against your highness.
Leuc. At thy peril, then!
For this must be thy trial; and from henceforth
Look to thyself!
Tim. I do beseech you, sir,
Let me not fight. [*Kneels.*
Leuc. Up, up again, Timantus! [TIM. *rises.*
There is no way but this, believe me. Now, if —
[*As* LEUCIPPUS *turns aside,* TIMANTUS *runs at him.*[5]
Fie, fie, Timantus! is there no usage can
Recover thee from baseness? Wert thou longer
To converse with men, I would have chid thee for this.
Be all thy faults forgiven!
[*They fight;* TIMANTUS *falls.*
Tim. Oh, spare me, sir! I am not fit for death.
Leuc. I think thou art not; yet, trust me, fitter than
For life. Yet tell me, ere thy breath be gone,
Knowest of any other plots against me?
Tim. Of none.
Leuc. What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou hadst killed me?
Tim. I would have ta'en your page, and married her.
Leuc. What page?
Tim. Your boy there —— [*Dies.*
Leuc. Is he faln mad in death? what does he mean? [URANIA *swoons.*
Some good god help thee at the worst! — How dost thou?
Let not thy misery vex me; thou shalt have
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a prince,
And I will keep thee in the gayest clothes,

[1] *yourself*] The first 4to., "*your* sen."
[2] *Gods keep him but from knowing me till I die*] Mason's correction. Old eds.,
"*Gods keep* me *but from knowing* him *till I die.*'"
In the old eds. of *Philaster* (see p. 186) there is a similar error.
[3] *thy*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "the;" and so the modern editors.

[4] *therefore,*
(*A nobler trial,* &c.] "Seward reads [and is followed by the Editors of 1778],
——— 'therefore *take*
A nobler trial,' &c.
But there is no occasion for this addition, if we substitute a comma for a colon [which the two preceding editions have] after the words 'at all,' as Mason directs, and place the parentheses as in the text." WEBER. This gives a sense to the passage; but, as the play is corrupt throughout, the loss of a word may be suspected here.
[5] *As Leucippus turns aside, Timantus runs at him*] In this stage-direction (which I have slightly altered) the words "*turns aside*" are probably to be understood of the prince resuming his position for the fight. The stage-directions which the modern editors have added to this scene are altogether wrong: they were not aware that here (as often elsewhere) the stage-directions of the old eds. *are placed much too early,* — being merely notices to the performers, — to warn them to be in readiness.

And the finest things that ever pretty boy
Had given him.
Ura. I know you well enough;
Feth, I am dying; and now you know all too.
Leuc. But stir up thyself: look what a jewel here is,
See how it glisters! what a pretty show
Will this make in thy little ear! ha, speak!
Eat but a bit, and take it.
Ura. Do you not know me?
Leuc. I prithee, mind thy health: why, that's well said;[1]
My good boy, smile still.
Ura. I shall smile till death,
An I see you. I am Urania,
Your sister-in-law.
Leuc. How!
Ura. I am Urania.
Leuc. Dulness did seize me; now I know thee well:
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?
Ura. Feth, for love:
I would not let you know till I was dying;
For you could not love me, my mother was so naught. [*Dies.*
Leuc. I will love thee, or any thing! what, wilt thou
Leave me as soon as I know thee? speak one word to me! —
Alas, she's past it! she will ne'er speak more. —
What noise is that? it is no matter who
Comes on me now.

Enter ISMENUS, DORIALUS, AGENOR, *and* NISUS, *bringing in* BACHA.

What worse than mad are you
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights,
Begone from hence!
Ism. Sir, for you we come,
As soldiers, to revenge the wrongs you have suffer'd
Under this naughty creature: what shall be done with her?
Say; I am ready.
Leuc. Leave her to Heaven, brave cousin;[2]
They shall tell her how she has sinn'd against 'em:
My hand shall never be stain'd with such base blood. —
Live, wicked mother! that reverend title be
Your pardon! for I will use no extremity
Against you, but leave you to Heaven.
Bacha. Hell take you all! or, if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither!
And, till the devils have you, may your lives
Be one continued plague, and such a one
That knows no friends nor ending! may all ages
That shall succeed curse you, as I do! and,
If it be possible, I ask it Heaven,
That your base issues may be ever monsters,
That must, for shame of nature and succession,
Be drown'd like dogs! Would I had breath to poison[3] you!
Leuc. Would you had love within you and such grief
As might become a mother! Look you there!
Know you that face? that was Urania;
These are the fruits of those unhappy mothers
That labour with such horrid births as you do:
If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,
Your wickedness has kill'd her; I'll weep for you.
Ism. Monstrous woman! Mars would weep at this,
And yet she cannot.
Leuc. Here lies your minion too, slain by my hand:
I will not say you are the cause; yet certain,
I know you were to blame: the gods forgive you!
Ism. See, she stands as if she were inventing
Some new destruction for the world.
Leuc. Ismenus,
Thou art welcome yet to my sad company.
Ism. I come to make you somewhat sadder, sir.
Leuc. You cannot; I am at the height already.
Ism. Your father's dead.
Leuc. I thought so; Heaven be with him! —
Oh, woman, woman, weep now or never! thou
Hast made more sorrows than we have eyes to utter.
Bacha. Now let heaven fall! I am at the worst of evils;
A thing so miserably wretched,[4] that every thing,
The last of human comforts, hath left me!
I will not be so base and cold to live,
And wait the mercies of these men I hate:
No, 'tis just I die, since Fortune hath left me.
My steep[5] descent attends me. Hand, strike thou home!
I have soul enough to guide: and let all know,
As I stood[6] a queen, the same I will fall,
And one with me! [*Stabs* LEUCIPPUS, *and then herself.*
Leuc. Oh!
Ism. How do you, sir?
Leuc. Nearer my health than I think any here:
My tongue begins to falter. What is man!

[1] *well said*] See note, p. 200.

[2] *Leave her to Heaven, brave cousin, &c.*] With this speech (which is no doubt somewhat corrupted) Seward took his usual liberties, inserting "And" at the beginning of the second line, and throwing out "for" in the fifth. The following arrangement would hardly be an improvement;

"Leave her to Heaven, brave cousin: they shall tell her
How she has sinn'd against 'em; my hand shall never
Be stain'd with such base blood. — Live, wicked mother!
That reverend title be your pardon! for
I will use no extremity against you,
But leave you to Heaven."

[3] *poison*] So 4to. 1635. Other eds. "please;" which Seward gave.

[4] *A thing so miserably wretched, &c.*] Seward printed, —

"*A thing so miserably wretched, that*
Every thing, even *the last of human comforts*," &c.

The passage is corrupted. The sense seems to require something like this, —

"*A thing so miserably wretched, that* even hope," &c.

[5] *steep*] Theobald's and Sympson's correction. Old eds., "step."

[6] *As I stood*] Seward, for the metre, printed "*As I* have *stood.*"

Or who would be one, when he sees a poor
Weak woman can in an instant make him none!
Dor. She is dead already.
Ism. Let her be damn'd already, as she is!
Post all for surgeons!
Leuc. Let not a man stir; for I am but dead.
I have some few words which I would have you hear,
And am afraid I shall want breath to speak 'em.
First to you, my lords: you know Ismenus is
Undoubtedly [1] heir of Lycia; I do beseech you all,
When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.
Dor. }
Age. } We vow to do't.
Nisus. }
Leuc. I thank you. — Next to you,
Cousin Ismenus, that shall be the duke:
I pray you, let the broken image[s]
Of Cupid be re-edified; I know
All this is done by him.
Ism. It shall be so.

[1] *Undoubtedly*] The modern editors print "Undoubted," — and so perhaps the author wrote.

Leuc. Last, I beseech you that my mother-in-law
May have a burial according to —— [*Dies.*
Ism. To what, sir?
Dor. There is a full point!
Ism. I will interpret for him: she shall have
Burial according to her own deserts,
With dogs.
Dor. I would your majesty would haste
For settling of the people.
Ism. I am ready. —
Agenor, go, and let [2] the trumpets sound
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body
Of this unhappy prince unto the court,
And of that virtuous virgin to a grave;
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie
Accurs'd whilst woman [3] has a memory!
[*Exeunt.*

[2] Ism. *I am ready.* —
Agenor, go, and let, &c.] So the first 4to. Other eds. make "*Agenor*" the prefix to "Go, and let," &c.; and so the modern editors, — who, though they had not seen the first 4to., ought certainly to have perceived that this speech did not belong to Agenor.

[3] *woman*] The correction of Heath, *MS. Notes.* Old eds. "one man;" and so the modern editors.

THE MASQUE OF THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

The Masque of the Inner Temple and Grayes Inne: Grayes Inne and the Inner Temple, presented before his Maiestie, the Queenes Maiestie, the Prince, Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their Highnesses, in the Banquetting house at White-hall on Saturday the twentieth day of Februarie, 1612. At London, Imprinted by F. K. for George Norton, and are to be sold at his shoppe, neere Temple-bar. 4to. n. d.

The Maske of the Gentlemen of Grayes-Inne, and the Inner-Temple, Performed before the King in the Banqueting-house at White-hall, at the marriage of the Illustrious Frederick and Elizabeth, Prince and Princesse Palatine of the Rhene. Written by Francis Beamont Gentleman, in the folios of 1647, 1679.

Also in Beaumont's *Poems*, 1653, 8vo.

In all eds., except the 4to., the Masque is curtailed of the Dedication and descriptive portions.

THIS masque was the unassisted production of Beaumont.

"The marriage of the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to James I., was celebrated on Valentine's Day, in the year 1613 [1612-13]. The Masque then exhibited by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple was performed with much splendour and magnificence, and at a great expense to both those Societies. In Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales, 1671, p. 286, we find the following accounts of the charges attending this representation, extracted from the records of each Society: '*Gray's Inn.* In the 10th of King James, the Gentlemen of this house were (together with those of the other Innes of Court) Actors in that great Mask at White-hall, at the marriage of the Kings eldest daughter unto Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhene: the charge in apparell for the Actors in which mask was supported by the Society; the Readers being each man assessed at 4*l.*, the Ancients, and such as at that time were to be called Ancients, at 2*l.* 10*s.* a piece, the Barristers at 2*l.* a man, and the Students at 20*s.*; out of which so much was to be taken as the Inner-Temple did then allow.

'Which being performed, there was an Order made, 18 Maii then next following, that the Gentlemen who were Actors in that Mask should bring in all their Masking Apparell, so provided at the charge of the House.'" REED.

"In Winwood's Memorials, (Vol. III. p. 435,) Mr. John Chamberlaine, after giving an account of the successful representation of the masque provided by the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's Inn, proceeds in the following words respecting that of Beaumont: — 'But the next day our Gray's Inn men and the Inner-Temple had not the same fortune, though they deserved no less; for, striving to vary from their competitors, (and their device being the marrying of the Thames to the Rhine,) they made choice to go by water from Winchester-house in Southwark, with their boats and barges exceedingly trimed, and furnished with store of lights that made a glorious shew, and three peale of ordinance at their taking water, at their passing by the Temple, and at their landing; which passage by water cost them better then 300*l.* But when they were landed at the court, by what mischance I know not, they were feign to return as they went without doing any thing; the reason whereof some say was, because the hall was so full that it could not be avoided, nor room made for them, and most of the principall ladyes that were in the galleries to see them land excluded. But the most probable is, that the king was so satiated and overwearied with watching, that he could hold out no longer, and so was driven to put it off till Saturday; when it was very well performed in the new Bankquetting-house, which, for a kind of amends, was granted to them, though with much repining and contradiction of their emulators. The next day the king made them all a solemn supper in the new Marriage-room, and used them so well and graciously, that he sent both parties away well pleased with this great solemnity.'" WEBER.

See also an account of the present masque (differing but little from the descriptive portions of our text) in Howes's continuation of Stow's *Annales*, p. 917. ed. 1615; and a letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton in Nichols's *Prog. of King James*, ii. 589.

TO THE WORTHY SIR FRANCIS BACON,

HIS MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL, AND THE GRAVE AND LEARNED BENCH OF THE ANCIENTLY-ALLIED HOUSES OF GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE, THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

YE that spared no time nor travail in the setting forth, ordering, and furnishing of this Masque, (being the first fruits of honour in this kind which these two societies have offered to his majesty,) will not think much now to look back upon the effects of your own care and work; for that, whereof the success was then doubtful, is now happily performed and graciously accepted; and that which you were then to think of in straits of time, you may now peruse at leisure: and you, Sir Francis Bacon,[1] especially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it and defend it, which is able to add value to the greatest and least matters.

[1] *Sir Francis Bacon*] In the letter, referred to above, from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, Sir Francis Bacon is called "the chief contriver" of this masque.

THE MASQUE OF THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN, GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE.

PRESENTED BEFORE HIS MAJESTY, THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY, ETC.

THIS Masque was appointed to have been presented the Shrove-Tuesday before, at which time the masquers, with their attendants, and divers others, gallant young gentlemen of both houses, as their convoy, set forth from Winchester-house (which was the rendezvous) towards the court, about seven of the clock at night.

This voyage by water was performed in great triumph: the gentlemen-masquers being placed by themselves in the king's royal barge, with the rich furniture of state, and adorned with a great number of lights, placed in such order as might make best show.

They were attended with a multitude of barges and gallies, with all variety of loud music, and several peals of ordnance; and led by two admirals.

Of this show his majesty was graciously pleased to take view, with the prince, the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their highnesses, at the windows of his privy gallery, upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy stairs; where they were most honourably received by the lord-chamberlain, and so conducted to the vestry.

The hall was by that time filled with company of very good fashion, but yet so as a very great number of principal ladies and other noble persons were not yet come in, whereby it was foreseen that the room would be so scanted as might have been inconvenient; and thereupon his majesty was most graciously pleased, with the consent of the gentlemen-masquers, to put off the night until Saturday following, with this special favour and privilege, that there should be no let [1] as to the outward ceremony of magnificence until that time.

At the day that it was presented, there was a choice room reserved for the gentlemen of both their houses, who, coming in troop about seven of the clock, received that special honour and noble favour, as to be brought to their places by the Right Honourable the Earl of Northampton, Lord-Privy Seal.

THE DEVICE OR ARGUMENT OF THE MASQUE.

Jupiter and Juno, willing to do honour to the marriage of the two famous rivers Thamesis and Rhine, employ their messengers severally, Mercury and Iris, for that purpose. They meet and contend: then Mercury, for his part, brings forth an anti-masque [2] all of spirits or divine natures; but yet not of one kind or livery (because that had been so much in use heretofore), but, as it were, in consort, like to broken music: and, preserving the propriety of the device, — for that rivers in nature are maintained either by springs from beneath or showers from above, — he raiseth four of the Naiades out of the fountains, and bringeth down five of the Hyades out of the clouds to dance. Hereupon Iris scoffs at Mercury, for that he had devised a dance but of one sex, which could have no life: but Mercury, who was provided for that exception, and in token that the match should be blessed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves four Cupids, and brings down from Jupiter's altar four Statuas [3] of gold and silver to dance with the Nymphs and Stars: in which dance, the Cupids being blind, and the Statuas having but half life put into them, and retaining still somewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occasion to new and strange varieties both in the music and paces. This was the first anti-masque.

Then Iris, for her part, in scorn of this high-flying device, and in token that the match shall likewise be blessed with the love of the common people, calls to Flora, her confederate, — for that the months of flowers are likewise the months of sweet showers and rainbows, — to bring in a May-dance, or rural dance, consisting likewise not of any suited persons, but of a confusion or commixture of all such persons as are natural and proper for country sports. This is the second anti-masque.

Then Mercury and Iris, after this vying one upon the other, seem to leave their contention; and Mercury, by the consent of Iris, brings down the Olympian knights, intimating that Jupiter having, after a long discontinuance, revived the Olympian games, and summoned thereunto from all parts the liveliest and activest persons that were, had enjoined them, before they fell to their games, to do honour to these nuptials. The Olympian games portend to the match celebrity, victory, and felicity. This was the main masque.

The fabric was a mountain with two descents, and severed with two traverses.[4]

At the entrance of the King,

The first traverse was drawn, and the lower descent of the mountain discovered, which was the pen-

[1] *let*] i. e. hindrance.

[2] *an anti-masque*] "Is something directly opposed to the principal masque. If this was lofty and serious, that was light and ridiculous. It admitted of the wildest extravagancies . . . it should be added, that the antimasques were, for the most part, performed by actors hired from the theatres." Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, vii. 251.

[3] *Statuas*] This Latin form of the word is common in our early writers.

[4] *traverses*] i. e. curtains.

dant of a hill to life, with divers boscages and grovets upon the steep or hanging grounds thereof; and at the foot of the hill four delicate fountains, running with water and bordered with sedges and water-flowers.

Iris first appeared; and, presently after, Mercury, striving to overtake her.

Iris apparelled in a robe of discoloured[1] *taffeta, figured in variable colours, like the rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head, and tresses.*

Mercury in doublet and hose of white taffeta, a white hat, wings on his shoulders and feet, his caduceus in his hand, speaking to Iris as followeth: —

Merc. Stay, stay![2]
Stay, light-foot Iris! for thou striv'st in vain;
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.
Iris. Away,
Dissembling Mercury! my messages
Ask honest haste; not like those wanton ones
Your thundering father sends.
Merc. Stay, foolish maid!
Or I will take my rise upon a hill,
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud
In all the painted glory that thou hast,
And never cease to clap my willing wings,
Till I catch hold of thy discoloured bow,
And shiver it beyond the angry power
Of your curst[3] mistress to make up again.
Iris. Hermes, forbear; Juno will chide and strike.
Is great Jove jealous that I am employ'd
On her love-errands? she did never yet
Clasp weak mortality in her white arms,
As he hath often done: I only come
To celebrate the long-wish'd nuptials
Here in Olympia, which are now perform'd,
Betwixt two goodly rivers, that[4] have mix'd
Their gentle-rising[5] waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand streams, great as themselves;
I need not name them, for the sound is loud
In heaven and earth; and I am sent from her,
The queen of marriage, that was present here,
And smil'd to see them join, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good Hermes, let me go.
Merc. Nay, you must stay; Jove's message is the same;
Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is thunder,
Whose breath is any wind he will; who knows
How to be first in earth as well as heaven.
Iris. But what hath he to do with nuptialrites?
Let him keep state upon his starry throne,
And fright poor mortals with his thunderbolts,
Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes.
Merc. Alas, when ever offered he to abridge
Your lady's power, but only now in these,
Whose match concerns the[6] general government?
Hath not each god a part in these high joys?
And shall not he, the king of gods, presume
Without proud Juno's licence? Let her know,
That, when enamour'd Jove first gave her power
To link soft hearts in undissolving bands,[7]
He then foresaw, and to himself reserv'd,
The honour of this marriage. Thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,
Will summon up with my all-charming rod
The Nymphs of fountains, from whose watery locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and increase)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment. —
Ye Nymphs, who, bathing in your lovèd springs,
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,
And joy'd to see them, when their circled heads
Refresh'd the air, and spread the ground with flowers;
Rise from your wells, and with your nimble feet
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which in these plains you to Alphéus did,
When passing hence, through many seas, unmix'd,
He gain'd the favour of his Arethuse!

Immediately upon which speech, four Naiades arise gently out of their several fountains, and present themselves upon the stage, attired in long habits of sea-green taffeta, with bubbles of crystal, intermixt with powdering of silver, resembling drops of water, bluish tresses, on their heads garlands of water-lilies. They fall into a measure,[8] *dance a little, then make a stand.*

Iris. Is Hermes grown a lover? by what power,
Unknown to us, calls he the Naiades?
Merc. Presumptuous Iris, I could make thee dance,
Till thou forgott'st thy lady's messages,
And rann'st back crying to her. Thou shalt know
My power is more; only my breath and this
Shall move fix'd stars, and force the firmament
To yield the Hyades, who govern showers
And dewy clouds, in whose dispersèd drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful bow. —
Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times
Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,
Descend and pour your blessing on these streams,
Which rolling down from heaven-aspiring hills,
And now united in the fruitful vales,
Bear all before them, ravish'd with their joy,
And swell in glory, till they know no bounds!

Five Hyades descend softly in a cloud from the firmament to the middle part of the hill, apparelled in sky-coloured taffeta robes, spangled like the heavens, golden tresses, and each a fair star on their head; from thence descend to the stage; at

[1] *discoloured*] i. e. various-coloured.

[2] *Stay, stay*] These words are found only in the 4to. In other eds. this speech is preceded by a stage-direction, "*Enter Iris running, Mercury following and catching hold of her.*"

[3] *curst*] "i. e. cross." *Ed.* 1778. So the 4to. Other eds. "mad;" and so Seward.

[4] *that*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to., "which."

[5] *rising*] So the 4to. Other eds. "winding;" and so Seward.

[6] *the*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to., "his."

[7] *undissolving bands*] The 4to. has "undissolved bonds."

[8] *measure*] See note, p. 146.

whose sight the Naiades, seeming to rejoice, meet and join in a dance.

Iris. Great wit and power hath Hermes, to contrive
A lifeless dance, which of one sex consists!
Merc. Alas, poor Iris! Venus hath in store
A secret ambush of her wingèd boys,
Who, lurking long within these pleasant groves,
First struck these lovers with their equal darts;
Those Cupids shall come forth and join with these,
To honour that which they themselves began.

Enter four Cupids from each side of the boscage, attired in flame-coloured taffeta close to their body, like naked boys, with bows, arrows, and wings of gold, chaplets of flowers on their heads, hoodwinked with tiffany scarfs; who join with the Nymphs and the Hyades in another dance. That ended, MERCURY [1] *speaks.*

Merc. Behold the Statuas,[2] which wise Vulcan plac'd
Under the altar of Olympian Jove,
And gave to them an artificial life,
Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials:[3]
See how they move, drawn by this heavenly joy,
Like the wild trees which follow'd Orpheus' harp!

The Statuas enter, supposed to be before descended from Jove's altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the Cupids, attending their call. These Statuas were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their body, faces, hands, and feet, nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal, tresses of hair, as they had been of metal embossed, girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewise had been carved or moulded out of the metal: at their coming, the music changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, &c., and the air of the music was utterly turned into a soft time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, and the measure likewise was fitted unto the same, and the Statuas placed in such several postures, sometimes all together in the centre of the dance, and sometimes in the four utmost angles, as was very graceful, besides the novelty. And so concluded the first anti-masque.

Merc. And what will Juno's Iris do for her?
Iris. Just match this show, or my invention fails:
Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing comets, clouds, and falling stars,
And all my kindred meteors of the air,
To have excell'd it; but I now must strive
To imitate confusion: — therefore, thou,
Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'st
Increase of sweetness in those blooming plants
On which the horns of my fair bow decline,
Send hither all the rural company
Which deck the May-games with their clownish[4] sports!
Juno will have it so.

The second Anti-masque rush in, dance their measure, and as rudely depart; consisting of a Pedant,[5] May-Lord, May-Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown or Shepherd, Country Wench; an Host, Hostess; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, ushering them in. All these persons apparelled to the life, the men issuing out of one side of the boscage, and the women from the other. The music was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity as can hardly be imagined; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the music. The dance likewise was of the same strain; and the dancers, or rather actors, expressed every one their part so naturally and aptly, as when a man's eye was caught with the one, and then passed on to the other, he could not satisfy himself which did best. It pleased his Majesty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewise for the first Anti-masque; but one of the Statuas by that time was undressed.

Merc. Iris, we strive,
Like winds at liberty, who should do worst[6]
Ere we return. If Juno be the queen
Of marriage,[7] let her give happy way
To what is done in honour of the state
She governs.
Iris. Hermes, so it may be done
Merely in honour of the state, and these
That now have prov'd it; not to satisfy
The lust of Jupiter, in having thanks
More than his Juno; if thy snaky rod
Have power to search the heavens, or sound the sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring in any thing that may do grace
To us and these; do it, we shall be pleas'd.
Merc. Then know, that from the mouth of Jove himself,
Whose words have wings, and need not to be borne,
I took a message, and I bare it through
A thousand yielding clouds, and never stay'd

[1] *Mercury*] The 4to. here, and in the prefix to the speech which follows, has "Iris." The other eds. also have the wrong prefix.

[2] *Statuas*] See note, p. 378. So the 4to. Other eds. "statues;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *And gave to them an artificial life,*
Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials] These lines are transposed by mistake in the 4to. The second line is omitted in other eds.; and by Seward.

[4] *clownish*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to., "country."

[5] *a Pedant, May-Lord, May-Lady, &c.*] "The persons enumerated here as characters in the May-games were no doubt selected by the imagination of the poet, as most of them do not appear to have been usual at these country festivities. The Pedant evidently appears in the same character as Gerrold in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*." WEBER.

[6] *worst*] "The sense seems to require us to read *most* for *worst*: unless it means, which should *worst* the other." Ed. 1778. "As the text cannot possibly bear this meaning, and hardly bears any at all, the amendment has been adopted." WEBER. Nichols, who reprinted the present masque in his *Prog. of King James*, retained the old reading, and observed that "we are told in the introduction [Argument] Mercury and Iris were striving which should *do worst* in producing what was *outré* and ridiculous." ii. 598. The words of the Argument are at least to that effect; and "*worst*" is doubtless the right reading.

[7] *marriage*] So the 4to, — the word being used here as a trisyllable. Other eds. "marriages;" and so the modern editors.

Till his high will was done: the Olympian games,
Which long had [1] slept, at these wish'd nuptials
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his knights
Are gather'd hither, who within their tents
Rest on this hill; upon whose rising head,
Behold, Jove's altar, and his blessèd priests
Moving about it! — Come, you holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That, till Jove's music call them to their games,
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those, for whom they are again begun.

The main Masque. — The second traverse is drawn, and the higher ascent of the mountain is discovered; wherein, upon a level, after a great rise of the hill, were placed two pavilions, open in the front of them: the pavilions were to sight as of cloth of gold, and they were trimmed on the inside with rich armour and military furniture, hanged up as upon the walls; and behind the tents there were represented in prospective the tops of divers other tents, as if it had been a camp. In these pavilions were placed fifteen Olympian Knights, upon seats a little embowed near the form of a croisant; [2] *and the Knights appeared first, as consecrated persons, all in veils, like to copes, of silver tiffany, gathered, and falling a large compass about them, and over their heads high mitres, with long pendants behind falling from them; the mitres were so high that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was seen but veil. In the midst between both the tents, upon the very top of the hill, being a higher level than that of the tents, was placed Jupiter's altar, gilt, with three great tapers upon golden candlesticks burning upon it; and the four Statuas, two of gold and two of silver, as supporters, and Jupiter's Priests in white robes about it. Upon the sight of the King, the veils of the Knights did fall easily from them, and they appeared in their own habit.*

The Knights' attire. — Arming doublets of carnation satin, embroidered with blazing stars of silver plate, with powderings of smaller stars betwixt; gorgets of silver mail; long hose of the same, with the doublets laid with silver lace spangled, and enriched with embroidery between the lace; carnation silk stockings embroidered all over; garters and roses [3] *suitable; pumps of carnation satin embroidered as the doublets; hats of the same stuff and embroidery, cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into scallops answering the skirts of their doublets; the bands of the hats were wreaths of silver in form of garlands of wild olives; white feathers, with one fall of carnation; belts of the same stuff, and embroidered with the doublet; silver swords; little Italian bands and cuffs embroidered with silver; fair long tresses of hair.*

The Priests' habits. — Long robes of white taffeta; long white heads of hair; the High-Priest a cap of white silk shag close to his head, with two labels at the ears, the midst rising in form of a pyramis, in the top thereof a branch of silver; every Priest playing upon a lute; twelve in number.

The Priests descend, and sing this song following; after whom the Knights likewise descend, first laying aside their veils, belts, and swords.

THE FIRST SONG.

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow!

The Knights by this time are all descended and fallen into their place, and then dance their first measure.

THE SECOND SONG.

On, blessed youths! for Jove doth pause,
Laying aside his graver laws
For this device;
And at the wedding such a pair,
Each dance is taken for a prayer,
Each song a sacrifice.

The Knights dance their second measure.

THE THIRD SONG.

SINGLE.

More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If ladies mov'd as well as knights:
Run every one of you, and catch
A nymph, in honour of this match;
And whisper boldly in her ear, —
Jove will but laugh, if you forswear.

ALL.

And this day's sins he doth resolve
That we his priests should all absolve.[4]

The Knights take their Ladies to dance with them galliards, durets, corantoes,[5] *&c., and lead them to their places; then loud music sounds, supposed to call them to their Olympian games.*

THE FOURTH SONG.

Ye should stay longer, if we durst:
Away! Alas, that he that first

[1] *had*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to., "have."

[2] *croisant*] Altered to "crescent" by the Editors of 1778 and Weber, who were not aware that early English authors frequently wrote *croisant* after the French.

[3] *roses*] See note, p. 350.

[4] *And this day's sins he doth resolve*
That we his priests should all absolve] "From the debaucheries committed at court-masques, the necessity of such an absolution of sins may be inferred." WEBER. See note, p. 384, and *A Wife for a Month*, act ii. sc. 4.

[5] *galliards, durets, corantoes*] Sir John Davies describes the galliard thus;

"But for more diuers and more pleasing show,
A swift and wandring daunce she did inuent,
With passages vncertaine to and fro,
Yet with a certaine answere and consent
To the quicke musicke of the instrument.
. . . .
A gallant daunce, that liuely doth bewray,
A spirit and a vertue masculine,
. . . .
With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre."
Orchestra, st. 67, 68.

Of the coranto he says;

"What shall I name those currant trauases
That on a triple dactile foot doe runne
Close by the ground with sliding passages,
Wherein that dauncer greatest praise hath wonne
Which with best order can all orders shunne;
For euery where he wantonly must range,
And turne, and wind, with vnexpected change?" St. 69.

Concerning "durets" I know nothing.

Gave Time wild wings to fly away,
Hath now no power to make him stay!
And though these games must needs be play'd,
I would this pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Could catch his scythe, as he doth pass,
And clip[1] his wings, and break his glass
And keep him ever by 'em.

The Knights dance their parting measure, and ascend, put on their swords and belts; during which time the Priests sing

THE FIFTH AND LAST SONG.

Peace and silence be the guide
To the man, and to the bride!
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder!
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessing to a curse,
By keeping you asunder.

[1] *clip*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the 4to., "cut."

FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE.

Four Playes, or Morall Representations, in one.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

At what date these *Four Plays in One* were originally produced, it is impossible to ascertain.

From internal evidence Weber concludes that Beaumont furnished the Induction and the two first Triumphs, and that Fletcher was the writer of the other two: there is at least every reason to believe that both poets were concerned in the composition of this medley.

Entertainments of a similar description had been exhibited on the English stage anterior to the appearance of the present piece. In the Revels' Account for 1584-5, we find, "An Invention called *Fyve Playes in one*, presented and enacted before her Ma.ie on Twelfe daie at night in the hall at Grenewiche by her highnes servaunts." —— "An Invention of *three playes in one* prepared to have ben shewed before her highnes on Shrove sondaie at night, and to have ben presented by her Ma.ie servaunts at Somerset Place." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 409; in Henslowe's memoranda, "*iiii playes in one*, the 6 of marrhe 1591"—"7 of aprill, 1597, at *v plays in one*." *Id.* iii. 298, 307; and the second title of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, attributed to Shakespeare, and first printed in 1608, runs as follows,—*All's One, or, One of the foure Plaies in one, called a Yorkshire tragedy*, &c.[1]

Weber conjectures that the *Trionfi* of Petrarch suggested to Beaumont and Fletcher the idea of introducing the Triumphs of Honour, Love, Death, and Time.

"*The Triumph of Honour*," says Langbaine, "is founded on Boccace his *Novels*, Day 10. Nov. 5." (*Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 209), which Weber epitomizes nearly as follows.—"Dianora, the wife of Gilberto, in order to get rid of the importunities of her lover Ansaldo, promised to gratify his desires, if he would present her with a garden bearing flowers and fruit in the month of January. Ansaldo realised her wish by the assistance of a magician, who, to the astonishment of the whole city of Udine, produced the desired miracle. Dianora, having confessed to her husband the bargain which she had made with Ansaldo, was enjoined by the former to use every endeavour to procure a release from her engagement, but, if she found that impossible, to fulfil the pledge. When the lover beheld the sorrow of Dianora, and learned the generosity of Gilberto, he released the lady from her promise."

The Triumph of Love, observes Langbaine, is founded "on the same Author, Day 5. Nov. 7;"[2] and Weber proceeds with an abstract, which I have altered into the following shape. "In the reign of William, King of Sicily, Amerigo, a rich and noble gentleman, dwelt at Trapani; and one day a Genoese vessel coming into port with slaves, who had been captured in a Turkish galley, he purchased a youth, supposed to be a Turk, whom he caused to be baptized Pietro. When he grew up, a strong attachment took place between him and Violante, the daughter of Amerigo. As the family were once returning from their country-house, a thunder-storm forced them to make all possible haste homewards. The young slave and Violante out-stripped the rest in speed, and being forced into an old ruinous cottage by a shower of hail, they took the opportunity to consummate their wishes. The effect of this soon became apparent, and Pietro would have avoided the impending danger by flight; but Violante promising not to betray him as the author of her shame, and threatening to kill herself if he left her, he consented to remain. When the time of parturition arrived, she feigned a tale to her mother, who in order to conceal her condition from Amerigo, removed her to their country-house. There, however, just as Violante had been delivered of an infant, Amerigo unexpectedly arrived; and his wife was obliged to acquaint him with what had happened. He rushed into his daughter's apartment, and putting his sword to her breast, extorted from her the whole truth. Pietro, having been apprehended, confessed his guilt; and was sentenced by Currado, the governor of Trapani, to be whipped, and afterwards to be hanged. Amerigo then gave a phial of poison and a dagger to a servant, bidding him carry them to his daughter, that she might choose one of the two deaths, and threatening to burn her alive in case of refusal: the infant he ordered to be killed, and its carcase to be thrown to the dogs. When Pietro, having been whipped, was conducted to the gallows, a crimson spot upon his breast led to his recognition by Fineo (then on an embassy from the king of Armenia to Rome) as his son Teodoro, who, fifteen years before, had been carried off by pirates. Fineo immediately made the circumstance known to Currado, who sent for Amerigo. In all haste Amerigo despatched a messenger to his country-house, to prevent the execution of his former orders, who fortunately arrived there before the servant had compelled Violante to make choice of dying by the poison or the sword. The marriage of the lovers followed of course."

"*The Triumph of Death*," continues Langbaine, "[is founded] on a Novel in *The Fortunate, Deceiv'd, and Unfortunate Lovers*, part 3. Nov. 3. See besides *Palace of Pleasure*, Nov. 40. Belleforest, &c.;" and Weber adds, "The original, however, is the first novel of Bandello, which seems to have been founded on fact. Buondelmonte, of one of the principal families in Florence, is betrothed to one of the Amadei. A widow of the family of the Donati, ambitious to match her daughter to him, puts her in his way, and he is immediately so struck with her beauty, as to forget his pre-contract, and to marry her; in consequence of which he is murdered by the two great families, the Uberti and Amadei."

With respect to *The Triumph of Time*, Langbaine is forced to confess, that, as far as he can discover, it "is wholly the Author's Invention."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EMANUEL, king of Portugal.
ISABELLA, his Queen, daughter to the king of Castile.
FRIGOSO.
RINALDO.
Poet, Lords, Attendants, Spectators.

SCENE, — LISBON.

[1] "The same design," says Weber, "was afterwards adopted by Sir William Davenant in his *Playhouse to be Let*, and by Motteux in *The Novelty, or Every Act a Play*. One of Calderon's plays, *Los tres mayores prodigios*, is formed on a similar plan, every one of the three *journadas*, or acts, forming a separate play. The subjects are the adventures of Jason, Hercules, and Theseus. They are not, however, connected together as the present drama.

[2] Langbaine by mistake has written "8."

THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

DIANA.

MARTIUS, a Roman General.
VALERIUS, his brother.
SOPHOCLES, duke of Athens.
NICODEMUS, a corporal.
CORNELIUS, a sutler.
Gentlemen of Athens, Captains, Soldiers.

DORIGEN, wife to SOPHOCLES.
FLORENCE, wife to CORNELIUS.
Ladies.

SCENE, — ATHENS *and its neighborhood.*

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

CUPID.

RINALDO, duke of Milan.
GERRARD, whose real name is ALPHONSO, } his sons.
FERDINAND, whose real name is ASCANIO, }
BENVOGLIO, } brothers.
RANDULPHO, }
States, Friar, Secretary, Guard, Executioner, Attendants.

CORNELIA, the disguised duchess of Milan.
ANGELINA, wife to BENVOGLIO.
VIOLANTE, her daughter.
DOROTHEA, attendant on VIOLANTE.
Nurse.

SCENE, — MILAN.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

DUKE of Anjou.
LAVALL, his nephew.
MARINE.
GENTILLE.
PEROLOT, his son.
Two Courtiers.
SHALLOON, servant to LAVALL.
States, Longaville, Lords, Attendants.

GABRIELLA, wife to LAVALL.
HELENA, daughter to MARINE.
CASTA, daughter to GENTILLE.
MARIA, attendant on GABRIELLA.
Ladies.

A Spirit.

SCENE, — ANGIERS.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

JUPITER.
MERCURY.
PLUTUS.
TIME.
ANTHROPOS.
DESIRE.
VAIN-DELIGHT.
PLEASURE.
CRAFT.
LUCRE.
VANITY.

BOUNTY.
POVERTY.
HONESTY.
SIMPLICITY.
HUMILITY.
FAME.
INDUSTRY.
LABOUR.
THE ARTS.
Indians.

INDUCTION.

A Hall in the Palace. Scaffolds, crowded with Spectators.

Enter FRIGOSO. *Noise within.*

Fri. Away with those bald-pated rascals there! their wits are bound up in vellum; they are not current here. Down with those city-gentlemen! &c.[1] out with those [cuckolds], I say, and in with their wives at the back-door![2] — Worship and place, I am weary of ye; ye lie on my shoulders like a load of gold

[1] *Down with those city-gentlemen! &c.*] "I do not know what the *&c.* here alludes to. Perhaps it was left to the actor to add similar exclamations according to his own discretion. [In all probability so: "&c." is not uncommon in our early dramas] '*Cuckolds*,' in the next line [inserted by the Editors of 1778] is not to be found in the old folio[s,] but a bar only indicates the omission of the word. So again Frigoso's answer farther on is thus exhibited: — 'No, by my —— do I not.' To such an extent was the delicacy of the licensers carried; and so ludicrous was the contrast betwixt the gross improprieties they were compelled to retain, and the harmless expletives they thought themselves compelled to expunge!" WEBER.

[2] *in with their wives at the back-door*] "This was the common practice at the court-masques in King James's time, and of course led to the most gross debaucheries. See *A Wife for a Month*, act ii. sc. 4. In Sir Edward Peyton's *Divine Catastrophe of the Stuarts*, he thus reprehends the disgraceful consequences produced by these practices: — 'These bawdy transactions, [as] in a prospective glass, may bring nearer to our memories the fashion of Charles his reigne, how sin was hatched from an egg to a dragon, to devoure holiness of life; insomuch that the masks and playes at Whitehal were used onely for incentives to lust: therefore, the courtiers invited the citizens wives to those shews on purpose to defile them in such sort. There is not a lobby nor chamber (if it could speak) but would verify this.' [p. 47. ed. 1652.] From the present and other old plays, it is however evident that the origin of the custom was not to be charged to King Charles's court, as it was equally prevalent in that of King James." WEBER. [qy. SIR W. SCOTT?]

on an ass's back. A man in authority is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or blown out than under a bushel. — How now! what's the matter?

Enter RINALDO.

Who are you, sir?

Rin. Who am I, sir! why, do you not know me?

Fri. No, by my [faith], do I not.

Rin. I am sure we dined together to-day.

Fri. That's all one: as I dined with you in the city, and as you paid for my dinner there, I do know you, and am beholding[1] to you; but as my mind is since transmigrated into my office, and as you come to court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not.

Rin. Nay, but look you, sir —

Fri. Pardon me: if you had been my bedfellow these seven years, and lent me money to buy my place, I must not transgress principles; this very talking with you is an ill example.

Rin. Pish, you are too punctual a courtier, sir! Why, I am a courtier too; yet never understood the place or name to be so infectious to humanity and manners, as to cast a man into a burning pride and arrogance, for which there is no cure. I am a courtier, and yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

Fri. And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But hark you, signor Frigoso; you shall first understand, I have no friends with me to trouble you.

Fri. Hum — that's a good motive.

Rin. Nor to borrow money of you.

Fri. That's an excellent motive.

Rin. No, my sweet don, nor to ask what you owe me.

Fri. Why, that is the very motive of motives why I ought and will know thee; and if I had not wound thee up to this promise, I would not have known thee these fifteen years, no more than the arrantest or most foundered Castilian that followed our new queen's carriages a-foot.

Rin. Nor for any thing, dear don, but that you would place me conveniently to see the play to-night.

Fri. That shall I, signor Rinaldo. But would you had come sooner! you see how full the scaffolds are; there is scant room for a lover's thought here. — Gentlewomen, sit close, for shame! has none of ye a little corner for this gentleman? — I'll place you, fear not. And how did our brave king of Portugal, Emanuel, bear himself to-day? you saw the solemnity of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit husband for so gracious and excellent a princess, as his worthy mate Isabella, the king of Castile's daughter, doth, in her very external lineaments, mixture of colours, and joining dove-like behaviour, assure herself to be. And I protest, my dear don, seriously, I can sing prophetically nothing but blessed hymns and happy occasions[2] to this sacred union of Portugal and Castile, which have so wisely and mutually conjoined two such virtuous and beautiful princes as these are; and, in all opinion, like to multiply to their very last minute.

Fri. The king is entering: signor, hover hereabout, and as soon as the train is set, clap in to me; we'll stand near the state.[3] If you have any creditors here, they shall renew bonds a twelvemonth on such a sight: but to touch the pommel of the king's chair, in the sight of a citizen, is better security for a thousand double ducats than three of the best merchants in Lisbon. Besides, signor, we will censure,[4] not only the king in the play here, that reigns his two hours, but the king himself, that is to rule his life-time. Take my counsel. I have one word to say to this noble assembly, and I am for you.

Rin. Your method shall govern me.

Fri. *Prologues are huishers bare*[5] *before the wise;*
Why may not, then, an huisher prologuise?
Here's a fair sight; and were ye oftener seen
Thus gather'd here, 'twould please our king and queen.
Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all
To Lisbon and the court of Portugal;
Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights
Than preparations made for kings' delights.
We wish to men content, the manliest treasure;
And to the women their own wish'd-for pleasure!
[*Flourish.*

Enter EMANUEL *and* ISABELLA, *who seat themselves;* Lords *and* Attendants.

Eman. Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure streams
The propagation of two kingdoms flows,
Never contention rise in either's breast,
But contestation whose love shall be best!

Isab. Majestic ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary rivulet;
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
Doth gild and dance upon these humble streams;
Curs'd be my birth-hour and my ending day,
When back your love-floods I forget to pay!
Or if this breast of mine, your crystal brook,
Ever take other form in, other look
But yours, or e'er produce unto your grace
A strange reflection, or another's face,
But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a story but your own;
A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,
Frozen to all, only dissolv'd to you!

Eman. Oh, who shall tell the sweetness of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lie?
I look through this hour like a perspective,[6]

[1] *beholding*] See note, p. 290.
[2] *occasions*] i. e. circumstances, occurrences.
[3] *the state*] i. e. the raised chair, or throne.
[4] *censure*] See note, p. 345.
[5] *huishers bare*] i. e. ushers bare-headed.
[6] *perspective*] Scot gives a minute account of the "Strange things to be doone by perspectiue glasses," part of which is as follows: — "But the woonderous deuises and miraculous sights and conceipts made and conteined in glasse, do farre exceed all other; whereto the art perspectiue is verie necessarie. For it sheweth the illusions of them, whose experiments be seene in diuerse sorts of glasses . . for you

And far off see millions of prosperous seeds,
That our reciprocal affection breeds.
Thus, my white[1] rib, close in my breast with me,
Which nought shall tear hence but mortality.

Lords. Be kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them! [*Flourish.*

Fri. Whist, signor! my strong imagination shews me Love, methinks, bathing in milk and wine in her cheeks. Oh, how she clips him, like a plant of ivy!

Rin. Ay; could not you be content to be an owl in such an ivy-bush, or one of the oaks of the city, to be so clipt?

Fri. Equivocal don, though I like the clipping well, I could not be content either to be your owl, or your ox of the city. [*Flourish.*] The play begins.

Enter Poet, *as Prologue-speaker, with a garland.*[2]

Poet. *Low at your sacred feet our poor Muse lays*
Her and her thunder-fearless verdant bays.
Four several Triumphs to your princely eyes,
Of Honour, Love, Death,[3] *and Time, do rise*
From our approaching subject; which we move
Towards you with fear, since that a sweeter love,
A brighter honour, purer chastity,
March in your breasts this day triumphantly
Than our weak scenes can shew: then how dare we
Present, like apes and zanies,[4] *things that be*
Exemplified in you, but that we know
We ne'er crav'd grace which you did not bestow?
[*Exit.*

— —

THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

SCENE I. — *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Enter in triumph, with drums, trumpets, and colours, MARTIUS, VALERIUS, SOPHOCLES *bound,* NICODEMUS, CORNELIUS, Captains and Soldiers.

Mar. What means proud Sophocles?

Soph. To go even with Martius,
And not to follow him like his officer:
I never waited yet on any man.

Mar. Why, poor Athenian duke, thou art my[5] slave;
My blows have conquer'd thee.

Soph. Thy slave, proud Martius!
Cato thy countryman (whose constancy,
Of all the Romans, I did honour most)
Ripp'd himself twice to avoid slavery,
Making himself his own anatomy:
But look thee, Martius: not a vein runs here,
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unseam,
And, like a spring-garden,[6] shoot his scornful blood
Into their eyes durst come to tread on him.
As for thy blows, they did not conquer me;
Seven battles have I met thee face to face,
And given thee blow for blow and wound for wound,
And, till thou taught'st me,[7] knew not to retire:
Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong;
Thy blows, then, Martius, cannot conquer me.

Val. What is it, then?

Soph. Fortune.

Val. Why, yet in that
Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.

Soph. Young sir, you err: if Fortune could be call'd
Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil,
For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth;
But she but jests with man, and in mischance
Abhors all constancy, flouting him still
With some small touch of good, or seeming good,
Midst of his mischief; which vicissitude
Makes him straight doff his armour and his fence,
He had prepar'd before, to break her strokes:
So from the very zenith of her wheel,
When she has dandled some choice favourite,
Given him his boons in women, honour, wealth,
And all the various delicies[8] of earth,
That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.

Mar. Art sure we have taken him? is this Sophocles?
His fetter'd arms say, no; his free soul, ay:[9]
This Athens nurseth arts as well as arms.

may have glasses so made, as what image or fauour soeuer you print in your imagination, you shall thinke you see the same therein. Others are so framed, as therein one may see what others doo in places far distant," &c. — *The Discov. of Witchcraft*, B. xiii. c. 19, p. 316, ed. 1584.

[1] *white*] "Was a very general epithet of endearment." WEBER. See note, p. 281.

[2] *a garland*] See note, p. 95.

[3] *Death*] Seward, for the metre, printed "and *Death*."

[4] *zanies*] i. e. buffoons, mimics.

[5] *art my*] Weber printed "martyr"!

[6] *like a spring-garden*, &c.] "The last editors [of 1778], not comprehending the meaning of this passage, propose to amend it by reading *spring-gun* instead of *spring-garden*; but they entirely mistake the allusion. It was the fashion formerly in improvements, where there was a command of water, to convey it in pipes in such a manner, that, when you trod on a particular spot, the water played upon you, and wet you severely: these were called *spring-gardens*. And I remember to have seen one of them at Chatsworth, about five-and-twenty years ago, which has probably given place by this time to more modern and elegant decorations; such practical jokes being no longer in fashion. Spring-garden, which formerly made part of St. James's Park, was probably a garden of this kind. It is to this that Sophocles alludes: spring-guns would be a strange anachronism, and destroy both metre [according to the old arrangement] and sense. Paul Hentzner, who visited England in 1598, in his description of Nonsuch, the villa of Henry VIII., says, 'There is, besides, another pyramid of marble, full of concealed pipes, which spirt upon all who come within their reach' [p. 84, ed. 1757]." MASON. "Such fopperies are still to be seen in continental gardens." WEBER. "Such a garden," says Nares, "is still [1822] to be seen at Enstone, in Oxfordshire." *Gloss.* in v.

[7] *thou taught'st me*] "The context seems to require FATE *taught me*, or words to that effect." *Ed.* 1778. "This is a most needless alteration. Sophocles says simply, 'I never knew how to retire till I learnt it by thy example.'" WEBER, — who borrowed this note from MASON.

[8] *delicies*] Generally written *delices*, — i. e. delights. — So the first fol. The modern editors give, with the sec. folio, "delicacies."

[9] *His fetter'd arms say, no; his free soul, ay*] "MASON

Soph. Nor glory, Martius, in this day of thine,
'Tis behind yesterday, but before to-morrow:
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance she has: the man that's best
She still contends with, and doth favour least.
Mar. Methinks, a graver thunder than the skies'
Breaks from his lips: I am amaz'd to hear;
And Athens' words, more than her swords, do fear. — [*Aside.*
Slave Sophocles ——
Soph. Martius, couldst thou acquire,[1]
And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayers
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit,
To gather all the valour of the Cæsars
Thy predecessors, and what is to come.
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my mind go less,[2] not[3] pare
With all their swords one virtue from my soul:
How am I vassall'd, then? Make such thy slaves
As dare not keep their goodness past their graves.
Know, general, we two are chances on
The die of Fate; now thrown, thy six is up,
And my poor one beneath thee; next, the throw[4]
May set me upmost, and cast thee below.
Mar. Yet will I try thee more; calamity
Is man's true touchstone. [*Aside.*] — Listen, insolent prince,
That dar'st contemn the master of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy city-walls
With barbarous cruelty, and call thy wife
To see it, and then after send her ——
Soph. Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. And then demolish Athens to the ground,
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave succession neither stone nor name.
Soph. Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Dost thou deride me?
Val. Kneel, ask Martius
For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy still!
Soph. Kneel, and ask mercy! Roman, art a god?
I never kneel'd or begg'd of any else.
Thou art a fool; and I will lose no more
Instructions on thee, now I find thy ears
Are foolish, like thy tongue. [*Solemn music.*

Enter Dorigen, *and* Ladies *bearing a sword and wreath.*

My Dorigen!
Oh, must she see me bound?
First Capt. There's the first sigh
He breath'd since he was born, I think.
Sec. Capt. Forbear,
All but the lady his wife!
Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace my Dorigen!
Val. Turn but thy face,
And ask thy life of Martius thus, and thou,
With thy fair wife, shalt live; Athens shall stand,
And all her privileges augmented be.
Soph. 'Twere better Athens perish'd, and my wife, —
Which, Romans, I do know a worthy one, —
Than Sophocles should shrink of Sophocles,
Commit profane idolatry, by giving
The reverence due to gods to thee, blown[5] man!
Mar. Rough, stubborn cynic!
Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a coarser wale,[6] fuller of pride,
Less temperate to bear prosperity.
Thou seest my mere neglect hath rais'd in thee
A storm more boisterous than the ocean's;
My virtue, patience, makes thee vicious.
[Dorigen *kneels.*
Mar. Why, fair-ey'd lady, do you kneel?
Dor. Great general,
Victorious, godlike Martius, your poor handmaid
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot; speaks
Thus humbly that he may not. Listen, Roman;
Thou whose advancèd front doth speak thee Roman
To every nation, and whose deeds assure't;
Behold a princess, whose declining head,
Like to a drooping lily after storms,
Bows to thy feet, and playing here the slave,
To keep her husband's greatness unabated:
All which doth make thy conquest greater; for,
If he be base in aught whom thou hast taken,
Then Martius hath but taken a base prize;
But if this jewel hold lustre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
Oh, make him such a captive as thyself
Unto another wouldst, great captain, be!
Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.
Mar. Valerius, here is harmony would have brought
Old crabbed Saturn to sweet sleep, when Jove
Did first incense him with rebellion.
Athens doth make women philosophers;
And, sure, their children chat the talk of gods.
Val. Rise, beauteous Dorigen.
Dor. Not until I know
The general's resolution.

says we should transpose the affirmative and the negative in this line, because the question asked by Martius is, Whether he is a captive or not? But the text is capable of receiving the following very poetical explanation, furnished by a friend, [Qy. Sir Walter Scott?], which proves the propriety of it at once: 'Is this Sophocles? the illustrious Sophocles? this! the enslaved being before me! — Regarding his fetters only, I should say — No. But when I regard his 'free soul,' I hear it proclaim — Ay! he, whose great soul looks down upon chains and captivity, is indeed Sophocles.'" Weber (whose note I have somewhat shortened towards the end.)

[1] *Slave Sophocles* ——
Soph. *Martius, couldst thou acquire,* &c.] Old eds.,
"Soph. *Martius, slave Sophocles, couldst thou acquire,*" &c.
The necessary alteration now given was made by Seward, who also very unnecessarily changes "*acquire*" into "aspire." Mason offers some unhappy conjectures on the passage.

[2] *go less*] "i. e. become less, be valued at less." Weber. A wrong explanation: *go less* means properly — adventure a smaller sum (see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iii. 246), and here it seems to be equivalent to — shrink, quail.

[3] *not*] Seward printed "nor" — rightly perhaps.

[4] *next, the throw*] So the sec. folio. Weber gave, with the first folio, "*next thy throw.*" Seward, following his own devices, printed, "and *next throw.*"

[5] *blown*] i. e. swelled with pride, insolent.

[6] *wale*] i. e. texture, (properly, — the ridge of threads in the cloth.)

Val. One soft word
From Sophocles would calm him into tears,
Like gentle showers after tempestuous winds.
Dor. To buy the world, he will not give a word,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judgment,
And the divine composure[1] of his mind:
All which I therefore do; and here present
This victor's wreath, this rich Athenian sword,
Trophies of conquest, which, great Martius, wear,
And be appeas'd! let Sophocles still live!
Mar. He would not live.
Dor. He would not beg to live:
When he shall so forget, then I begin
To command, Martius; and when he kneels,
Dorigen stands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.
Mar. Scorn him now, then,
Here in the face of Athens and thy friends. —
Self-will'd, stiff Sophocles, prepare to die,
[DORIGEN *rises.*
And by that sword thy lady honour'd me,
With which herself shall follow. — Romans, friends,
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part with me
Half Athens and my half of victory.
Captains. By [heaven], not we!
Nic. } We two will do it, sir.
Corn. }
Soph. Away, ye fish-fac'd rascals!
Val. Martius,
To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame,[2]
Valerius thy brother shall for once
Turn executioner: give me the sword. —
Now, Sophocles, I'll strike as suddenly
As thou dar'st die.
Soph. Thou canst not: and, Valerius,
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me
Than bid me kneel to Martius; 'tis to murder
The fame of living men, which great ones do;
Their studies strangle; poison makes away,[3]
The wretched hangman only ends the play.
Val. Art thou prepar'd?
Soph. Yes.
Val. Bid thy wife farewell.
Soph. No; I will take no leave. — My Dorigen,
Yonder above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee; prithee, haste!
Dor. Stay, Sophocles! with this tie up my sight; [SOPH. *puts a scarf over her eyes.*
Let not soft nature so transformed be,
And lose her gentler-sex'd humanity,
To make me see my lord bleed! — So; 'tis well:
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles.
Farewell! now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?
Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And therefore not what 'tis to live. To die
Is to begin to live; it is to end
An old stale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better; 'tis to leave
Deceitful knaves for the society
Of gods and goodness: thou thyself must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.
Val. But art not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus?
Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
To them I ever lov'd best? Now I'll kneel;
But with my back toward thee: 'tis the last duty
This trunk can do the gods. [*Kneels.*
Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth! —
This is a man! a woman! — Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont. —
[SOPH. *rises, takes the scarf off* DORIGEN'S *eyes, and kisses her.*
Oh, Love, thou doubly hast afflicted me,
With virtue and with beauty! Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.
Val. What ails my brother?
Soph. Martius, oh, Martius,
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me!
Dor. Oh, star of Rome, what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this!
Mar. Doth Juno talk, or Dorigen!
Val. You are observ'd.
Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune and of death,
Captiv'd himself, hath captivated me;
And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,

[1] *composure*] i. e. composition, frame.

[2] *To eclipse this great eclipse labours thy fame, &c.*] "i. e. to dispel this great eclipse, which obscures thy fame [makes thy fame *labour*, like the moon in an eclipse], I, your brother, will act the part of executioner." MASON.

[3] *'tis to murder*
The fame of living men, which great ones do;
Their studies strangle; poison makes away, &c.] "By making the first part of the sentence end at *strangle*, the following sense may be deduced from it. To make their fellow-creatures kneel to them, as great men frequently do, is worse than murdering them; it renders them servile and slavish, debases them below the dignity of their nature, murders therefore their fame, and fetters and strangles their *studies*, i. e. the free exertions of their rational faculties. Whereas poison makes away or destroys a man without injuring his fame, or diminishing the dignity of his soul; and the wretched despicable hangman only puts an end to the part we act upon the stage of this world. This sentiment is continued and improved in Sophocles's next speech upon death." SEWARD.

"Probably we should point,

——— *which great ones do*
Their studies strangle.

The sense is, 'You will dishonour me less by killing me, than bidding me kneel to Martius. Great men exert themselves to murder the fame of the living; which is greater cruelty than poison or hanging, which but concludes our misery.'" *Ed.* 1778 (where this pointing is given in the text).

"I should read,

'tis to murder
The fame of living men, when great ones do
Their studies strangle, &c.

and the meaning may possibly be this: that when great men, by their power, force others to depart from the principles they have formed, from their studies, they destroy their fame." MASON.

Weber adopted the alteration proposed by Mason. Amid so much uncertainty, I prefer following the old eds.

His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul:
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think!
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyv'd:
Then we have vanquish'd nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.

Soph. How fares the noble Roman?

Mar. Why?

Dor. Your blood
Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
Have lost their splendour.

Mar. Baser fires go out
When the sun shines on 'em. I am not well;
An apoplectic [1] fit I used to have,
After my heats in war carelessly cool'd.

Soph. Martius shall rest in Athens with his friends,
Till this distemper leave him. Oh, great Roman,
See Sophocles do that for thee he could not
Do for himself, weep! Martius, by the [gods],
It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer
Under the body's weak infirmity. —
Sweet lady, take him to thy loving charge,
And let thy care be tender.

Dor. Kingly sir,
I am your nurse and servant.

Mar. Oh, dear lady,
My mistress, nay, my deity! — Guide me, Heaven! —
Ten wreaths triumphant Martius will give,
To change a Martius for a Sophocles. —
Can't not be done, Valerius, with this boot? [2] —
Inseparable affection ever thus
Colleague with Athens Rome!

Dor. Beat warlike tunes,
Whilst Dorigen thus honours Martius' brow
With one victorious wreath more!

Soph. And Sophocles
Thus girds his sword of conquest to his thigh,
Which ne'er be drawn but cut out victory!

Captains. For ever be it thus!

[*Exeunt all except* NICODEMUS *and* CORNELIUS.

Corn. Corporal Nicodemus, a word with you.

Nic. My worthy sutler Cornelius, it befits not Nicodemus the Roman officer to parley with a fellow of thy rank; the affairs of the empire are to be occupied.

Corn. Let the affairs of the empire lie a while unoccupied, sweet Nicodemus: I do require the money at thy hands which thou dost owe me; and if fair means cannot attain, force of arms shall accomplish. [*Draws.*

Nic. Put up, and live.

Corn. I have put up too much already, thou corporal of concupiscence! for I suspect thou hast dishonoured my flock-bed, and with thy foolish eloquence and that bewitching face of thine drawn my wife, the young harlotry baggage, to prostitute herself unto thee. Draw, therefore; for thou shalt find thyself a mortal corporal.

Nic. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear! I will rather descend from my honour, and argue these contumelies with thee, than clutch thee, poor fly, in these eaglet [talons [3]] of mine, or draw my sword of fate on a peasant, a besognio,[4] a cocoloch,[5] as thou art. Thou shalt first understand, this foolish eloquence and intolerable beauty of mine (both which, I protest, are merely natural) are the gifts of the gods, with which I have neither sent bawdy sonnet nor amorous glance, or (as the vulgar call it) sheep's eye to thy betrothed Florence.

Corn. Thou liest.

Nic. Oh, gods of Rome, was Nicodemus born
To bear these braveries from a poor provant? [6]
Yet, when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,
The lion laughs; not roars, but goes his way.

Corn. A [pox] o' your poetical vein! this versifying my wife has hornified me. Sweet corporal Cod's-head, no more standing on your punctilios and punkettos of honour, they are not worth a louse: the truth is, thou art the general's by-gamy,[7] that is, his fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant and recreant; not an horse-boy in the legions but has beaten thee; thy beginning was knapsack, and thy ending will be halter-sack.[8]

Nic. Methinks I am now Sophocles the wise, and thou art Martius the mad.

Corn. No more of your tricks, good corporal Leather-chops. I say, thou hast dishonoured me; and since honour now-a-days is only repaid by money, pay me, and I am satisfied; even reckoning keeps long friends.

Nic. Let us continue friends, then, for I have been even with thee a long time; and, though I have not paid thee, I have paid thy wife.

Corn. Flow forth, my tears! Thou hast deflowered her, Tarquin! the garden of my delight, hedged about, in which there was but one bowling-alley for mine own private procreation, thou hast, like a thief in the night, leaped the hedge, entered my alley, and, without my privity, played thine own rubbers.

Nic. How long shall patience thus securely snore?
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes,
This budding chin, or rosy-colour'd cheek,

[1] *apoplectic*] Was altered to "epileptic" by Seward, who says, "to make a man accustomed to apoplectic fits, seems improper, since the third stroke is generally held fatal."!

[2] *boot*] "i. e. advantage." *Ed.* 1778.

[3] [*talons*] Seward printed "claws;" and so his successors. The context would seem to shew that the omitted word must have been a harmless one; and yet the mark of omission (a dash thus —) is the same here as in passages of the play which were undoubtedly mutilated by the licenser.

[4] *besognio*] i. e. beggar, needy fellow.

[5] *cocoloch*] Gifford says that "a couple of *cockloches*" in Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, act ii. sc. 2, "appears to mean a couple of silly coxcombs; but the word is of rare occurrence in our old writers. It is pure French, — *Coquelueche*, a sort of spoiled child." Note on *Works*, 1. 307. In a tract entitled *Bartholomew Faire*, 1641, 4to., I find: "on the other side, Hocus Pocus with three yards of tape or ribbin in's hand, shewing his art of Legerdemaine, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of *cockoloaches*." p. 4, — where the term is evidently equivalent to — simpletons.

[6] *provant*] Means properly, provender, provisions, and is here applied contemptuously to Cornelius, because he is a sutler.

[7] *the general's by-gamy*] i. e. one who affords *by-game* to the general, — as seems to be proved by what immediately follows, — "this is, his fool." Yet the Editors of 1778 and Weber print "bigamy"!

[8] *thy ending will be halter-sack*] i. e. thy ending will be hanging: see note, p. 279.

This comely body, and this waxen[1] leg,
Have drawn her into a fool's paradise?
By Cupid's [godhead] I do swear (no other),[2]
She's chaster far than Lucrece, her grandmother;
Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash[3] it;
Whiter than lady's smock, when she did wash it, —
For well thou wott'st, though now my heart's commandress,
I once was free, and she but the camp's laundress.

Corn. Ay; she then came sweet to me; no part about her but smelt of soap-suds; like a Dryad[4] out of a wash-bowl. Pray, or pay!

Nic. Hold!

Corn. Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy pennyworths small? was not thy ale the mightiest of the earth in malt, and thy stoop[5] filled like a tide? was not thy bed soft, and thy bacon fatter than a dropsy? Come, sir.

Nic. Mars, then, inspire me with the fencing skill
Of our tragedian actors! — Honour pricks; —
And, sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks!
Grant us one crush, one pass, and now a high lavolta-fall;[6]
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all! [*They fight.*

Enter Florence.

Flor. Oh, that ever I was born! — Why, gentlemen —

Corn. Messaline of Rome! away, disloyal concubine! I will be deafer to thee than thou art to others: I will have my hundred drachmas he owes me, thou arrant whore!

Flor. I know he is an hundred drachmas o' the score; but what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet Cornelius! Oh, my heart! o' my conscience, 'tis fallen thorow the bottom of my belly! Oh, my sweet Didymus, if either of ye miskill one another, what will become of poor Florence? pacify yourselves, I pray!

Corn. Go to, my heart is not stone; I am not marble: dry your eyes, Florence. — The scurvy ape's-face knows my blind side well enough. [*Aside.*] — Leave your puling: will this content you? let him taste thy nether lip [Nic. *kisses her*]; which, in sign of amity, I thus take off again [*kissing her*]. Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.

Nic. Lily of concord! [*Exit* Florence.] — And now, honest sutler, since I have had proof as well of thy good nature as of thy wife's before, I will acquaint thee with a project shall fully satisfy thee for thy debt. Thou shalt understand, I am shortly to be knighted.

Corn. The devil thou art!

Nic. Renounce me else! For the sustenance of which worship (which worship many times wants sustenance), I have here the general's grant to have the leading of two hundred men.

Corn. You jest, you jest.

Nic. Refuse me else to the pit!

Corn. Mercy on us! ha' you not forgot yourself? by your swearing, you should be knighted already.

Nic. Damn me, sir, here's his hand; read it. [*Offers a paper.*

Corn. Alas, I cannot!

Nic. I know that. [*Aside.*] — It has pleased the general to look upon my service. Now, sir, shall you join with me in petitioning for fifty men more, in regard of my arrearages to you; which if granted, I will bestow the whole profit of those fifty men on thee and thine heirs for ever, till Atropos do cut this simple thread.

Corn. No more, dear corporal; Sir Nicodemus that shall be, I cry your worship's[7] mercy! I am your servant, body and goods, moveables and immoveables; use my house, use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list.

Nic. A figment is a candid lie:[8] this is an old pass. Mark what follows. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A rocky Place near the City.*

Enter Martius, *and two* Captains.

Mar. Pray, leave me: you are Romans, honest men;
Keep me not company; I am turn'd knave,
Have lost my fame and nature.
[*Exeunt* Captains.
Athens, Athens,
This Dorigen is thy Palladium!
He that will sack thee must betray her first,
Whose words wound deeper than her husband's sword;
Her eyes make captive still the conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that end.
Oh, subtle devil, what a golden ball
Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way!
Why, foolish Sophocles, brought'st thou not to field
Thy lady, that thou mightst have overcome?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreaths
That hang like jewels on the seven-fold hill,
And bid Rome send him out to fight with men,
(For that she knew he durst,) and not 'gainst Fate
Or deities; what mortal conquers them?
Insatiate Julius, when his victories

[1] *waxen*] i. e. well made, as if it had been modelled in wax.

[2] *By Cupid's* [*godhead*] *I do swear* (*no other*)] Seward chose to print,

"By Cupid's bow (I do swear by no other)."

The word "*godhead*" was inserted by the Editors of 1778, who, Weber says, "filled up the hiatus properly:" decently, at any rate.

[3] *dash*] i. e. splash, bespatter.

[4] *Dryad*] "Was prob bly a designed mistake for 'Naiad,' &c." Seward. Of course, it was.

[5] *stoop*] See note, p. 3 3.

[6] *lavolta-fall*] See note, p. 235. Old eds. "Cavalto *fall*."

[7] *worship's*] Old eds. "wishes." The alteration was made by Seward, who observes, "he calls him afterwards before Martius, 'his *worship* Sir Nicodemus:'" and see a preceding speech of Nicodemus in the present scene, "For the sustenance of which *worship*," &c.

[8] *a candid lie*] i. e. a white lie. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*a* candied *lie*."!

Had run o'er half the world, had he met her,
There he had stopt the legend of his deeds,
Laid by his arms, been overcome himself,
And let her vanquish th' other half; and fame
Made beauteous Dorigen the greater name.
Shall I thus fall? I will not: no; my tears,
Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires:
He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

Enter DORIGEN *with* Ladies.

Dor. Great sir, my lord commands me visit you;
And thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds
From some distaste of worthless entertainment.
Will't please you take your chamber? how d'ye do, sir?
Mar. Lost, lost again! the wild rage of my blood
Doth ocean-like o'erflow the shallow shore
Of my weak virtue: my desire's a vane,
That the least breath from her turns every way. [*Aside.*
Dor. What says my lord?
Mar. Dismiss your women, pray,
And I'll reveal my grief.
Dor. Leave me. [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Mar. Long tales of love (whilst love itself
Might be enjoy'd) are languishing delays.
There is a secret strange lies in my breast,
I will partake wi' you, which much concerns
Your lord, yourself, and me. Oh!
Dor. Strange secrets, sir,
Should not be made so cheap to strangers; yet,
If your strange secret do no lower lie
Than in your breast, discover it.
Mar. I will.
Oh! can you not see it, lady, in my sighs?
Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can see?
Mar. Scorn me not, Dorigen, with mocks: Alcides,
That master'd monsters, was by beauty tam'd;
Omphale smil'd his club out of his hand,
And made him spin her smocks. Oh, sweet, I love you!
And I love Sophocles: I must enjoy you;
And yet I would not injure him.
Dor. Let go!
You hurt me, sir. Farewell.—Stay; is this Martius?
I will not tell my lord: he'll swear I lie;
Doubt my fidelity, before thy honour.
How hast thou vex'd the gods, that they would let thee
Thus violate friendship, hospitality,
And all the bonds[1] of sacred piety?
Sure, thou but triest me, out of love to him,
And wouldst reject me, if I did consent.
Oh, Martius, Martius! wouldst thou in one minute
Blast all thy laurels, which so many years
Thou hast been purchasing with blood and sweat?
Hath Dorigen never been written, read,
Without the epithet of *chaste, chaste* Dorigen,
And wouldst thou fall upon her chastity,
Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out?
When men shall read the records of thy valour,
Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach
(Highly content yet) to this foul assault
Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
They shall throw down the book, and read no more,
Though the best deeds ensue, and all conclude
That ravell'd the whole story,[2] whose sound heart
(Which should have been) prov'd the most leprous part.
Mar. Oh, thou confut'st divinely, and thy words
Do fall like rods upon me! but they have
Such silken lines and silver hooks, that I
Am faster snar'd: my love has ta'en such hold,
That, like two wrestlers, though thou stronger be,
And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after;
I must, or perish.
Dor. Perish, Martius, then!
For I here vow unto the gods, these rocks,
These rocks we see so fixed, shall be remov'd,
Made champion[3] field, ere I so impious prove,
To stain my lord's bed with adulterous love!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The gods protect fair Dorigen!
Dor. Amen,
From all you wolvish Romans! [*Exit.*
Val. Ha! what's this?—
Still, brother, in your moods?—Oh, then, my doubts
Are truths. Have at it! I must try a way
To be resolv'd.[4] [*Aside.*
Mar. How strangely dost thou look!
What ail'st thou?
Val. What ail'st thou?
Mar. Why, I am mad.
Val. Why, I am madder. Martius, draw thy sword,
And lop a villain from the earth; for, if
Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place
I'll hang myself: Valerius shall not live
To wound his brother's honour, stain his country,
And branded with ingratitude to all times.
Mar. For what can all this be?
Val. I am in love.
Mar. Why, so am I. With whom? ha!
Val. Dorigen.
Mar. With Dorigen! how dost thou love her? speak.
Val. Even to the height of lust; and I must have her,
Or else I die.
Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring traitor!

[1] *bonds*] Old eds. "bounds."

[2] *That ravell'd the whole story*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures "Thou'st *ravell'd the whole story.*" Mason proposed to read "*That ravell'd* thy *whole story,*"—an alteration which Weber adopted. The text may be corrupted: but passages which can hardly be reconciled to grammar occur elsewhere in these plays.

[3] *champion*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "champain." They were not aware that the other form of the word is very common in our early writers.

[4] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

On all the confines I have rid my horse,
Was there no other woman for thy choice
But Dorigen? Why, villain, she is mine:
She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and fool;
'Tis I must have her, or I die.

Val. Oh, all ye gods,
With mercy look on this declining rock
Of valour and of virtue! breed not up
From infancy, in honour, to full man,
As you have done him, to destroy! — Here, strike!
For I have only search'd thy wound; despatch!
Far, far be such love from Valerius!
So far, he scorns to live to be call'd brother
By him that[1] dares own such folly and such vice.

Mar. 'Tis truth thou speak'st; but I do hate it: peace!
If Heaven will snatch my sword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is destin'd to be odious
In his old age, must undergo his fate.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* NICODEMUS.

Corn. If you do not back me, I shall never do't.

Nic. I warrant you.

Corn. Hum, hum —— sir, my lord, my lord ——

Mar. Ha! what's the matter?

Corn. Hum —— concerning the odd fifty, my lord, an't please your generality, his worship Sir Nicodemus ——

Mar. What's here? a pass? you would for Rome? you lubbers!
Doth one day's laziness make ye covet home?
Away, ye boarish rogues! ye dogs, away!
[*Strikes them.*

Enter FLORENCE.

Corn. Oh, oh, oh![2]

Flor. How now, man? are you satisfied?

Corn. Ay, ay, ay; a [pox] o' your corporal! I am paid soundly; I was never better paid in all my life.

Flor. Marry, the gods' blessing on his honour's heart! — You have done a charitable deed, sir; many more such may you live to do, sir! the gods keep you, sir, the gods protect you!
[*Exit with* CORNELIUS *and* NICODEMUS.

Mar. These peasants mock me, sure. — Valerius,
Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,
And tell fair Dorigen, (she that but now
Left me with this harsh vow, — sooner these rocks
Should be remov'd than she would yield,) that I
Was yet so loving, on her gift to die.

Val. Oh, Jupiter forbid it, sir, and grant
This my device may certify thy mind!
You are my brother, nor must perish thus:
Be comforted. Think you fair Dorigen
Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks
By skill could be removèd, or by fallacy
She made believe so?

Mar. Why, she could not choose;
The Athenians are religious in their vows
Above all nations.

Val. Soft; down yonder hill
The lady comes this way: once more to try her;
If she persist in obstinacy, by my skill,
Learn'd from the old Chaldean was my tutor,
Who train'd me in the mathematics, I will
So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibility
Effected by some supernatural means.
Be confident; this engine shall at least,
Till the gods better order, still this breast.

Mar. Oh, my best brother, go! and for reward
Choose any part o' the world, I'll give it thee.
[*Exit* VALERIUS.
Oh, little Love,[3] men say thou art a god!
Thou mightst have got a fitter fool than I.

Re-enter DORIGEN.

Dor. Art thou there, basilisk? remove thine eyes;
For I am sick to death with thy infection.

Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me! save him, lady,
Whose single arm defends all Rome, whose mercy
Hath sav'd thy husband's and thy life!

Dor. To spoil
Our fame and honours? No; my vow is fix'd,
And stands, as constant as these stones do, still.

Mar. Then, pity me, ye gods! you only may
Move her by tearing these firm stones away.
[*Solemn music. A mist arises; the rocks seem to move.*

Re-enter VALERIUS, *habited like* MERCURY.

Val. [*Sings.*]

Martius, rejoice! Jove sends me from above,
His messenger, to cure thy desperate love:
To shew rash vows cannot bind destiny,
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be!
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield! lest, for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.[4]
[*Exit.*

Dor. What strange delusion's this? what sorcery
Affrights me with these apparitions!
My colder chastity's nigh turn'd to death. —
Hence, lewd magician! dar'st thou make the gods
Bawds to thy lust? will they do miracles
To further evil? or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,
And will no longer serve 'em. — Jupiter,
Thy golden shower, nor thy snow-white swan,
Had I been Leda, or bright Danaë,

[1] *that*] Omitted by Seward — rightly perhaps.

[2] *Oh, oh, oh*] Given in the old eds. to "*Wife.*" This obviously necessary correction was made by Seward.

[3] *Love*] Old eds., "Rome." — The alteration was made by Seward, who observes that the error perhaps arose from the compositor's eye having been caught by the words "all Rome" in the fifth line after.

[4] *They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt*] "i. e. they fix you a rock in this place, from whence the other rocks are taken away: for that is the meaning of the word *exempt*, from the Latin *eximere*." MASON.

Had bought mine honour. Turn me into stone
For being good, and blush when thou hast done!
[*Exit.*

Re-enter VALERIUS.

Mar. Oh, my Valerius, all yet will not do!
Unless I could so draw mine honesty
Down to the lees to be a ravisher:
She calls me witch and villain.
Val. Patience, sir;
The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe,
And ruminate on this strange sight. — Time decays
The strongest, fairest buildings we can find:
But still, Diana, fortify her mind! [*Aside.*]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* SOPHOCLES.

Enter SOPHOCLES *and* DORIGEN.

Soph. Weep not, bright Dorigen; for thou hast stood
Constant and chaste, it seems, 'gainst gods and men,
When rocks and mountains were remov'd. — These wonders
Do stupify my senses. Martius,
This is inhuman. Was thy sickness lust?
Yet, were this truth, why weeps she? Jealous soul,
What dost thou thus suggest? Vows, magic, rocks! —
Fine tales! — and tears! — she ne'er complain'd before:
I bade her visit him; she often did,
Had many opportunities — hum — 'tis naught: oh!
No way but this. [*Aside.*] — Come, weep no more; I have ponder'd
This miracle, the anger of the gods,
Thy vow, my love to thee and Martius:
He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,
Lest worse fates follow us. Go, keep thy oath;
For *chaste* and *whore* are words of equal length:
But let not Martius know that I consent. —
Oh, I am pull'd in pieces! [*Aside.*
Dor. Ay, say you so?
I'll meet you in your path. Oh, wretched men,
With all your valour and your learning, bubbles! — [*Aside.*] [*Kneels.*
Forgive me, Sophocles! — yet why kneel I
For pardon, having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient servant, antedating
My lord's command? [*Rises.*
Sir, I have often and already given
This bosom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear lord is pleas'd with it;
Whose gentle honourable mind I see
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You are sad, sir! Martius loves me,
And I love Martius, with such ardency
As never married couple could: I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, sir, send for me;
Till then, make use of your philosophy. [*Exit.*

Soph. Stay, Dorigen! — Oh, me, inquisitive fool! —
Thou that didst order this congested heap,
When it was chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms
Forming it to this vast rotundity,
Dissolve it now; shuffle the elements,
That no one proper by itself may stand!
Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant
The sun drink up the sea! Day, ne'er come down,
To light me to those deeds that must be done!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Roman Camp before the City.*

Enter MARTIUS, VALERIUS, Captains *and* Soldiers, *with drums and colours, on one side; and* DORIGEN *with* Ladies *on the other.*

Dor. Hail, general of Rome! from Sophocles,
That honours Martius, Dorigen presents
Herself to be dishonour'd. Do thy will;
For Sophocles commands me to obey:
Come, violate all rules of holiness,
And rend the consecrated knot of love.
Mar. Never, Valerius, was I blest till now;
Behold the end of all my weary steps,
The prize of all my battles! Leave us, all;
Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin!
In zealous love a minute's loss is sin.
Val. Can Martius be so vile? or Dorigen?
Dor. Stay, stay! — and, monster, keep thou further off!
I thought thy brave soul would have much, much loath'd
To have gone on still on such terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust
Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
Whilst my chaste name lives to posterity.
[*Offers to stab herself.*
Mar. [*kneeling.*] Live, live, — thou angel of thy sex, forgive! —
Till by those golden tresses thou be'st snatch'd
Alive to heaven; for thy corruption's
So little that it cannot suffer death!
Was ever such a woman? Oh, my mirror,
How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,
Which now I hate! and when I next attempt thee,
Let all the fires in the zodiac
Drop on this cursed head!
All. Oh, blest event!
Dor. Rise, like the sun again in all his glory
After a dark eclipse!
Mar. Never, without
A pardon.

Enter SOPHOCLES *and two or three* Gentlemen *of Athens.*

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven yourself.
Soph. Behold their impudence! are my words just? —
Unthankful man, viper to arms, and Rome
Thy natural mother! have I warm'd thee here
To corrode even my heart? Martius, prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.
Mar. Why, Sophocles,
Then, prithee, kill me; I deserve it highly;

For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men and gods;
But am repentant now, and in best case
To uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh;
Which, though (gods witness) ne'er was actually
Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 'twas
Her goodness that restrain'd and held me now:
But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or else forgive it!
Val. By the gods of Athens,
These words are true, and all direct again!
Soph. Pardon me, Dorigen!
Mar. Forgive me, Sophocles,
And Dorigen too, and every one that's good!
Dor. Rise, noble Roman. — Beloved Sophocles, [MARTIUS *rises.*
Take to thy breast thy friend!
Mar. And to thy heart
Thy matchless wife! Heaven has not stuff enough
To make another such; for, if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake,
Oh, thou infinity of excellence!
Henceforth in men's discourse Rome shall not take
The wall of Athens as to-fore; but when
In their fair honours we to speak do come,
We'll say, 'twas so in Athens and in Rome.
[*Exeunt in pomp.*

DIANA *descends.*

Diana. *Honour, set ope thy gates, and with thee bring*
My servant and thy friend, fair Dorigen:
Let her[e] *triumph with her her lord and friend,*[1]
Who though misled, still honour was their end.
[Flourish.

Enter the Show of Honour's Triumph: a great flourish of trumpets and drums within; then enter a noise of trumpets[2] *sounding cheerfully; then follows an armed Knight bearing a crimson banneret in hand, with the inscription* Valour; *by his side a Lady bearing a watchet*[3] *banneret, the inscription* Clemency; *next,* MARTIUS *and* SOPHOCLES *with coronets; next, two* Ladies, *one bearing a white banneret, the inscription* Chastity, *the other a black, the inscription* Constancy; *then* DORIGEN *crowned; last, a chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a person crowned, with a sceptre, on the top, in an antic scutcheon, is written* Honour. *As they pass over,* DIANA *ascends.*

Rin. How like you it?
Fri. Rarely; so well, I would they would do it again! How many of our wives now-a-days would deserve to triumph in such a chariot?
Rin. That's all one; you see they triumph in caroches.
Fri. That they do, by the mass; but not all neither; many of them are content with carts. But, signor, I have now found out a great absurdity, i'faith.
Rin. What was't?
Fri. The Prologue, presenting four Triumphs, made but three legs[4] to the king: a three-legged Prologue! 'twas monstrous.
Rin. 'T had been more monstrous to have had a four-legged one. Peace, the king speaks.
Eman. Here was a woman, Isabel!
Isab. Ay, my lord,
But that she told a lie to vex her husband;
Therein she fail'd.
Eman. She serv'd him well enough;
He that was so much man, yet would be cast
To jealousy for her integrity.
This teacheth us, the passion of love
Can fight with soldiers and with scholars too.
Isab. In Martius clemency and valour shewn,
In the other courage and humanity;
And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd
By Clemency and Valour.
Eman. Rightly observ'd;
As she by Chastity and Constancy.
What hurt's now in a play, 'gainst which some rail
So vehemently?[5] thou and I, my love,
Make excellent use, methinks: I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealousy,
And thou a constant wife. Sweet poetry's
A flower, where men, like bees and spiders, may
Bear poison, or else sweets and wax away:
Be venom-drawing spiders they that will;
I'll be the bee, and suck the honey still.
[*Flourish.*

CUPID *descends.*

Cupid. *Stay, clouds! ye rack*[6] *too fast. Bright Phœbus, see,*
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chastity!
Give Love now leave, in purity to shew
Unchaste affection fly not from his bow:
Produce the sweet example of your youth,
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your truth.
[Flourish.
[*Ascends.*

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

SCENE I. — *A Room in* BENVOGLIO'S *House.*

Enter VIOLANTE *and* GERRARD.

Vio. Why does my Gerrard grieve?
Ger. Oh, my sweet mistress!

[1] *Let her*[e] *triumph with her her lord and friend*] Seward printed,

"*Let her triumph with* him, *her lord and friend,*"

and so his successors. They seem not to have perceived that the "*friend*" means Martius.

[2] *a noise of trumpets*] i. e. a company, band of trumpeters.

[3] *watchet*] i. e. pale blue.

[4] *legs*] "i. e. bows." *Ed.* 1778.

[5] *'gainst which some rail*
So vehemently] "In allusion to the puritans, who preached and wrote in the most venomous and inflammatory terms against the wickedness of stage-playing." WEBER. In the next line, "use" is a term borrowed from the puritans, who employed it in the sense of — practical application of doctrines.

[6] *rack*] i. e. move like vapour, or smoke: see note, p. 270.

It is not life (which, by our Milan law,
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive;
That I would lose to save the little finger
Of this your noble burden from least hurt,
Because your blood is in't: but since your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
Being we are not married, your dear blood
Falls under the same cruel penalty;
And can Heaven think fit you die for me?
For Heaven's sake, say I ravish'd you! I'll swear it,
To keep your life safe and repute unstain'd.
Vio. Oh, Gerrard, thou'rt my life and faculties,
(And if I lose thee, I'll not keep mine own,)
The thought of whom sweetens all miseries!
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death?
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment?
It was so far from rape, that, Heaven doth know,
If ever the first lovers, ere they fell,
Knew simply in the state of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush.
Ger. Oh, but, my rarest Violante, when
My lord Randulpho, brother to your father,
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim
At[1] my poor aunt, and me, which his free alms
Hath nurs'd, since Milan by the duke of Mantua,
Who now usurps it, was surpris'd! that time
My father and my mother were both slain,
With my aunt's husband, as she says, their states
Despoil'd and seiz'd; 'tis past my memory,
But thus she told me: only this I know,
Since I could understand, your honour'd uncle
Hath given me all the liberal education
That his own son might look for, had he one;
Now will he say, "Dost thou requite me thus?"
Oh, the thought kills me!
Vio. Gentle, gentle Gerrard,
Be cheer'd, and hope the best. My mother, father,
And uncle, love me most indulgently,
Being the only branch of all their stocks:
But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve
With this unwelcome news, shall ever hear
Violante's tongue reveal, much less accuse,
Gerrard to be the father of his own;
I'll rather silent die, that thou mayst live
To see thy little offspring grow and thrive.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Mistress, away! your lord and father seeks you, —
I'll convey Gerrard out at the back-door, —
He has found a husband for you, and insults
In his invention, little thinking you
Have made your own choice, and possess'd him too.
Vio. A husband! 't must be Gerrard, or my death.
Farewell! be only true unto thyself,
And know, Heaven's goodness shall prevented be,
Ere worthiest Gerrard suffer harm for me.
Ger. Farewell, my life and soul! — Aunt, to your counsel
I flee for aid. — Oh, unexpressible love, thou art
An undigested heap of mix'd extremes,
Whose pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures dreams! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Benvoglio, Angelina, *and* Ferdinand.

Benv. My Angelina, never didst thou yet
So please me as in this consent; and yet
Thou hast pleas'd me well, I swear, old wench, ha, ha! —
Ferdinand, she's thine own; thou'st have her, boy;
Ask thy good lady else.
Ferd. Whom shall I have, sir?
Benv. Whom d'ye think, i'faith?
Ang. Guess.
Ferd. Noble madam,
I may hope (prompted by[2] shallow merit),
Through your profound grace, for your chambermaid.
Benv. How's that? how's that?
Ferd. Her chambermaid, my lord.
Benv. Her chamber-pot, my lord! You modest ass!
Thou never shew'd'st thyself an ass till now:
'Fore Heaven, I am angry with thee! sirrah, sirrah,
This whitemeat-spirit's not yours legitimate:
Advance your hope, an't please you; guess again.
Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher; aim them right,
Sir, you may hit; you have the fairest white.[3]
Ferd. If I may be so bold, then, my good lord,
Your favour doth encourage me to aspire
To catch my lady's gentlewoman.
Benv. Where?
Where would you catch her?
Do you know my daughter Violante, sir?
Ang. Well said; no more about the bush.
Ferd. My good lord,
I have gaz'd on Violante, and[4] the stars,
Whose heavenly influence I admir'd, not knew;
Nor ever was so sinful to believe
I might attain't.
Benv. Now you are an ass again;
For, if thou ne'er attain'st, 'tis only 'long
Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.
She is your lord's heir, mine, Benvoglio's heir,
My brother's too, Randulpho's; her descent
Not behind any of the Millanois.
And, Ferdinand, although thy parentage
Be unknown, thou know'st that I have bred thee up
From five years old; and (do not blush to hear it)

[1] *At*] Old eds. "That." The correction is Mason's.

[2] *by*] The Editors of 1778 printed "*by my*;" and so Weber.

[3] *you have the fairest white*] A punning allusion to the *white* in archery, — the central part of the mark.

[4] *and*] Qy. "as"?

Have found thy wisdom, trust, and fair success,
So full in all my affairs, that I am fitter
To call thee master than thou me thy lord:
Thou canst not be but sprung of gentlest blood;
Thy mind shines thorough thee, like the radiant sun,
Although thy body be a beauteous cloud.
Come, seriously this is no flattery;
And well thou know'st it, though thy modest blood
Rise like the morning in thy cheek to hear't.
Sir, I can speak in earnest: virtuous service,
So meritorious, Ferdinand, as yours,
Yet bashful still and silent, should extract
A fuller price than impudence exact;
And this is now the wages it must have, —
My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy slave.
Ferd. Good madam, pinch! I sleep! does my lord mock,
And you assist? Custom's inverted quite;
For old men now-a-days do flout the young.
Benv. Fetch Violante. — As I intend this [*Exit* ANGELINA.
Religiously, let my soul find joy or pain!
Ferd. My honour'd lord and master, if I hold
That worth could merit such felicity,
You bred it in me, and first purchas'd it;
It is your own, and what productions
In all my faculties my soul begets,
Your very mark is on; you need not add
Rewards to him that is in debt to you.
You sav'd my life, sir, in the massacre;
There you begot me new, since foster'd me:
Oh, can I serve too much, or pray for you?
Alas, 'tis slender payment to your bounty!
Your daughter is a paradise, and I
Unworthy to be set there: you may choose
The royal'st seeds of Milan.
Benr. Prithee, peace;
Thy goodness makes me weep; I am resolv'd:
I am no lord o' the time, to tie my blood
To sordid muck; I have enough; my name,
My state, and honours, I will store in thee,
Whose wisdom will rule well, keep, and increase:
A knave or fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each hour, diminish every day.
Thou art her prize-lot, then, drawn out by fate:
An honest wise man is a prince's mate.
Ferd. Sir, Heaven and you have over-charg'd my breast
With grace beyond my continence; I shall burst:
The blessing you have given me, witness saints,
I would not change for Milan! But, my lord,
Is she prepar'd?
Benr. What needs preparative,
Where such a cordial is prescrib'd as thou?
Thy person and thy virtues, in one scale,
Shall poise hers with her beauty and her wealth;
If not, I add my will unto thy weight:
Thy mother's with her now. Son, take my keys;
And let thy[1] preparation for this marriage,
This welcome marriage, long determin'd here,
Be quick and gorgeous. — Gerrard!

Enter GERRARD.

Ger. My good lord,
My lord your brother craves your conference
Instantly, on affairs of high import.
Benr. Why, what news?
Ger. The tyrant, my good lord,
Is sick to death of his old apoplexy;
Whereon the states advise that letters missive
Be straight despatch'd to all the neighbour-countries,
And schedules too divulg'd on every post,
To enquire the lost duke forth: their purpose is
To re-instate him:
Benr. 'Tis a pious deed. —
Ferdinand, to my daughter: this delay,
Though to so good a purpose, angers me;
But I'll recover it. Be secret, son:
Go, woo with truth and expedition. [*Exit.*
Ferd. Oh, my unsounded joy! — How fares my Gerrard,
My noble twin-friend? Fie, thy look is heavy,
Sullen, and sour! blanch it: didst thou know
My cause of joy, thou'dst never sorrow more,
I know thou lov'st me so. How dost thou?
Ger. Well;
Too well: my fraught of health my sickness is;
In life I am dead; by living, dying still.
Ferd. What sublunary mischief can predominate
A wise man thus? or doth thy friendship play
In this antipathous extreme with mine,
Lest gladness suffocate me? I, I, I do feel
My spirit's turn'd to fire, my blood to air,
And I am like a purified essence
Tried from all drossy parts!
Ger. Were't but my life,
The loss were sacrific'd;[2] but virtue must
For me be slain, and innocence made dust.
Ferd. Farewell, good Gerrard.
Ger. Dearest friend, stay!
Ferd. Sad thoughts are no companions for me now,
Much less sad words: thy bosom binds some secret,
Which do not trust me with; for mine retains
Another, which I must conceal from thee.
Ger. I would reveal it; 'tis a heavy tale:
Canst thou be true and secret still?
Ferd. Why, friend,
If you continue true unto yourself,
I have no means of falsehood. Lock this door;
Come, yet your prisoner's sure.
Ger. Stay, Ferdinand!
Ferd. What is this trouble? love?
Why, thou art capable of any woman.
Doth want oppress thee? I will lighten thee.
Hast thou offended law? my lord and thine,
And I, will save thy life. Does servitude
Upbraid thy freedom, that she suffers it?
Have patience but three days, and I will make thee
Thy lord's companion. Can a friend do more?
Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be?

[1] *thy*] So the modern editors. Old eds. "this." Compare p. 397, "my wedding-preparation."

[2] *sacrificed*] Altered by Seward to "sacrifice;" and so his successors. But little is gained by the alteration

Ferd. First, let
This cabinet keep your pawn, and I will trust:
Yet, for the form of satisfaction,
Take this my oath to boot; by my presum'd
Gentry, and sacred known Christianity,
I'll die, ere I reveal thy trust!
Ger. Then hear it:
Your lord's fair daughter, Violante, is
My betroth'd wife, goes great with child by me;
And by this deed both made a prey to law.
How may I save her life? advise me, friend.
Ferd. What did he say? Gerrard, whose voice was that?
Oh, death unto my heart, bane to my soul!
My wealth is vanish'd like the rich man's store;
In one poor minute, all my dainty fare
But juggling dishes, my fat hope despair.
Ger. Is this so odious? where's your mirth?
Ferd. Why, thou
Hast robb'd me of it. Gerrard, draw thy sword;
And if thou lov'st my mistress' chastity,
Defend it, else I'll cut it from thy heart,
Thy thievish heart that stale it, and restore't;
Do miracles to gain her!
Ger. Was she thine?
Ferd. Never, but in my wish, and her father's vow,
Which now he left with me; on such sure terms,
He call'd me son, and will'd me to provide
My wedding-preparation.
Ger. Strange!
Ferd. Come, let's
Kill one another quickly!
Ger. Ferdinand,
My love is old to her, thine new begot:
I have not wrong'd thee; think upon thine oath.
Ferd. It manacles me, Gerrard; else this hand
Should bear thee to the law. Farewell for ever!
Since friendship is so fatal, never more
Will I have friend. Thou hast put so sure a plea,
That all my weal's litigious made by thee.
Ger. I did no crime to you.
[*Exit* FERDINAND.
His love transports him.
And yet I mourn that cruel destiny
Should make us two thus one another's cross.
We have lov'd since boys; for the same time cast him
On lord Benvoglio, that my aunt and I
Were succour'd by Randulpho: men have call'd us
The parallels of Milan; and some said
We were not much unlike. Oh, Heaven divert
That we should ever since that time be breeding
Mutual destruction!

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Oh, where are you? you have made a fair hand! By [heaven], yonder is your aunt with my lady: she came in just as she was wooing your mistress for another; and what did me she but out with her purse, and shewed all the naked truth, i'faith. Fie upon you! you should never trust an old woman with a secret; they cannot hold, they cannot hold so well as we, an you'd hang 'em. First, there was swearing and staring; then there was howling and weeping, and "Oh, my daughter!" and "Oh, my mother!"
Ger. The effect, the effect?
Dor. Marry, no way but one with you.
Ger. Why, welcome! Shall she scape
Dor. Nay, she has made her scape already.
Ger. Why, she is gone?
Dor. The scape of her virginity, I mean. You men are as dull, you can conceive nothing; you think it is enough to beget.
Ger. Ay;
But surely, Dorothea, that scap'd not;
Her maidenhead suffer'd.
Dor. And you were the executioner.
Ger. But what's the event? Lord, how thou starv'st me, Doll!
Dor. "Lord, how thou starv'st me, Doll!" By [heaven], I would fain see you cry a little. Do you stand now, as if you could get a child? Come, I'll rack you no more; this is the heart of the business — always provided, signor, that, if it please the Fates to make you a lord, you be not proud, nor forget your poor handmaid Doll, who was partly accessary to the incision of this Holofernian maidenhead.
Ger. I will forget my name first. Speak.
Dor. Then thus. My lady knows all; her sorrow is reasonably well digested; has vowed to conceal it from my lord, till delay ripen things better; wills you to attend her this evening at the back-gate, — I'll let you in, — where her own confessor shall put you together lawfully, ere the child be born; which birth is very near, I can assure you. All your charge is your vigilance; and to bring with you some trusty nurse, to convey the infant out of the house.
Ger. Oh, beam of comfort! Take.
[*Gives money.*
Go, tell my lady
I pray for her as I walk. My joys so flow,
That what I speak or do, I do not know!
[*Exeunt severally.*

Dumb Show.

Enter VIOLANTE *on one side, weeping, supported by* CORNELIA *and a* Friar; *on the other,* ANGELINA *weeping, attended by* DOROTHEA. VIOLANTE *kneels down for pardon.* ANGELINA, *shewing remorse,*[1] *takes her up, and cheers her; so doth* CORNELIA. ANGELINA *sends* DOROTHEA *for* GERRARD. *Enter* GERRARD *with* DOROTHEA. ANGELINA *and* CORNELIA *seem to chide him, shewing* VIOLANTE'S *heavy plight.* VIOLANTE *rejoiceth in him. He makes signs of sorrow, entreating pardon.* ANGELINA *brings* GERRARD *and* VIOLANTE *to the* Friar: *he joins them hand in hand, takes a ring from* GERRARD, *puts it on* VIOLANTE'S *finger, blesseth them;* GERRARD *kisseth her; the* Friar *takes his leave.* VIOLANTE *makes show of great pain, is instantly conveyed in by the women:* GERRARD *is bid stay; he walks in meditation, seeming to pray. Re-enter* DOROTHEA, *whispers him, sends him out. Re-enter* GERRARD, *with a* Nurse *blindfold; gives her a purse.*

[1] *remorse*] i. e. pity.

To them re-enter ANGELINA *and* CORNELIA *with an* infant; *they present it to* GERRARD, *he kisseth and blesseth it, puts it into the* Nurse's *arms, kneels, and takes his leave. Exeunt all severally.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* BENVOGLIO'S *House, with a curtain in the back-ground.*

Enter BENVOGLIO *and* RANDULPHO.

Benv. He's dead, you say, then?
Rand. Certainly; and to hear
The people now dissect him, now he's gone,
Makes my ears burn, that lov'd him not: such libels,
Such elegies, and epigrams, they have made,
More odious than he was. Brother, great men
Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
With virtue's rule; sound with the weight of judgment
Their privat'st action: for though, while they live,
Their power and policy mask their villanies,
Their bribes, their lust, pride, and ambition,
And make a many slaves to worship 'em,
That are their flatterers and their bawds in these;
These very slaves shall, when these great beasts die,
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.
Benv. 'Fore heaven, 'tis true. But is Rinaldo, brother,
Our good duke, heard of living?
Rand. Living, sir,
And will be shortly with the senate; has
Been close conceal'd at Mantua, and reliev'd;
But what's become of his, no tidings yet:
But, brother, till our good duke shall arrive,
Carry this news here. Where's your Ferdinand?
Benv. Oh, busy, sir, about this marriage;
And yet my girl o' the sudden's fain sick:
You'll see her ere you go?
Rand. Yes. Well I love her;
And yet I wish I had another daughter
To gratify my Gerrard, who, by [heaven],
Is all the glory of my family,
But has too much worth to live so obscure:
I'll have him secretary of estate
Upon the duke's return; for, credit me,
The value of that gentleman's not known;
His strong abilities are fit to guide
The whole republic; he hath learning, youth,
Valour, discretion, honesty of a saint.
His aunt is wondrous good too.
Benv. You have spoke
The very character of Ferdinand:
One is the other's mirror.

The curtain is drawn,[1] *and* VIOLANTE *is discovered in a bed,* ANGELINA *and* DOROTHEA *sitting by her.*

How now, daughter?
Rand. How fares my niece?
Vio. A little better, uncle, than I was,
I thank you.
Rand. Brother, a mere cold.
Ang. It was
A cold and heat, I think; but, heaven be thank'd,
We have broken that away.
Benv. And yet, Violante,
You'll lie alone still, and you see what's got.
Dor. Sure, sir, when this was got, she had a bed-fellow. [*Aside.*
Rand. What, has her colic left her in her belly?
Dor. 'T has left her, but she has had a sore fit.
Rand. Ay, that same colic and stone's inherent to us
O' the woman's side; our mothers had them both.
Dor. So has she had, sir. — How these old fornicators talk! she had more need of mace-ale and Rhenish-wine caudles, Heaven knows, than your aged discipline. [*Aside.*
Benv. Say.
Ang. She will have the man; and, on recovery,
Will wholly be dispos'd by you.
Benv. That's my wench!

Enter FERDINAND *in mourning.*

How now! what change is this? Why, Ferdinand,
Are these your robes of joy should be indued?[2]
Doth Hymen wear black? I did send for you
To have my honourable brother witness
The contract I will make 'twixt you and her.
Put off all doubt; she loves you: what d'ye say?
Rand. Speak, man: why look you so distractedly?
Ferd. There are your keys, sir: I'll no contracts, I. ——
Divinest Violante, I will serve you
Thus on my knees, and pray for you.
Juno Lucina, fer open!
My inequality ascends no higher:
I dare not marry you.
Benv. How's this?
Ferd. Good night.
I have a friend has almost made me mad:
I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh;
Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly
Roar like a storm. Strange tricks these, are they not?
And wherefore all this? shall I tell you? no:
Thorough mine ears my heart a plague hath caught;
And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew
My grief to any, for it has no cure. —
On, wandering steps, to some remote place move!
I'll keep my vow, though I have lost my love.
[*Exit.*

[1] *The curtain is drawn, &c.*] This stage-direction is Weber's; and perhaps it is preferable to any other. The old eds. have "*Enter Violanta in a bed,*" &c., which means — that here a bed, with Violante lying on it, was thrust upon the stage, the audience having now to suppose that the scene was changed, and that they beheld Violante's bed-chamber. Seward gave the stage-direction of the old eds.; the Editors of 1778 "*Violante discovered in a bed,*" &c.

[2] *should be indued*] "That is, with which you should be *indued*, that is, *endowed* or furnished," says Weber, — whose note (occupying half a page) only shews how strangely he contrived to mistake the very plain meaning of "*indued,*" viz. put on.

Benv. 'Fore Heaven, distracted for her! Fare you well:
I'll watch his steps; for I no joy shall find,
Till I have found his cause, and calm'd his mind. [*Exit.*

Rand. He's overcome with joy.

Ang. 'Tis very strange.

Rand. Well, sister, I must leave you; the time's busy. —
Violante, cheer you up: and I pray Heaven
Restore each to their love and health again! [*Exit.*

Vio. Amen, great uncle! — Mother, what a chance
Unluckily is added to my woe,
In this young gentleman!

Ang. True, Violante;
It grieves me much. — Doll, go you instantly,
And find out Gerrard: tell him his friend's hap,
And let him use best means to comfort him;
But, as his life, preserve this secret still.

Vio. Mother, — I'd not offend you, — might not Gerrard
Steal in, and see me in the evening?

Ang. Well;
Bid him do so.

Vio. Heaven's blessing o' your heart! [*Exit* DOROTHEA.
Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?

Ang. Yes.

Vio. It well may be: the bare-foot traveller,
That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me!
And yet how disobedient have I been!

Ang. Peace, Violante; thou hast always been
Gentle and good.

Vio. Gerrard is better, mother:
Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency
Dwells in his breast, you'd love him like your prayers!
I see no reason but my father might
Be told the truth, being pleas'd for Ferdinand
To woo himself; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative: my uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.

Ang. No, not for the world,
Since his intent is cross'd; lov'd Ferdinand
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock,
His madness would pursue ye both to death.

Vio. As you please, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of ease; I'll sleep.

Ang. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire. — Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up! [*Scene closes.*[1]

SCENE IV. — *A Wood.*

Enter FERDINAND, *and* BENVOGLIO *behind.*

Ferd. Oh, blessèd solitude! here my griefs may speak;
And, Sorrow, I will argue with thee now.
Nothing will keep me company: the flowers
Die at my moan; the gliding silver streams
Hasten to flee my lamentations;
The air rolls from 'em; and the golden sun
Is smother'd pale as Phœbe with my sighs:
Only the earth is kind, that stays; then, Earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens
Impose upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy?[2]
Before fruition was impossible,
I did not thirst it. Gerrard, she is thine,
Seal'd and deliver'd; but 'twas ill to stain
Her virgin-state, ere ye were married.
Poor infant, what's become of thee? thou know'st not
The woe thy parents brought thee to. Dear Earth,
Bury this close in thy sterility;
Be barren to this seed, let it not grow;
For if it do, 'twill bud no violet,
Nor gilly-flower, but wild brier, or rank rue,
Unsavoury and hurtful.

Benv. [*advancing.*] Ferdinand,
Thy steel hath digg'd the earth, thy words my heart.

Ferd. Oh, I have violated faith, betray'd
My friend and innocency!

Benv. Desperate youth,
Violate not thy soul too! I have showers
For thee, young man; — but, Gerrard, flames for thee!
Was thy base pen made to dash out mine honour,
And prostitute my daughter? bastard, whore? —
Come, turn thy female tears into revenge,
Which I will quench my thirst with, ere I see
Daughter or wife, or branded family.
By [heaven],[3] both die! and, for amends,
Ferdinando, be my heir! I'll to my brother;
First tell him all, then to the duke for justice;
This morning he's receiv'd.[4] Mountains nor seas
Shall bar my flight to vengeance: the foul stain,
Printed on me, thy blood shall rinse again. [*Exit.*

Ferd. I have transgress'd all goodness, witlessly
Rais'd mine own curses from posterity.
I'll follow, to redress in what I may;
If not, your heir can die as well as they. [*Exit.*

Dumb Show.

Enter duke RINALDO *with attendants, on one side; States,* RANDULPHO, *and* GERRARD, *on the other: they kneel to the duke, he accepts their obedience, and raises them up; they prefer* GERRARD *to the duke, who entertains him; they seat the duke in state. Enter* BENVOGLIO *and* FERDINAND: BEN-

[1] *Scene closes*] "Violante's prattle is so very pretty and so natural in *her situation*, that I could not resist giving it a place. Juno Lucina was never invoked with more elegance. Pope has been praised for giving dignity to a game at cards. It required at least as much address to ennoble a lying-in." LAMB (*Spec. of Dram. Poets*, p. 346).

[2] *Impose upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy*] Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, omitted "*upon*" as an interpolation. The Editors of 1778 retained it, and asserted (in spite of Seward's note, where "love" is explained *to love*) that their predecessors had printed "*love*" as a substantive. Weber removed "*enjoy*" from the end of this line to the beginning of the next.

[3] [*heaven*] Was first inserted by the Editors of 1778; but the metre requires something more, — qy. "*heaven and hell*"?

[4] *receiv'd*] "Mr. Sympson would read '*arriv'd*;' but surely '*receiv'd*' is infinitely more expressive, as it not only speaks his arrival, but his being recognized by all his subjects as duke of Milan." SEWARD.

VOGLIO *kneels for justice;* FERDINAND *seems to restrain him.* BENVOGLIO *gives the duke a paper; duke reads, frowns on* GERRARD, *shews the paper to the States; they seem sorry, consult, cause the Guard to apprehend him; they go off with him. Then* RANDULPHO *and* BENVOGLIO *seem to crave justice; duke vows it, and exit with his attendants.* RANDULPHO, BENVOGLIO, *and* FERDINAND *confer. Enter to them* CORNELIA, *with two servants; she seems to expostulate;* RANDULPHO *in scorn causeth her to be thrust out poorly. Exit* RANDULPHO. BENVOGLIO *beckons* FERDINAND *to him with much seeming passion, swears him, then stamps with his foot. Enter* DOROTHEA, *with a cup, weeping; she delivers it to* FERDINAND, *who with discontent exit; and exeunt* BENVOGLIO *and* DOROTHEA.

SCENE V. — *A Room in* BENVOGLIO'S *House.*

Enter VIOLANTE.

Vio. Gerrard not come? nor Dorothy return'd?
What adverse star rul'd my nativity?
The time to-night hath been as dilatory
As languishing consumptions. But till now
I never durst say my Gerrard was unkind.
Heaven grant all things go well! and nothing does,
If he be ill, which I much fear. My dreams
Have been portentous: I did think I saw
My love array'd for battle with a beast,
A hideous monster, arm'd with teeth and claws,
Grinning and venomous, that sought to make
Both us a prey; on's tail was lash'd in blood
Law; and his forehead I did plainly see
Held characters that spell'd *Authority.*
This rent my slumbers; and my fearful soul
Ran searching up and down my dismay'd breast,
To find a port to escape. Good faith, I am cold;
But Gerrard's love is colder: here I'll sit,
And think myself away.

Enter FERDINAND, *with a cup and a letter.*

Ferd. The peace of love
Attend the sweet Violante! Read;
For the sad news I bring I do not know;
Only, I am sworn to give you that and this.
Vio. Is it from Gerrard? Gentle Ferdinand,
How glad am I to see you thus well restor'd!
In troth, he never wrong'd you in his life,
Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you;
Knew not my father's meaning till of late:
Could never have known it soon enough: for, sir,
Gerrard's and my affection began
In infancy; my uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither, — you were such another;
The little boy would kiss me being a child,
And say he lov'd me, give me all his toys,
Bracelets, rings, sweetmeats, all his rosy smiles:
I then would stand and stare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and swear I loved him too,
For, sure, methought, he was a little Love;
He woo'd so prettily in innocence,
That then he warm'd my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering beam of love kindle my blood,
Both which, time since hath made a flame and flood.
Ferd. Oh, gentle innocent! methinks it talks
Like a child still, whose white simplicity
Never arriv'd at sin. Forgive me, lady!
I have destroy'd Gerrard and thee; rebell'd
Against Heaven's ordinance; dis-pair'd two doves,
Made 'em sit mourning; slaughter'd love, and cleft
The heart of all integrity. This breast
Was trusted with the secret of your vow
By Gerrard, and reveal'd it to your father.
Vio. Ha!
Ferd. Read, and curse me!
Vio. Neither; I will never
Nor write nor read again.
Ferd. My penance be it!
[*Reads*] *Your labyrinth is found, your lust proclaimed.*
Vio. Lust! hum —
My mother, sure, felt none when I was got.
Ferd. [reads.] *I and the law implacably offended;*
Gerrard's imprison'd, and to die.
Vio. Oh, Heaven!
Ferd. [reads.] *And you to suffer, with reproach and scoffs,*
A public execution. I have sent you
An antidote 'gainst shame, poison, by him
You have most wrong'd: give him your penitent tears.
Vio. Hum — 'tis not truth.
Ferd. [reads.] *Drink, and farewell for ever!*
And, though thy whoredom blemish thy whole line,
Prevent the hangman's stroke, and die like mine.
Vio. Oh, woe is me for Gerrard! I have brought
Confusion on the noblest gentleman
That ever truly lov'd. But we shall meet
Where our condemners shall not, and enjoy
A more refin'd affection than here:
No law nor father hinders marriage there
'Twixt souls divinely affied, as, sure, ours were;
There we will multiply and generate joys,
Like fruitful parents. — Luckless Ferdinand,
Where's the good old gentlewoman, my husband's aunt?
Ferd. Thrust from you[r] uncle to all poverty.
Vio. Alas, the pity! Reach me, sir, the cup:
I'll say my prayers, and take my father's physic.
Ferd. Oh, villain that I was, I had forgot
To spill the rest, and am unable now
To stir to hinder her! [*Aside.*
Vio. What ail you, sir!
Ferd. Your father is a monster, I a villain,
This tongue has kill'd you. Pardon, Violante!
Oh, pardon, Gerrard! and for sacrifice
Accept my life, to expiate my fault:
I have drunk up the poison.
Vio. Thou art not so
Uncharitable! a better fellow far,
Thou'st left me half. Sure Death is now a-dry,
And calls for more blood still to quench his thirst.
I pledge thee, Ferdinand, to Gerrard's health!
[*Drinks.*
Dear Gerrard, poor aunt, and unfortunate friend!

Aye me, that love should breed true lovers' end!
Ferd. Stay, madam, stay! — Help, ho! for Heaven's sake, help! —
Improvident man! that good I did intend
For satisfaction, saving of her life,
My equal[1] cruel stars made me forget.

Enter ANGELINA, *with two* Servants.

Ang. What spectacle of death assaults me? oh!
Vio. My dearest mother, I am dead: I leave
Father, and friends, and life, to follow love.
Good mother, love my child, that did no ill.
Fie, how men lie, that say, death is a pain!
Or has he chang'd his nature? like soft sleep
He seizes me. Your blessing! last, I crave
That I may rest by Gerrard in his grave. [*Falls.*
Ferd. There lay me too. Oh, noble mistress, I
Have caus'd all this, and therefore justly die!
That key will open all. [*Gives letter, and falls.*
Ang. Oh, viperous father! —
For Heaven's sake, bear 'em in! run for physicians
And medicines quickly! — Heaven, thou shalt not have her
Yet: 'tis too soon: alas, I have no more;
And, taking her away, thou robb'st the poor!
[*Exeunt, carrying out* VIOLANTE *and* FERDINAND.

SCENE VI. — *An open Place in the City.*

Flourish. Enter RINALDO, States, RANDULPHO, BENVOGLIO, GERRARD, Secretary, Executioner, Guard, *and* Attendants.

Rin. The law, as greedy as your red desire,
Benvoglio, hath cast this man: 'tis pity
So many excellent parts are swallowed up
In one foul wave. Is Violante sent for?
Our justice must not lop a branch, and let
The body grow still.
Benv. Sir, she will be here,
Alive or dead, I am sure.
Ger. How cheerfully my countenance comments death!
That which makes men seem horrid, I will wear
Like to an ornament. Oh, Violante!
Might my life only satisfy the law,
How jocundly my soul would enter heaven!
Why, shouldst thou die, thou[2] wither'st in thy bud,
As I have seen a rose, ere it was blown. —
[*Aside.*
I do beseech your grace, the statute may,
In this case made, be read; not that I hope
To extenuate my offence or penalty,
But to see whether it lay hold on her:
And since my death is more exemplary
Than just, this public reading will advise
Caution to others.
Rin. Read it.
Rand. Brother, does not
Your soul groan under this severity?
Sec. [reads.] *A statute provided in case of unequal matches, marriages against parents' consent, stealing of heirs, rapes, prostitutions, and such like: That if any person meanly descended, or ignorant of his own parentage, which implies as much, shall, with a foul intent, unlawfully solicit the daughter of any peer of the dukedom, he shall for the same offence forfeit his right hand; but if he further prostitute her to his lust, he shall first have his right hand cut off, and then suffer death by the common executioner: after whom, the lady so offending shall likewise the next day, in the same manner, die for the fact.*
Ger. This statute has more cruelty than sense:
I see no ray of mercy. Must the lady
Suffer death too? suppose she were inforc'd,
By some confederates borne away, and ravish'd;
Is she not guiltless?
Rin. Yes, if it be prov'd.
Ger. This case is so: I ravish'd Violante.
State. Who ever knew a rape produce a child?
Benv. Pish, these are idle. Will your grace command
The executioner proceed?
Rin. Your office!
Ger. Farewell to thy enticing vanity,
Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye!
The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,
The treasure thou includ'st is dust and smoke:
Even thus, I cast thee by. — My lords, the law
Is but the great man's mule; he rides on it,
And tramples poorer men under his feet:
Yet, when they come to knock at yond bright gate,
One's rags shall enter 'fore the other's state.
Peace to ye all! — Here, sirrah, strike! this hand
Hath Violante kiss'd a thousand times;
It smells sweet ever since: this was the hand
Plighted my faith to her; do not think thou canst
Cut that in sunder with my hand. — My lord,
As free from speck as this arm is, my heart
Is of foul lust, and every vein glides here
As full of truth. — Why does thy hand shake so?
'Tis mine must be cut off, and that is firm,
For it was ever constant.

Enter CORNELIA *veiled.*

Cor. Hold! your sentence
Unjustly is pronounc'd, my lord. This blow
Cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours,
But Violante's, given in holy marriage
Before she was deliver'd, consummated,
With the free will of her mother, by her confessor,
In lord Benvoglio's house.
Ger. Alas, good aunt,
That helps us nothing! else I had reveal'd it.
Rin. What woman's this?
Benv. A base confederate
In this proceeding, kept of alms long time
By him; who now, expos'd to misery,
Talks thus distractedly. — Attach her, guard!

1 *equal*] "I understand *equal* adverbially." SEWARD.
2 *Why, shouldst thou die, thou*, &c.] The modern editors point, with folio 1679, "*Why shouldst thou die? thou*," &c.

Rand. Your cruelty, brother, will have end.
Cor. You'd best
Let them attach my tongue.
Rin. Good woman, peace
For, were this truth, it doth not help thy nephew:
The law's infring'd by their disparity;
That forfeits both their lives.
Cor. Sir, with your pardon,
Had your grace ever children?
Rin. Thou hast put
A question, whose sharp point toucheth my heart.
I had two little sons, twins, who were both,
With my good duchess, slain, as I did hear,
At that time when my dukedom was surpris'd.
Cor. I have heard many say, my gracious lord,
That I was wondrous like her. [*Unveils.*
All. Ha!
Rin. By all man's joy, it is Cornelia,
My dearest wife!
Cor. To ratify me her,
Come down, Alphonso, one of those two twins,
And take thy father's blessing! thou hast broke
No law, thy birth being above thy wife's.
Ascanio is the other, nam'd Fernando,
Who, by remote means, to my lord Benvoglio
I got preferr'd; and in poor habits clad,
(You fled, and the innovation[1] laid again)
I wrought myself into Randulpho's service,
With my eldest boy; yet never durst reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themselves,
Until the tyrant's death.
Rin. My joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded sail; I cannot speak.
Ger. Fetch Violante and my brother.
Benv. Run,
Run like a spout, you rogue! [*Exit* Attendant.
A [pox] o' poison!
That little whore I trusted will betray me.
[*Aside.*
Stay, hangman! I have work for you: there's gold;
Cut off my head, or hang me, presently!

Soft music. Enter ANGELINA, *with the bodies of* FERDINAND *and* VIOLANTE, *on a bier;* DOROTHEA *carrying the cup and letter, which she gives to* RINALDO; *he reads, seems sorrowful; shews it to* CORNELIA *and* GERRARD, *they lament over the bier.* RANDULPHO *and* BENVOGLIO *seem fearful, and seem to report to* ANGELINA *and* DOROTHEA *what hath passed before.*

Rand. This is your rashness, brother!
Rin. Oh, joy, thou wert too great to last!
This was a cruel turning to our hopes!
Unnatural father! poor Ascanio!
Ger. Oh, mother, let me be Gerrard again,
And follow Violante!
Cor. Oh, my son!
Rin. Your lives yet, bloody men, shall answer this.

Dor. I must not see 'em longer grieve. [*Aside.*]
— My lord,
Be comforted; let sadness generally
Forsake each eye and bosom; they both live:
For poison, I infus'd mere opium,
Holding compulsive perjury less sin
Than such a loathèd murder would have bin.[2]
All. Oh, blessèd maiden!
Dor. Music, gently creep
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy sleep!
[*Music.*

Morpheus, command thy servant Sleep,
In leaden chains no longer keep
This prince and lady. Rise, wake, rise,
And round about convey your eyes!
Rise, prince; go, greet thy father and thy mother!
Rise thou, to embrace thy husband and thy brother!

Rin. Son!
Cor. Daughter!
Ferd. Father, mother, brother!
Ger. Wife![3]
Vio. Are we not all in heaven?
Ger. Faith, very near it.
Ferd. How can this be?
Rin. Hear it.
Dor. If I had serv'd you right, I should have seen
Your old pate off, ere I had reveal'd.
Benv. Oh, wench,
Oh, honest wench! if my wife die, I'll marry thee;
There's my reward.[4]
Rin.[5] 'Tis true.
Ferd. 'Tis very strange.
Ger. Why kneel you, honest master?
Ferd. My good lord!
Ger. Dear mother!
Rin. Rise, rise; all are friends. I owe ye
For all their boards: and, wench, take thou the man
Whose life thou saved'st; less cannot pay thy merit.
How shall I part my kiss? I cannot: let

[1] *innovation*] Mason in a note on *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2., says that "innovation" means there, as also in Shirley's *Coronation*, act v. sc. 1, and in the present passage — change of government.

[2] *bin*] Altered by the modern editors to "been," — improperly, as a rhyme is intended.

[3] Ferd. *Father, mother, brother!*
Ger. *Wife!*] "According to this reading, Ferdinand, whose senses were but just recovered, knows perfectly all that has passed whilst he was asleep, although he afterwards asks how can this be. I first thought a note of interrogation might solve it, by supposing Cornelia to have informed him in a whisper, and then he might ask the question,

Father? mother? brother?

But putting the whole into Gerrard's mouth takes away the difficulty much more easily." SEWARD.
"We think the old reading best, and don't understand the objection." *Ed.* 1778.
"Seward's objection is not so frivolous as the last editors seem to suppose; but I presume the poets are to be charged with inadvertence, forgetting that Ferdinand was as yet unacquainted with his relationship to Rinaldo, Cornelia, and Gerrard. His asking, 'How can this be?' without any intermediate explanation to him, countenances this charge of inadvertence, and proves the impropriety of Seward's variation." WEBER.

[4] *my reward*] i. e. the reward which I give you. Altered by Seward to "thy *reward*."

[5] *Rin.*] The old eds. have "*Ferd.*" and prefix to the next speech "Duke." The transposition was made by Seward, and rightly, as appears from what precedes.

One generally therefore join our cheeks.
A pen of iron, and a leaf of brass,
To keep this story to eternity,
And a promethean wit! — Oh, sacred Love,
Nor chance nor death can thy firm truth remove! [*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Eman. Now, Isabella!

Isab. This can true love do.
I joy they all so happily are pleas'd:
The lady[1] and the brothers must triumph.

Eman. They do;
For Cupid scorns but to have his Triumph too.
[*Flourish.*

The Triumph. Enter divers Musicians; then certain Singers, bearing bannerets, inscribed Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord; *next,* GERRARD *and* FERDINAND *with garlands of roses; then* VIOLANTE; *last, a chariot drawn by two Cupids, and a Cupid sitting in it.*

Flourish. Enter Poet, *as Prologue-speaker.*

Poet. *Love and the strength of fair affection,*
Most royal sir, what[2] *long seem'd lost, have won*
Their perfect ends, and crown'd those constant hearts
With lasting triumph, whose most virtuous parts,
Worthy desires, and love, shall never end.
Now turn we round the scene: and, great sir, lend
A sad and serious eye to this of Death;
This black and dismal Triumph, where man's breath,
Desert, and guilty blood, ascend the stage;
And view the tyrant ruin'd in his rage.
[Exit. Flourish.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the House of* GABRIELLA.

Enter LAVALL, GABRIELLA, *and* MARIA.

Gab. No, good my lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me: all those affections
You came first clad in to my love, like summer,
Lusty and full of life; all those desires
That, like the painted spring, bloom'd round about you,
Giving the happy promise of an harvest,
How have I seen drop off, and fall forgotten!
With the least lustre of another's beauty,
How oft, forgetful lord, have I been blasted!
Was I so easily won? or did this body
Yield to your false embraces, with less labour
Than if you had carried some strong town?

Lav. Good Gabriella —

Gab. Could all your subtilties and sighs betray me,
The vows you shook me with, the tears you drown'd me,
Till I came fairly off with honour'd marriage?
Oh, fie, my lord!

Lav. Prithee, good Gabriella —

Gab. Would I had never known you, nor your honours!
They are stuck too full of griefs. Oh, happy women,
That plant your love in equal honest bosoms,
Whose sweet desires, like roses set together,
Make one another happy in their blushes,
Growing and dying without sense of greatness,
To which I am a slave! and that best sacrament
That daily makes millions of happy mothers,
Link'd me to this man's lust alone, there left me:
I dare not say I am his wife, — 'tis dangerous;
His love, I cannot say, — alas, how many ——

Lav. You grow too warm: pray you, be content; you best know
The time's necessity, and how our marriage,
Being so much unequal to mine honour,
While the duke lives, I standing high in favour,
(And, whilst I keep that safe, next to the dukedom,)
Must not be known, without my utter ruin.
Have patience for a while, and do but dream, wench,
The glory of a duchess. — How she tires me!
How dull and leaden is my appetite
To that stale beauty now! Oh, I could curse
And crucify myself for childish doting
Upon a face that feeds not with fresh figures
Every fresh hour! she is now a surfeit to me. —
[*Aside.*

Enter GENTILLE.

Who's that? Gentillo? — I charge ye, no acquaintance, [*Aside to* GABRIELLA.
You nor your maid, with him, nor no discourse,
Till times are riper.

Gent. Fie, my noble lord,
Can you be now a stranger to the court,
When your most virtuous bride, the beauteous Helena,
Stands ready, like a star, to gild your happiness?
When Hymen's lusty fires are now a-lighting,
And all the flower of Anjou ——

Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of adornment, have a little
Made me so slow, Gentille; which now in readiness,
I am for court immediately.

Gent. Take heed, sir:
This is no time for trifling, nor she no lady
To be now entertain'd with toys; 'twill cost you —

Lav. You're an old cock, Gentille.

Gent. By your lordship's favour ——

Lav. Prithee, away! 'twill lose time.

Gent. Oh, my lord,
Pardon me that, by all means!

Lav. We have business
A-foot, man, of more moment.

Gent. Than my manners?
I know none, nor I seek none.

Lav. Take to-morrow.

[1] *lady*] Old eds. "ladies" (a misprint for "ladie"); and so the modern editors. Violante, of course, is meant: the other females have no part in "the Triumph."

[2] *what*] Mason, unnecessarily, would read, "that" or "which."

Gent. Even now, by your lordship's leave. — Excellent beauty,
My service here I ever dedicate,
In honour of my best friend, your dead father,
To you, his living virtue; and wish heartily,
That firm affection that made us two happy
May take as deep undying root, and flourish
Betwixt my daughter Casta, and your goodness,
Who shall be still your servant.
Gab. I much thank you.
Lav. [Pox] o' this dreaming puppy! [*Aside.*] — Will you go, sir?
Gent. A little more, good lord.
Lav. Not now, by [heaven]!
Come, I must use you.
Gent. Goodness dwell still with you!
[*Exeunt* LAVALL *and* GENTILLE.
Gab. The sight of this old gentleman, Maria,
Pulls to mine eyes again the living picture
Of Perolot his virtuous son, my first love,
That died at Orleans.
Maria. You have felt both fortunes,
And in extremes, poor lady! For young Perolot,
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durst not make known his love to friend or father;
My lord Lavall, being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.
Gab. No more; let's in, wench:
There let my lute speak my laments; they have tir'd me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter two Courtiers.

First Court. I grant, the duke is wondrous provident
In his now planting for succession;
I know his care as honourable in the choice too,
Marine's fair virtuous daughter: but what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this travel,
When he that bears the main roof is so rotten?
Sec. Court. You have hit it now, indeed; for, if fame lie not,
He is untemperate.
First Court. You express him poorly,
Too gentle sir; the most deboist[1] and barbarous,
Believe it, the most void of all humanity,
Howe'er his cunning cloak it to his uncle,
And those his pride depends upon.
Sec. Court. I have heard too,
Given excessively to drink.
First Court. Most certain,
And in that drink most dangerous: I speak these things
To one I know loves truth, and dares not wrong her.
Sec. Court. You may speak on.
First Court. Uncertain as the sea, sir,
Proud and deceitful as his sin's great master;
His appetite to women (for there he carries
His main-sail spread) so boundless and abominable,[2]
That but to have her name by that tongue spoken,
Poisons the virtue of the purest virgin.
Sec. Court. I am sorry for young Gabriella, then,
A maid reputed ever of fair carriage;
For he has been noted visiting.
First Court. She is gone, then;
Or any else, that promises or power,
Gifts or his guileful vows, can work upon:
But these are but poor parcels.
Sec. Court. 'Tis great pity.
First Court. Nor want these sins a chief saint to befriend 'em:
The devil follows him; and, for a truth, sir,
Appears in visible figure often to him;
At which time he's possess'd with sudden trances,
Cold deadly sweats, and griping of the conscience,
Tormented strangely, as they say.
Sec. Court. Heaven turn him!
This marriage-day mayst thou well curse, fair Helen. —
But let's go view the ceremony.
First Court. I'll walk with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Street before the House of* GABRIELLA.

GABRIELLA *and* MARIA, *at a window.* *Music.*

Maria. I hear 'em come.
Gab. Would I might never hear more!

Enter, in solemn procession, LAVALL, HELENA, *the* DUKE, MARINE, LONGAVILLE, Ladies *and* Gentlemen: *they pass over the stage, and exeunt.*

Maria. I told you still; but you were so incredulous —
See, there they kiss!
Gab. Adders be your embraces!
The poison of a rotten heart, oh, Helen,
Blast thee as I have been! Just such a flattery,
With that same cunning face, that smile upon't, —
Oh, mark it, Mary, mark it seriously! —
That master-smile caught me.
Maria. There's the old duke,
And Marine her father.
Gab. Oh!
Maria. There Longaville;
The ladies now.
Gab. Oh, I am murder'd, Mary! —
Beast, most inconstant beast!
Maria. There —
Gab. There I am not!
No more — I am not there! — Hear me, oh, Heaven!
And, all you powers of justice, bow down to me!
But you, of pity, die. I am abus'd;
She that depended on your providence,
She is abus'd; your honour is abus'd;

[1] *deboist*] i. e. debauched. This form of the word is not uncommon: see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Debauch.* Seward printed "deboisht," his successors "debosh'd."

[2] *abominable*] Old eds. "abominably."

That noble piece ye made, and call'd it man,
Is turn'd to devil; all the world's abus'd:
Give me a woman's will provok'd to mischief,
A two-edg'd heart; my suffering thoughts to wildfires,
And my embraces to a timeless grave turn!
Maria. Here I'll step in; for 'tis an act of merit.
Gab. I am too big to utter more.
Maria. Take time, then. [*Exeunt above.*

Enter GENTILLE *and* CASTA.

Gent. This solitary life at home undoes thee;
Obscures thy beauty first, which should prefer thee,
Next, fills thee full of sad thoughts, which thy years
Must not arrive at yet, — they choke thy sweetness.
Follow the time, my girl; and it will bring thee
Even to the fellowship of the noblest women:
Helen herself, to whom I would prefer thee,
And under whom this poor and private carriage
(Which I am only able yet to reach at,)
Being cast off, and all thy sweets at lustre,
Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.
Casta. Good sir, be not so cruel as to seek
To kill that sweet content you've bred me to.
Have I not here enough to thank Heaven for, —
The free air, uncorrupted with new flattery;
The water that I touch, unbrib'd with odours
To make me sweet to others; the pure fire,
Not smother'd up, and chok'd with lustful incense
To make my blood sweat, but, burning clear and high,
Tells me my mind must flame up so to heaven?
What should I do at court? wear rich apparel?
Methinks these are as warm, and, for your state, sir,
Wealthy enough: is it, you would have me proud,
And, like a pageant, stuck up for amazements?
Teach not your child to tread that path; for fear, sir,
Your dry bones, after death, groan in your grave
The miseries that follow.
Gent. Excellent Casta!
Casta. When shall I pray again, a courtier?[1]
Or, when I do, to what god? what new body
And new face must I make me, with new manners, —
For I must be no more myself? whose mistress
Must I be first? with whose sin-offering season'd?
And when I am grown so great and glorious
With prostitution of my burning beauties,
That great lords kneel, and princes beg for favours,
Do you think I'll be your daughter, a poor gentleman's,
Or know you for my father?
Gent. My best Casta!
Oh, my most virtuous child, Heaven reigns within thee!
Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a saint still.

Re-enter LAVALL.

The lord Lavall: stand by, wench.
Lav. Gabriella ——
She cannot nor she dares not make it known;
My greatness crushes her, whene'er she offers:
Why should I fear her, then?
Gent. Come, let's pass on, wench.
Lav. Gentille, come hither. Who's that gentlewoman?
Gent. A child of mine, sir, who, observing custom,
Is going to the monastery to her prayers.
Lav. A fair one, a most sweet one! fitter far
To beautify a court than make a votarist. —
Go on, fair beauty, and in your orisons
Remember me: will you, fair sweet?
Casta. Most humbly. [*Exit with* GENTILLE.
Lav. An admirable beauty! how it fires me!
But she's too full of grace, and I too wicked. —

Enter Spirit.

I feel my wonted fit: defend me, goodness!
Oh, it grows colder still and stiffer on me;
My hair stands up, my sinews shake and shrink!
Help me, good Heaven, and good thoughts dwell within me!
Oh, get thee gone, thou evil, evil spirit;
Haunt me no more, I charge thee!
Spirit. Yes, Lavall;
Thou art my vassal, and the slave to mischief:
I blast thee with new sin. Pursue thy pleasure:
Casta is rare and sweet, a blowing beauty;
Set thy desires a-fire, and never quench 'em
Till thou enjoy'st her; make her all thy heaven,
And all thy joy, for she is all true happiness.
Thou art powerful; use command; if that prevail not,
Force her: I'll be thy friend.
Lav. Oh, help me, help me!
Spirit. Her virtue, like a spell, sinks me to darkness. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GENTILLE *and* CASTA.

Gent. He's here still. — How is't, noble lord? methinks, sir,
You look a little wildly. — Is it that way?
Is't her you stare on so? I have spied your fire, sir,
But dare not stay the flaming. [*Aside.*] — Come.
Lav. Sweet creature,
Excellent beauty, do me but the happiness
To be your humblest[2] servant. Oh, fair eyes!
Oh, blessèd, blessèd sweetness, divine virgin!
Casta. Oh, good my lord, retire into your honour!
You're spoken good and virtuous, plac'd at helm
To govern others from mischances: from example
Of such fair chronicles as great ones are,
We do, or sure we should, direct our lives.
I know you're full of worth; a school of virtue,
Daily instructing us that live below you,
I make no doubt, dwells there.
Lav. I cannot answer;
She has struck me dumb with wonder. [*Aside*

1 *a courtier*] "i. e. if I commence courtier." MASON.

2 *humblest*] Weber chose to print "humble."

Casta. Goodness guide you!
[*Exit with* GENTILLE.
Lav. She's gone, and with her all light, and has left me
Dark as my black desires. Oh, devil lust,
How dost thou hug my blood, and whisper to me,
There is no day again, no time, no living,
Without this lusty beauty break upon me!
Let me collect myself; I strive like billows
Beaten against a rock, and fall a fool still.
I must enjoy her, and I will: from this hour
My thoughts and all my business shall be nothing,
My eating and my sleeping, but her beauty,
And how to work it.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Health to my lord Lavall!
Nay, good sir, do not turn with such displeasure;
I come not to afflict your new-born pleasures.
My honour'd mistress — neither let that vex you,
For nothing is intended but safe to you.
Lav. What of your mistress? I am full of business.
Maria. I will be short, my lord. She, loving lady,
Considering the unequal tie between ye,
And how your ruin with the duke lay on it,
As also the most noble match now made,
By me sends back all links of marriage,
All holy vows, and rites of ceremony,
All promises, oaths, tears, and all such pawns
You left in hostage; only her love she cannot,
For that still follows you, but not to hurt you;
And still beholds you, sir, but not to shame you:
In recompense of which, this is her suit, sir,
Her poor and last petition, but to grant her,
When weary nights have cloy'd you up with kisses,
(As such must come,) the honour of a mistress,
The honour but to let her see those eyes,
(Those eyes she dotes on more than gods do goodness,)[1]
And but to kiss you only; with this prayer,
(A prayer only to awake your pity,)
And on her knees she made it, that this night
You'd bless her with your company at supper.
Lav. I like this well; and, now I think on't better,
I'll make a present use from this occasion —
[*Aside.*
Maria. Nay, good my lord, be not so cruel to her,
Because she has been yours.
Lav. And to mine own end
A rare way I will work. [*Aside.*
Maria. Can love for ever,
The love of her, my lord, so perish in you?
As you desire in your desires to prosper!
What gallant under heaven but Anjou's heir, then,
Can brag so fair a wife, and sweet a mistress?
Good, noble lord!
Lav. You misapply me, Mary;
Nor do I want true pity to your lady:
Pity and love tell me, too much I have wrong'd her
To dare to see her more; yet if her sweetness
Can entertain a mediation,
(And it must be a great one that can cure me,)
My love again, as far as honour bids me,
My service, and myself ——
Maria. That's nobly spoken!
Lav. Shall hourly see her; want shall never know her;
Nor where she has bestow'd her love, repent her.
Maria. Now whither drives he? [*Aside.*
Lav. I have heard, Maria,
That no two women in the world more lov'd
Than thy good mistress and Gentille's fair daughter.
Maria. What may this mean? [*Aside.*] — You have heard a truth, my lord;
But since the secret love betwixt you two,
My mistress durst not entertain such friendship:
Casta is quick and of a piercing judgment,
And quickly will find out a flaw.
Lav. Hold, Mary; [*Gives money.*
Shrink not; 'tis good gold, wench: prepare a banquet,
And get that Casta thither; for she's a creature
So full of forcible divine persuasion,
And so unwearied ever with good office,
That[2] she shall cure my ill cause to my mistress,
And make all errors up.
Maria. I'll do my best, sir:
But she's too fearful, coy, and scrupulous,
To leave her father's house so late; and bashful
At any man's appearance, that, I fear, sir,
'Twill prove impossible.
Lav. There's more gold, Mary; [*Gives money.*
And feign thy mistress wondrous sick, to death, wench.
Maria. I have you in the wind now, and I'll pay you. [*Aside.*
Lav. She cannot choose but come; 'tis charity,
The chief of her profession: undertake this,
And I am there at night; if not, I leave you.
Maria. I will not lose this offer, though it fall out
Clean cross to that we cast.[3] [*Aside.*] — I'll undertake it;
I will, my lord; she shall be there.
Lav. By [heaven]?
Maria. By [heaven], she shall.
Lav. Let it be something late, then,
For[4] being seen. — Now force or favour wins her.
My spirits are grown dull: strong wine, and store,
Shall set 'em up again, and make me fit
To draw home at the enterprise I aim at.
[*Aside, and exit.*

[1] *gods do goodness*] Seward and his successors print "*gods* on *goodness*."

[2] *That*] Old eds., "And." In this line "my" should most probably be "thy."

[3] *cast*] i. e. contrive, project.

[4] *For*] i. e. according to the usual explanation of the word in such passages, — for fear of; but see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

Maria. Go thy ways, false lord! if thou hold'st, thou pay'st
The price of all thy lusts. Thou shalt be there,
Thou modest maid, if I have any working,
And yet thy honour safe; for which this thief,
I know, has set this meeting; but I'll watch him.

Enter PEROLOT.

Per. Maria!
Maria. Are mine eyes mine own? or — bless me! —
Am I deluded with a flying shadow?
Per. Why do you start so from me?
Maria. It speaks sensibly,
And shews a living body; yet I am fearful.
Per. Give me your hand, good Maria.
Maria. He feels warm too.
Per. And next, your lips.
Maria. He kisses prefectly:
Nay, an the devil be no worse — you are Perolot!
Per. I was, and sure I should be: can a small distance,
And ten short months, take from your memory
The figure of your friend, that you stand wondering?
Be not amaz'd: I am the self-same Perolot,
Living and well, son to Gentille, and brother
To virtuous Casta; to your beauteous mistress
The long-since poor betroth'd and still-vow'd servant.
Maria. Nay, sure he lives. — My lord Lavall, your master,
Brought news long since to your much-mourning mistress,
You died at Orleans; bound her with an oath too,
To keep it secret from your aged father,
Lest it should rack his heart.
Per. A pretty secret,
To try my mistress' love, and make my welcome
From travel of more worth; from whence, Heaven thank'd,
My business for the duke despatch'd to the purpose,
And all my money spent, I am come home, wench.
How does my mistress? for I have not yet seen
Any, nor will I, till I do her service.
Maria. But did the lord Lavall know of your love, sir,
Before you[1] went?
Per. Yes; by much force he got it,
But none else knew; upon his promise too,
And honour, to conceal it faithfully
Till my return: to further which, he told me,
My business being ended, from the duke
He would procure a pension for my service,
Able to make my mistress a fit husband.
Maria. But are you sure of this?
Per. Sure as my sight, wench.
Maria. Then is your lord a base dissembling villain,
A devil-lord, the damn'd lord of all lewdness,
And has betray'd you, and undone my mistress,
My poor sweet mistress, — oh, that lecher-lord! —
Who, poor soul, since was married!
Per. To whom, Maria?
Maria. To that unlucky lord, — a [pox] upon him! —
Whose hot horse-appetite being allay'd once
With her chaste joys, married again (scarce cool'd,
The torches yet not out the yellow Hymen
Lighted about the bed, the songs yet sounding)
Marine's young noble daughter Helena,
Whose mischief stands at door next. Oh, that recreant!
Per. Oh, villain! oh, most unmanly falsehood!
Nay, then, I see my letters were betray'd too.
Oh, I am full of this, great with his mischiefs,
Loaden and burst! Come, lead me to my lady.
Maria. I cannot, sir; Lavall keeps her conceal'd:
Besides, her griefs are such, she will see no man.
Per. I must and will go to her; I will see her:
There be my friend, or this shall be thy furthest.
[*Puts his hand on his sword.*
Maria. Hold, and I'll help you! but first you shall swear to me,
As you are true and gentle, as you hate
This beastly and base lord, where I shall place you,
(Which shall be within sight,) till I discharge you,
Whate'er you see or hear, to make no motion.
Per. I do, by [heaven]!
Maria. Stay here about the house, then,
Till it be later; yet, the time's not perfect:
There at the back-door I'll attend you truly.
Per. Oh, monstrous, monstrous, beastly villain! [*Exit.*
Maria. How cross this falls, and from all expectation!
And what the end shall be, Heaven only yet knows:
Only I wish and hope. But I forget still;
Casta must be the bait, or all miscarries. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *A Street before the House of* LAVALL.

Enter GENTILLE *with a torch.*

Gent. Holla, Shalloon!
Shal. [*appearing at a window.*] Who's there?
Gent. A word from the duke, sir.
Shal. Your pleasure?
Gent. Tell your lord he must to court straight.
Shal. He is ill at ease, and prays he may be pardon'd
The occasions of this night.
Gent. Belike he is drunk, then.
He must away; the duke and his fair lady,
The beauteous Helena, are now at cent;[2]
Of whom she has such fortune in her carding,
The duke has lost a thousand crowns, and swears
He will not go to bed, till by Lavall

[1] *you*] The first folio has "ye" (the word being often printed so, because the transcribers had adopted that form for the sake of shortness). The sec. folio has "he;" and so the modern editors!

[2] *cent*] A game at cards, which seems to have resembled picquet. It was called *cent* because 100 was the game.

The tide of loss be turn'd again. Awake him;
For 'tis the pleasure of the duke he must rise.
Shal. Having so strict command, sir, to the contrary,
I dare not do it: I beseech your pardon.
Gent. Are you sure he is there?
Shal. Yes.
Gent. And asleep?
Shal. I think so.
Gent. And are you sure you will not tell him, Shalloon?
Shal. Yes, very sure.
Gent. Then, I am sure, I will.
Open, or I must force ——
Shal. Pray you, stay; he is not,
Nor will not be this night: you may excuse it.
Gent. I knew he was gone about some woman's labour:
As good a neighbour, though I say it, and as comfortable!
Many such more we need, Shalloon. — Alas, poor lady,
Thou art like to lie cross-legg'd to-night. — Good monsieur,
I will excuse your master for this once, sir,
Because sometimes I have lov'd a wench myself too.
Shal. 'Tis a good hearing, sir.
Gent. But for your lie, Shalloon,
If I had you here, it should be no good hearing;
For your pate I would pummel.
Shal. A fair good-night, sir. [*Exit above.*
Gent. Good-night, thou noble knight, Sir Pandarus![1] —
My heart is cold o' the sudden, and a strange dulness
Possesses all my body: thy will be done, Heaven! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in the House of* GABRIELLA, *with a gallery.*

Enter GABRIELLA, CASTA, *and* MARIA *with a taper.*

Casta. Faith, friend, I was even going to my bed,
When your maid told me of your sudden sickness:
But from my grave (so truly I love you)
I think your name would raise me. You look ill,
Since last I saw you, much decay'd in colour;
Yet, I thank Heaven, I find no such great danger
As your maid frighted me withal. Take courage,
And give your sickness course: some grief you have got,
That feeds within upon your tender spirits,
And, wanting open way to vent itself,
Murders your mind, and chokes up all your sweetness.
Gab. It was my maid's fault, worthy friend, to trouble you,
So late, upon so light a cause; yet, since I have you,
Oh, my dear Casta ——
Casta. Out with it, [i'] God's name!
Gab. The closet of my heart I will lock here,[2] wench,
And things shall make you tremble. — Who's that knocks there? [*Knocking within.*
Maria. 'Tis Lavall.
Gab. Sit you still. —Let him in. —
[*Exit* MARIA.
I am resolv'd; and, all you wrongèd women,
You noble spirits that, as I, have suffer'd
Under this glorious beast, insulting man,
Lend me your causes, then your cruelties,
For I must put on madness above women!
Casta. Why do you look so ghastly?
Gab. Peace; no harm, dear.

Enter LAVALL *with* MARIA.

Lav. There, take my cloak and sword. Where is this banquet?
Maria. In the next room.
Casta. How came he here? Heaven bless me!
Lav. Give me some wine, wench; fill it full and sprightly ——
Gab. Sit still, and be not fearful.
Lav. Till my veins swell,
And my strong sinews stretch, like that brave Centaur
That at the table snatch'd the bride away
In spite of Hercules.
Casta. I am betray'd!
Lav. Nay, start not, lady; 'tis for you that I come,
And for your beauty: 'tis for you, Lavall
Honours this night; to you, the sacred shrine,
I humbly bow, offering my vows and prayers;
To you I live.
Gab. [*To* MARIA.] In with the powder quickly! —
So; that and the wine will rock you. [*Aside.*
Lav. Here, to the health
Of the most beauteous and divine fair Casta,
The star of sweetness! [*Drinks.*
Gab. Fear him not; I'll die first. —
And who shall pledge you?
Lav. Thou shalt, thou tann'd gipsy!
And worship to that brightness give, cold Tartar! —
By [heaven], you shall not stir! you are my mistress,
The glory of my love, the great adventure,
The mistress of my heart, and she my whore!
Gab. Thou liest, base, beastly lord, drunker than anger!
Thou sous'd lord, got by a surfeit, thou liest basely!
Nay, stir not; I dare tell thee so.— Sit you still.—
If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,
That art so absolute and full a villain,
No sacrament can save that piece tied to thee.
How often hast thou wooèd in those flatteries,
Almost those very words, my constancy?
What goddess have I not been, or what goodness?
What star, that is of any name in heaven
Or[3] brightness? which of all the virtues

[1] *Sir Pandarus*] "See [Shakespeare's] *Troilus and Cressida.*" REED.

[2] *The closet of my heart I will lock here*] The meaning, as Seward rightly explains it, is — I will lock up my secrets in your breast.

[3] *Or*] Qy. "*Or any*"?

(But drunkenness and drabbing, thy two morals)
Have not I reach'd to? what spring was ever sweeter?
What Scythian snow so white? what crystal chaster?
Is not thy new wife now the same too? Hang thee,
Base bigamist, thou honour of ill-women![1]
Casta. How's this? Oh, Heaven defend me!
Gab. Thou salt-itch,
For whom no cure but ever-burning-brimstone
Can be imagin'd!
Lav. Ha, ha, ha!
Gab. Dost thou laugh, thou breaker
Of all law, all religion; of all faith
Thou foul contemner?
Lav. Peace, thou paltry woman! —
And sit by me, sweet.
Gab. By the devil?
Lav. Come,
And lull me with delights.
Gab. It works amain now. [*Aside.*
Lav. Give me such kisses as the queen of shadows
Gave to the sleeping boy she stole on Latmus;
Lock round about, in snaky wreaths close-folded,
Those rosy arms about my neck, oh Venus!
Gab. Fear not, I say.
Lav. Thou admirable sweetness,
Distil thy blessings like those silver drops,
That, falling on fair grounds, rise all in roses;
Shoot me a thousand darts from those fair eyes,
And through my heart transfix 'em all, I'll stand 'em;
Send me a thousand smiles, and presently
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by love's power
Turn 'em to Cupid's all, and fling 'em on thee.
How high she looks and heavenly! — More wine for me!
Gab. Give him more wine; — and, good friend, be not fearful.
Lav. Here on my knee, thou goddess of delights,
This lusty grape I offer to thy beauties:
See, how it leaps to view that perfect redness
That dwells upon thy lips! now, how it blushes
To be out-blush'd! Oh, let me feed my fancy,
And as I hold the purple god in one hand,
Dancing about the brim and proudly swelling,
Deck'd in the pride of nature, young and blowing,
So let me take fair Semele in the other,
And sing the loves of gods, then drink! their nectar's
Not yet desir'd.
Casta. Oh!
Lav. Then, like lusty Tarquin,
Turn'd into flames with Lucrece' coy denials,
His blood and spirit equally ambitious,
I force thee for mine own.
Casta. Oh, help me, justice!
Help me, my chastity!
Lav. Now I am bravely quarried.[2]

Enter PEROLOT, *above.*

Per. 'Tis my sister! [*Aside.*
Gab. No, bawdy slave, no, treacher,[3] she is not carried. [*Exit* CASTA.
Per. She's loose again, and gone. I'll keep my place still. [*Aside.*
Maria. Now it works bravely. Stand; he cannot hurt you.
Lav. Oh, my sweet love, my life! [*Falls.*
Maria. He sinks.
Lav. My blessing! [*Sleeps.*
Maria. So; now he is safe a while.
Gab. Lock all the doors, wench;
Then for my wrongs!
Per. Now I'll appear to know all. [*Aside.*
Gab. Be quick, quick, good Maria, sure and sudden.
Per. Stay; I must in first.
[*Comes down from the gallery into the room.*
Gab. Oh, my conscience,
It is young Perolot! oh, my stung conscience,
It is my first and noblest love!
Maria. Leave wondering,
And recollect yourself: the man is living;
Equally wrong'd as you, and by that devil.
Per. 'Tis most true, lady; your unhappy fortune
I grieve for as mine own; your fault forgive too,
If it be one: this is no time for kisses.
I have heard all and known all, which mine ears
Are crack'd a-pieces with, and my heart perish'd:
I saw him in your chamber, saw his fury,
And am a-fire till I have found his heart out.
What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.
Gab. To make his death more horrid, — for he shall die —
Per. He must, he must.
Gab. We'll watch him till he wakes,
Then bind him, and then torture him.
Per. 'Tis nothing:
No; take him dead-drunk[4] now, without repentance,
His lechery inseam'd[5] upon him.
Gab. Excellent!
Per. I'll do it myself; and, when 'tis done, provide you;
For we'll away for Italy this night.
Gab. We'll follow thorough all hazards.
Per. Oh, false lord,
Unmanly, mischievous! how I could curse thee!
But that but blasts thy fame: have at thy heart, fool!

1 *thou honour of ill women*] Altered by Seward to "*thou* horror *of* all *women.*" — "Seward's alteration, which Mr. Mason wishes [is "rather inclined"] to restore, is very tame, and what is more, incorrect, for Lavall is far from being detested by *all* women." WEBER.

2 *quarried*] i. e. provided with prey (the *quarry* being the game or prey pursued by dogs, hawks, &c.)

3 *treacher*] i. e. traitor.

4 *take him dead-drunk, now*, &c.] "This horrid sentiment seems to have been adopted from a similar one in *Hamlet*, where that prince, debating on the purposed death of the king, says,

'When he is *drunk*, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed, &c.' — REED.

The sentiment occurs in many other old plays." WEBER.

5 *inseam'd*] Steevens, in his note on the line of *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4, —

"In the rank sweat of an *enseamed* bed," —

says that "*inseam'd*" in our text has the same meaning, viz. greased. Richardson, again, (*Dict.* in v. *In-seam*) refers the present passage to the usual signification of the word.

Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.
Lav. Oh! does the devil ride me?
Per. Nay, then! [*Stabs him.*
Lav. Murder!
Nay, then, take my share too. [*Stabs* PEROLOT.
Per. Help! oh, he has slain me!
Bloody intentions must have blood.
Lav. Ha!
Per. Heaven —— [*Dies.*
Gab. He sinks, he sinks, for ever sinks! Oh, fortune!
Oh, sorrow, how like seas thou flow'st upon me!
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep, Maria,
Weep this young man's misfortune. Oh, thou truest!

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?
Spirit. That that has mark'd thy soul, man.
Lav. And art thou come again, thou dismal spirit?
Spirit. Yes, to devour thy last.
Lav. Mercy upon me!
Spirit. Thy hour is come; succession, honour, pleasure,
And all the lustre thou so long hast look'd for,
Must here have end: summon thy sins before thee.
Lav. Oh, my affrighted soul!
Spirit. There lies a black one, —
Thy own best servant by thy own hand slain;
Thy drunkenness procur'd it, — there's another;
Think of fair Gabriella, — there she weeps,
And such tears are not lost.
Lav. Oh, miserable!
Spirit. Thy foul intention to the virtuous Casta.
Lav. No more, no more, thou wildfire!
Spirit. Last, thy last wife,
Think on the wrong she suffers.
Lav. Oh, my misery!
Oh, whither shall I fly?
Spirit. Thou hast no faith, fool.
Hark to thy knell! [*Sings, and exit.*
Lav. Millions of sins muster about mine eyes now;
Murders, ambitions, lust, false faiths: oh, horror,
In what a stormy form of death thou rid'st now!
Methinks I see all tortures, fires and frosts,
Deep-sinking caves, where nothing but despair dwells,
The baleful birds of night hovering about 'em;
A grave, methinks, now opens, and a hearse,
Hung with my arms, tumbles into it. Oh!
Oh, my afflicted soul! I cannot pray;
And the least child, that has but goodness in him,
May strike my head off, so stupid are my powers:
I'll lift mine eyes up though.
Maria. Cease these laments;
They are too poor for vengeance: Lavall lives yet.
Gab. Then thus I dry all sorrows from these eyes;
Fury and rage possess 'em now! — Damn'd devil!
Lav. Ha!
Gab. This for young Perolot! [*Stabs him.*
Lav. Oh, mercy, mercy!
Gab. This for my wrongs! *Stabs him.*
Lav. But one short hour to cure me!
Oh, be not cruel! Oh! oh! [*Knocking within.*
Maria. Hark, they knock!
Make haste, for Heaven's sake, mistress!
Gab. This for Casta! [*Stabs him.*
Lav. Oh, oh, oh, oh! [*Dies.*
Maria. He's dead; come, quickly let's away with him,
'Twill be too late else.
Gab. Help, help, up to the chamber!
[*Exeunt with* LAVALL'S *body.*

Enter the DUKE, HELENA, GENTILLE, CASTA, Lords, *and* Attendants *with lights.*

Duke. What frights are these?
Gent. I am sure here's one past frighting, —
Bring the lights nearer, — I have enough already.
Out, out, mine eyes! — Look, Casta!
First Lord. 'Tis young Perolot!
Duke. When came he over? — Hold the gentlewoman;
She sinks; and bear her off.
Casta. Oh, my dear brother!
[*Exit with* First Lord *and* Attendants.
Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I hope, too,
And very shortly. Murder'd!

Enter above GABRIELLA *and* MARIA, *with* LAVALL'S *body.*

Duke. Who's above there?
Gab. Look up, and see.
Duke. What may this mean?
Gab. Behold it;
Behold the drunken[1] murderer
Of that young gentleman; behold the rankest,
The vilest, basest slave that ever flourish'd!
Duke. Who kill'd him?
Gab. I; and there's the cause I did it:
Read, if your eyes will give you leave.
[*Throws down a paper.*
Hel. Oh, monstrous!
Gab. Nay, out it shall: there, take this false heart to ye, [*Throws down his heart.*
The base dishonour of a thousand women!
Keep it in gold, duke; 'tis a precious jewel.
Now to myself; for I have liv'd a fair age,
Longer by some months than I had a mind to.
Duke. Hold!
Gab. Here, young Perolot, my first-contracted!
True love shall never go alone. [*Stabs herself.*
Duke. Hold, Gabriella!
I do forgive all.
Gab. I shall die the better.
Thus let me seek my grave, and my shames with me. [*Dies.*
Maria. Nor shalt thou go alone, my noble mistress:
Why should I live, and thou dead? [*Stabs herself.*
Sec. Lord. Save the wench there!
Maria. She is, I hope; and all my sins here written. [*Dies.*
Duke. This was a fatal night.

1 *drunken*] Another epithet ("lecherous" perhaps) appears to have dropped out.

Gent. Heaven has his working,
Which we cannot contend against.
Duke. Alas!
Gent. Your grace has your alas too.
Duke. Would 'twere equal!
For thou hast lost an honest noble child.
Gent. 'Tis heir enough h'as left,[1] a good remembrance.
Duke. See all their bodies buried decently,

Re-enter First Lord.

Though some deserv'd it not. — How do you, lady?
Hel. Even, with your grace's leave, ripe for a monastery;
There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,
And never know what man is more.
Duke. Your pleasure. —
How does the maid within?
First Lord. She is gone before, sir,
The same course that my[2] lady takes.
Gent. And my course
Shall be my beads at home, so please your grace
To give me leave to leave the court.
Duke. In peace, sir;
And take my love along.
Gent. I shall pray for you.
Duke. Now to ourselves retire we, and begin
By this example to correct each sin!
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

Eman. By this we plainly view the two imposthumes
That choke a kingdom's welfare, — ease and wantonness;
In both of which Lavall was capital:
For, first, ease stole away his mind from honour,
That active noble thoughts had kept still working;
And then delivered him to drink and women,
Lust and outrageous riot; and what their ends are,
How infamous and foul, we see example.
Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of virtue's schools,
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools.
[*Flourish.*

The Triumph. Enter Musicians; next them, PEROLOT, *with the wound he died of; then* GABRIELLA *and* MARIA, *with their wounds; after them, four Furies with bannerets, inscribed* Revenge, Murder, Lust, *and* Drunkenness, *singing; next them,* LAVALL *wounded; than a chariot with Death, drawn by the Destinies.* [Flourish.

Enter Poet *as Prologue-speaker.*

Poet. *From this sad sight ascend your noble eye,*
And see old Time helping triumphantly,
Helping his master, Man: view here his vanities;
And see his false friends, like those glutted flies,
That, when they've suck'd their fill, fall off, and fade
From all remembrance of him, like a shade;
And last, view who relieves him: and, that gone,
We hope your favour; and our play is done.
[Flourish.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

SCENE I. — *A City.*

Enter ANTHROPOS, DESIRE, VAIN-DELIGHT, *and* BOUNTY.

Anth. What hast thou done, Desire, and how employ'd
The charge I gave thee about levying wealth
For our supplies?
Desire. I have done all, yet nothing;
Tried all, and all my ways, yet all miscarried:
There dwells a sordid dulness in their minds,
Thou son of Earth, colder than that thou art made of.
I came to Craft; found all his hooks about him
And all his nets, baited and set;[3] his sly self
And greedy Lucre at a serious conference,
Which way to tie the world within their statutes;
Business of all sides[4] and of all sorts swarming,
Likes bees broke loose in summer: I declar'd
Your will and want together, both inforcing,
With all the power and pains I had, to reach him;
Yet all fell short.
Anth. His answer?
Desire. This he gave me.
Your wants are never ending; and those supplies
That came[5] to stop those breaches, are ever lavish'd,
Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
Gewgaws, and gilded puppets: Vain-Delight,
He says, has ruin'd you, with clapping all,
That comes in for support, on clothes and coaches,
Perfumes and powder'd pates; and that your mistress,
The lady Pleasure, like a sea, devours

1 *left*] Sympson's correction. Old eds. "lost."
2 *my*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "her;" and so Weber (who wrongly attributes the "correction" to Seward.) But to make Helena "the lady" of Casta contradicts an earlier scene, p. 405, where, after Casta has expressed her utter dislike of being "preferred to Helen" and becoming "a courtier," her father says,
"Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a saint still."

3 ——— *all his hooks about him*
And all his nets, baited and set] "Mr. Sympson says, that to bait and set nets is inaccurate, and therefore would have *hooks* and *nets* change places; but *nets* are sometimes baited and set as well as hooks, as for cray-fish, grigs, &c. so that the change is not necessary." Seward. The later editors have reprinted this preposterous note without any comment, evidently thinking it quite satisfactory. What can be plainer than that the epithet "*baited*" belongs to "*hooks*," and "*set*" to "*nets*"?
4 *of all sides*] "Is the same in old language as 'on all sides.' The explanation is only given because former editors have conceived alterations to be requisite." Weber, — who borrowed this remark from Mason, — having himself elsewhere made the very "alterations" which he now censures.
5 *came*] Qy. "come"?

At length both you and him too: if you have houses,
Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,
And will be ready to supply occasions;
If not, he locks his ears up, and grows stupid.
From him I went to Vanity, whom I found
Attended by an endless troop of tailors,
Mercers, embroiderers, feather-makers, fumers,[1]
All occupations opening like a mart,
That serve to rig the body out with bravery;[2]
And through the room new fashions flew, like flies,
In thousand gaudy shapes; Pride waiting on her,
And busily surveying all the breaches
Time and decaying[3] Nature had wrought in her,
Which still with art she piec'd again and strengthen'd:
I told your wants; she shew'd me gowns and head-tires,
Embroider'd waistcoats, smocks seam'd thorough with cut-works,[4]
Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,
Dogs, monkeys, parrots, which all seem'd to shew me
The way her money went. From her to Pleasure
I took my journey.
Anth. And what says our best mistress?
Desire. She danc'd me out this answer presently:
Revels and masques had drawn her dry already.
I met old Time too, mowing mankind down,
Who says you are too hot, and he must purge you.
Anth. A cold *quietus!* Miserable creatures,
Born to support and beautify your master,
The godlike Man, set here to do me service,
The children of my will, why, or how dare ye,
Created to my use alone, disgrace me?
Beasts have more courtesy; they live about me,
Offering their warm wool to the shearer's hand
To clothe me with, their bodies to my labours;
Nay, even their lives they daily sacrifice,
And proudly press with garlands to the altars,
To fill the gods' oblations. Birds bow to me,
Striking their downy sails to do me service,
Their sweet airs ever echoing to mine honour,
And to my rest their plumy softs they send me.
Fishes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
But mine own cursed kind, obey their ruler;
Mine have forgot me, miserable mine,
Into whose stony hearts neglect of duty,
Squint-ey'd Deceit, and Self-love, are crept closely!
None feel my wants? not one friend with me?[5]
Desire. None, sir.

[1] *fumers*] "i. e. perfumers." WEBER.
[2] *bravery*] "i. e. finery."
[3] *decaying*] Old eds. "delaying."
[4] *cut-works*] i. e. "open works in linen, stamped or cut by hand." Nares's *Gloss.* in v. Or wrought with the needle: see Holme's *Ac. of Arm.* B. iii. 98.
[5] *friend with me*] Old eds. "mend *with me*." I give, as Weber did, a conjectural emendation of Seward, who, however, printed in the text "befriend *me*," which the Editors of 1778 also preferred.

Anth. Thou hast forgot, Desire, thy[6] best friend Flattery;
He cannot fail me.
Vain-Del. Fail! he will sell himself,
And all within his power, close to his skin, first.
Desire. I thought so too, and made him my first venture;
But found him in a young lord's ear so busy,
So like a smiling shower pouring his soul
In at his portals; his face in thousand figures,
Catching the vain mind of the man: I pull'd him,
But still he hung like bird-lime; spoke unto him;
His answer still was, "By the Lord, sweet lord,"
And, "By my soul, thou master-piece of honour!"
Nothing could stave him off: he has heard your flood's gone,
And on decaying things he seldom smiles, sir.
Anth. Then here I break up state, and free my followers,
Putting my fortune now to Time and Justice:
Go, seek new masters now; for Anthropos,
Neglected by his friends, must seek new fortunes.
Desire, to Avarice I here commend thee,
Where thou mayst live at full bent of thy wishes.
And, Vain-Delight, thou feeder of my follies,
With light Fantastickness be thou in favour.
To leave thee, Bounty, my most worthy servant,
Troubles me more than mine own misery;
But we must part: go, plant thyself, my best friend,
In honourable hearts that truly know thee,
And there live ever like thyself, a virtue;
But leave this place, and seek the country;
For Law and Lust, like fire, lick all up here.
Now none but Poverty must follow me,
Despis'd, patch'd Poverty; and we two, married,
Will seek Simplicity, Content, and Peace out,
And live with them in exile.

Enter POVERTY.

How uncall'd on
My true friend comes!
Pov. Here, hold thee, Anthropos;
Thou art almost arriv'd[7] at rest; put this on,
A penitential robe, to purge thy pleasures:
Off with that vanity!
Anth. Here, Vain-Delight,
[*Gives his rich cloak to* VAIN-DELIGHT, *and puts on the penitential robe.*
And, with this, all my part to thee again
Of thee I freely render.
Pov. Take this staff now,
And be more constant to your steps hereafter:
The staff is Staidness of Affections. —
Away, you painted flies, that with man's summer
Take life and heat, buzzing about his blossoms!
When growing full, ye turn to caterpillars,
Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly, shadows!
[*Exeunt* DESIRE *and* VAIN-DELIGHT.

[6] *thy*] Seward and his successors print, unnecessarily, "my."
[7] *arriv'd*] Sympson's correction. Old eds. "arm'd," (the original compositor having mistaken *is* for *m*.)

Now to Content I'll give thee, Anthropos,
To Rest and Peace: no Vanity dwells there,
Desire, nor Pleasure, to delude thy mind more;
No Flattery's smooth-fil'd tongue shall poison thee.
Anth. Oh, Jupiter, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning altars but one sacrifice
Thou and thy fair-ey'd Juno smil'd upon;
If ever, to thine honour, bounteous feasts,
Where all thy statuas[1] sweat[2] with wine and incense,
Have by the son of Earth been celebrated;
Hear me, the child of Shame now, hear, thou helper,
And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou justice,
Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
Against his master done, against thy order;
And raise again, thou father of all honour,
The poor, despis'd, but yet thy noblest creature!
Raise from his ruins once more this sunk cedar,
That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Olympus.*

JUPITER *and* MERCURY *descend severally to soft music.*

Jup. Ho, Mercury, my wingèd son!
Merc. Your servant.
Jup. Whose powerful prayers were those that reach'd our ears,
Arm'd in such spells of pity[3] now?
Merc. The sad petitions
Of the scorn'd son of Earth, the god-like Anthropos;
He that has swell'd your sacred fires with incense,
And pil'd upon your altars thousand heifers;
He that, beguil'd by Vanity and Pleasure,
Desire, Craft, Flattery, and smooth Hypocrisy,
Stands now despis'd and ruin'd, left to Poverty.
Jup. It must not be; he was not rais'd for ruin;
Nor shall those hands heav'd at mine altars perish:
He is our noblest creature. Flee to Time;
And charge him presently release the bands
Of Poverty and Want this suitor sinks in;
Tell him, among the sun-burnt Indians,
That know no other wealth but peace and pleasure,
He[4] shall find golden Plutus, god of riches,
Who idly is ador'd, the innocent people
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries;
Bid him compel him to his right use, honour,
And presently to live with Anthropos.
It is our will. Away!
Merc. I do obey it.
[*Ascend severally to soft music.*

[1] *statuas*] the modern editors print "statues." See note, p. 378.
[2] *sweat*] Weber gave, with the sec. folio, "sweet"!
[3] *spells of pity*] "i. e., spells fitted to move compassion; and is a more natural and poetical expression than *spells of piety*, which Seward proposes to read [prints]." MASON.
[4] *He*] Old eds. "She;" and so Seward!

SCENE III. — *A wild Indian Region.*

Enter PLUTUS, *with a troop of Indians singing and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him; which ended, enter* TIME.

Time. Rise, and away! 'tis Jove's command.
Plutus. I will not:
You have some fool to furnish now; some Midas,
That to no purpose I must choke with riches.
Who must I go to?
Time. To the son of Earth;
He wants the god of wealth.
Plutus. Let him want still.
I was too lately with him, almost torn
Into ten thousand pieces by his followers:
I could not sleep, but Craft or Vanity
Were filing off my fingers; not eat, for fear
Pleasure would cast herself into my belly,
And there surprise my heart.
Time. These have forsaken him:
Make haste, then; thou must with me. Be not angry,
For fear a greater anger light upon thee.
Plutus. I do obey, then; but change[5] my figure;
For when I willingly befriend a creature,
Goodly and full of glory I shew to him;
But when I am compell'd, old and decrepit,
I halt, and hang upon my staff. — Farewell, friends;
I will not be long from ye; all my servants
I leave among ye still, and my chief riches.
[*Exeunt Indians, with a dance.*
Oh, Time, what innocence dwells here, what goodness!
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.
Away! I'll follow thee: but not too fast, Time!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A rocky Country.*

Enter ANTHROPOS, HONESTY, SIMPLICITY, HUMILITY, *and* POVERTY.

Hum. Man, be not sad; nor[6] let this divorce
From Mundus, and his many ways of pleasure,
Afflict thy spirits; which, consider'd rightly
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.
Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach thee?
What matter left for Craft or Covetise
To plot against thee? what Desire to burn thee?
Hon. Oh, son of Earth, let honesty possess thee!
Be as thou wast intended, like thy Maker;
See thorough those gaudy shadows, that, like dreams,
Have dwelt upon thee long; call up thy goodness,
Thy mind and man within thee, that lie shipwreck'd;
And then how thin and vain these fond affections,

[5] *but change*] Seward and his successors print "*but will change.*"
[6] *nor*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print "neither."

How lame this worldly love, how lump-like, raw,
And ill-digested, all these vanities
Will shew, let Reason tell thee.
Simpl. Crown thy mind
With that above the world's wealth, joyful suffering,
And truly be the master of thyself,
Which is the noblest empire; and there stand
The thing thou wert ordain'd and set to govern.
Pov. Come, let us sing the world's shame: hear us, Anthropos.

Song: after which, enter TIME *and* PLUTUS.

Hon. Away! we are betray'd.
[*Exit with* SIMPLICITY *and* HUMILITY.
Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy, bare companion! go for ever,
For ever, I conjure thee! make no answer.
[*Exit* POVERTY.
Anth. What mak'st thou here, Time? thou that to this minute
Never stood'st still by me.
Time. I have brought thee succour;
And now catch hold, I am thine. The god of riches,
Compell'd by him that saw thy miseries,
The ever-just and wakeful Jove, at length
Is come unto thee; use him as thine own,
For 'tis the doom of Heaven; he must obey thee.
Anth. Have I found pity, then?
Time. Thou hast, and justice
Against those false seducers of thine honour. —
Come, give him present helps. [*Exit.*
Plutus. Come, Industry,
[INDUSTRY *and the* ARTS *discovered.*
Thou friend of life! and, next to thee, rise, Labour! [PLUTUS *stamps, and* LABOUR *rises.*
Rise presently: and now to your employments!
But first conduct this mortal to the rock.
[*They carry* ANTHROPOS *to a rock, and fall a-digging.* PLUTUS *strikes the rock, and flames fly out.*
What seest thou now?
Anth. A glorious mine of metal. —
Oh, Jupiter, my thanks!
Plutus. To me a little.
Anth. And to the god of wealth, my sacrifice!
Plutus. Nay, then, I am rewarded. Take heed, now, son,
You are afloat again, lest Mundus catch you.
Anth. Never betray me more!
Plutus. I must to India,
From whence I came, where my main wealth lies buried,
And these must with me. Take that hook [1] and mattock,
And by those know to live again.

[1] *hook*, &c.] Old eds. "book," &c. "Mr. Sympson would read 'hook *and mattock*,' as the two emblems of industry; but knowledge and virtue being as necessary to Anthropos as industry, I understand *book* as an emblem of them." SEWARD, — whose successors, satisfied with this note, also retained the misprint of the old eds. Knowledge and virtue, however *necessary* they might be to Anthropos, were certainly not the gifts of Plutus: what had he to do with *books?*

Anth. I shall do.
[*Exeunt* PLUTUS, INDUSTRY, LABOUR, &c.

Enter FAME, *sounding.*

Fame. Thorough all the world the fortune of great Anthropos
Be known, and wonder'd at; his riches envied
As far as sun or time is; his power fear'd too!
[*Exit*

Enter VAIN-DELIGHT, PLEASURE, CRAFT, LUCRE VANITY, &c. *dancing, and masked, towards the rock, offering service to* ANTHROPOS. MERCURY *from above. Music heard. One half of a cloud drawn, Singers are discovered; then the other half drawn,* JUPITER *seen in glory.*

Merc. Take heed, weak man! those are the sins that sunk thee;
Trust 'em no more; kneel and give thanks to Jupiter.
Anth. Oh, mighty power!
Jup. Unmask, ye gilded poisons! —
[VAIN-DELIGHT, PLEASURE, &c. *unmask.*
Now look upon 'em, son of Earth, and shame 'em;
Now see the faces of thy evil angels:
Lead 'em to Time, and let 'em fill his triumph;
Their memories be here forgot for ever!
Anth. Oh, just, great god! how many lives of service,
What ages only given to thine honour,
What infinites of vows and holy prayers
Can pay my thanks?
Jup. Rise up: and, to assure thee
That never more thou shalt feel want, — strike, Mercury,
Strike him; and by that stroke he shall for ever
Live in that rock of gold, and still enjoy it:
Be't done, I say! Now sing in honour of him.

Song.

Enter the Triumph.[2] *First, the Musicians: then* VAIN-DELIGHT, PLEASURE, CRAFT, LUCRE, VANITY, *and other of the Vices: then a chariot with the person of* TIME *sitting in it, drawn by four persons, representing Hours, singing.*
[Exeunt. Flourish.

Eman. By this we note, sweetheart, in kings and princes
A weakness, even in spite of all their wisdoms,
And oft to be master'd by abuses;
Our natures here describ'd too, and what humours
Prevail above our reasons to undo us;
But this the last and best, — when no friend stands,
The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[2] *Enter the Triumph*, &c.] This stage-direction of the old eds. is hardly correct. It appears from a preceding speech of Jupiter that, after Time has entered, Anthropos leads up to him Vain-Delight, Pleasure, &c.

EPILOGUE.

Now, as the husbandman, whose costs and pain,
Whose hopes and helps, lie buried in his grain,
Waiting a happy spring to ripen full
His long'd-for harvest to the reaper's pull,
Stand we expecting (having sown our ground
With so much charge, the fruitfulness not found)
The harvest of our labours; for we know
You are our spring, and when you smile, we grow:
Nor charge[1] nor pain shall bind us from your pleasures,
So you but lend your hands to fill our measures.

[1] *charge*] Weber prints "change"!

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

The Scornfel Ladie. A Comedie. As it was Acted (with great applause) by the Children of Her Maiesties Reuels in the Blacke Fryers. Written by Fra. Beaumont and Jo. Fletcher, Gent. London Printed for Myles Partrick, and are to be sold at his Shop at the George neere St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-streete. 1616. 4to.

The Scornefel Ladie. A Comedie. As it was now lately Acted (with great applause) by the Kings Maiesties seruants, at the Blacke Fryers. Written by Fra. Beaumont, and Jo. Fletcher, Gentlemen. London, Printed for M. P. and are to be sold by Thomas Jones, at the blacke Rauen, in the Strand. 1625. 4to.

The Scornefell Ladie. A Comedie. As it was now lately Acted (with great applause) by the Kings Majesties Seruants, at the Blacke-Fryers. Written by Fran: Beaumont and Jo: Fletcher, Gentlemen. The third Edition. London. Printed by B. A. and T. F. for T. Jones, and are to be sold at his Shop in St. Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet-street. 1630. 4to.

The Scornfell Ladie. A Comedy. As it was now lately Acted (with great applause) by the Kings Majesties Seruants, at the Blacke-Fryers.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont,* & *John Fletcher,* } *Gentlemen.*

The fourth Edition. London, Printed by A. M. 1635. 4to.

The Scornfell Lady. A Comedy, &c. The fift Edition. London, Printed by M. P. for Robert Wilson, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne at Grayes-Inne Gate. 1639. 4to.

The Scornfull Lady. A Comedy, &c. The sixt Edition, Corrected and amended. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1651. 4to.

Also in the folio of 1679.

With respect to the date of this comedy, we can only determine that it was produced sometime between 1609, when "the Cleve wars"[1] broke out, and 1615–16 when Beaumont died.

In attributing to Beaumont by far the greater portion of *The Scornful Lady*, Weber, I apprehend, judged rightly.

The sudden conversion of the usurer Morecraft is imitated from the *Adelphi* of Terence, where the same change takes place in the character of Demea. The Captain is a very indifferent copy of Shakespeare's Pistol.

Till the suppression of the theatres, *The Scornful Lady* continued to be one of the most popular of our authors' dramas; and a droll taken from it, and called *The False Heire and Formal Curate*, may be found in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport* (see p. 158 of the present work). After the Restoration, it again became a stock-play: and Langbaine mentions its being "acted with good Applause even in these times, at the Theatre in Dorset-Garden." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 214. The Editors of 1778 observe that it has not "been performed in the course of many years past; though, in the lifetime of Mrs. Oldfield, who acted the Lady, it used to be frequently represented." An alteration of it, made by Cooke the barrister for Mrs. Abington, was brought out with great success at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1783, under the title of *The Capricious Lady*.

In the edition of 1750, Theobald has a note (act i. sc. 2) concerning the steward Savil, where he says; "The ingenious Mr. Addison, I remember, told me, that he sketched out his character of Vellum, in the comedy called *The Drummer*, purely from this model."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Elder Loveless.
Younger Loveless.
Savil, steward to the Elder Loveless.
Welford.
Sir Roger, chaplain to the Lady.
Morecraft, an usurer
Captain.
Traveller.
Poet.
Tobacco-man.
Page, Fiddlers, Servants.

Lady.
Martha, her sister.
Widow.
Abigail Younglove, waiting-woman to the Lady.
Women.

SCENE, — London.

1 "There will be no more talk of *the Cleve wars*,
While this lasts." Act v. sc. 3.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, YOUNG LOVELESS, SAVIL, *and a* Page.

E. Love. Brother, is your last hope past, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

Y. Love. Hopelessly past. I have presented the usurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra swallowed; he hath sucked in ten thousand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets.[1]

E. Love. I have as hard a task to perform in this house.

Y. Love. Faith, mine was to make an usurer honest, or to lose my land.

E. Love. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land. — Make the boat stay. [*Exit* Page.] — I fear[2] I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkness of the night, and the roughness of the waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

Sav. Sir, your father's old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate, to stay at home, and marry and propagate, and govern in your[3] country, than to travel for diseases, and return following the court in a night-cap,[4] and die without issue.

E. Love. Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Y. Love. Yonder's Mistress Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your mistress' toes.

Enter ABIGAIL.

E. Love. Mistress Younglove ——

Abig. Master Loveless, truly we thought your sails had been hoist: my mistress is persuaded you are sea-sick ere this.

E. Love. Loves she her ill-takon-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her for[5] me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to-day, when, they say, a woman can deny nothing.

E. Love. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about[6] her heels.

E. Love. I prithee, deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment; and then for France.

Abig. I'll do't. Hark hither; is that your brother?

E. Love. Yes: have you lost your memory?

Abig. As I live, he's a pretty fellow. [*Exit.*

Y. Love. Oh, this is a sweet brach![7]

E. Love. Why, she knows not you.

Y. Love. No, but she offered me once to know her. To this day she loves youth of eighteen. She heard[8] a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she, in kindness, would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She loved all the players in the last queen's time once over; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they played murderers. She has nine spur-royals,[9] and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces angerly, that the farmer's eldest son (or her mistress' husband's clerk that[10] shall be) that marries her, shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a-year. She tells tales of the serving men ——

E. Love. Enough; I know her, brother. I shall[11] entreat you only to salute my mistress, and take leave: we'll part at the stairs.

Enter Lady *and* ABIGAIL.

Lady. Now, sir, this first part of your will is performed: what's the rest?

E. Love. First, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother: I shall take it as a favour done to me.[12]

Lady. Though the gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

Y. Love. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

---

1 *without trumpets*] i. e. without a flourish of trumpets. "The allusion," says Theobald rightly, in the earlier part of his note on this passage, "is to the drinking of healths at our public halls and city entertainments."

2 *E. Love. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land. — Make the boat stay,* [*Exit Page.*] — *I fear,* &c.] So folio 1679, except that it does not mark the exit of the Page. The first 4to. gives the speech thus;

"El. Lo. *And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leave the Land.* Sauill *make the boate stay, I feare,*" &c.

The second 4to. follows the first, except that it places a full point after "Sauill," making that word a prefix. The third and all the later 4tos. read thus;

"El. Lo. *And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leaue the Land.*
Yo. Lo. *Make the boate stay, I feare,*" &c.

Theobald followed the reading of folio 1679. The Editors of 1778 gave;

"El. Lo. *And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.*
Yo. Lo. *Make the boat stay.*
El. Lo. *I fear,*" &c.

explaining the words, "Make the boat stay," to mean figuratively — be not hasty, postpone your departure! Weber adopted the reading of the first 4to.

3 *your*] The 4to. of 1651 reads "*your* own;" but that edition takes great liberties with the text, and is of no authority. Folio 1679 "our."

4 *for diseases, and return following the court in a night-cap.* So the two earliest 4tos. In the second 4to., these words occupy a line, which, having been left out in the third 4to. by an oversight of the compositor, was not restored in any of the subsequent old eds. The modern editors also omit these words!

5 *for*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "from;" and so the modern editors.

6 *about*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "above"!

7 *brach*] "Is," according to an often cited passage of *The Gentleman's Recreation*, "a mannerly name for all hound-bitches."

8 *heard*] Qy. "had"?

9 *spur-royals*] — Or, as Theobald and Weber print, "*spur-ryals*," — were gold coins, worth 15*s.* each, and so called because they had a star on the reverse, resembling the rowel of a spur.

10 *that*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors, Weber excepted.

11 *Enough: I know her, brother. I shall,* &c.] The modern editors alter the punctuation thus; "*Enough, I know her. Brother, I shall,*" &c.

12 *I shall take it as a favour done to me*] The old eds. make these words the commencement of the next speech; and so the modern editors.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions.

[*Exeunt* YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

E. Love. Would I were so! Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world and you yourself can see ——

Lady. It's a cold room this, servant.[1]

E. Love. Mistress ——

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here?

E. Love. Mistress, another in my place, that were not tied to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wronged; but I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience ——

Lady. Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums.

E. Love. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to the purpose.

E. Love. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man ——

Lady. A simile, servant! This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similes, and metaphors? If you have aught to say, break into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you.

E. Love. Mistress, I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily despatched: the next?

E. Love. To take leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

E. Love. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despaired of that, nor have used so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

E. Love. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I! never apter. Fast, good servant, fast.

E. Love. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

Lady. Most willingly: have you brought one can speak it?

E. Love. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home?

E. Love. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborne with passions; but the thing by her commanded is, to see Dover's dreadful cliff; passing, in a poor water-house, the dangers of the merciless channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours' sail, with three poor weeks' victuals.

E. Love. You wrong me.

Lady. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host, to remove from city to city by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his mother-tongue.

E. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all these (almost invincible) labours performed for your mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with you for laughter;[2] and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laughed at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

E. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

E. Love. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with toys.[3] But in this banishment, I must take leave to say you are unjust. Was one kiss forced from you in public by me so unpardonable? why, all the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

Lady. 'Tis true, and so you satisfied[4] the company that heard me chide.

E. Love. Your own eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And so you told 'em.

E. Love. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stained your cheek: you yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did; but if a maid's heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

E. Love. But where lay this disgrace? The world, that knew us, knew our resolutions well: and could it be hoped that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kissed? or could I, in strict wisdom, take too much love upon me from her that chose me for her husband?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on;
Were the gloves bought and given, the licence come;
Were the rosemary-branches[5] dipt, and all
The hippocras[6] and cakes eat and drunk off;[7]
Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
Of bachelors, to lead me to the church;
Were my feet in the door; were "I John" said; —
If John should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,
When you have spent this year commodiously,
In achieving languages, will, at your return,
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now:
If you dare, go.[8]

[1] *servant*] See note, p. 162.

[2] *with you for laughter*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*with* your *laughter*;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[3] *toys*] i. e. trifles.

[4] *satisfied*] So the two earliest (not, as Weber states, "the *three* earliest") 4tos. Other eds. "told;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[5] *rosemary-branches*] See note, p. 301.

[6] *hippocras*] Was a favourite medicated drink, composed of wine (usually red), with spices and sugar. It is generally supposed to have been so called from *Hippocrates* (contracted by our earliest writers to *Hippocras*): perhaps because it was strained, — the woollen bag used by apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification being termed *Hippocrates's sleeve*.

[7] *drunk off*] Altered to "drank of" by the Editors of 1778 and Weber!

[8] *If you dare, go*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print these words as an imperfect sentence, "If you dare go —"

E. Love. I dare, you know. First, let me kiss.

Lady. Farewell, sweet servant. Your task perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning suitor,
I shall be apt to hear you.

E. Love. Farewell, cruel mistress.

[*Exeunt* Lady *and* ABIGAIL.

Re-enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Y. Love. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your tide to Gravesend; you have a long half-mile by land to Greenwich.

E. Love. I go. But, brother, what yet-unheard-of course to live doth your imagination flatter you with? your ordinary means are devoured.

Y. Love. Course! why, horse-coursing,[1] I think. Consume no time in this; I have no estate to be mended by meditation: he that busies himself about my fortunes, may properly be said to busy himself about nothing.

E. Love. Yet some course you must take, which, for my satisfaction, resolve and open.[2] If you will shape none, I must inform you, that that man but persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

Y. Love. Why, live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

E. Love. I apprehend not that. You have fed others, and consequently disposed of 'em; and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Y. Love. Why, I'll purse;[3] if that raise me not, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores: I would fain live by others. But I'll live whilst I am unhanged, and after the thought's taken.[4]

E. Love. I see you are tied to no particular employment, then?

Y. Love. Faith, I may choose my course: they say Nature brings forth none but she provides for them; I'll try her liberality.

E. Love. Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolved you shall live as master of my house. — It shall be your care, Savil, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Y. Love. If it be referred to him, if I be not found in carnation Jersey-stockings, blue devils' breeches, with three gards[5] down, and my pocket i' the sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again.

Sav. A comelier wear, I wus,[6] it is than those dangling slops.[7]

E. Love. To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing, which, at your best leisure, together open and read. [*Gives a paper.*

Re-enter ABIGAIL, *with a jewel.*

Abig. Sir, my mistress commends her love to you in this token and these words: it is a jewel, she says, which, as a favour from her, she would request you to wear till your year's travel be performed; which, once expired, she will hastily[8] expect your happy return.

E. Love. Return my service, with such thanks as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly-overjoyed man would willingly utter: and you, I hope, I shall, with slender arguments, persuade to wear this diamond; that when my mistress shall, through my long absence and the approach of new suitors, offer to forget me, you may call[9] your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me. She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her; as we see many men much swayed by the grooms of their chambers, — not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on[10] them than on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig. O' my credit, I swear I think 'twas made for me. Fear no other suitors.

E. Love. I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginnings:[11] you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids swear they found plasters in their beds.

Abig. I know, I know; and do not you[12] fear the suitors.

E. Love. Farewell; be mindful, and be happy; the night calls me.

[*Exeunt* E. *and* Y. LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you, sir! a constant and a liberal lover thou art: more such God send us!

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. [*to servant without.*] Let 'em not stand still; we have rid hard.[13]

Abig. A suitor, I know, by his riding hard: I'll not be seen. [*Aside, and retires.*

Wel. A pretty hall this: no servant in't? I would look freshly.

Abig. You have delivered your errand to me,

[1] *horse-coursing*] i. e. horse-dealing: see Nares's *Gloss.*

[2] *resolve and open*] "That is, — determine upon and declare." MASON.

[3] *purse*] i. e. take purses, rob.

[4] *after the thought's taken*] "i. e. according to the thought that first strikes me." WEBER.

[5] *three gards*] i. e. three trimmings, facings. So the two earliest 4tos. In the later eds. "three" is corrupted into "the:" which the modern editors give, — Weber attempting an explanation as ridiculous as the reading.

[6] *I wus*] — or *I wis*, — equivalent to — truly, certainly.

[7] *slops*] i. e. wide breeches.

[8] *hastily*] i. e. impatiently. — The two latest 4tos. have "happily;" which, strange to say, Theobald adopted.

[9] *call*] The latest 4to. and folio 1679 have "cast;" which Theobald gave.

[10] *on*] "This is the reading of all the old copies, which is by modern editors unnecessarily changed to — *of*." WEBER, — with his usual inaccuracy; for Theobald printed "on." A little after, folio 1679 has "*but for* that *they know*; and so Theobald.

[11] *beginnings*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "beginning;" and so the modern editors.

[12] *do not you*] "All the editions after the third quarto transpose the two latter words." WEBER, — incorrectly again: folio 1679 does *not* transpose the words.

[13] *hard*] "Mr. Seward [in the Postscript to vol. i. of ed. 1751] prescribes the insertion of the word *hard*, which probably has been dropped at the press, and seems necessary to the sense." So write the Editors of 1778; and Weber, having placed "hard" between brackets, to shew that it was a modern insertion, reprints the note without farther remark. What does such carelessness deserve? The word "hard" is found in the two earliest 4tos.!

then. There's no danger in a handsome young fellow; I'll shew myself.

[*Aside, — and then comes forward.*

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation? are you the lady of this house?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to achieve, but nature may bring it about.

Wel. For these comfortable words I remain your glad debtor. Is your lady at home?

Abig. She is no straggler, sir.

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a suitor, no.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to persuade her, that a gentleman, benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. Other women the house holds, of good[1] carriage and government; upon any of which you can cast your affection, they will prove be found as faithful, and not so coy. [*Exit.*

Wel. What a skinful of lust is this! I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right court-fashion: men, women, and all, woo; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter SIR[2] ROGER.

Rog. God save you, sir! My lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name. — I'll try his wit. [*Aside.*

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishoprick of Durham: call you him cousin?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, sir.

Rog. It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that? a cross? There's a tester.[3] [*Gives money.*

Rog. I mean the name which your godfathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier. But may my boldness know why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

Rog. Her own words were these: to know whether you were a formerly-denied suitor, disguised in this message; for I can assure you she delights not *in thalamo;* Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste.

Wel. And much speed, sir, I hope. [*Exit* ROGER.] Certainly I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with the [illegible]men for their virginities; yet, I fear, I should have betrayed myself to a[5] needless charge then. Here's the walking night-cap again.

Re-enter SIR ROGER.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

Rog. I am but a bachelor of art, sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down-bed to the maid in the pease-straw.

Wel. A cobbler, sir?

Rog. No, sir; I inculcate divine service[7] within these walls.

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience?

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs. But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly, sir.

Wel. I pray you, do so, then, and whilst[8] I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Rog. I do, sir.

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to your lady?

[1] *Other women the house holds, of good,* &c.] So the first 4to., except that it has, by a mistake of the printer, the words "*house holds*" run together thus, — "*households.*" Later 4tos., "—— of *the households.*" Folio 1679, "—— of *the* household." Theobald gave Sympson's *correction,* "There are *other women* of *the* household *of* as *good,*" &c. The Editors of 1778 followed the later 4tos., "thinking the sense not imperfect." Weber adopted the reading of folio 1679, assuring us that it is "suitable to the mysterious intimation of the old beldame"!

[2] *Sir*] A title formerly given to clergymen.

[3] *a cross? There's a tester*] Welford puns on the word *cross,* which meant a piece of money (many coins being marked with a cross on one side): *tester* is sixpence; see Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare,* i. 35.

[4] *the*] So the first 4to. Omitted in later eds.; and by the modern editors.

[5] *a*] Omitted in the two latest 4tos.; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[6] *art*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "arts."

[7] *service*] Theobald printed "homilies," erroneously stating that several of the 4tos. have that reading, — which is found only in 4to. 1651.

[8] *and whilst*] Theobald gave, with folio 1679, "the *whilst.*" Weber observes, rather unnecessarily, that "*whilst*" is — "in the mean time."

Roy. Your understanding is ingenious.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL, *with a writing.*

Sav. By your favour, sir, you shall pardon me.

Y. Love. I shall beat[1] your favour, sir. Cross me no more: I say they shall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget me,[2] who I am?

Y. Love. Sir, I do not: thou art my brother's steward, his cast-off mill-money, his kitchen-arithmetic.

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

Y. Love. I make thee not so little as thou art; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a steward but a fair *imprimis*, and then [illegible]sonable *item* infused into him, and th[illegible] is done.

Sav. Nay, then, you stir my duty, [illegible]ust tell you ——

Y. Love. What wouldst thou tell me? how hops go?[3] or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prithee, fare well,[4] and entertain my friends; be drunk, and burn thy table-books:[5] and, my dear spark of velvet, thou and I ——

Sav. Good sir, remember.

Y. Love. I do remember thee a foolish fellow; one that did put his trust in almanacs and horse-fairs, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then, I must unfold your brother's pleasure:
These be the lessons, sir, he left behind him.

Y. Love. Prithee, expound the first.

Sav. [reads.] *I leave, to keep*[6] *my house, three hundred pounds a-year, and my brother to dispose of it* —

Y. Love. Mark that, my wicked steward, — and I dispose of it.

Sav. [reads.] *Whilst he bears himself like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him.* Mark that, my good young sir, mark that.

Y. Love. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfil it: whilst my legs will carry me, I'll bear myself gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear steward.

Sav. [reads.] *Next, it is my will that he be furnished, as my brother, with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people.*

Y. Love. Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or —— you understand me, sir. Proceed.

Sav. [reads.] *Next,*[7] *that my steward keep his place and power, and bound my brother's wildness with his care.*

Y. Love. I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha;[8] bind it by itself, steward.

Sav. This is your brother's will; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you, — captains of galley-foists,[9] such as in a clear day have seen Calais; fellows that have no more of God than their oaths come to; they wear swords to reach fire[10] at a play, and get there the oiled end of a pipe for their guerdon; then the remnant[11] of your regiment are wealthy tobacco-merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of poets; and all these look like Carthusians, things without linen. Are these fit company for my master's brother?

Y. Love. I will either convert thee, oh, thou pagan steward! or presently confound thee and thy reckonings. — Who's there? call in the gentlemen!

Sav. Good sir!

Y. Love. Nay, you shall know both who I am and where I am.

Sav. Are you my master's brother?

Y. Love. Are you the sage master-steward, with a face like an old ephemerides?[12]

Enter Captain, Traveller, Poet, *and* Tobacco-man.

Sav. Then God help all,[13] I say!

Y. Love. Ay, and 'tis well said, my old peer of France. — Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen; mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry-groat.[14]

Capt. Sir, I will take your love ——

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse. [*Aside.*

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable friend and master's brother
Hath given you to us for a worthy fellow,
And so we hug you, sir.

Sav. H'as given himself into the hands of varlets,

[1] *beat*] So the first 4to. Later eds. "beare" and "bear." — Theobald printed "beat" as his own correction.

[2] *me*] The five earliest 4tos., "one," — a common misprint for "me." Quarto 1651 (which abounds in alterations of no authority), "then." Folio 1679 has the speech thus, — "*Sir, you forget who I am!*" Theobald followed the folio. The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave the reading of 4to. 1651.

[3] *go*] i. e. sell. — So the two earliest 4tos. Later eds. "grow;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[4] *fare well*] "Loveless does not mean to take leave of Savil, but to exhort him to live freely." MASON.

[5] *table-books*] i. e. memorandum-books.

[6] *keep*] Theobald gave, with folio 1679, "maintain."

[7] *Next*] "So the three first 4tos. All other editions, 'Yet.'" WEBER, — who overlooked folio 1679, which has "Next."

[8] *I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha*] The Editors of 1778 gave, with the 4to. of 1651, "*I'll hear no more! This is Apocrypha.*"

[9] *of galley-foists*] "i. e. of pleasure-boats or barges. Such captains are mentioned in the same contemptuous manner in [Middleton and Dekker's] *Moll Cut-purse* [and elsewhere]." WEBER. A *galley-foist* was a long barge with oars: it frequently means that of the Lord-Mayor.

[10] *fire*] To light tobacco-pipes.

[11] *remnant*] Altered by Weber to "remnants."

[12] *ephemerides*] Altered by Theobald and the Editors of 1778 to "ephemeris." "The allusion," says Weber, "is to a portrait, perhaps that of the celebrated William Lilly, with which such works were decorated;" but Lilly was a boy at the time this play was written.

[13] *all*] Folio 1679, "us *all*."

[14] *old Harry-groat*] "Among other groats coined in the reign of Henry VIII., that which has the head of the king, with a long face and long hair, was thus denominated." WEBER.

But[1] to be carved out. [*Aside.*] — Sir, are these the pieces?

Y. Love. They are the morals of the age, the virtues,
Men made of gold.

Sav. Of your gold, you mean, sir. [*Aside.*

Y. Love. This is a man of war, and cries, "Go on,"
And wears his colours ——

Sav. In's nose. [*Aside.*

Y. Love. In the fragrant field.
This is a traveller, sir, knows men and manners,
And has ploughed up the sea so far, till both
The poles have knock'd; has seen the sun take coach,
And can distinguish the colour of his horses,
And their kinds; and had a Flanders mare leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more, sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough, o' conscience. Sit down, and rest you: you are at the end of the world already. — Would you had as good a living, sir, as this fellow could lie you[2] out of! h'as a notable gift in't!

Y. Love. This ministers the smoke, and this the Muses.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and money. You have a goodly generation of 'em; pray, let them multiply; your brother's house is big enough; and, to say truth, h'as too much land, — hang it, dirt!

Y. Love. Why, now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou hast a weak brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run mad. — Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a-year. We will be freely merry; shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveless.

Poet. A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Trav. We will have nobody talk wisely neither.[3]

Y. Love. What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

Capt. I am all for drink.

Trav. I am dry till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry "amen" to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' the corum.[4]

Y. Love. It shall be so; we'll have it all in drink: let meat and lodging go; they're transitory, and shew men merely mortal. Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, and every week a fresh one, — we'll keep no powdered flesh.[5] All these we have by warrant, under the title of "things necessary:" here, upon this place I ground it, "the obedience of my people, and all necessaries." Your opinions, gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident that he meant wenches.

Sav. Good sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound men as yourself, sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: in this word "necessary" is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Y. Love. Believe me, 'tis a learned one: and by these words, "the obedience of my people," you, steward, being one, are bound to fetch us wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Y. Love. Steward, attend us for instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no house, sir?

Y. Love. Nothing but drink;[6] three hundred pounds drink.

Sav. A miserable house, and miserable I
That live to see it! Good sir, keep some meat.

Y. Love. Get us good whores; and for your part, I'll board you
In an ale-house: you shall have cheese and onions.

Sav. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking?
Well, prodigal, your brother will come home.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Y. Love. Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches. Three hundred pounds in drink.
[*Exeunt.*[7]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Bed-chamber in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter Lady, WELFORD, *and* SIR ROGER.

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that compliment. Once more, good night.

Wel. Once more, dear lady, and then, all sweet nights.

Lady. Dear sir, be short and sweet, then.

Wel. Shall the morrow
Prove better to me? shall I hope my suit
Happier by this night's rest?

Lady. Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it?
Pray ye, let it rest, then, till I call for it.
Sir, as a stranger, you have had all my welcome;

[1] *But*] Old eds. "Not," — which the Editors of 1778 and Weber (following Seward's suggestion in Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) omitted. Heath conjectured "Now." *MS. Notes.* The misprint of *not* for *but* is very common.

[2] *you*] Omitted by Weber!

[3] *We will have nobody talk wisely neither*] "So the three first editions of this play. All the others read, very tamely, 'We will *not* talk wisely neither' [which Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave]." WEBER. Some of the 4tos. dated 1651 have "*Will* you not *talk wisely neither?*"

[4] *corum*] A corruption of *quorum*, — to which latter the Editors of 1778 and Weber alter it. Theobald printed, with folio 1679, "coram."

[5] *no powdered flesh*] "i. e. no salted meat, as a contrast to fresh. The allusion is obvious." WEBER.

[6] *drink*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*drink*, sir;" and so the modern editors.

[7] *Exeunt*] In the modern editions this scene concludes with —

"*All.* Oh, brave Loveless!"

a speech found only in the 4to. of 1651, which, as being of no authority, Weber elsewhere censures his predecessors for having followed.

But had I known your errand ere you came,
Your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.
Wel. So fair and cruel! Dear unkind, good night. [*Exit* Lady.
Nay, sir, you shall stay with me; I'll press your zeal so far.
Rog. Oh, Lord, sir!
Wel. Do you love tobacco?
Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me;
Yet, with your reverence, I will be bold.
Wel. Pray, light it, sir. How do you like it? [*They smoke.*
Rog. I promise you, it is notable stinging gear indeed.
It is wet, sir: Lord, how it brings down rheum!
Wel. Handle it again, sir; you have a warm text of it.
Rog. Thanks ever premis'd[1] for it. I promise you,
It is very powerful, and, by a trope, spiritual;
For certainly it moves in sundry places.
Wel. Ay, it does so, sir; and me, especially,
To ask, sir, why you wear a night-cap.
Rog. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you.
You shall understand, sir, that my head is broken;
And by whom? even by that visible beast,[2] the butler.
Wel. The butler! Certainly
He had all his drink about him when he did it.
Strike one of your grave cassock! the offence, sir?
Rog. Reproving him at tray-trip,[3] sir, for swearing.
You have the total, surely.
Wel. You told[4] him when his rage was set a-tilt,
And so he crack'd your canons:
I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading.
But shall we see these gentlewomen to-night?
Rog. Have patience, sir,
Until our fellow Nicholas be deceas'd,
That is, asleep; for so the word is taken;
"To sleep, to die;[5] to die, to sleep;" a very figure, sir.
Wel. Cannot you cast another for the gentlewomen?
Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave;
His grave, his bed: the very same again, sir.
Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly;
Plenus rimarum est;[6] he is full of loop-holes,
And will discover to our patroness.

1 *premis'd*] "This is the reading of the first quarto; all other old copies — 'promised.'" WEBER.

2 *that visible beast*] "i. e., as Mr. Seward explains it, 'one that appears to every one a beast.' His colleague, Sympson, proposes to read, 'risible beast;' but his conjecture is unnecessary." WEBER. Unnecessary indeed! and yet Theobald adopted it. Sir Roger, I believe, was thinking of Scripture — "the mark of the beast."

3 *tray-trip*] A game played with dice, and probably in the tables; see Nares's *Gloss.*

4 *told*] So the three earliest 4tos., and folio 1679; and so Theobald. Other eds. "reprov'd;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

5 *To sleep, to die*, &c.] An allusion to the soliloquy in *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

6 *Plenus rimarum est*] "The comic poet, whom Sir Roger is here quoting, is Terence, in his *Eunuch*;

Parm. *Plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo.*"
THEOBALD.

Wel. Your comment, sir, has made me understand you.

Enter MARTHA *and* ABIGAIL, *with a posset.*

Rog. Sir, be address'd;[7] the Graces do salute you
With the[8] full bowl of plenty. —
Is our old enemy entomb'd?
Abig. He's fast.[9]
Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the poet?[10]
Mar. No, he out-snores the poet.
Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesy
Shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.
Mar. Sir, my sister's strictness makes not us forget
You are a stranger and a gentleman.
Abig. In sooth, sir, were I chang'd into my lady,
A gentleman so well endu'd with parts
Should not be lost.
Wel. I thank you, gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. —
See how this foul familiar chews the cud!
From thee and three-and-fifty, good Love deliver me! [*Aside.*
Mar. Will you sit down, sir, and take a spoon?
Wel. I take it kindly, lady.
Mar. It is our best banquet, sir.
Rog. Shall we give thanks?
Wel. I have to the gentlewomen[11] already, sir.
Mar. Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' the posset; you may chance have a scalding zeal else: an you will needs be doing, pray, tell your twenty to yourself. — Would you could like this, sir!
Wel. I would your sister would like me as well, lady!
Mar. Sure, sir, she would not eat you. But banish that imagination: she's only wedded to herself, lies with herself, and loves herself;
And for another husband than herself,
He may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in.
Be wise, sir: she's a woman, and a trouble,
And has her many faults, the least of which is,
She cannot love you.
Abig. God pardon her! she'll do worse.
Would I were worthy his least grief, Mistress Martha! [*Aside.*
Wel. Now I must over-hear her.
Mar. Faith, would thou hadst them all, with all my heart!
I do not think they would make thee a day older.
Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper? 'tis the sweeter.
Mar. Well said, Old-sayings.
Wel. She looks like one indeed.
Gentlewoman, you keep your word: your sweet self
Has made the bottom sweeter.

7 *address'd*] "i. e. ready." WEBER.

8 *the*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with 4to. 1651, "a."

9 *fast*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "safe;" and so the modern editors.

10 *snore out supinely with the poet*] The allusion is to Horace, — *stertitque supinus.* *Serm.* 1. 5. 19.

11 *gentlewomen*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the two earliest 4tos., "gentlewoman."

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolic: dare you change, sir?

Wel. Myself for you, so please you. —
That smile has turn'd my stomach. This is right
The old emblem of the moyle[1] cropping of thistles.
Lord, what a hunting head she carries! sure,
She has been ridden with a martingale.
Now, Love, deliver me! [*Aside.*

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? surely I know not.
Am I rubb'd off? is this the way of all
My morning prayers? Oh, Roger, thou art but grass,
And woman as a flower! Did I for this
Consume my quarters[2] in meditations, vows,
And woo'd her in *Heroical Epistles?*
Did I expound *The Owl?*[3]
And undertook, with labour and expense,
The re-collection of those thousand pieces,
Consum'd in cellars and tobacco-shops,
Of that our honour'd Englishman, Nich. Breton?[4]
Have I done this, and am I done thus to?
I will end with the wise man, and say,
"He that holds a woman has an eel by the tail."
[*Aside.*

Mar. Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest. Let what the house has be at your command, sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you, lady: — and to you
What you desire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like yourself then. [*Exeunt* MAR. *and* ABIG.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue!
Good night, Antiquity.

Rog. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris:* but I alone —— [*Aside.*

Wel. Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me? and, requesting a greater measure of your [illegible]ing, good night, good Master Roger.

Ro[illegible]ood sir, peace be with you!

Wel. Adieu, dear *Domine.* [*Exit* ROGER.] Half a dozen such in a kingdom would make a man forswear confession; for who, that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsel of a serious sin to such a crewel night-cap?[5] —

Enter Servant, *drunk.*

Why, how now? shall we have an antic? Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you joll it so against the post? is't for your ease, or have you seen the cellar? Where are my slippers, sir?

Serv. Here, sir.

Wel. Where, sir? have you got the pot-verdugo?[6] Have you seen the horses, sir?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Serv. Faith, sir, they have a kind of wholesome rushes; hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no provender?

Serv. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry, sir; and why so?

Serv. Faith, sir, here are no oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in porridge; the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat. Yonder's a cast[7] of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the strangest cattle!

[1] *moyle*] i. e. mule.

[2] *quarters*] Was altered by Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, to "carcass"! — "Strange," says Coleridge, "that neither Mr. Theobald, nor Mr. Seward, should have seen that this mock-heroic speech is in full-mouthed blank verse! Had they seen this, they would have seen that 'quarters' is a substitution of the players for 'quires' or 'squares,' (that is) of paper: —

'Consume my quires in meditations, vows,
And woo'd her in heroical epistles.'"

Remains, ii. 296, — a note unworthy of this great writer; for "quires" is fully as absurd a conjecture as "carcass:" Mason rightly observes, that "to call a man's body his four quarters, is a vulgar phrase at this day." Theobald *did* give the speech as blank verse (— this play was not edited by Seward —), but with an arrangement in the earlier part different from that which (though not altogether satisfactory) I have thought it better to adopt. The three earliest 4tos. and folio 1679 have "meditation;" and so the modern editors; but the context shows that the reading of the other eds., "meditations," is the right one.

[3] *And woo'd her in Heroical Epistles?*
Did I expound The Owl? &c.] "The allusion is here to the Poems of Michael Drayton, among which are to be found *England's Heroical Epistles*, and *The Owl.*" WEBER. The latter was first published (a 4to. pamphlet) in 1601.

[4] *Nich. Breton*] All the old eds "Ni. Br.," except 4to. 1651, which has "N. B." Theobald printed "*Nich.* Broughton," with the following note; "The poets, I do not apprehend, had any intention of sinking, or making a secret of, this author's name. He was so well known at that time of day, that the copyists thought they might safely give us his name abbreviated. He was a voluminous writer, who, amongst other things, compiled an elaborate tract about Fifth-Monarchy-Men. Ben Jonson, in his *Alchemist*, has made Doll Common, in her ecstatic fit to Sir Epicure Mammon, talk very largely out of the works of this Nich. Broughton:" so too the Editors of 1778: and even Steevens (note in Mason's *Comments on B. and F.*) defends (Weber says, "ingeniously") the reading, "Nich. Broughton." All this blundering is rendered exquisitely ludicrous by the simple fact that the Christian name of the celebrated mystical divine in question was not *Nicholas*, but HUGH! Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 296) says, that the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher "ought to have seen that the abbreviated 'Ni. Br.' of the text was properly 'Mi. Dr.' — and that Michael Drayton, not Nicholas Broughton, is here ridiculed for his poem The Owl and his Heroical Epistles." — another unfortunate conjecture; for Drayton (whose *Heroical Epistles* and *Owl* are spoken of in the earlier part of this passage), though a voluminous author, was not the writer of a vast number of popular tracts, which, according to Sir Roger, were "consumed in cellars and tobacco-shops." In short, "Ni. Br." is undoubtedly put for "Nicholas Breton," of whose pieces, some in verse and some in prose, a very long but probably incomplete catalogue may be found in Lowndes's *Bibliog. Manual.* The earliest of them is dated 1575, and some were produced long after the appearance of the present play: to one of them, a poem entitled *Melancholike Humours*, 1600, (reprinted by Sir E Brydges,) is prefixed a copy of commendatory verses by Jonson. In spite of the celebrity which he enjoyed during his own time, Breton was utterly forgotten, till Percy inserted in the *Rel. of An. Eng. Poet.* his pretty ballad of *Phillida and Corydon.* There are grounds for believing that he died in 1624; see an epitaph cited in Ritson's *Bibliog. Poetica.*

[5] *crewel night-cap*] i. e. worsted night-cap. (Theobald explains *crewel* — "made of the ends of *coarse* worsted:" he ought, on the contrary, to have said — of a kind of *fine* worsted.)

[6] *the pot-verdugo*] Was altered by Theobald to "*pot*-vertigo;" and so his successors. As *verdugo* is a Spanish word, signifying an executioner, or a severe stroke, Nares supposes that in the present passage "*pot-verdugo*" may mean — a stunning blow from drink. See his *Gloss.* In Fletcher's *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*, act iv. sc. 1 *Verdugo* occurs as a proper name.

[7] *cast*] i. e. couple, pair.

Wel. Why?

Serv. Why, they are transparent, sir; you may see through them: and such a house!

Wel. Come, sir, the truth of your discovery.

Serv. Sir, they are in tribes, like Jews:[1] the kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the buttery and the laundry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is somewhat higher than my knowledge; but this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting. But of all this, the drink, sir ——

Wel. What of that, sir?

Serv. Faith, sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julap, of which three spoonfuls kill[2] the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsy ——

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Serv. I would I did, sir! But, as I am a true[3] man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it.[4]

Wel. I am glad on't, sir; for if it had been stronger,
You had been tongue-tied of these commendations.
Light me the candle, sir: I'll hear no more.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, Captain, Traveller, Poet, Tobacco-man, *with* Women, *and two* Fiddlers.

Y. Love. Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling;
And you, my learnèd council, set and turn,[5] boys;
Kiss till the cow come home; kiss close, kiss close, knaves;
My modern Poet,[6] thou shalt kiss in couplets.

Enter Servant, *with wine.*

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your peeping;
This is no pay for fiddlers.

Capt. Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy Captain,
Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his solace!
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in shamois:[7]
Let there be deducted, out of our main potation,
Five marks, in hatchments[8] to adorn this thigh,
Cramp'd with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy battles.

Y. Love. Thou shalt have't, boy, and fly in feather.[9] —
Leap on a march, you michers.[10]

Enter SAVIL.

Sav. Oh, my head, oh, my heart! what a noise and change is here!
Would I had been cold i' the mouth before this day,
And ne'er have liv'd to see this dissolution!
He that lives within a mile of this place,
Had as good sleep in the perpetual
Noise of an iron mill. There's a dead sea
Of drink i' the cellar, in which goodly vessels
Lie wreck'd: and in the middle of this deluge
Appear the tops of flaggons and black-jacks,[11]
Like churches drown'd i' the marshes.

Y. Love. What, art thou come? my sweet Sir Amias,
Welcome to Troy! Come, thou shalt kiss my Helen,
And court her in a dance.

Sav. Good sir, consider.

Y. Love. Shall we consider, gentlemen? how say you?

Capt. Consider! that were a simple toy, i' faith:
Consider! whose moral's that?
The man that cries "consider," is our foe:
Let my steel know him.

Y. Love. Stay thy dead-doing hand; he must not die yet:
Prithee, be calm, my Hector.

Capt. Peasant slave!
Thou groom compos'd of grudgings, live, and thank
This gentleman; thou hadst seen Pluto else:
The next "consider" kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again, in a gallon of sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuff: make it two gallons,
And let him do it kneeling in repentance.

[1] *Sir, they are in tribes, like Jews, &c.*] Theobald, having silently inserted two words to assist the measure, gave this speech in verse, as also some others in the present scene, which I have left prose. I apprehend that they were originally verse, and that the text here, as in many other places of this comedy, is slightly corrupted.

[2] *kill*] Old eds. "kills."

[3] *true*] i. e. honest.

[4] *if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it*] "It is one peculiar impropriety in our authors, (who, to be sure, ought every where to shew their learning, so it be done without pedantry,) that they too frequently put it in the mouths of characters who cannot well be supposed to know any thing of the matter. The allusion here is to those extreme cold waters which flowed down from the mountain Nonacris in Arcadia, and which would penetrate through every vehicle but that of an horse's hoof, as Justin tells us in the XIIth Book of his History. Plutarch and Ælian say it was an ass's hoof; Arrian, Pliny, and Vitruvius, a mule's; and Quintus Curtius, an ox's. The variation in this point is of very little consequence. They were of so very cold a quality, as to be mortal to those who drank of them." THEOBALD.

[5] *set and turn*] Folio 1679 has "sit *and turn.*" Theobald printed "sit *and* tune."

[6] *modern Poet*] Our early writers use the word *modern* almost always in the sense of — trite, ordinary, trivial. In act. iii. sc. 2, Young Loveless says to the Captain, "Take you *small Poet* with you."

[7] *Clap him in shamois, &c.*] Theobald, boldly inserting a word not found in the old eds., gave the passage thus:

"Clap him in shamois: let there be deducted
Out of our main potation five marks
In hatchments to adorn this *puissant* thigh," &c.

[8] *hatchments*] "Are the different ornaments of the hilt of a sword, such as its being gilt, inlaid, or coloured." WEBER. "*Hatching*, is to silver or gild the hilt and pomell of a sword or hanger." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. iii. p. 91. "*Hatched* (as a sword-hilt), reticulatus." Coles's *Dict.* Gifford observes that "literally, to *hatch* is to inlay, [originally, I believe, to cut, engrave, mark with lines]; metaphorically, it is to adorn, to beautify, with silver, gold, &c." Note on Shirley's *Works*, ii. 301.

[9] *fly in feather*] "An allusion to the fashion of wearing feathers, very prevalent among the gallants of the time." WEBER.

[10] *michers*] i. e. lurkers, skulkers, — knaves.

[11] *black-jacks*] See note, p. 151.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me; there's but a layman lost.
Good Captain, do your office.
Y. Love. Thou shalt drink, steward; drink and dance, my steward. —
Strike him a hornpipe, squeakers! — Take thy stiver,[1]
And pace her till she stew.
Sav. Sure, sir, I cannot
Dance with your gentlewomen; they are too light for me.
Pray, break my head, and let me go.
Capt. He shall dance, he shall dance.
Y. Love. He shall dance and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.
Poet. And three quarters.
Y. Love. And three quarters be it. [*Knocking within.*
Capt. Who knocks there? Let him in.
Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope. [*Aside.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *disguised.*

E. Love. Gentlemen, God save you all! My business is to one Master Loveless
Capt. This is the gentleman you mean; view him,
And take his inventory; he's a right one.
E. Love. He promises no less, sir.
Y. Love. Sir, your business?
E. Love. Sir, I should let you know, — yet I am loath, —
Yet I am sworn to't, — would some other tongue
Would speak it for me!
Y. Love. Out with it, i' God's name!
E. Love. All I desire, sir, is the patience
And sufferance of a man; and, good sir, be not Mov'd more —
Y. Love. Than a pottle of sack will do:
Here is my hand. Prithee, thy business?
E. Love. Good sir, excuse me; and whatsoever
You hear, think must have been known unto you;
And be yourself discreet, and bear it nobly.
Y. Love. Prithee, despatch me.
E. Love. Your brother's dead, sir.
Y. Love. Thou dost not mean — dead drunk?
E. Love. No, no; dead, and drown'd at sea, sir.
Y. Love. Art sure he's dead?
E. Love. Too sure, sir.
Y. Love. Ay, but art thou very certainly sure of it?
E. Love. As sure, sir, as I tell it.
Y. Love. But art thou sure he came not up again?
E. Love. He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother.
Y. Love. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?
E. Love. Sure, sir, he wanted none.
Y. Love. I would not have him want; I lov'd him better.
Here I forgive thee; and, i' faith, be plain;
How do I bear it?
E. Love. Very wisely, sir.
Y. Love. Fill him some wine. — Thou dost not see me mov'd;
These transitory toys ne'er trouble me;
He's in a better place, my friend, I know't.
Some fellows would have cried now, and have curs'd thee,
And faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder;[2]
But all this helps not. He was too good for us;
And let God keep him!
There's the right use on't, friend. Off with thy drink;
Thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry. —
Fill him another. — Savil, your master's dead;
And who am I now, Savil? Nay, let's all bear it well:
Wipe, Savil, wipe; tears are but thrown away.
We shall have wenches now; shall we not, Savil?[3]
Sav. Yes, sir.
Y. Love. And drink innumerable?
Sav. Yes, forsooth, sir.[4]
Y. Love. And you'll strain courtesy, and be drunk a little?
Sav. I would be glad, sir, to do my weak endeavour.
Y. Love. You may be brought in time to love a wench too?
Sav. In time the sturdy oak,[5] sir ——
Y. Love. Some more wine
For my friend there.
E. Love. I shall be drunk anon
For my good news: but I have a loving brother,
That's my comfort. [*Aside.*
Y. Love. Here's to you, sir;
This is the worst I wish you for your news:
And if I had another elder brother,
And say it were his chance to feed more fishes,[6]
I should be still the same you see me now,
A poor contented gentleman. ——
More wine for my friend there; he's dry again.
E. Love. I shall be, if I follow this beginning.

[1] *stiver*] Old eds. "striver." The alteration was made by Theobald, who observes, "*stive* was the old and obsolete term for the *stews*, and consequently a *stiver* was a girl, a strumpet, who plied there."

[2] *pudder*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "pother."

[3] *shall we not, Savil?*] After these words, in the two earliest 4tos., we find "Drinke to my friend, Captaine."

[4] *sir*] So the two earliest 4tos., as well as that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

[5] *In time the sturdy oak*] "Perhaps an allusion to the song beginning, 'The sturdy rock,' in *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises*, ed. 1810, p. 15." WEBER. How could there possibly be an allusion to a song in which *the oak* is not once mentioned? The expression seems to have been almost proverbial:

"*In time* small wedge will cleave *the sturdiest oake.*"
Watson's ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ, *or Passionate Centurie of Loue, Sonnet* xlvii.

"*In time* small wedges cleave the hardest *Oake.*"
Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, — commencement of act ii. (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iii. last ed.)

"*The sturdy oke* at length," &c.
The Fall of Antwerp, — *Old Ballads*, edited for the Percy Society by Mr. J. P. Collier, p. 89

[6] *to feed more fishes*] "This is the reading of the first quarto. The five others, as well as the folios and modern editions, read, "*to feed* haddocks." WEBER, — who had forgot that this play is only in one of the folios. Theobald printed, "too *to feed haddocks.*"

Well, my dear brother, if I scape this drowning,
'Tis your turn next to sink; you shall duck twice
Before I help you. [*Aside.*] — Sir, I cannot drink more;
Pray, let me have your pardon.
Y. Love. Oh, Lord, sir, 'tis your modesty! — More wine;
Give him a bigger glass. — Hug him, my Captain:
Thou shalt be my chief mourner.
Capt. And this my pennon. — Sir, a full carouse
To you, and to my lord of land here.
E. Love. I feel a buzzing in my brain; pray God
They bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them
So far again. [*Aside.*] — Here's to you, sir.
Y. Love. To my dear steward.
Down o' your knees, you infidel, you pagan!
Be drunk, and penitent.
Sav. Forgive me, sir,
And I'll be any thing.
Y. Love. Then be a bawd;
I'll have thee a brave bawd.
E. Love. Sir, I must take
My leave of you, my business is so urgent.
Y. Love. Let's have a bridling cast[1] before you go. —
Fill's a new stoop.[2]
E. Love. I dare not, sir, by no means.
Y. Love. Have you any mind to a wench? I would
Fain gratify you for the pains you took, sir.
E. Love. As little as to the t'other.[3]
Y. Love. If you find any stirring, do but say so.
E. Love. Sir, you are too bounteous: when I feel that itching,
You shall assuage it, sir, before another.
This only, and farewell, sir:
Your brother, when the storm was most extreme,
Told all about him, he left a will, which lies close
Behind a chimney[4] in the matted chamber.
And so, as well, sir, as you have made me able,
I take my leave.
Y. Love. Let us embrace him all. —
If you grow dry before you end your business,
Pray, take a bait here; I have a fresh hogshead for you.

[1] *a bridling cast*] This expression occurs again, in *Women Pleased*, act ii. sc. 6. "A *bridling cast* was probably similar to what is at present in Scotland, and particularly in the Highlands, called the *door-drink*, which is often administered after the guest is seated upon his horse, or while the horse is *bridling*." WEBER (qy. Sir W. Scott?). The term is as old as the days of Skelton, who applies it to gaming:

"What, loo, man, see here of dyce a bale!
A brydelynge caste for that is in thy male."
The Bowge of Courte, — *Works*, i. 45, ed. Dyce.

[2] *stoop*] See note, p. 303.

[3] *the t'other*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*the* other." See note, p. 247.

[4] *a chimney*] "So all the old copies read. Modern editors, not recollecting that rooms were formerly often furnished with several chimneys, read, '*the* chimney.'" WEBER. Here Theobald took his usual liberties with the text, to make it suit the metrical arrangement which he preferred

Sav. [*drunk.*] You shall neither will nor choose, sir. My master is a wonderful fine gentleman; has a fine state,[5] a very fine state, sir; I am his steward, sir, and his man.
E. Love. Would you were your own, sir, as I left you!
Well, I must cast about, or all sinks. [*Aside.*
Sav. Farewell, gentleman, gentleman, gentleman!
E. Love. What would you with me, sir?
Sav. Farewell, gentleman!
E. Love. Oh, sleep, sir, sleep! [*Exit.*
Y. Love. Well, boys, you see what's faln; let's in and drink,
And give thanks for it.
Sav. Let's give thanks for it![6]
Y. Love. Drunk, as I live.
Sav. Drunk, as I live, boys!
Y. Love. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office,
And cast up[7] a reckoning of some weight. —
I will be knighted, for my state will bear it;
'Tis sixteen hundred, boys. Off with your husks;
I'll skin you all in satin.
Capt. Oh, sweet Loveless!
Sav. All in satin! Oh, sweet Loveless!
Y. Love. March in, my noble compeers;
And this, my countess, shall be led by two:
And so proceed we to the will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* MORECRAFT'S *House.*

Enter MORECRAFT *and* Widow.

More. And, widow, as I say, be your own friend:
Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise;
Continue so, sweet duck, continue so.
Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers;
They are worms that will eat through your bags;
They are very lightning, that, with a flash or two,
Will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings;
They are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous,
Till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds.
Look upon me; I have had, and have yet,
Matter of moment, girl, matter of moment:
You may meet with a worse back; I'll not commend it.
Wid. Nor I neither, sir.
More. Yet thus far, by your favour, widow, 'tis tough.
Wid. And therefore not for my diet; for I love a tender one.
More. Sweet widow, leave your frumps, and be edified.
You know my state: I sell no perspectives,

[5] *state*] i. e. estate.

[6] *Let's give thanks for it*] "This speech has hitherto been improperly given to the Captain. It was undoubtedly, as Mr. Mason observes, intended for the Steward." WEBER. In 4to. 1651 it stands thus, "*Sav.* Let's in and drink, and give thanks for it."

[7] *cast up*] A quibble, — vomit.

Scarfs, gloves, nor hangers,[1] nor put my trust in shoe-ties;
And where[2] your husband in an age was rising
By burnt figs, dredg'd with meal and powder'd sugar,
Sanders[3] and grains, worm-seed, and rotten raisins,
And such vile tobacco that made the footmen mangy;
I, in a year, have put up hundreds;
Inclos'd, my widow,
Those pleasant meadows, by a forfeit mortgage;
For which the poor knight takes a lone[4] chamber,
Owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hostess.
Nay, more ——

Wid. Good sir, no more. Whate'er my husband was,
I know what I am; and, if you marry me,
You must bear it bravely off, sir.

More. Not with the head, sweet widow.

Wid. No, sweet sir,
But with your shoulders: I must have you dubb'd;
For under that I will not[5] stoop a feather.
My husband was a fellow lov'd to toil,
Fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so
Grew costive; which, for that I was his wife,
I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks coarse,
And, sir, so little[6] —— but let that pass:
Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband;
Who, in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage,
Left me great with his wealth; which, if you'll be
A worthy gossip to, be knighted, sir.

Enter SAVIL.

More. Now, sir, from whom come you? whose man are you, sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Master Loveless.

More. Be silent, sir;
I have no money, not a penny for you:
He's sunk, your master's sunk; a perish'd man, sir.

Sav. Indeed, his brother's sunk, sir; God be with him!
A perish'd man, indeed, and drown'd at sea.

More. How saidst thou, good my friend? his brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely, sir, at sea.

More. And thy young master
Left sole heir?

Sav. Yes, sir.

More. And he wants money?

Sav. Yes;
And sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

More. Widow, be wise; there's more land coming, widow;
Be very wise, and give thanks for me, widow.

Wid. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me, sir.

Sav. What says your worship to this money?

More. I say,
He may have money, if he please.

Sav. A thousand, sir?

More. A thousand, sir, provided any wise, sir,[7]
His land lie for the payment; otherwise ——

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, Captain, Traveller, Poet, *and* Tobacco-man.

Sav. He's here himself, sir, and can better tell you.

More. My notable dear friend, and worthy Master Loveless,
And now right worshipful, all joy and welcome!

Y. Love. Thanks to my dear incloser,[8] Master Morecraft:
Prithee, old angel-gold,[9] salute my family;
I'll do as much for yours. ——
This, and your own desires, fair gentlewoman. [*Kisses Widow.*

Wid. And yours, sir, if you mean well. —
'Tis a handsome gentleman. [*Aside.*

Y. Love. Sirrah, my brother's dead.

More. Dead!

Y. Love. Dead; and by this time sous'd for ember-week.[10]

More. Dead!

Y. Love. Drown'd, drown'd at sea, man: by the next fresh conger
That comes, we shall hear more.

More. Now, by the faith of my body,
It moves me much.

Y. Love. What, wilt thou be an ass,
And weep for the dead? why, I thought nothing but
A general inundation would have mov'd thee.
Prithee, be quiet; he hath left his land behind him.

More. Oh, has he so?

Y. Love. Yes, faith, I thank him for't; I have all, boy.
Hast any ready money?

More. Will you sell, sir?

Y. Love. No, not outright, good Gripe; marry, a mortgage,
Or such a slight security.

More. I have
No money, sir, for mortgage: if you will sell,
And all or none, I'll work a new mine for you.

Sav. Good sir, look afore you; he'll work you out of all else. If you sell all your land, you have sold your country; and then you must to sea, to seek your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering-tub, and break your teeth with biscuits and hard beef, that must have watering, sir: and where's your three hundred pounds

[1] *hangers*] i. e. ornamented loops, or straps, which were attached to the girdle, and by which the sword or dagger was suspended.

[2] *where*] i. e. whereas.

[3] *Sanders*] "*Saunders*, Santalus, Sandalus." Coles's *Dict.* An Indian wood, of which there are several kinds.

[4] *takes a lone*] Theobald, besides making other alterations in this speech) printed, for the metre, "*takes him a lone.*"

[5] *not*] "Was first added in the fourth quarto." WEBER.

[6] *so little* —] Mason thinks that the sentence is not imperfect, and that we ought to read "*too little.*" He did not perceive that the Widow finds herself touching on a delicate subject, and therefore suddenly breaks off.

[7] *any wise, sir*] Theobald gave the absurd reading of 4to. 1651, "my *wise sir.*"

[8] *incloser*] See Morecraft's speech, 1st col.

[9] *angel-gold*] Theobald chose to print "*angel o' gold.*" An *angel* was a gold coin worth about 10s.

[10] *sous'd for ember-week*] "The allusion is probably to his being supposed to be drowned at sea, and his body feeding the fishes which are to be eaten in ember-week." WEBER.

a-year in drink, then? If you'll turn[1] up the Straits, you may; for you have no calling for drink there but with a cannon, nor no scoring but on your ship's sides; and then, if you scape with life, and take a faggot-boat and a bottle of usquebaugh, come home, poor man,[2] like a type of Thames-street, stinking of pitch and poor-John.[3] I cannot tell, sir; I would be loath to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an ass, a measled mongrel; and, were it not against the peace of my sovereign friend here, I would break your forecasting coxcomb, dog, I would, even with thy staff of office there, thy pen and inkhorn. — Noble boy, the god of gold here has said[4] thee well:

Take money for thy dirt. Hark, and believe;
Thou art cold of constitution, thy seat unhealthful;
Sell, and be wise: we are three that will adorn thee,
And live according to thine own heart, child;
Mirth shall be only ours, and only ours
Shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time.
Money makes men eternal.[5]

Poet. Do what you will, it is the noblest course:

Then you may live without the charge of people;
Only we four will make a family;
Ay, and an age that shall[6] beget new annals,
In which I'll write thy life, my son of pleasure,
Equal with Nero or[7] Caligula.

R. Love. What men were they, Captain?

Capt. Two roaring boys[8] of Rome, that made all split.[9]

Y. Love. Come, sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not sell, sir?

Y. Love. Who told you so, sir?

Sav. Good sir, have a care.

Y. Love. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof. —— What money? speak.

More. Six thousand pound,[10] sir.

Capt. Take it; h'as overbidden, by the sun! Bind him to his bargain quickly.

Y. Love. Come, strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

More. There's a God's penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old master's sake, let my farm be excepted:

If I become his tenant, I am undone,
My children beggars, and my wife God knows what.
Consider me, dear sir.

More. I'll have all in[11] or none.

Y. Love. All in, all in. Despatch the writings.

[*Exit with* Captain, Traveller, Poet, and Tobacco-man.

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow! would thou wert wiser! [*Aside.*

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel
Myself a rascal. Would I could teach a school,
Or beg, or lie well! I am utterly undone. ——
Now, he that taught thee to deceive and cozen,
Take thee to his mercy! so be it! [*Exit.*

More. Come, widow, come, never stand upon a knighthood;
'Tis a mere paper honour, and not proof
Enough for a sergeant. Come, come, I'll make thee ——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this, sir, — no knight, no widow.
If you make me any thing, it must be a lady;
And so I take my leave.

More. Farewell, sweet widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir,
I do more than think of it; it makes me dream, sir. [*Exit.*

More. She's rich, and sober if this itch were from her:
And say I be at charge[12] to pay the footmen,
And the trumpets, ay, and the horsemen too,
And be a knight, and she refuse me then;
Then am I hoist into the subsidy,
And so, by consequence, should prove a coxcomb:
I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound,
And then the land is mine: there's some refreshing yet. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter ABIGAIL.[13]

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes

[1] *turn*] So the three latest 4tos. Other eds. "tun" and "tunne." Qy. is the right reading "run"? — Let me here observe, that since the earlier part of this speech might be arranged in colloquial blank-verse, and since the conclusion of the next speech is so decidedly what Coleridge calls "full-mouthed blank-verse" that it could not with any propriety be left as prose, — the probability seems to be, that the remaining portions of these two speeches which do not admit of a metrical arrangement, are (like many passages elsewhere in the present comedy) somewhat corrupted.

[2] *man*] Old eds. "men."

[3] *poor-John*] i. e. hake, salted and dried.

[4] *said*] The two earliest 4tos. "sed." Other eds. "fed;" and so the modern editors We very frequently find "sed" written and printed for "said:" so in *Cupid's Revenge* (see p. 362), the speech of Bacha,

"All I have *said* for truth," &c.

is printed in the three 4tos. of that play, —

"All I have *sed* for truth," &c.

[5] *eternal*] Theobald gave, with 4to. 1651 (an edition of no authority,) "immortal."

[6] *shall*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "will;" and so the modern editors.

[7] *or*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "and;" and so the modern editors.

[8] *roaring boys*] See note, p. 190. In a curious tract, entitled *The Wandering Jew*, 1640, (but written at an earlier date,) is the following description of a roarer: "A Gallant all in scarlet . . . a brave man, in a long horsemans Coat (or gown rather) down to his heels, daub'd thicke with gold Lace; a huge Feather in his spangled Hat, a Lock to his shoulders playing with the Winde, a Steeletto hanging at his Girdle; Belt and Sword embracing his body; and the ring of Bells you heare, are his gingling Cathern-wheele spurs." He presently says; "I am a man of the Sword; a Battoon Gallant, one of our Dammees, a bouncing Boy, a kicker of Bawdes, a tyrant over Puncks, a terrour to Fencers, a mewer of Playes, a jeerer of Poets, a gallon-pot-flinger, in rugged English, a *Roarer*." Sig. H.

[9] *made all split*] Was a favourite expression with our old dramatists: it is used by Shakespeare.

[10] *pound*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print, with 4to. 1651, "pounds."

[11] *in*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

[12] *at charge*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*at the charge*;" and so the modern editors.

[13] *Enter Abigail*] So the earliest 4to. To this stage-direc-

Tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest,[1]
And, I know, I shall draw him.

Enter WELFORD, *with a glove.*

Wel. This is the strangest pampered piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty coped withal. What a trim *l'envoy*[2] here she has put upon me! These women are a proud kind of cattle, and love this whoreson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins bawds to their flesh. Here's dog's-skin and storax sufficient to kill a hawk: what to do with it, beside nailing it up amongst Irish heads of teer, to shew the mightiness of her palm,[3] I know not. There she is: I must enter into dialogue. [*Aside.*] — Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. Not, sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, lady, to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back
A favour fortune hath so well bestow'd, sir:
Pray, wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a bell.[4] [*Aside.*] — But, hark you, mistress,
What hidden virtue is there in this glove,
That you would have me wear it? Is it good
Against sore eyes, or will it charm the toothache?
Or these red tops, being steeped in white wine, soluble,
Will't kill the itch?[5] or has it so concealed
A providence to keep my hand from bonds?
If it have none of these, and prove no more
But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair,
'Twill be but half a courtesy; I wear two always.
Faith, let's draw cuts; one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance:
He's a well-moulded fellow, and I wonder
His blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want
Of company: I must grow nearer to him. [*Aside.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *disguised.*

E. Love. God save you both!

Abig. And pardon you, sir! this is somewhat rude:
How came you hither?

E. Love. Why, through the doors; they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what business have you here?

E. Love. More, I believe, than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

E. Love. Yes; I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Prithee, what art thou?

E. Love. As much, gay man, as thou art; I am a gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

E. Love. Yes, more than thou dar'st be, — a soldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

E. Love. No, not with women.
I come to speak here with a gentlewoman.[6]

Abig. Why, I am one.

E. Love. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

E. Love. Sir, I am not fine yet; I am but new come over:
Direct me with your ticket to your tailor,
And then I shall be fine, sir. — Lady, if there be
A better of your sex within this house,
Say I would see her.

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, sir?

E. Love. Your way, you'll be too good. Pray, end my business. —
This is another suitor: oh, frail woman! [*Aside.*

Wel. This fellow, with his bluntness,[7] hopes to do
More than the long suits of a thousand could:
Though he be sour, he's quick; I must not trust him. [*Aside.*
Sir, this lady is not to speak with you;
She is more serious. You smell as if
You were new calk'd:[8] go, and be handsome,
And then you may sit with her[9] serving-men.

E. Love. What are you, sir?

Wel. Guess by my outside.[10]

E. Love. Then I take you, sir,

tion all the other eds. add, "*and drops her Glove;*" and so the modern editors: but it is evident that Abigail has dropt it before her entrance.

[1] *up goes my rest*] This metaphor, a very favourite one with our early writers, is derived from the once fashionable game of primero. To *set up a rest* meant "to stand upon the cards you have in your hand, in hopes they may prove better than those of your adversary. Hence, to make up your mind, to be determined." See the long article in Nares's *Gloss.*

[2] *l'envoy*] "Was a sort of postscript, *sent with* poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call *the moral* of them." Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales.*

[3] *amongst Irish heads of teer, to shew the mightiness of her palm*] "This alludes to the enormous horns of the moose-deer, which are frequently found in the bogs of Ireland. The palm of the horn is the flat broad part, from which the branches spring." MASON. The old eds. are uniform in reading "*teer*," which, says Theobald, is the Irish pronunciation of "*deer.*"

[4] *a bell*] "A necessary appendage to the dress of a fool." WEBER.

[5] *Or these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble,*
Will't kill the itch?] "So the old copies; and allowing for the grammatical errors, the sense is easily discoverable. Mr. Mason proposes to read, — 'Are *these red tops, being steep'd in white wine, soluble?*' He takes no notice of the words which follow." WEBER. Compare Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess:*

"With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put *these herbs*, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide," &c. p. 264.

[6] *I come to speak here with a gentlewoman*] So the three earliest 4tos., and folio 1679. Other eds., "*I come here to speak with a gentlewoman:*" and so the modern editors.

[7] *This fellow, with his bluntness*, &c.] The Editors of 1778 compare Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 2;

"This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness," &c.

[8] *new calk'd*] Welford alludes to the "strong pitch-perfume" (see his fourth speech after) of the disguised Loveless.

[9] *her*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print, with 4to. 1651, "the."

[10] *Guess by my outside*] "So the first five quartos. The sixth prefixes the word *Troth* to the speech; and this variation has been followed by all subsequent editors." WEBER. Not by Theobald.

For some new silken thing, wean'd from the country,
That shall, when you come to keep good company,
Be beaten into better manners. — Pray,
Good proud gentlewoman, help me to your mistress.
Abig. How many lives hast thou, that thou talk'st thus rudely?[1]
E. Love. But one, one; I am neither cat nor woman.
Wel. And will that one life, sir, maintain you ever
In such bold sauciness?
E. Love. Yes, amongst a nation of such men as you are,
And be no worse for wearing. — Shall I speak
With this lady?
Abig. No, by my troth, shall you not.
E. Love. I must stay here, then.
Wel. That you shall not, neither.
E. Love. Good fine thing, tell me why?
Wel. Good angry thing, I'll tell you:
This is no place for such companions;[2]
Such lousy gentlemen shall find their business
Better i' the suburbs; there your strong pitch-perfume,
Mingled with lees of ale, shall reek in fashion:
This is no Thames-street, sir.
Abig. This gentleman informs you truly;
Prithee, be satisfied, and seek the suburbs:
Good captain, or whatever title else
The warlike eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee,
Go and reform thyself; prithee, be sweeter;
And know my lady speaks with no such swabbers.
E. Love. You cannot talk me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from plays; go to, I have found ye. —
And for you, tender sir, whose gentle blood[3]
Runs in your nose, and makes you snuff at all
But three-pil'd people,[4] I do let you know,
He that begot your worship's satin suit,
Can make no men, sir: I will see this lady,
And, with the reverence of your silkenship,
In these old ornaments.
Wel. You will not, sure?
E. Love. Sure, sir, I shall.
Abig. You would be beaten out?
E. Love. Indeed, I would not; or, if I would be beaten,
Pray, who shall beat me? this good gentleman
Looks as he were o' the peace.
Wel. Sir, you shall see that.
Will you get you out?
E. Love. Yes; that, that shall correct
Your boy's tongue. Dare you fight? I will stay here still.
[*They draw their swords, and fight.*

Abig. Oh, their things are out! — Help, help, for God's sake! —
Madam! — Jesus! they foin[5] at one another! —
Madam! why, who is within there? [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness?
Wel. This uncivil fellow:
He says he comes from sea; where, I believe,
H'as purg'd away his manners.
Lady. What[6] of him?
Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once "God bless you,"
Press to your privacies, and no denial
Must stand betwixt your person and his business:
I let go his ill language.
Lady. Sir, have you
Business with me?
E. Love. Madam, some I have;
But not so serious to pawn my life for't.
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o' the Sun[7] as this is, to defy
Men of employment to you, you may live;
But in what fame?
Lady. Pray, stay, sir: who has wrong'd you?
E. Love. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: but to you,
I think, he did no honour, to deny
The haste I come withal a passage to you,
Though I seem coarse.
Lady. Excuse me, gentle sir; 'twas from my knowledge,[8]
And shall have no protection. — And to you, sir, —
You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from yourself
Have borrow'd power I never gave you here,
To do these vild[9] unmanly things. My house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts
So far, that I should make you master of my business:
My credit yet stands fairer with the people
Than to be tried with swords; and they that come
To do me service[10] must not think to win me
With hazard of a murder: if your love
Consist in fury, carry it to the camp,
And there, in honour of some common mistress,
Shorten your youth. I pray, be better temper'd;
And give me leave a while, sir.
Wel. You must have it. [*Exit.*
Lady. Now, sir, your business?
E. Love. First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow,
Whom his own follies, which he's prone enough

[1] Abig. *How many lives*, &c.] "The Editors of 1778 give this speech to Welford, but there is no necessity for such an alteration, and the answer of Loveless evidently points out the impropriety of it." WEBER.
[2] *companions*] "i. e. fellows." WEBER.
[3] *And for you, tender sir, whose gentle blood*] Theobald printed, with folio 1679, "*And for you, sir, whose tender gentle blood.*"
[4] *three-pil'd people*] i. e. persons who wear the finest velvet: see note, p. 189.
[5] *foin*] i. e. thrust.
[6] *What*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "Why, *what*:" and so the modern editors.
[7] *Knights o' the Sun*] See note, p. 190.
[8] *from my knowledge*] "i. e. out of my knowledge, unknown to me." WEBER.
[9] *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, p. 201. — So all the 4tos., except the first, which has (by a common misprint) "wilde. Folio 1679 "vile;" and so the modern editors.
[10] *to do me service*] Viz. as lovers: see note, p. 162.

Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his repentance.
Next, I should rail at you; but you are a woman,
And anger's lost upon you.
Lady. Why at me, sir?
I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.
E. Love. You have done that,
I must confess, I have the least curse in,
Because the least acquaintance: but there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good men must share in't,) will to shame
Blast your black memory.
Lady. How is this, good sir?
E. Love. 'Tis that, that if you have a soul, will choke it:
You've kill'd a gentleman.
Lady. I kill'd a gentleman!
E. Love. You, and your cruelty, have kill'd him, woman!
And such a man (let me be angry in't)
Whose least worth weigh'd above all women's virtues
That are; I spare you all to come too: guess him now.
Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot, sir.
E. Love Repent, you mean. You are a perfect woman,
And, as the first was, made for man's undoing.
Lady. Sir, you have missed your way; I am not she.
E. Love. Would he had miss'd his way too, though he had wander'd
Farther than women are ill-spoken of,
So he had miss'd this misery, — you, lady![1]
Lady. How do you do, sir?
E. Love. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep myself from such temptations.[2]
Lady. Pray, leap into this matter; whither would you?
E. Love. You had a servant, that your peevishness
Enjoin'd to travel.
Lady. Such a one I have still,
And should be grieved it were otherwise.
E. Love. Then have your asking, and be griev'd; he's dead!
How you will answer for his worth I know not;
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,
Were stark mad, else he might have liv'd to have given
A stronger testimony to the world
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening; ten suns after,
Forc'd by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow
He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilst all
Sought to preserve their souls, he desperately
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it,
"If any live, go to my Fate, that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy."
His name was Loveless; and I scap'd the storm;
And now you have my business.
Lady. 'Tis too much.
Would I had been that storm! he had not perish'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, sir;
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from this[3] ruin, I shall justly suffer
What they can say: I do confess myself
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.[4]
E. Love. I like this well: these women are strange things. —— [*Aside.*
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep;
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with those tears at home.
Lady. Would you had told me then so! these two arms
Had been his sea.
E. Love. Trust me, you move me much: but, say he liv'd,
These were forgotten things again.
Lady. Ay, say you so?
Sure, I should know that voice: this is knavery;
I'll fit you for it. [*Aside.*] — Where he living, sir,
I would persuade you to be charitable,
Ay, and confess we are not all so ill
As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend,
What penance shall I pull upon my fault,
Upon my most unworthy self for this?
E. Love. Leave to love others; 'twas some jealousy
That turn'd him desperate.
Lady. I'll be with you straight:
Are you wrung there? [*Aside.*
E. Love. This works amain upon her. [*Aside.*
Lady. I do confess there is a gentleman
Has borne me long good will.
E. Love. I do not like that. [*Aside.*
Lady. And vow'd a thousand services to me;
To me, regardless of him: but since fate,
That no power can withstand, has taken from me
My first and best love, and to weep away
My youth is a mere folly, I will shew you
What I determine, sir; you shall know all.
Call Master Welford, there! [*To a servant within.*] — That gentleman
I mean to make the model of my fortunes,
And in his chaste embraces keep alive
The memory of my lost lovely Loveless:
He is somewhat like him too.
E. Love. Then you can love?
Lady. Yes, certain,[5] sir:

[1] *So he had miss'd this misery, — you, lady*] The modern editors, strangely misunderstanding the line, print it thus;
"*So he had miss'd this misery. You, lady* — "

[2] *from such temptations*] "So the two first quartos: the subsequent editions read, 'out *from temptations*,' [which Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave]." WEBER. Some of the 4tos. dated 1651 have "out *from* temptation."

[3] *this*] So the three earliest 4tos. and folio 1679. Other eds. "his;" and so the modern editors.

[4] *But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.*]
"*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent* [Seneca, *Hippol.* 607]." THEOBALD.

[5] *certain*] So the two earliest 4 tos. Other eds. "certainly;" and so the modern editors.

Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.
E. Love. I have made myself a fine fool. [*Aside.*

Re-enter WELFORD.

Wel. Would you have spoke[1] with me, madam?
Lady. Yes, Master Welford; and I ask your pardon,
Before this gentleman, for being froward:
This kiss, and henceforth more affection. [*Kisses* WELFORD.
E. Love. So; it is better I were drown'd indeed. [*Aside.*
Wel. This is a sudden passion;[2] God hold it!
This fellow, out of his fear, sure, has
Persuaded her: I'll give him a new suit on't. [*Aside.*
Lady. A parting kiss; and, good sir, let me pray you [*Kisses* WELFORD *again.*
To wait me in the gallery.
Wel. I am in another world! [*Aside.*
Madam, where you please. [*Exit.*
E. Love. I will to sea,
And't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed. [*Aside.*
Lady. Now, sir, you see I am no such hard creature[3]
But time may win me.
E. Love. You have forgot your lost love?
Lady. Alas, sir, what would you have me do?
I cannot call him back again with sorrow:
I'll love this man as dearly; and, beshrow[4] me,
I'll keep him far enough from sea. And 'twas told me,
Now I remember me, by an old wise woman,
That my first love should be drown'd; and see, 'tis come about.
E. Love. I would she had told you your second should be hang'd too,
And let that come about! [*Aside.*] — But this is very strange.
Lady. Faith, sir, consider all, and then I know
You'll be of my mind: if weeping would redeem him,
I would weep still.
E. Love. But, say, that I were Loveless,
And scap'd the storm; how would you answer this?
Lady. Why, for that gentleman I would leave all
The world.
E. Love. This young thing too?
Lady. That[5] young thing too,
Or any young thing else: why, I would lose my state.[6]
E. Love. Why, then, he lives still; I am he, your Loveless. [*Throws off his disguise.*
Lady. Alas, I knew it, sir, and for that purpose
Prepar'd this pageant! Get you to your task,
And leave these players' tricks, or I shall leave you;
Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.
E. Love. Will you then marry?
Lady. I will not promise: take your choice. Farewell.
E. Love. There is no other purgatory but a woman.
I must do something. [*Aside, and exit.*

Re-enter WELFORD.

Wel. Mistress, I am bold.
Lady. You are, indeed.
Wel. You have[7] so overjoy'd me, lady!
Lady. Take heed, you surfeit not; pray, fast and welcome.
Wel. By this light, you love me extremely.
Lady. By this, and to morrow's light, I care not for you.
Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.
Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.
Wel. I like this mirth well, lady.
Lady. You shall have more on't.
Wel. I must kiss you.
Lady. No, sir.
Wel. Indeed, I must.
Lady. What must be, must be. [*He kisses her.*] I will take my leave:
You have your parting blow. I pray, commend me
To those few friends you have, that sent you hither,
And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit
You brought less bravery with you and more wit;
You'll never get a wife else.
Wel. Are you in earnest?
Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, sir? your horses will be ready straight: you shall have a napkin laid in the buttery for you.
Wel. Do not you love me, then?
Lady. Yes, for that face.
Wel. It is a good one, lady.
Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt; the fire in time may mend it.
Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the best, lady.
Lady. No, by my troth, sir; yet o' my conscience, you could[8] make shift with it.
Wel. Come, pray, no more of this.
Lady. I will not: fare you well. — Ho! who's within there? Bring out the gentleman's horses; he's in haste; and set some cold meat on the table.
Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you,

[1] *spoke*] So the four earliest 4tos. and folio 1679. Other eds. "spoken;" and so the modern editors, Theobald excepted.
[2] *This is a sudden passion*, &c.] I think it right to notice that such is the metrical arrangement of this speech in every one of the old eds.
[3] *hard creature*] So the three earliest 4tos. and folio 1679. Other eds., "*hard* hearted *creature*;" and so the Editors of 1778.
[4] *beshrow*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "beshrew." In this speech Theobald made his usual unauthorised alterations.
[5] *That*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with 4to. 1651, "This."
[6] *state*] i. e. estate.
[7] *have*] This word, found only in the first 4to., is omitted by Theobald and the Editors of 1778.
[8] *could*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "would;" and so the modern editors.

lady: take your[1] chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady.

Lady. Farewell, young man. [*Exit.*

Wel. You have made me one.[2] Farewell; and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee, — I mean, the butler! The devil and all his works are in these women. Would all of my sex were of my mind! I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reverence with them.

Re-enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. I am sorry, Master Welford ——

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my lady use you?

Wel. As I would use you, scurvily.

Abig. I should have been more kind, sir.

Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray, leave me,
And look to your sweet-meats. Hark, your lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time, without offending.[3]

Wel. You're nothing but offence; for God's love, leave me.

Abig. 'Tis strange, my lady should be such a tyrant.

Wel. To send you to me. Pray, go stitch; good, do:
You are more trouble to me than a term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I said love I lied not, should any way[4] deserve this.

Wel. A thousand ways, a thousand ways. Sweet creature, let me depart in peace.

Abig. What creature, sir? I hope I am a woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think, by your noise.

Abig. Since you are angry, sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman, and a rib ——

Wel. Of a roasted horse.

Abig. Conster[5] me that.

Wel. A dog can do it better. Farewell, Countess;[6] and commend me to your lady; tell her she's proud and scurvy: and so I commit you both to your tempter.

Abig. Sweet Master Welford!

Wel. Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your ruins;
Your face looks fouler than a storm:
The footman stays you[7] in the lobby, lady.

Abig. If you were a gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions.[8] Are these fit words to give a gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for you. —
Sirrah, my horses! — Farewell, old adage!
Keep your nose warm; the rheum will make it horn else. [*Exit.*

Abig. The blessings of a prodigal young heir
Be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up, my gentleman,
Are your gums grown so tender they cannot bite?
A skittish filly will be your fortune, Welford,
And fair enough for such a pack-saddle:
And I doubt not, if my aim hold,
To see her made to amble to your hand. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS, Captain, Poet, MORECRAFT, Widow, *and* SAVIL.

Capt. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant knight!
And may thy[9] back-sword bite them to the bone
That love thee not! Thou art an errant man;[10]
Go on; the circumcis'd shall fall by thee:
Let land and labour fill the man that tills;
Thy sword must be thy plough; and Jove it speed!
Mecca shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall,
And thy dear name fill up his monument.

Y. Love. It shall, Captain; I mean to be a worthy.

Capt. One worthy is too little; thou shalt be all.

More. Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too.

Capt. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble Morecraft,
If thou wilt lend me money.
I am a man of garrison; be rul'd,
And open to me those infernal gates,
Whence none of thy evil angels[11] pass again,
And I will style thee noble, nay, Don Diego;
I'll woo thy infanta for thee, and my knight
Shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

More. Pardon me, Captain, you're beside my meaning.

Y. Love. No, Master Morecraft, 'tis the Captain's meaning,
I should prepare her for you.

Capt. Or provoke her. —
Speak, my modern[12] man; I say, provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it:
So say the critics.

Y. Love. But howsoever you expound it, sir,
She's very welcome; and this shall serve for witness. —
And, widow, since you're come so happily,
[*Kisses* Wid.

[1] *take your*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*take to your.*"

[2] *You have made me one*] i. e. You have made me a young man, — a dupe, a gull.

[3] *offending*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "offence;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[4] *way*] The modern editors print "ways."

[5] *Conster*] Here (as elsewhere, see note, p. 167) the modern editors print "Construe;" but that the alteration is improper might be shown by many passages of our early writers.

[6] *Farewell, Countess*] "This is not complimental, but sarcastically spoken. In a pack of hounds, an old staunch hunting-bitch is often called *Duchess, Countess, Beauty,* &c." THEOBALD. But, surely, the "old hunting-bitch" must have been first named when she was young.

[7] *stays you*] Theobald gave, with folio 1679, "*stays* for *you.*"

[8] *conditions*] i. e. qualities, dispositions, habits.

[9] *thy*] The Editors of 1778 print "my."

[10] *an errant man*] "i. e. a knight-errant; one fit to go on the holy wars," &c. THEOBALD.

[11] *evil angels*] "Bad money. An angel was a gold coin, worth about nine [ten] shillings." WEBER, — who misunderstands the Captain's pun. The "angels" of Morecraft were "evil;" but had they been bad (i. e. counterfeit), the Captain would have felt no desire to borrow them

[12] *modern*] See note, p. 243.

You shall deliver up the keys, and free
Possession of this house, whilst[1] I stand by
To ratify.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me;
'Tis a misery to say, you had it. Take heed.

Y. Love. 'Tis past that, widow. Come, sit down. — Some wine there! —
There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it. —
All this fair house is yours, sir.[2] [*To* MORECRAFT.] — Savil!

Sav. Yes, sir.

Y. Love. Are your keys ready? I must ease your burden.

Sav. I am ready, sir, to be undone, when you
Shall call me to't.

Y. Love. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all:
There's half-a-dozen of my friends i' the fields,
Sunning against a bank, with half a breech
Among 'em; I shall be with 'em shortly. —
The care and continual vexation
Of being rich, eat up this rascal!
What shall become of my poor family?
They are no sheep, and they must[3] keep themselves. [*Aside.*

Y. Love. Drink, Master Morecraft. Pray, be merry all.
Nay, an you will not drink, there's no society.
Captain, speak loud, and drink. — Widow, a word. [*Retires with* Widow.

Capt. Expound her throughly,[4] knight. —
Here, god o' gold, here's to thy fair possessions!
Be a baron, and a bold one;
Leave off your tickling of young heirs like trouts,
And let thy chimneys smoke; feed men of war;
Live, and be honest, and be savèd yet.

More. I thank you, worthy Captain, for your counsel.
You keep your chimneys smoking there, your nostrils;
And, when you can, you feed a man of war:
This makes you not a baron, but a bare one;
And how or when you shall be savèd, let
The clerk o' the company you have commanded
Have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much[5] mov'd. Be not angry, sir;
But, as the poet sings,[6] let your displeasure
Be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home,
And bitterly to him,[7] sir. — Captain, take truce;
The miser is a tart and a witty whoreson.

Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie:[8] the wit of this man
Lies in his fingers' ends; he must tell[9] all;
His tongue fills but[10] his mouth like a neat's tongue,
And only serves to lick his hungry chaps
After a purchase: his brains and brimstone are
The devil's diet[11] to a fat usurer's head. —
To her, knight, to her! clap her aboard, and stow her. —
Where's the brave steward?

Sav. Here's your poor friend and Savil,[12] sir.

Capt. Away, thou'rt rich in ornaments of nature:[13]
First, in thy face; thou hast a serious face,
A betting, bargaining, and saving face,
A rich face, — pawn it to the usurer, —
A face to kindle the compassion
Of the most ignorant and frozen justice.

Sav. 'Tis such, I dare not shew it shortly, sir.

Capt. Be blithe and bonny, steward. — Master Morecraft,
Drink to this man of reckoning.

More. [*drinks.*] Here's e'en to him.

Sav. The devil guide it downward! would there were in't
An acre of the great broom-field he bought,
To sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you!
'Tis all one to me, usurer. [*Aside.*

Y. Love. [*to* Widow.] Consider what I told you; you are young,
Unapt for worldly business. Is it fit,
One of such tenderness, so delicate,
So contrary to things of care, should stir,
And break her better meditations,
In the bare brokage of a brace of angels?[14]
Or a new kirtle, though it be of satin?
Eat by the hope of forfeits,[15] and lie down
Only in expectation of a morrow,
That may undo some easy-hearted fool,
Or reach a widow's curses? let out money,
Whose use returns the principal? and get,
Out of these troubles, a consuming heir;

[1] *whilst*] Altered by the modern editors to "while."

[2] *All this fair house is yours, sir*] The 4to of 1651 alone has "Mr. Morecraft, *all this faire house is yours, sir;*" a reading adopted by the Editors of 1778, and even by Weber, who has more than once mentioned the worthlessness of that 4to.

[3] *and they must*] So all the old eds., except 4to. 1651, which has "*and* yet *they must.*" The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "yet *they must.*"

[4] *throughly*] Theobald and Weber print "thoroughly."

[5] *is much*] The two earliest 4tos. have "*is much* is much."

[6] *as the poet sings, &c.*] "The poet, alluded to here, is Horace:

Ira furor brevis est." THEOBALD.

[7] *him*] Mason's correction, which Weber adopted, and which seems to be necessary. Old eds. "me;" so Theobald; so too the Editors of 1778, who observe, "We are inclined to believe that this one speech was intended for three, and that the Captain should have the words 'You have spoke home, and bitterly to me, sir.' Mr. Seward [Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750] would read '*And bitterly* too, miser.'"

[8] *perdie*] i. e. *par dieu*, verily.

[9] *tell*] i. e. count; reckon.

[10] *but*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

[11] *diet*] "Means here sauce." MASON.

[12] *friend and Savil*] Seward (Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) proposed to read "*friend and* servant, *Savil;*" which was adopted by the Editors of 1778.

[13] *ornaments of nature*] "This is the original text in all the old editions, except the quarto of 1651, which is of no authority whatever. That quarto reads, 'tenements *of nature;*" and in the sixth line after this, ''*Tis such I* shall *not dare* to *shew it shortly, sir.*' In both instances the modern editors have adopted these readings." WEBER, — who, as usual, is not quite accurate; for Theobald printed "ornaments."

[14] *angels*] See note, p. 434.

[15] *forfeits*] Old eds. "surfets" and "surfeits;" and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778: "though some meaning may be extracted from it, the alteration in the text, which is proposed by Mr Mason in his Commentaries, gives a more plain sense. An accidental substitution of the long *f* for the *f*, easily accounts for the manner in which the variation was produced." WEBER. A passage in act iv. sc. i., "But Time, that like a *surfeit eats* our youth," cannot be adduced in defence of the old reading.

For such a one must follow necessarily?
You shall die hated, if not old and miserable;
And that possess'd wealth, that you got with pining,
Live to see tumbled to another's hands,
That is no more a-kin to you than you
To his cozenage.
Wid. Sir, you speak well: would God, that charity
Had first begun here!
Y. Love. 'Tis yet time. — Be merry!
Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' the house.
Captain, where rests the health?
Capt. It shall go round, boy.
Y. Love. [*to* Widow.] Say, you can[1] suffer this, because the end
Points at much profit, — can you so far bow
Below your blood, below your too-much beauty,
To be a partner of this fellow's bed,
And lie with his diseases? If you can,
I will not press you further. Yet look upon him:
There's nothing in that hide-bound usurer,
That man of mat, that all-decay'd, but aches,
For you to love, unless his perish'd lungs,
His dry cough, or his scurvy; this is truth,
And so far I dare speak it:[2] he has yet,
Past cure of physic, spaw, or any diet,
A primitive pox in his bones; and, o' my knowledge,
He has been ten times rowell'd;[3] — you may love him; —
He had a bastard, his own toward issue,
Whipp'd and then cropp'd,
For washing out the roses in three farthings,
To make 'em pence.
Wid. I do not like these morals.
Y. Love. You must not like him, then.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

E. Love. By your leave, gentlemen.
Y. Love. By my troth, sir, you are welcome; welcome, faith.
Lord, what a stranger you are grown! Pray, know
This gentlewoman; and, if you please, these friends here.
We are merry; you see the worst on's:
Your house has been kept warm, sir.
E. Love. I am glad
To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise too![4]
Y. Love. Pray, Master Morecraft, know my elder brother; —
And, Captain, do your compliment. — Savil,
I dare swear, is glad at heart to see you.
Lord, we heard, sir, you were drown'd at sea,
And see how luckily things come about!
More. This money must be paid again,[5] sir.
Y. Love. No, sir;
Pray, keep the sale; 'twill make good tailor's measures:
I am well, I thank you.
Wid. By my troth, the gentleman
Has stew'd him in his own sauce; I shall love him for't. [*Aside.*
Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad!
Your worship is the welcom'st man alive:
Upon my knees I bid you welcome home.
Here has been such a hurry, such a din,
Such dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring,
'T has almost made me mad:
We have all[6] liv'd in a continual Turnball-street.[7]
Sir, blest be heaven, that sent you safe again!
Now shall I eat, and go to bed again.
E. Love. Brother, dismiss these people.
Y. Love. Captain, begone a while;
Meet me at my old rendezvous in the evening;
Take your small poet with you.
[*Exeunt* Captain *and* Poet.
Master Morecraft,
You were best go prattle with your learnèd counsel;
I shall preserve your money: I was cozen'd
When time was; we are quit, sir.
Wid. Better and better still. [*Aside.*
E. Love. What is this fellow, brother?
Y. Love. The thirsty usurer that supp'd my land off.
E. Love. What does he tarry for?
Y. Love. Sir,[8] to be landlord of your house and state:
I was bold to make a little sale, sir.
More. Am I over-reach'd? If there be law, I'll hamper ye.
E. Love. Prithee, be gone, and rail[9] at home; thou art
So base a fool, I cannot laugh at thee.
Sirrah, this comes of cozening: home, and spare;
Eat raddish till you raise your sums again.
If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipp'd,
Your ears nail'd for intelligencing o' the pillory,
And your goods forfeit. You are a stale cozener:
Leave my house. No more!
More. A pox upon your house! —
Come, widow; I shall yet hamper this young gamester.
Wid. Good twelve i' the hundred,
Keep your way; I am not for your diet:
Marry in your own tribe, Jew, and get a broker.
Y. Love. 'Tis well said, widow. — Will you jog on, sir?

[1] *you can*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*can you?*" and so Weber.

[2] *it*] Old eds. "yet;" which Theobald gave. The error must be attributed to the original compositor, who either mistook "yt" for "yet," or caught the latter word from what immediately follows.

[3] *rowell'd*] "To rowell is what in modern surgery is called to apply a seton." WEBER.

[4] *Your house has been kept warm, sir.*
E. Love. *I am glad*
To hear it, brother: pray God, you are wise too] "This would be a very odd reply, did it not depend on a proverbial expression, 'If you are *wise*, keep yourself *warm*.'" THEOBALD, — who, in illustration, cites two passages from Shakespeare.

[5] *paid again*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print, with 4to., 1651, "*paid* back *again*."

[6] *all*] Omitted in 4to. 1651; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[7] *Turnball-street*] See note, p. 293. The name was variously written.

[8] *Sir*] Omitted in 4to. 1651; and by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[9] *rail*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "rave;" and so the modern editors.

More. Yes, I will go; but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild fool, and a woman,
May I lend gratis, and build hospitals! [*Exit.*
Y. Love. Nay, good sir, make all even:
Here is a widow wants your good word for me;
She's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.
E. Love. I am glad you look before you.—Gentlewoman,
Here is a poor distressèd younger brother.
Wid. You do him wrong, sir; he's a knight.
E. Love. I ask you mercy: yet, 'tis no matter;
His knighthood is no inheritance, I take it:
Whatsoever he is, he's your servant, or would be, lady.
Faith, be not merciless, but make a man:
He's young and handsome, though he be my brother,
And his observances[1] may deserve your love;
He shall not fail for means.
Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother:
And so much I do[2] credit your fair language,
That I shall love your brother; and so love him—
But I shall blush to say more.
E. Love. Stop her mouth.— [Y. Love. *kisses her.*
I hope you shall not live to know that hour,
When this shall be repented.—Now, brother, I should chide;
But I'll give no distaste to your fair mistress.
I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't:
You have been wild and ignorant; pray, mend it.
Y. Love. Sir, every day, now spring comes on.
E. Love. To you, good Master Savil, and your office,
Thus much I have to say. You're, from my steward,
Become, first your own drunkard, then his bawd;
They say, you're excellent grown in both, and perfect:
Give me your keys, Sir Savil.
Sav. Good sir, consider whom you left me to.
E. Love. I left you as a curb for, not to provoke,
My brother's follies. Where's the best drink, now?
Come, tell me, Savil, where's the soundest whores?
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame stallion,
Must you be leaping[3] in my house? your whores,
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, without fear
Either of king or constable, within my walls?
Are all my hangings safe? my sheep unsold yet?
I hope my plate is current; I ha' too much on't.
What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?
Sav. Good sir, forgive me, and but hear me speak.
E. Love. Methinks, thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak;
'Tis the more pardonable.
Sav. I will, sir, if you will have it so.
E. Love. I thank you: yes, e'en pursue it, sir.
Do you hear?
Get a[4] whore soon for your recreation;
Go look out Captain Broken-breech, your fellow,
And quarrel, if you dare. I shall deliver
These keys to one shall have more honesty,
Though not so much fine wit, sir. You may walk,
And gather cresses, sir,[5] to cool your liver;
There's something for you to begin a diet,
You'll have the pox else. Speed you well, Sir Savil!
You may eat at my house to preserve life;
But keep no fornications[6] in the stables.
[*Exeunt* E. *and* Y. Loveless *and* Widow.
Sav. Now must I hang myself; my friends will look for't.
Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:
I will run mad first, and, if that get not pity,
I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Alas, poor gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought[7] thee, to what a scurvy fortune! Thou, that hast been a[8] companion for noblemen, and, at the worst of those[9] times, for gentlemen, now, like a broken serving-man, must beg for favour to those, that would have crawled, like pilgrims, to my chamber but for an apparition of me.
You that be coming on, make much of fifteen,
And so till five-and-twenty: use your time
With reverence, that your profits may arise;
It will not tarry with you; *ecce signum!*
Here was a face!
But Time, that like a surfeit eats our youth,
(Plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for't!)
Has been a little bolder here than welcome;
And now, to say the truth, I am fit for no man.
Old men i' the house, of fifty, call me grannam;
And when they are drunk, e'en then when Joan and my lady
Are all one,[10] not one will do me reason.
My little Levite hath forsaken me;
His silver sound of cittern[11] quite abolish'd;

[1] *observances*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "observance;" and so Weber.
[2] *I do*] The modern editors choose to print "*do I.*"
[3] *leaping*] So 4to. 1651, which, though of no authority, is here obviously right. Other eds. "leading." Theobald (who wrongly states that "leaping" is found in the earliest 4to.) cites, among other parallel passages which occur in our authors' plays, the following one from *Philaster*, "He looks like an old surfeited *stallion* after his *leaping*." Weber printed "leading," and vainly attempted in a note to defend that lection.
[4] *Get a*] The modern editors print, for the metre, "*Get you a.*"
[5] *sir*] Theobald printed, with folio 1679, "fit."
[6] *fornications*] So the three earliest 4tos. Other eds. "fornication;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[7] *age brought*] Theobald printed "*age* now *brought.*"
[8] *a*] Omitted by the modern editors.
[9] *those*] Thrown out by Theobald.
[10] *all one*] Theobald printed "*all* as *one.*"
[11] *cittern*] What we now call—guitar: see Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, iv. 113.

His doleful hymns under my chamber-window
Digested into tedious learning.[1]
Well, fool, you leapt a haddock when you left him:
He's a clean man, and a good edifier,
And twenty nobles[2] is his state *de claro*,
Besides his pigs *in posse*.
To this good homilist I have been ever stubborn,
Which God forgive me for, and mend my manners!
And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty,
Of such a piece of lay[3] ground, hear my prayer,
And fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults,
In this renew'd impression of my love,
May shew corrected to our gentle reader!

Enter ROGER.

See how neglectingly[4] he passes by me!
With what an equipage canonical,
As though he had broke[5] the heart of Bellarmin,[6]
Or added something to the singing brethren!
'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it. [*Aside.*] — Master Roger ——
Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.
Abig. Then, gentle Roger ——
Rog. Ungentle Abigail!
Abig. Why, Master Roger, will you set your wit
To a weak woman's?
Rog. You are weak, indeed;
For so the poet sings.
Abig. I do confess
My weakness, sweet Sir Roger.
Rog. Good my lady's
Gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentlewoman,
(This trope is lost to you now,) leave your prating.
You have a season of your first mother in you:
And, surely, had the devil been in love,
He had been abused too. Go, Dalida;[7]
You make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.
Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, dilate[8]
Upon the weak infirmities of women;
These are fit texts: but once there was a time ——
Would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes,
Those orient eyes!
Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.
Abig. Saving your reverence, sir, so they are still.
Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave your cogging:[9]
What they are, they are;
They serve me without spectacles, I thank 'em.
Abig. Oh, will you kill me?
Rog. I do not think I can;
You're like a copyhold, with nine lives in't.
Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you:
For your own worship's sake ——
Rog. I was a Christian fool then.
Do you remember what a dance you led me?
How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce?
Could expound[10] but once a quarter, and then was out too?
And then, at prayers once,[11]
Out of the stinking stir you put me in,
I pray'd for my own royal[12] issue? You do
Remember all this?
Abig. Oh, be as then you were!
Rog. I thank you for it:
Surely, I will be wiser, Abigail;
And as the ethnick poet sings,[13]
I will not lose my oil and labour too.[14]
You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail.
Abig. Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee!
Rog. I like these tears well, and this humbling also;
They are symptoms of contrition, as a father saith.[15]
If I should fall into my fit again,
Would you not shake me into a quotidian coxcomb?
Would you not use me scurvily again,
And give me possets with purging comfits in't?[16]
I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me
Than a long chapter with a[17] pedigree.
Abig. Oh, curate, cure me!
I will love thee better, dearer, longer:
I will do any thing; betray the secrets
Of the main household to thy reformation.
My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning;
And when true[18] time shall 'point thee for a parson,
I will convert thy eggs to penny-custards,
And thy tithe-goose shall graze and multiply.
Rog. I am mollified,

1 *learning*] Theobald printed "*learning* now."
2 *nobles*] i. e. gold coins worth 6s. 8d. each.
3 *lay*] Old eds. "lape," — a misprint for "laye." Sympson, who made the correction, adds, perhaps unnecessarily, "i. e. *terra inculta, novale*, unploughed, uncultivated land."
4 *neglectingly*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "negligently;" and so the modern editors, — Theobald printing "*See, see how* negligently."
5 *broke*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "broken;" and so the modern editors.
6 *Bellarmin*] "Robert Bellarmin, a jesuit, was one of the most celebrated controversialists of his time; and, among the protestants, it was considered as greatly adding to the reputation of the most learned divine, to have broken a lance with him. He was born in the year 1542, and died in 1621." WEBER.
7 *Dalida*] So the five earliest 4tos. Other eds., "Dalila" and "Dalilah;" and so the modern editors. The name is written *Dalida* by Chaucer (*Monkes Tale*, v. 14069, ed. Tyrwhitt), Skelton (*Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 208, ed. Dyce), &c. &c., and occasionally by authors of a much later date.
8 *dilate*] "Only the sixth quarto [1651, of no authority] reads, 'you may *dilate*,' which has hitherto been the text of the modern editions." WEBER, — incorrectly, for Theobald did not follow that 4to.
9 *cogging*] i. e. cheating, falsifying, — cajoling.
10 *Could expound*] The Editors of 1778 printed, with 4to. 1651, "*Could* not *expound*."
11 *at prayers once*] So the first 4to. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors, Weber excepted.
12 *royal*] So the first 4to. and that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.
13 *poet sings*] A word has evidently dropt out. Gifford queries "*poet* sweetly *sings*"? *MS.* note on ed. 1778.
14 *I will not lose my oil and labour too*] "The ethnick poet here alluded to is Plautus, in his *Pœnulus*:

Tum pol ego et olerum et operam perdidi." — THEOBALD.

15 *as a father saith*] So the first 4to. and that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.; and by Theobald.
16 *possets . . . in't*] The modern editors print "*possets . . . in* 'em." See p. 430.
17 *chapter with a*] So the first 4to. and that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.
18 *true*] The 4to. of 1651 (of no authority) has "due;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

As well shall testify this faithful kiss:
And[1] have a great care, Mistress Abigail,
How you depress the spirit any more
With your rebukes and mocks; for certainly
The edge of such a folly cuts itself.

Abig. Oh, sir, you have pierc'd me thorough! Here I vow
A recantation to those malicious faults
I ever did against you. Never more
Will I despise your learning; never more
Pin cards and cony-tails upon your cassock;
Never again reproach your reverend night-cap,
And call it by the mangy name of murrin;[2]
Never your reverend person[3] more, and say,
You look like one of Baal's priests in a hanging;[4]
Never again, when you say grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at prayers; never cramp you more
With the great Book of Martyrs;[5] nor, when you ride,
Get soap and thistles for you. No, my Roger,
These faults shall be corrected and amended,
As by the tenor of my tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold, if I should be hang'd; I must cry too.
Come to thine own belovèd, and do even
What thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet Abigail!
I am thine own for ever; here's my hand:
When Roger proves a recreant, hang him i' the bell-ropes!

Enter Lady *and* Martha.

Lady. Why, how now, Master Roger, no prayers down with you to-night? did you hear the bell ring? You are courting; your flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon. — I'll clap[6] up prayers,
But stay a little, and be with you again. [*Exit.*

Enter Elder Loveless.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow,
Presume to come to move me any more?

E. Love. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. What ails the fellow?

E. Love. The fellow comes to laugh at you.
I tell you, lady, I would not, for your land,
Be such a coxcomb, such a whining ass,
As you decreed me for when I was last here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wise, sir;[7] 'tis a rare jewel
In an elder brother: pray, be wiser yet.

E. Love. Methinks I am very wise: I do not come a-wooing;
Indeed, I'll move no more love to your ladyship.

Lady. What make[8] you here, then?

E. Love. Only to see you, and be merry, lady;
That's all my business. Faith, let's be very merry.
Where's little Roger? he is a good fellow:
An hour or two, well spent in wholesome mirth,
Is worth a thousand of these puling passions.
'Tis an ill world for lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

E. Love. I thank God, there is one less[9] for me, lady.

Lady. You were never any, sir.

E. Love. Till now; and now I am the prettiest fellow!

Lady. You talk like a tailor, sir.

E. Love. Methinks, your faces are no such fine things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise? Lord, what a lying age is this! Where will you mend these faces?

E. Love. A hog's face sous'd is worth a hundred of 'em.

Lady. Sure, you had some[10] sow to your mother.

E. Love. She brought such[11] fine white pigs as you, fit for none but parsons, lady.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy yet.

E. Love. That shall[12] not save you. Oh, that I were in love again with a wish!

Lady. By this light, you are a scurvy fellow! pray, be gone.

E. Love. You know, I am a clean-skinn'd man.

Lady. Do I know it?

E. Love. Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not a snap, never long for't, not a snap, dear lady.

Lady. Hark ye, sir, hark ye, get you to the suburbs;
There's horse-flesh for such hounds. Will you go, sir?

E. Love. Lord, how I lov'd this woman! how I worshipp'd
This pretty calf with the white face here! As I live,
You were the prettiest fool to play withal,
The wittiest little varlet! It would talk;
Lord, how it talk'd! and when I anger'd it,
It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat,
And it would say, "Go hang!"

Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it.

[1] *And*] The 4to. of 1651 "But;" and so Theobald (who took his usual liberties with this speech), and the Editors of 1778.

[2] *murrin*] — written also *murrion*, *morion*, — is a steel cap, a plain helmet. The word occurs in others of these plays. Abigail terms *murrin* a "mangy name" from the resemblance of its sound to *murrain*. Weber, not understanding the passage, printed "murrain."

[3] *your reverend person*] Before these words, the preceding "reproach" is to be understood.

[4] *priests in a hanging*] So all the old eds., except the first 4to., which has "*priests a hanging*," and that of 1651, which reads "*priests in the hanging*," and which the Editors of 1778 followed. It is hardly necessary to observe that "*hanging*" means tapestry.

[5] *With the great Book of Martyrs*] So the first 4to. and that of 1651. Omitted in other eds.

[6] *clap*] The two latest 4tos. "chop;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[7] *sir*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds.; and by the modern editors.

[8] *make*] The modern editors give the misprint of folio 1679 "makes." The expression "What make you here?" — what do you here? — is among the commonest in our early writers.

[9] *one less*] Theobald chose to print "*one* the *less*."

[10] *some*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "a;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[11] *brought such*] The two latest 4tos. have, "*brought* forth *such*," — perhaps the right reading.

[12] *shall*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber give, with the two latest 4tos., "will."

E. Love. And when I ask'd it, if it would be married,
It sent me of an errand into France;
And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.
Lady. Sir, this is most unmanly; pray, be gone.
E. Love. And swear (even when it twitter'd to be at me) I was unhandsome.
Lady. Have you no manners in you?
E. Love. And say my back was melted, when, the gods know,[1]
I kept[2] it at a charge, — four Flanders mares
Would have been easier to me, and a fencer.
Lady. You think all this is true now?
E. Love. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. But so much for our mirth: now have at you in earnest.
Lady. There is enough, sir; I desire no more.
E. Love. Yes, faith, we 'll have a cast at your best parts now;
And then the devil take the worst!
Lady. Pray, sir, no more; I am not much[3] affected
With your commendations. 'Tis almost dinner:
I know they stay you[4] at the ordinary.
E. Love. E'en a short grace, and then I am gone. You are
A woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a coach;
The scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless woman;
The greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd,
Though it be gross and open; the most envious,
That, at the poor fame of another's face,
Would eat your own, and more than is your own,
The paint belonging to it; of such a self-opinion,
That you think no one[5] can deserve your glove;
And for your malice, you are so excellent,
You might have been your tempter's tutor. Nay,
Never cry.
Lady. Your own heart knows you wrong me.
I cry for you!
E. Love. You shall, before I leave you.
Lady. Is all this spoke in earnest?
E. Love. Yes, and more,
As soon as I can get it out.
Lady. Well, out with't.
E. Love. You are —— let me see ——
Lady. One that has used you with too much respect.
E. Love. One that hath us'd me, since you will have it so,
The basest, the most foot-boy-like, without respect
Of what I was, or what you might be by me;
You have us'd me as I would use a jade,
Ride him off's legs, then turn him into[6] the commons;
You have us'd me with discretion, and I thank you.
If you have many more such pretty servants,
Pray, build an hospital, and, when they are old,
Keep[7] 'em, for shame.
Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious.
E. Love. Will you have more on't?
Lady. No, faith, there's enough,
If it be true; too much, by all my part.
You are no lover, then?
E. Love. No, I had rather be a carrier.
Lady. Why, the gods amend all!
E. Love. Neither do I think
There can be such a fellow found i' the world,
To be in love with such a froward woman:
If there be such, they're mad; Jove comfort 'em!
Now you have[8] all; and I as new a man,
As light and spirited, that I feel myself
Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave
To be one's own man! I can see you now
As I would see a picture; sit all day
By you, and never kiss your hand; hear you sing,
And never fall backward; but, with as set a temper
As I would hear a fiddler, rise and thank you:
I can now keep my money in my purse,
That still was gadding out for scarfs and waistcoats;[9]
And keep my hand from mercers' sheep-skins finely:
I can eat mutton now, and feast myself
With my two shillings, and can see a play
For eighteen-pence[10] again: I can, my lady.[11]
Lady. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. — [*Aside.*
Sir, pray, let me speak a little private with you. —
I must not suffer this. [*Aside.*
E. Love. Ha, ha, ha! What would you with me?
You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech.
Lady. Thou perjur'd man!
E. Love. Ha, ha, ha! this is a fine exordium:
And why, I pray you, perjur'd?
Lady. Did you not swear a thousand thousand times,
You lov'd me best of all things?

[1] *the gods know*] It is necessary to mention here the various readings of the old eds., because Weber has stated them incorrectly. The two earliest 4tos. have "*when the* God knowes;" the third 4to. has "*when* God *the* knowes;" the fourth and fifth 4tos. and folio 1679 have "*when* God he knowes," — and so Theobald; the sixth 4to. has "*when* heaven knowes," — and so the Editors of 1778.

[2] *kept*] Weber printed "keep"!

[3] *not much*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "*not so much*;" and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

[4] *stay you*] So the three earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*stay for you*;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[5] *no one*] Old eds. "none."

[6] *turn him into*] So the first 4to. The second 4to. "*turne in to.*" Other eds. "*turn him to*;" and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

[7] *Keep*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "Pray *keep*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[8] *you have*] The three latest 4tos. "*have you*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[9] *waistcoats*] He means, for the Lady: see note, p. 106.

[10] *eighteen-pence*] "From 'the epilogue at Blackfriars' to Mayne's *City Match*, 1639, and from the prologue to Habington's *Queen of Arragon*, 1640, acted at the same theatre, it is unquestionable that 'two shillings' were paid there, probably for the best places: in the *Scornful Lady*, however, act iv. sc. i., Fletcher makes the Elder Loveless speak of 'eighteen-pence,' as if that were the highest price of admission at the Blackfriars; but it is to be recollected that this comedy was performed before 1616, and, in the interval between that date and 1639, the charge might have been augmented." Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 347. But is Loveless speaking here of the Blackfriars-theatre?

[11] *I can, my lady*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave, with 4to. 1651, "*I can, my lady*, I can."

E. Love. I do confess it: make your best of that.
Lady. Why do you say you do not, then?
E. Love. Nay, I'll swear it,
And give sufficient reason, — your own usage.
Lady. Do you not love me now, then?
E. Love. No, faith.
Lady. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly?
E. Love. Yes; but I see but rotten fruits on't.
Lady. Do not deny your hand, for I must kiss it,
And take my last farewell. [*Kisses his hand.*] Now let me die,
So you be happy!
E. Love. I am too foolish. — Lady! speak, dear lady![1]
Lady. No, let me die. [*Pretends to swoon.*
Mar. Oh, my sister!
Abig. Oh, my lady! Help, help!
Mar. Run for some *rosa solis!*
E. Love. I have play'd the fine ass! — Bend her body. — Lady,
Best, dearest, worthiest lady, hear your servant!
I am not as I shew'd. — Oh, wretched fool,
To fling away the jewel of thy life thus! —
Give her more air. See, she begins to stir. —
Sweet mistress, hear me!
Lady. Is my servant well?
E. Love. In being yours, I am so.
Lady. Then I care not.
E. Love. How do you? — Reach a chair there. — I confess
My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,
Upon such tenderness, my wilful error;
But had I known it would have wrought thus with you,
Thus strangely, not the world had won me to it:
And let not, my best lady, any word,
Spoke to my end, disturb your quiet peace;
For sooner shall you know a general ruin
Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this, mistress;
For, by my life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you shall not grieve: rather be angry,
And heap infliction[2] on me; I will suffer.
Oh, I could curse myself! Pray, smile upon me.
Upon my faith, it was but a trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely
That you would never shew it, though my means
Was all humility.[3]
All. Ha, ha![4]
E. Love. How now?
Lady. I thank you, fine fool, for your most fine plot:
This was a subtle one, a stiff device
To have caught dotterels[5] with. Good senseless sir,
Could you imagine I should swoon for you,
And know yourself to be an arrant ass.
Ay, a discover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you, sir.
Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Take heed, sir; she may chance to swoon again.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Abig. Step to her, sir; see how she changes colour!
E. Love. I 'll go to hell first, and be better welcome.
I am fool'd, I do confess it, finely fool'd;
Lady-fool'd, madam;[6] and I thank you for it.
Lady. Faith, 'tis not so much worth, sir:
But if I know[7] when you come next a-birding,
I'll have a stronger noose to hold the woodcock.[8]
All. Ha, ha, ha!
E. Love. I am glad to see you merry; pray, laugh on.
Mar. H'ad a hard heart, that could not laugh at you, sir.
Ha, ha, ha!
Lady. Pray, sister, do not laugh; you'll anger him;
And then he'll rail like a rude costermonger,[9]
That school-boys had cozen'd of his apples,
As loud and senseless.
E. Love. I will not rail.
Mar. Faith, then, let's hear him, sister.
E. Love. Yes, you shall hear me.
Lady. Shall we be the better for[10] it, then?
E. Love. No; he that makes a woman better by his words,
I'll have him sainted: blows will not do it.
Lady. By this light, he'll beat us.
E. Love. You do deserve it richly, and may live
To have a beadle do it.
Lady. Now he rails.
E. Love. Come, scornful folly,
If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.
Lady. Pray, put it in good words, then.
E. Love. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn.
Lady. You bite, sir.
E. Love. I would till the bones crack'd, an I had my will.
Mar. We had best muzzle him; he grows mad.

[1] *lady*] After this speech Weber inserted "*Enter Martha,*" — having forgot that she was already on the stage!

[2] *infliction*] Theobald printed, with the three latest 4tos., "affliction."

[3] *humility*] Theobald printed "humanity." — "The meaning obviously is, 'I knew you loved me, though you would never shew it, notwithstanding I used the *humblest* means to induce you to do it.'" *Ed.* 1778.

[4] *Ha, ha*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave, with 4to. 1651, "*Ha, ha,* ha," — rightly perhaps, though that 4to. is of no authority.

[5] *dotterels*] Birds proverbially silly, and said to allow themselves to be caught while they imitate the actions of the fowler.

[6] *Lady-fool'd, madam*] So Theobald, the author doubtless having intended "*Lady fool'd*" to be printed with a hyphen; yet the Editors of 1778 and Weber gave "*Lady; fool'd, madam.*"

[7] *know*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "knew;" and so the modern editors.

[8] *woodcock*] See note, p. 366.

[9] *costermonger*] "i. e. a dealer in apples, because they are shaped like a human head, which was often denominated a *costard.*" — WEBER. The original meaning of *costard* is doubtful: Gifford says that it is properly — the apple so called; and see Richardson's *Dict.* A *costermonger* is a small dealer in fruit of any kind.

[10] *for*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "by;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

E. Love. I would 'twere lawful in the next great sickness,
To have the dogs spared, those harmless creatures,
And knock i' the head these[1] hot continual plagues,
Women, that are more infectious. I hope
The state will think on't.
Lady. Are you well, sir?
Mar. He looks
As though he had a grievous fit o' the colic.
E. Love. Green-ginger, will you cure me?[2]
Abig. I'll heat a trencher for him.
E. Love. Dirty December, do;
Thou with a face as old as Erra Pater;[3]
Such a prognosticating nose; thou thing,
That ten years since has left to be a woman,
Out-worn the expectation of a bawd;
And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now,
But gords[4] or nine-pins; pray, go fetch a trencher, go.
Lady. Let him alone; he's crack'd.
Abig. I'll see him hang'd first: he's a beastly fellow,
To use a woman of my breeding thus;
Ay, marry, is he. Would I were a man,
I'd make him eat his knave's words!
E. Love. Tie your she-otter up, good Lady Folly,
She stinks worse than a bear-bating.
Lady. Why will you be angry now?
E. Love. Go, paint, and purge;
Call in your kennel with you. You a lady!
Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter-sessions:
If there be good behaviour in the world,
I'll have thee bound to it.
E. Love. You must not seek it in your lady's house, then. —
Pray, send this ferret home, — and spin, good Abigail: —
And, madam, that your ladyship may know
In what base manner you have us'd my service,
I do from this hour hate thee heartily;
And though your folly should whip you to repentance,
And waken you at length to see my wrongs,
'Tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me, —
Not all the friends you have in intercession,[5]
Nor your submissive letters, though they spoke
As many tears as words; not your knees grown
To the ground in penitence, nor all your state, —
To kiss you; nor my pardon, nor will[6]
To give you Christian burial, if you die thus:
So farewell. ——
When I am married and made sure, I'll come
And visit you again, and vex you, lady:
By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you,
Worse than a tedious winter. I know you will
Recant and sue to me; but save that labour:
I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst,
Rather contract my youth to drink, and safer
Dote[7] upon quarrels,
Or take a drawn whore from an hospital,
That time, diseases, and mercury had eaten,
Than to be drawn to love you.
Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, do; but take heed though.
E. Love. From thee, false dice, jades, cowards, and plaguy summers,
Good Lord, deliver me! [*Exit.*
Lady. But hark you, servant, hark ye! — Is he gone?
Call him again.
Abig. Hang him, paddock![8]
Lady. Art thou here still? fly, fly, and call my servant;
Fly, or ne'er see me more.
Abig. I had rather knit again than see that rascal;
But I must do it. [*Aside, and exit.*
Lady. I would be loath to anger him too much.
What fine foolery is this in a woman,[9]
To use those men most frowardly they love most!
If I should lose him thus, I were rightly serv'd.
I hope he's not so much himself to take it
To the heart.

Re-enter ABIGAIL.

How now? will he come back?
Abig. Never, he swears, whilst he can hear men say
There's any woman living: he swore he would ha' me first.
Lady. Didst thou intreat him, wench?
Abig. As well as I could, madam.
But this is still your way, to love being absent,
And when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him.
There is another way, if you could hit on't.
Lady. Thou sayst true; get me paper, pen, and ink;
I'll write to him: I'd be loath he should sleep in's anger.
Women are most fools when they think they're wisest. [*Exeunt.*

1 *these*] The modern editors print "those."
2 *Green-ginger, will you cure me*] So the two earliest 4tos. (rightly, beyond a doubt; the words being addressed to Martha). Other eds. "*Greene-ginger will cure me:*" and so the modern editors.
3 *Erra Pater*] Was a name given to some old astrologer, but who was meant by it cannot be determined. A once-popular tract is entitled *A Prognostication for ever of Erra Pater, a Jewe borne in Jewrye, and Doctoure in Astronomye and Phisicke*, &c. An *Erra-Pater* sometimes meant an almanac. See Grey's note on *Hudibras*, P. 1. C. 1. 120, and Nares's *Gloss.* Compare the fourth speech of Y. Loveless, 2d col., p. 421.
4 *gords*] "Were a species of false dice." WEBER. Theobald, being unacquainted with this not uncommon term, printed, at Sympson's suggestion, "coggs"!
5 *you have in intercession*] So the two earliest 4tos. The third 4to. "*you have intercession*" (and folio 1679 "*you have, intercession.*") Other 4tos. "*you have* make *intercession.*" Theobald and the Editors of 1778 printed "*you have*, nor *intercession.*"
6 *nor will*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave, for the metre, "*nor my will.*"
7 *safer Dote*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "*sacerdote*" (Weber says erroneously that some have "*saver dote*"). Theobald gave Sympson's conjecture "*swagger, Dote;*" and the Editors of 1778 printed "rather *Dote.*"
8 *paddock*] i. e. toad.
9 *in a woman*] Mason would read "*in woman*" — "for she is speaking of the sex in general."

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Music. Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* Widow,[1] *with* Captain *and* Poet.

Wid. Pray, sir, cast off these fellows, as unfitting
For your bare knowledge, and far more your company.
Is't fit such ragamuffins as these are,
Should bear the name of friends, and furnish out
A civil[2] house? you're to be married now;
And men, that love you, must expect a course
Far from your old career. If you will keep 'em,
Turn 'em to the stable, and there make 'em grooms:
And yet, now I consider it, such beggars
Once set o' horse-back, you have heard, will ride —
How far, you had best to look to.
Capt. Hear you, you
That must be lady: pray, content yourself,
And think upon your carriage soon at night,
What dressing will best take your knight, what waistcoat,[3]
What cordial will do well i' the morning for him.
What triers have you?
Wid. What do you mean, sir?
Capt. Those that must switch him up. If he start well,
Fear not, but cry, "Saint George," and bear him hard:
When you perceive his wind grows hot and wanting,
Let him a little down; he's fleet, ne'er doubt him,
And stands sound.
Wid. Sir, you hear these fellows?
Y. Love. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.
Wid. To one another let 'em be companions,
But, good sir, not to you: you shall be civil,
And slip off these base trappings.
Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer.
If he be civil, not your powder'd sugar,
Nor your raisins, shall persuade the captain
To live a coxcomb with him: let him be civil,
And eat i' the Arches,[4] and see what will come on't.
Poet. Let him be civil, do: undo him; ay, that's the next way.
I will not take, if he be civil once,
Two hundred pounds a year to live with him.
Be civil! there's a trim persuasion.
Capt. If thou be'st civil, knight, (as Jove defend[5] it!)
Get thee another nose; that will be pull'd
Off by the angry boys[6] for thy conversion.
The children thou shalt get on this civilian
Cannot inherit by the law; they're ethnicks,
And all thy sport mere moral[7] lechery:
When they are grown, having but little in 'em,
They may prove haberdashers, or gross grocers,
Like their dear dam there. Prithee, be civil, knight:
In time thou mayst read [prayers[8]] to thy household,
And be drunk once a-year; this would shew finely.
Y. Love. I wonder, sweetheart, you will offer this;
You do not understand these gentlemen.
I will be short and pithy; I had rather
Cast you off, by the way of charge. These are creatures,
That nothing goes to the maintenance of
But corn and water. I will keep these fellows
Just in the competency of two hens.
Wid. If you can cast[9] it so, sir, you have my liking:
If they eat less, I should not be offended.
But how these, sir, can live upon so little
As corn and water, I am unbelieving.
Y. Love. Why, prithee, sweetheart, what's your ale?
Is not that corn and water, my sweet widow?
Wid. Ay; but, my sweet knight, where's the meat to this,
And clothes, that they must look for?
Y. Love. In this short sentence, ale, is all included;
Meat, drink, and cloth. These are no ravening footmen,
No fellows that at ordinaries dare eat
Their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,
And yet go hungry to a[10] play, and crack
More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels,
Besides the din, which is damnable:[11]
I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a boat-maker,
Than live among such rascals. These are people
Of such a clean discretion in their diet,
Of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat
If they but smell hot meat; porridge is poison;
They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter;[12]
And shew 'em but a feather-bed, they swound.[13]
Ale is their eating and their drinking surely,[14]
Which keeps their bodies clear and soluble.
Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd,
Even in their ale, whose lost room fills an apple,
Which is more airy,[15] and of subtler nature.

[1] *Young Loveless and Widow*] Old eds. add "*going to be married:*" and so the Editors of 1778.
[2] *civil*] i. e. sober, grave, serious.
[3] *waistcoat*] See note, p. 106.
[4] *the Arches*] "This was probably some tavern near the Court of Arches, frequented by sober citizens." WEBER. Nares (*Gloss.* in *Arches, Court of*) who calls this a "rather obscure witticism," observes that "*civil*" is used with a pun, "alluding to the profession of a civilian."
[5] *defend*] i. e. forbid.
[6] *angry boys*] The same as *roaring boys*, or *roarers*: see notes, pp. 190 and 429.
[7] *moral*] Some of the 4tos. dated 1651, have "mortal;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber!
[8] *prayers*] Has evidently dropt out from the old eds. Not one of the modern editors perceived any omission here.
[9] *cast*] i. e. contrive.
[10] *a*] So 4tos. 1635, 1639, 1651. Omitted in other eds. — Cracking nuts was a common amusement of the audience at our early theatres.
[11] *is damnable*] The modern editors print, for the metre, "*is* most *damnable*."
[12] *counter*] i. e. prison.
[13] *swound*] So all the old eds. Altered by the modern editors to "swoon:" see note, p. 230.
[14] *surely*] Seward (Postscript to vol. i. ed. 1750) proposed to read "solely," which was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[15] *airy*] "All the quartos read — 'air.' Corrected in the folio." WEBER.

The rest they take is little, and that little
As little easy ;[1] for, like strict men of order,
They do correct their bodies with a bench
Or a poor stubborn table ; if a chimney
Offer itself, with some few broken rushes,
They are in down : when they are sick, that's drunk,
They may have fresh straw ; else they do despise
These worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel,
'Tis worn out to the diet ; new they seek none ;
And if a man should offer, they are angry,
Scarce to be reconcil'd again with him :
You shall not hear 'em ask me[2] a cast doublet
Once in a year, which is a modesty
Befitting my poor friends : you see their wardrobe,
Though slender, competent ; for shirts, I take it,
They are things worn out of their remembrance.
Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,
Which shews a fine variety ; and then, to cure 'em,
A tanner's lime-pit, which is little charge ;
Two dogs, and these two,[3] may be cur'd for threepence.

Wid. You have half persuaded me ; pray, use your pleasure : —
And, my good friends, since I do know your diet,
I'll take an order meat shall not offend you ;
You shall have ale.

Capt. We ask no more ; let it be mighty, lady,
And, if we perish, then our own sins on us !

Y. Love. Come, forward, gentlemen ; to church, my boys !
When we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowls. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS.

E. Love. This senseless woman vexes me to the heart ;
She will not from my memory : would she were
A man for one two hours, that I might beat her !
If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous,
'T had been an even lay[4] she might have scorn'd me ;
But to be young, and, by this light, I think,
As proper as the proudest ; made as clean,
As straight, and strong-back'd ; means and manners equal
With the best cloth-of-silver sir i' the kingdom —
But these are things, at some time of the moon,
Below the cut of canvass. Sure, she has
Some meeching[5] rascal in her house, some hind,
That she hath seen bear, like another Milo,
Quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with't ;
Thrash all day, and i' th' evening, in his stockings,
Strike up a hornpipe, and there stink two hours,
And ne'er a whit the worse man : these are they,
These steel-chin'd rascals, that undo us all.
Would I had been a carter, or a coachman !
I had done the deed ere this time.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman without would speak with you.

E. Love. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter WELFORD.

Wel. By your leave, sir.

E. Love. You are welcome : what's your will, sir ?

Wel. Have you forgotten me ?

E. Love. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must, sir.
I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong
In your disguise ; I have inquir'd you out.

E. Love. I was disguis'd indeed, sir, if I wrong'd you.
Pray, where and when ?

Wel. In such a lady's house, sir,[6]
I need not name her.

E. Love. I do remember you :
You seem'd to be a suitor to that lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget
How scurvily you used me : that was
No place to quarrel in ; pray you, think of it :
If you be honest, you dare fight with me,
Without more urging ; else I must provoke you.

E. Love. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman ;
I will not have her in my cause ; she's mortal,[7]
And so is not my anger. If you have brought
A nobler subject for our swords, I am for you ;
In this I would be loath to prick my finger ;
And where[8] you say I wrong'd you, 'tis so far
From my profession, that, amongst my fears,
To do wrong is the greatest. Credit me,
We have been both abus'd, not by ourselves
(For that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,
And may, with man enough, be left[9] forgotten),
But by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred,
That much-forgetful lady : for whose sake,
If we should leave our reason, and run on

[1] *As little easy*] "So the first and second quarto. Subsequently corrupted to — '*Is* little easy' [which Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave]." WEBER.

[2] *me*] So 4to. 1651, which, though of no authority, is evidently right here. Other eds. "one ;" and so the modern editors. The early printers very frequently put by mistake "one" for "me :" see note, p. 421.

[3] *and these two*] Old eds., "*and these*, these *two*." Theobald and Weber print "*and these* too." Of Young Loveless's favourite companions, only two, — the Captain and the Poet, — are present in this scene : he has before said,

"I will keep these fellows
Just in the competency of *two* hens"

Compare act iii. sc 2. p. 436, where, when the Elder Loveless says to his brother "dismiss these people," Young Loveless desires the *Captain* to be gone and to take the *Poet* with him.

[4] *lay*] i. e. wager.

[5] *meeching*] i. e. lurking, skulking. (The word is variously written).

[6] *sir*] So the two earliest 4tos. Omitted in other eds. ; and by the modern editors.

[7] *mortal*] "In this passage, does not mean subject to death, but deadly, fatal." MASON.

[8] *where*] i. e. whereas.

[9] *left*] Theobald gave, with the 4to. of 1651 and folio 1679, "best."

Upon our sense, like rams, the little world
Of good men would laugh at us, and despise us,
Fixing upon our desperate memories
The never-worn-out names of fools and fencers.
Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason, makes me tell you,
In this I had rather help you, sir, than hurt you.
And you shall find it, though you throw yourself
Into as many dangers as she offers,
Though you redeem her lost name every day,
And find her out new honours with your sword,
You shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you mercy, sir; you have ta'en my edge off;
Yet I would fain be even with this lady.

E. Love. In which I'll be your helper: we are two;
And they are two, — two sisters, rich alike,[1]
Only the elder has the prouder dowry.
In troth, I pity this disgrace in you,
Yet of mine own I am sensless. Do but
Follow my counsel, and I'll pawn my spirit,
We'll over-reach 'em yet: the means is this ——

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman will needs speak with you;
I cannot keep her out; she's enter'd, sir.

E. Love. It is the waiting-woman: pray, be not seen. —
Sirrah, hold her in discourse a while.
[*Exit* Servant.
Hark in your ear [*whispers*]: go, and despatch it quickly:
When I come in, I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have.

E. Love. Away; 'tis done; she must not see you. [*Exit* WELFORD.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Now, Lady Guinever,[2] what news with you?

Abig. Pray, leave these frumps,[3] sir, and receive this letter. [*Gives letter.*

E. Love. From whom, good Vanity?

Abig. 'Tis from my lady, sir: alas, good soul,
She cries and takes on!

E. Love. Does she so, good soul?
Would she not have a caudle? Does she send you
With your fine oratory, good Tully,
To tie me to belief again? — Bring out the cat-hounds! —
I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with my tiller[4]
Bring down your gibship,[5] and then have you cas'd,[6]
And hung up i' the warren.

Abig. I am no beast, sir; would you knew it!

E. Love. Would I did! for I am yet very doubtful.
What will you say now?

Abig. Nothing, not I.

E. Love. Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more moderation.
I can speak wise enough.

E. Love. And loud enough. Will your lady love me?

Abig. It seems so by her letter and her lamentations;
But you are such another man!

E. Love. Not such another as I was, mumps;
Nor will not be. I'll read her fine epistle.
[*Reads.*
Ha, ha, ha! is not thy mistress mad?

Abig. For you she will be. 'Tis a shame you should
Use a poor gentlewoman so untowardly:
She loves the ground you tread on; and you, hard heart,
Because she jested with you, mean to kill her.
'Tis a fine conquest, as they say. [*Weeps.*

E. Love. Hast thou so much moisture
In thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canst cry?
I would have sworn thou hadst been touchwood five year since.
Nay, let it rain; thy face chops for a shower,
Like a dry dunghill.

Abig. I'll not endure this ribaldry.
Farewell, i' the devil's name! If my lady die,
I'll be sworn before a jury, thou art the cause on't.

E. Love. Do, maukin,[7] do.
Deliver to your lady from me this:
I mean to see her, if I have no other business;
Which before I'll want, to come to her, I mean
To go seek birds' nests. Yet I may come, too;
But if I come,
From this door[8] till I see her, will I think
How to rail vildly[9] at her; how to vex her,
And make her cry so much, that the physician,
If she fall sick upon it, shall want urine
To find the cause by,[10] and she remediless
Die in her heresy. Farewell, old adage!
I hope to see the boys make pot-guns[11] on[12] thee.

Abig. Thou'rt a vile man: God bless my issue from thee!

E. Love. Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper,
That makes thee hobble so: you must be ground
I' the breech like a top; you'll never spin well else.
Farewell, fytchock![13] [*Exeunt severally.*

1 *rich alike*] "Means, both of them rich, not, equally so." MASON.

2 *Guinever*] "The well-known queen of King Arthur, celebrated for her amour with Sir Lancelot of the Lake," &c. WEBER.

3 *frumps*] i. e. mocks, flouts.

4 *tiller*] i. e. steel bow, or cross bow; see note, p. 169.

5 *gibship*] i. e. catship.

6 *cas'd*] i. e. skinned, flayed.

7 *maukin*] "A dirty slovenly woman." Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* ed. 1839. This word, written also *malkin*, and used in several significations, is supposed to be the diminutive of *Mal.* See Nares's *Gloss.*

8 *door*] May be right: but qy. "hour"? Compare p. 442, 1st col., last line but five.

9 *vildly*] i. e. vilely: see note, p. 201. So all the old eds., except 4to. 1651, which has "vilely," and which is followed by the modern editors.

10 *shall want urine*
To find the cause by] So all the old eds., except 4tos. 1625, 1630, which have "*shall want urynе finde the cause* be," and folio 1679, which has "*shall find the cause to* be *want of urine.*"

11 *pot-guns*] i. e. pop-guns.

12 *on*] i. e. of. The modern editors print "of."

13 *fytchock*] "The same as *fitchew*, a pole-cat." WEBER. Perhaps so: we find, "*Fitchet*, a pole-cat. Warwicks. *Fitchole*, a pole-cat, fichet, or fichet. Exm." Grose's *Prov.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter LADY.

Lady. Is it not strange that every woman's will
Should track out new ways to disturb herself?
If I should call my reason to account,
It cannot answer why I keep myself
From mine own wish, and stop the man I love
From his; and every hour repent again,
Yet still go on. I know 'tis like a man
That wants his natural sleep, and, growing dull,
Would gladly give the remnant of his life
For two hours' rest; yet, through his frowardness,
Will rather choose to watch another man,
Drowsy as he, than take his own repose.
All this I know; yet a strange peevishness,
And anger not to have the power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away
To mine own ruin: I had rather die
Sometimes than not disgrace in public him
Whom people think I love; and do't with oaths,
And am in earnest then. Oh, what are we?
Men, you must answer this, that dare obey
Such things as we command.

Enter ABIGAIL.

How now? what news?

Abig. Faith, madam, none worth hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abig. No, truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone yourself.

Lady. Why, but what says he?

Abig. Faith, he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely?

Abig. First, at your letter he laughed extremely.

Lady. What, in contempt?

Abig. He laughed monstrous loud, as he would die; — and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way; — and having done, he cried, "Alas for her!" and violently laughed again.

Lady. Did he?

Abig. Yes; till I was angry.

Lady. Angry! why?
Why wert thou angry? he did do but well;
I did deserve it; he had been a fool,
An unfit man for any one to love,
Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were angry!
That shew'd your folly: I shall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before.
But said he nothing else?

Abig. Many uncertain things. He said, though you had mocked him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you: yet, he said, he knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there; for I heard the servants, as I passed by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came back through the hall, there were two or three clerks writing great conveyances in haste, which, they said, were for their mistress' jointure.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so;
For he does think, and reasonably think,
That I should keep him, with my idle tricks,
For ever ere he married.[1]

Abig. At last, he said it should go hard but he Would see you, for your satisfaction.

Lady. All we, that are call'd women, know as well
As men, it were a far more noble thing
To grace where we are grac'd, and give respect
There where we are respected: yet we practise
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes
On men with pleasure, till they find the way
To give us a neglect; then we, too late,
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,
And dote to death.

Enter MARTHA.

Mar. Sister, yonder's your servant,
With a gentlewoman with him.

Lady. Where?

Mar. Close at the door.

Lady. Alas, I am undone! I fear he is betroth'd.
What kind of woman is she?

Mar. A most ill-favour'd one, with her mask on;
And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

Lady. But yet her mind is[2] of a milder stuff
Than mine was.

Enter ELDER LOVELESS, *and* WELFORD *in woman's apparel.*

Now I see him, if my heart
Swell not again — away, thou woman's pride! —
So that I cannot speak a gentle word to him,
Let me not live. [*Aside.*

E. Love. By your leave here.

Lady. How now? what new trick invites you hither?
Ha' you a fine device again?

E. Love. Faith, this is the finest device I have now. —
How dost thou, sweetheart?

Wel. Why, very well, so long as I may please
You, my dear lover: I nor can nor will
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

E. Love. Oh, thy sweet temper! What would I have given,
That lady had been like thee! Seest thou her?
That face, my love, join'd with thy humble mind,
Had made a wench indeed.

Wel. Alas, my love,
What God hath done I dare not think to mend!
I use no paint nor any drugs of art;
My hands and face will shew it.

Gloss. ed. 1839. "*Fitch, Fitchet*, a pole-cat." Jennings's *West. Dial* But we also find, "Fitchee, the fitch, *Viverra fœtida* of Linnæus." Palmer's *Devon Dial.*; see too Coles's *Dict.* in v *Fitcher*, and Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Fitchat*; and it ought to be observed that the Elder Loveless has previously (p. 442) termed Abigail — a *ferret.*

[1] *he married*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds "*be married*;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *is*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "was;" and so the modern editors.

Lady. Why, what thing have you brought to shew us there?
Do you take money for it?
E. Love. A godlike thing,
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my mistress,
In whom there is no passion, nor no scorn;
What I will is for law.[1] Pray you, salute her.
Lady. Salute her! by this good light, I would not kiss her
For half my wealth.
E. Love. Why? why, pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you: look you.
[*Kisses* WELFORD.
Lady. Now fie upon thee! a beast would not have done't. —
I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain
A kingdom.
E. Love. Marry, you shall not be troubled.
Lady. Why, was there ever such a Meg[2] as this?
Sure, thou art mad.
E. Love. I was mad once, when I lov'd pictures;
For what are shape and colours else but pictures?
In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.
Lady. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?
E. Love. Yes, indeed, is't.
Lady. God give you joy!
E. Love. Amen.
Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good wish.
The like to you, whenever you shall wed.
E. Love. Oh, gentle spirit!
Lady. You thank me! I pray,
Keep your breath nearer you; I do not like it.
Wel. I would not willingly offend at all;
Much less a lady of your worthy parts.
E. Love. Sweet, sweet!
Lady. I do not think this woman can by nature
Be thus, thus ugly: sure, she's some common strumpet,
Deform'd with exercise of sin.
Wel. [*kneeling.*] Oh, sir,
Believe not this! for Heaven so comfort me,
As I am free from foul pollution
With any man! my honour ta'en away,
I am no woman.
E. Love. [*raising* WEL.] Arise, my dearest soul;
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear
Her tender heart will break with this reproach! —
Fie, that you know no more civility
To a weak virgin! — 'Tis no matter, sweet;
Let her say what she will, thou art not worse
To me, and therefore not at all; be careless.
Wel. For all things else I would; but for mine honour,
Methinks ——
E. Love. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd! —
Is this the business that you sent for me
About?
Mar. Faith, sister, you are much to blame
To use a woman, whatsoe'er she be,
Thus. I'll salute her. — You are welcome hither. [*Kisses* WEL.
Wel. I humbly thank you.
E. Love. Mild still[3] as the dove,
For all these injuries. Come, shall we go?
I love thee not so ill to keep thee here,
A jesting-stock. — Adieu, to the world's end!
Lady. Why, whither now?
E. Love. Nay, you shall never know,
Because you shall not find me.
Lady. I pray, let me speak with you.
E. Love. 'Tis very well. — Come.
Lady. I pray you, let me speak with you.
E. Love. Yes, for another mock.
Lady. By heaven, I have no mocks: good sir, a word.
E. Love. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet, if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word with you: but, I beseech you, be brief; for, in good faith, there's a parson and a license stay for us i' the church all this while; and, you know, 'tis night.
Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever
I have heretofore spoke jestingly, forget;
For, as I hope for mercy any where,
What I shall utter now is from my heart,
And as I mean.
E. Love. Well, well, what do you mean?
Lady. Was not I once your mistress, and you my servant?
E. Love. Oh, 'tis about the old matter. [*Going.*
Lady. Nay, good sir, stay me out:
I would but hear you excuse yourself,
Why you should take this woman, and leave me.
E. Love. Prithee, why not? deserves she not as much
As you?
Lady. I think not, if you will look[4]
With an indifferency upon us both.
E. Love. Upon your faces, 'tis true; but if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women off her[5] in worth. She cannot swound[6] in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishness and his affection; nor cross what he says, though it be canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty boys, to throw the sledge, and lift at pigs of lead. And for a wife,

[1] *for law*] Theobald and the Editors of 1778 gave, with 4to. 1651, "her *law*."

[2] *such a Meg*] "An allusion to the celebrated Meg of Westminster. A ballad of Long Meg of Westminster was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594. The tune became a famous jig, and, as such, is mentioned in the excellent old comedy, *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*." WEBER. *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: containing the mad merry prankes she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with diuers ruffians about London; but also how valiantly she behaued herselfe in the warres of Bulloinigne*, reprinted from an edition dated 1635, may be found in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, 1816: the tract is said to have originally appeared in 1582. Meg figured in a play called after her, in 1594 (see Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, iii. 301): she is introduced in an antimasque in B. Jonson's *Fortunate Isles* (*Works*, vii. 79 ed. Gifford); and is frequently mentioned by our early dramatists.

[3] *still*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "yet;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

[4] *I think not, if you will look*, &c.] It ought to be observed that such is the arrangement of this speech in the old eds. Theobald, for the metre, printed, "*I think not, if you will* but *look*," &c.

[5] *off her*] Old eds. "of *her*." The Editors of 1778 printed "*off* of *her*."

[6] *swound*] So all the old eds. Altered by the modern editors to "swoon:" see note, p. 230.

she's far beyond you: what can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie a-bed[1] and get 'em? your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat; when she can do a thousand profitable things; — she can do pretty well in the pastry, and knows how pullen[2] should be crammed; she cuts cambric at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls:[3] and what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a license to forswear yourself?

E. Love. Forswear myself! how?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have uttered, in disclaiming all for wives but me: I'll not remember[4] you. God give you joy!

E. Love. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend to see him at his lodging[5] to-morrow; divines would never hold me perjured, if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him, so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I meant[6] to force you to marriage, and to have you, whether you will or no?

Lady. Alas, you need not! I make already tender[7] of myself, and then you are forsworn.

E. Love. Some sin, I see, indeed, must necessarily
Fall upon me; as whosoever deals
With women shall never utterly avoid it.
Yet I would choose the least ill, which is to
Forsake you, that have done me all the abuses
Of a malignant woman, contemn'd my service,
And would have held me prating about marriage
Till I had been past getting of children,[8]
Than her, that hath forsook her family,
And put her tender body in my hand,
Upon my word.[9]

Lady. Which of us swore you first to?

E. Love. Why, to you.

Lady. Which oath is to be kept, then?

E. Love. I prithee, do not urge my sins unto me,
Without I could amend 'em.

Lady. Why, you may,
By wedding me.

E. Love. How will that satisfy
My word to her?

Lady. It is not to be kept,
And needs no satisfaction: 'tis an error
Fit for repentance only.

E. Love. Shall I live
To wrong that tender-hearted virgin so?
It may not be.

Lady. Why may it not be?

E. Love. I swear I had rather marry thee than her;
But yet mine honesty ——

Lady. What honesty?
'Tis more preserv d this way. Come, by this light,
Servant, thou shalt: I'll kiss thee on't.

E. Love. This kiss,
Indeed, is sweet: pray God, no sin lie under it!

Lady. There is no sin at all; try but another.

Wel. Oh, my heart!

Mar. Help, sister! this lady swoons.

E. Love. How do you?

Wel. Why, very well, if you be so.

E. Love. Such a quiet mind lives not in any woman. I shall do a most ungodly thing. —
Hear me[10] one word more, which, by all hopes,
I will not alter. I did make an oath,
When you delay'd me so, that this very night
I would be married: now if you will go
Without delay, suddenly, as late as it is,
With your own minister, to your own chapel,
I'll wed you, and to bed.

Lady. A match, dear servant.

E. Love. For if you should forsake me now, I care not:
She would not though, for all her injuries;
Such is her spirit. If I be not asham'd
To kiss her now I part, may I not live!

Wel. I see you go, as slily as you think
To steal away; yet I will pray for you:
All blessings of the world light on you two,
That you may live to be an agèd pair!
All curses on me, if I do not speak
What I do wish indeed!

E. Love. If I can speak
To purpose to her, I am a villain.

Lady. Servant, away!

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man?
Think you he will not cast you off to-morrow?
To wrong a lady thus, look'd she like dirt,
'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper with him!

Wel. Now God forbid!
Alas, I was unworthy! so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty; too good for him. ——
I would not see your wedding for a world.

Lady. Choose, choose. — Come, Younglove.

[*Exeunt* LADY, E. LOVE. *and* ABIG.

Mar. Dry up your eyes, forsooth; you shall not think
We are all uncivil, all such beasts as these.
Would I knew how to give you a revenge!

Wel. So would not I: no, let me suffer truly;
That I desire.

1 *a-bed*] So all the old eds., except folio 1679, which has "i' *bed*."

2 *pullen*] i. e. poultry.

3 *quilts balls*] The 4to. of 1651 "*quilts balls* admirably;" and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

4 *remember*] "i. e. remind." WEBER.

5 *lodging*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "lodgings."

6 *meant*] So the two earliest 4tos. and that of 1651. Other eds. "mean;" and so the modern editors.

7 *already tender*] Altered by Theobald to "a ready *tender*."

8 *children*] After this word, Theobald, for the metre, inserted "rather;" which his successors, supposing it to be found in the old eds., retained.

9 *Upon my word*] "i. e. Depending on my word." MASON.

10 *Wel. Why, very well, if you be so.*
E. Love. Such a quiet mind lives not in any woman I shall do a most ungodly thing.
Hear me, &c.] The first 4to. has
"Wel. *Why very well, if you be so.*
El. Lo. Suce a puiet *minde liues not in any woman: I shal doe a most vngodly thing. Heare me*," &c.
The second and third 4tos., and folio 1470, differ from the first 4to. only in having "Since a quiet *mind*," &c., — and so the modern editors. The fourth, fifth, and sixth 4tos. have
"Wel. *Why very well, if you be so, a most ungodly thing.*
El. Lo. *Heare me*," &c.

Mar. Pray, walk in with me;
'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night:
Your bed shall be no worse than mine. I wish
I could but do you right.
Wel. My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quit [1] your love!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of the* ELDER LOVELESS.

Enter YOUNG LOVELESS *and* SAVIL.

Y. Love. Did your master send for me, Savil?
Sav. Yes, he did send for your worship, sir.
Y. Love. Do you know the business?
Sav. Alas, sir, I know nothing!
Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.
My dancing days are done, sir.
Y. Love. What art thou now, then?
Sav. If you consider me in little, I
Am, with your worship's reverence, sir, a rascal;
One that, upon the next anger of your brother,
Must raise a sconce [2] by the highway, and sell switches.
My wife is learning now, sir, to weave inkle.[3]
Y. Love. What dost thou mean to do with thy children, Savil?
Sav. My eldest boy is half a rogue already;
He was born bursten; [4] and your worship knows,
That is a pretty step to men's compassions.
My youngest boy I purpose, sir, to bind
For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him,
That he may show us mercy in his function.
Y. Love. Your family is quarter'd with discretion.
You are resolved to cant,[5] then? where, Savil,
Shall your scene lie?
Sav. Beggars must be no choosers;
In every place, I take it, but the stocks.
Y. Love. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil;
I told you of it; but your heart was harden'd.
Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it; [6]
I do remember yet in tears, you told me,
You would have whores; and in that passion, sir,
You broke out thus; "Thou miserable man,
Repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshead:
'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time
Can tarry for no man."
Y. Love. You're grown a bitter gentleman. I see,
Misery can clear your head better than mustard.
I'll be a suitor for your keys again, sir.
Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me, sir,
I shall be bound ——
Y. Love. You shall, sir, to your bunch again;
Or I'll miss foully.

Enter MORECRAFT.

More. Save you, gentlemen, save you!
Y. Love. Now, polecat, what young rabbit's nest have you to draw?
More. Come, prithee, be familiar, knight.
Y. Love. Away, fox!
I'll send for terriers for you.
More. Thou art wide yet:
I'll keep thee company.
Y. Love. I am about some business.
Indentures, if you follow me, I'll beat you:
Take heed; as I live, I'll cancel your coxcomb.
More. Thou art cozen'd now; I am no usurer.
What poor fellow's this?
Sav. I am poor indeed, sir.
More. Give him money, knight.
Y. Love. Do you begin the offering.
More. There, poor fellow; here's an angel [7] for thee.
Y. Love. Art thou in earnest, Morecraft?
More. Yes, faith, knight; I'll follow thy example:
Thou hadst land and thousands: thou [8] spent'st,
And flung'st away, and yet it flows in double:
I purchas'd, wrung, and wire-draw'd for my wealth,
Lost, and was cozen'd; for which I make a vow,
To try all the [9] ways above ground, but I'll find
A constant means to riches without curses.
Y. Love. I am glad of your conversion, Master Morecraft:
You're in a fair course; pray, pursue it still.
More. Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee company. ——
Here, honest fellow, for this gentleman's sake,
There's two angels more for thee.
Sav. God quit [10] you, sir, and keep you long in this mind!
Y. Lov. Wilt thou persèver? [11]
More. Till [12] I have a penny.
I have brave clothes a-making, and two horses:
Canst thou not help me to a match, knight? [13]
I'll lay a thousand pound upon my crop-ear.
Y. Love. 'Foot, this is stranger than an Afric monster!
There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars: [14]
Whilst this lasts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.

1 *quit*] i. e. requite.
2 *sconce*] Brockett gives, "*Sconce*, a seat at one side of the fire-place in the old large open chimney, — a short partition near the fire upon which all the bright utensils in a cottage are suspended." *Gloss. of North Country Words.* In our text, "*sconce*" seems to mean some sort of stall on which the "switches" were to be displayed.
3 *inkle*] "*Inkle* (tape)." Coles's *Dict.* In *The Rates of the Customs House*, &c., 1582, we find, "*Inckle* vnwrought," called white thred single or double." — "*Inckle* wrought," &c. Sig. C. vii.
4 *My eldest boy is half a rogue already;*
He was born bursten] "By a *rogue* Savil means a beggar: a profession for which, he says, his son is half qualified by his natural deformity." MASON.
5 *cant*] i. e. turn beggar, vagrant (properly — use the jargon peculiar to beggars.)
6 *of it*] "The sixth quarto, and the modern editors, add the word *indeed* to this line, and thereby destroy the metre." WEBER. Theobald does not.
7 *angel*] See note, p. 434.
8 *thousands: thou*] The Editors of 1778 printed "*thousands*, which *thou*." Something has doubtless dropt out here. Weber (after Mason) asserts that "no verse was ever thought of"!
9 *the*] Omitted by the modern editors.
10 *quit*] i. e. requite.
11 *persèver*] So the two earliest 4tos. Other eds. "persevere;" and so the modern editors.
12 *Till*] "i. e. whilst." MASON.
13 *knight*] Theobald gave "good *knight*," — an addition which he doubtless made for the sake of the verse, though his printer left the latter part of this speech as prose.
14 *Cleve wars*] "The wars here alluded to were caused by the death of John William, duke of Cleves, without heirs, in the year 1609. Juliers, a fortress in his dominions, was

Sav. Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted! —— [*Aside.*
I beseech you, let this gentleman join with you
In the recovery of my keys; I like
His good beginning, sir: the whilst, I'll pray
For both your worships.
Y. Love. He shall, sir.
More. Shall we go, noble knight? I would fain be acquainted.
Y. Love. I'll be your servant, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in the* Lady's *House.*

Enter ELDER LOVELESS *and* LADY.

E. Love. Faith, my sweet lady, I have caught you now,
Maugre your subtilties and fine devices.
Be coy again now.
Lady. Prithee, sweetheart, tell true.
E. Love. By this light,
By all the pleasures I have had this night,
By your lost maiden-head, you are cozen'd merely;[1]
I have cast[2] beyond your wit: that gentlewoman[3]
Is your retainer Welford.
Lady. It cannot be so.
E. Love. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake:
Mark how she blushes when you see her next.
Ha, ha, ha! I shall not travel now; ha, ha, ha!
Lady. Prithee, sweetheart,
Be quiet; thou hast anger'd me at heart.
E. Love. I'll please you soon again.
Lady. Welford!
E. Love. Ay, Welford. He's a young handsome fellow,
Well-bred, and landed: your sister can instruct you
In his good parts better than I, by this time.
Lady. Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus?
E. Love. Yes, i'faith;
And over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.
Lady. I must be patient, though it torture me.
You have got the sun, sir.
E. Love. And the moon too; in which I'll be the man.
Lady. But had I known this, had I but surmis'd it,
You should have hunted three trains more, before
You had come to the course;
You should have hank'd o' the bridle, sir, i' faith.
E. Love. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you up.
Now you may see the gentlewoman: stand close.
[*They retire.*

Enter WELFORD *in his own apparel, and* MARTHA.

Mar. For God's sake, sir, be private in this business;
You have undone me else. Oh, God, what have I done?
Wel. No harm, I warrant thee.
Mar. How shall I look upon my friends again?
With what face?
Wel. Why, e'en with that;
'Tis a good one, thou canst not find a better.
Look upon all the faces thou shalt see there,
And you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still,
And, to your thinking, honest: those have done
As much as you have yet, or dare do, mistress;
And yet they keep no stir.
Mar. Good sir, go in, and put your woman's clothes on:
If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.
Wel. I'll watch you for that, mistress; I am no fool:
Here will I tarry till the house be up,
And witness with me.
Mar. Good dear friend, go in!
Wel. To bed again, if you please, else I am fix'd here
Till there be notice taken what I am,
And what I have done.
If you could juggle me into my womanhood again,
And so cog[4] me out of your company,
All this would be forsworn, and I again
An asinego,[5] as your sister left me.
No; I'll have it known and publish'd: then,
If you'll be a whore, forsake me, and be sham'd;
And, when you can hold out no longer, marry
Some cast Cleve captain,[6] and sell bottle-ale.
Mar. I dare not stay, sir: use me modestly;
I am your wife.
Wel. Go in; I'll make up all.
E. Love. [*coming forward with* Lady.] I'll be a witness of your naked truth, sir. ——
This is the gentlewoman; prithee, look upon him;
This is he that made me break my faith, sweet;
But thank your sister, she hath solder'd it.
Lady. What a dull ass was I, I could not see
This wencher from a wench! Twenty to one,
If I had been but tender, like my sister,
He had served me such a slippery trick too.
Wel. Twenty to one I had.
E. Love. I would have watch'd you, sir, by your good patience,
For ferreting in my ground.
Lady. You have been with my sister?
Wel. Yes; to bring.[7]
E. Love. An heir into the world, he means.
Lady. There is no chafing now.
Wel. I have had my part on't;
I have been chaf'd this three hours, that's the least:
I am reasonable cool now.
Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast meat?
Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the founders,[8]

taken in 1622, by the marquis of Espinola; and the final settlement of the dispute was not concluded till the peace of the Pyrenees in 1659." WEBER.

1 *merely*] i. e. absolutely, completely.

2 *cast*] i. e. devised, plotted.

3 *gentlewoman*] The first 4to. "gent." Other eds., (the abbreviation having been misunderstood) "gentleman."

4 *cog*] i. e. cheat.

5 *asinego*] i. e. silly fellow, fool. (Referred by lexicographers to *Portug.*)

6 *Cleve captain*] See note, p. 449.

7 *Yes; to bring*] See note, p. 366. (The modern editors print these words thus, "*Yes; to bring* —— ")

8 *bless the founders*] "An allusion to the prayers usually said in catholic countries for the souls of the founders of charities, monasteries, and colleges." WEBER.

Is either surfeited, or ill-taught, lady.
For mine own part, I have found so sweet a diet,
I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.
E. Love. How like you this dish, Welford? I made a supper on't,
And fed so heartily, I could not sleep.
Lady. By this light, had I but scented out your train,
You had slept with a bare pillow in your arms,
And kiss'd that, or else the bed-post, for any wife
You had got this twelvemonth yet: I would have vex'd you
More than a tir'd post-horse, and been longer bearing
Than ever after-game at Irish was.[1]
Lord, that I were unmarried again!
E. Love. Lady, I would not undertake you, were you
Again a haggard,[2] for the best cast[3] of
Sore ladies[4] i' the kingdom: you were ever
Tickle-footed, and would not truss[5] round.
Wel. Is she fast?
E. Love. She was all night lock'd here, boy.
Wel. Then you may lure[6] her, without fear of losing:
Take off her creance.[7] —
You have a delicate gentlewoman to your sister:
Lord, what a pretty fury she was in,
When she perceived I was a man!
But, I thank God, I satisfied her scruple,
Without the parson o' the town.
E. Love. What did ye?
Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?
E. Love. She has a shrewd guess at it, I see by her.[8]

Lady. Well, you may mock us: but, my large gentlewoman,
My Mary Ambree,[9] had I but seen into you,
You should have had another bed-fellow,
Fitter a great deal for your itch.
Wel. I thank you, lady;
Methought it was well. You are so curious!
E. Love. Get on your doublet; here comes my brother.

Enter Young Loveless, his Wife, Morecraft, Savil, *and* Serving-men.[10]

Y. Love. Good morrow, brother; and all good to your lady!
More. God save you, and good morrow to you all!
E. Love. Good morrow. — Here's a poor brother of yours.
Lady. Fie, how this shames me!
More. Prithee, good fellow, help me to a cup of beer.
First Serv. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Y. Love. Brother, what make[11] you here? will this lady do?
Will she? is she not nettled still?
E. Love. No, I have cur'd her. —
Master Welford, pray, know this gentleman; he's[12] my brother.
Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.
Y. Love. I shall not be your debtor, sir. — But how is't with you?
E. Love. As well as may be, man: I am married.
Your new acquaintance hath her sister; and all's well.
Y. Love. I am glad on't. — Now, my pretty lady sister,
How do you find my brother?
Lady. Almost as wild as you are.
Y. Love. He'll make the better husband: you have tried him?
Lady. Against my will, sir.
Y. Love. He'll make your will amends soon, do not doubt it. —
But, sir, I must intreat you to be better known
To this converted Jew here.

Re-enter First Serving-man, *with beer.*

First Serv. Here's beer for you, sir.
More. And here's for you an angel.[13]
Pray, buy no land; 'twill never prosper, sir.
E. Love. How's this?
Y. Love. Bless you,[14] and then I'll tell. He's turn'd gallant.

1 *and been longer bearing*
Than ever after-game at Irish was] Irish was a game differing but very little from backgammon: for an account of it, see *The Compleat Gamester*, where we are informed that it "requires a great deal of skill to play it well, especially the *After-game*," p. 109, ed. 1680: "*bearing*," a term of the game, was frequently, as in the present passage, used with a quibble; see Middleton's *Works*, ii. 528, ed. Dyce.

2 *a haggard*] Means properly a distinct species of hawk: but here, as in other passages of our early writers, it is used merely in the sense of, — a hawk unreclaimed, a wild hawk: "A *Haggard Hawk*, accipiter immansuetus, agrestis." Coles's *Dict.*

3 *cast*] i. e. couple. The word is common enough in this sense; but I may just notice that the expression "a cast of faulcons," meaning — a pair of falcons, occurs in a little poem by Scott, appended to his *Philomythie*, p. 89, ed. 1616.

4 *Sore ladies*] So the three earliest 4tos. The later 4tos. omit "*Sore*;" and are followed by the modern editors. Folio 1679 has "four *ladys*." —— "*Sore-Hawk* is from the first taking of her from the eiry, till she have mewed her feathers." Latham's *Faulconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*), 1658.

5 *truss*] "*Trussing* is when a Hawk raseth a fowl aloft, and so descendeth down with it to the ground." *Id. ibid.* "To *truss* (in hawking), prædam pennis exuere." Coles's *Dict.* "*Truss the Wing* is when the Hawk keeps them close to her Body." R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 241.

6 *lure*] "*Lure* is that whereto Faulconers call their young Hawks, by casting it up in the aire, being made of feathers and leather, in such wise that in the motion it looks not unlike a fowl." Latham's *Faulconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*).

7 *creance*] Old eds. "cranes." — "*Creance* is a fine small long line of strong and even twound Packthread, which is fastened to the Hawks Leash, when shee is first lured." *Id. ibid.*

8 *I see by her*] So the first 4to. Other eds. "*I see it by her;*" and so the modern editors, — Weber absurdly giving the words thus, "*I see it by her* ——"

9 *Mary Ambree*] See in Percy's *Rel. of An. Engl. Poet.*, vol. ii., the ballad entitled "*The valorous acts performed at Gaunt* [i. e. Ghent] *by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly.*" This exploit, not recorded in history, appears to have been performed about 1584. She is several times mentioned by B. Jonson.

10 *Serving-men*] Old eds. "two *Serving-men*:" but Morecraft presently gives money to more than two.

11 *make*] Theobald gave the misprint of folio 1679, "makes:" see note, p. 439.

12 *he's*] The first five 4tos. have "is" with a comma preceding it. Folio 1679 has "is" without the comma. The 4to. of 1651 reads, "he is;" and so Theobald.

13 *angel*] See note, p. 434.

14 *Bless you*] "Means, Bless yourself." Mason

E. Love. Gallant!
Y. Love. Ay, gallant, and is now call'd Cutting[1] Morecraft:
The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.
Wel. Oh, good sir, let me know him presently.
Y. Love. You shall hug one another.
More. Sir, I must keep you company.
E. Love. And reason.
Y. Love. Cutting Morecraft,
Faces about;[2] I must present another.
More. As many as you will, sir; I am for 'em.
Wel. Sir, I shall do you service.
More. I shall look for't, in good faith, sir.
E. Love. Prithee, good sweetheart, kiss him.
Lady. Who? that fellow!
Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me?
My keys, good sir!
Y. Love I'll do it presently.
E. Love. Come, thou shalt kiss him for our sport-sake.
Lady. Let him come on, then; and, do you hear, do not
Instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it.
E. Love. That at my peril. — Lusty Master Morecraft,
Here is a lady would salute you.
More. She shall not lose her longing, sir. What is she?
E. Love. My wife, sir.
More. She must be, then, my mistress.
[*Kisses her.*
Lady. Must I, sir?
E. Love. Oh, yes, you must.
More. And you must take
This ring, a poor pawn of some fifty pound.
E. Love. Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful prize.
Lady. Sir, I shall call you servant.
More. I shall be proud on't. — What fellow's that?
Y. Love. My lady's coachman.
More. There's something, my friend, for you to buy whips;
And for you, sir; and you, sir.
[*Gives money to the Servants.*
E. Love. Under a miracle, this is the strangest
I ever heard of.
More. What, shall we play, or drink? what shall we do?
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?
Wel. Stranger and stranger! — Sir, you shall find sport
After a day or two.
Y. Love. Sir, I have a suit unto you,
Concerning your old servant Savil.
E. Love. Oh, for his keys; I know it.
Sav. Now, sir, strike in.
More. Sir, I must have you grant me.
E. Love. 'Tis done, sir. Take your keys again:
But hark you, Savil; leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again:
I'll try you once more.

[1] *Cutting*] i. e. Swaggering, Ruffling.
[2] *Faces about*] i. e. wheel, turn round: see note, p. 303.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i' the bunch, and open
My head with it, sir. — I humbly thank your worships.
E. Love. Nay, then, I see we must keep holiday:

Enter ROGER *and* ABIGAIL.

Here's the last couple in hell.[3]
Rog. Joy be amongst you all!
Lady. Why, how now, sir,
What is the meaning of this emblem?
Rog. Marriage,
An't like your worship.
Lady. Are you married?
Rog. As well as the next priest could do it, madam.
E. Love. I think the sign's in Gemini, here's such coupling.
Wel. Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your sweetheart to-night?
Rog. Not the best benefice in your worship's gift, sir.
Wel. A whoreson, how he swells!
Y. Love. How many times to-night, Sir Roger?
Rog. Sir, you grow scurrilous. What I shall do, I shall do:
I shall not need your help.
Y. Love. For horse-flesh, Roger.
E. Love. Come, prithee, be not angry; 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.
Lady. It shall be so, sir. Sir Roger and his bride,
We shall intreat to be at our charge.
E. Love. Welford, get you to the church: by this light,
You shall not lie with her again till you're married.
Wel. I am gone.
More. To every bride I dedicate, this day,
Six healths a-piece; and, it shall go hard,
But every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys!
E. Love. Thou'rt in a good beginning. — Come, who leads? —
Sir Roger, you shall have the van: lead[4] the way. —
Would every dogged wench had such a day!
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *the last couple in hell*] "An allusion to the game of barley-break. The following description is from Mr. Gifford's valuable edition of Massinger. 'It was played by six people, (three of each sex,) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded, by pre-occupation, from the other places: in this 'catching,' however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended.' Vol. i. 104. ed. 1813." WEBER. The above description of the game is chiefly derived from a poem in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*.
[4] *van: lead*] The two latest 4tos., "*van*, and *lead*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

THE COXCOMB.[1]

The Coxcombe.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

According to Oldys (MS. note in Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 238), *The Coxcomb* was "Acted by Philip Rosseter & the Children of the Queens Revells in 1613 [altered from "1612"] for wch they had Ten Pounds." This statement is doubtless made on good authority: but that it refers to the original production of the play, as Weber and others seem to suppose, appears to me by no means certain.

There is every reason to believe that this comedy was the joint-work of Beaumont and Fletcher.

From the prologue spoken at a revival of the play, long after its original appearance on the stage, we learn that when it was first produced, "in the opinion of men of worth it was well received and favoured, though some among the ignorant multitude condemned it for its length." The revival in question is, I presume, that mentioned in a list of "Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene" in 1636; "The 17th of November at Hampton Courte *the Coxcombe:*" see Mr. P. Cunningham's Introd. to *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c. (printed for the Shakespeare Society), p. xxiv.

This comedy, says Langbaine, "was reviv'd at the Theatre Royal, the Prologue being spoken by Jo. Haines." *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 208. The Editors of 1778 remark, "We do not know of any performance of it since that time."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Antonio.
Mercury, his friend and fellow-traveller.
Ricardo.
Uberto, Pedro, Silvio, } his friends.
Andrugio, father to Viola.
Valerio.
Curio.
Justice.
Alexander.
Mark.
Rowland.
Tinker.
Drawer.
Constable.
Watchmen.
Musicians,
Gentlemen, Servants.

Maria, wife to Antonio.
Viola, daughter to Andrugio.
Mother to Mercury.
Nan.
Madge.
Dorothy.
Portia, and Ladies.

The principal actors were —

Nathan Field,
Giles Gary,
Rich. Allen,
Robert Benfeild,
Joseph Taylor,
Emanuel Read,
Hugh Atawell,
Will. Barcksted.

Fol. 1679.[2]

PROLOGUE.[3]

This comedy, long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her head,
And to your noble censures[4] does present
Her outward form and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known,
The makers, that confess'd it for their own,
Were this way skilful, and, without the crime
Of flatteries, I may say did please the time.
The work itself too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among the ignorant multitude
(That relish gross food better than a dish
That's cook'd with care, and serv'd in to the wish
Of curious palates), wanting wit and strength
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length.
That fault's reform'd; and now 'tis to be tried
Before such judges, 'twill not be denied
A free and noble hearing; nor fear I
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,
And give you cause (and with content) to say,
Their care was good that did revive this play.

[1] *The Coxcomb*] "The title of this play should not be understood in the sense the word coxcomb now bears, but simply in that of *fool*; the term being derived from the cock's comb, which generally surmounted the caps of domestic fools, and which was one of their principal insignia." Weber.

[2] In the folio of 1679 (which alone has the *Dramatis Personæ* of this play), the list of actors is preceded by "*The Scene, England, France.*" Sympson printed "*Scene, England,*" with the following note; "As the scene never changes from England through the whole play, and, as I remember, the word *France* does not occur above once in this piece, I have made no scruple to expel and explode what never possibly could have stood in the authors' manuscript." So too the Editors of 1778. Weber gave, "*Scene, London, and the Country.*"

To make England the scene of this comedy, while (to say nothing of other names) the personage from whom it derives its title is in one place called "*Don* Antonio" (Act ii. sc. 3), seems not a little absurd. In spite of the confusion of names and manners, I should have been inclined to fix the scene in Spain, had I not found that Mercury, when questioned by his mother, "what countries have you travell'd?" replies,

"Why, many, mother, as they lay before me;
France, *Spain*, Italy, and Germany," &c. Act iv. sc. 4.

After all, however, the authors may have intended the scene to lie in England: perhaps they borrowed a portion of this play from some Spanish drama, and neglected to substitute English names for the foreign ones of the original.

[3] *Prologue*] Found only in the second folio. — What is presently said about the play having been curtailed, must not be understood as applying to the text of it which we now possess in the two folios, and which there is no reason to suppose has been mutilated; but to the copy which was prepared for the revival at which this Prologue was spoken (see prefatory remarks), after the decease of the authors.

[4] *censures*] i. e. opinions, judgments.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Before the House* of ANTONIO.

Enter RICARDO *and* VIOLA.

Ric. Let us make use of this stoln privacy,
And not lose time in protestation, mistress;
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith
To say again, I love you.
Viola. Sweet, speak softly;
For, though the venture of your love to me
Meets with a willing and a full return,
Should it arrive unto my father's knowledge,
This were our last discourse.
Ric. How shall he know it?
Viola. His watching cares are such for my advancement,
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me:
This night, that does afford us some small freedom,
At the request and much entreaty of
The mistress of the house, was hardly given me;
For I am never suffer'd to stir out,
But he hath spies upon me. Yet, I know not, —
You have so won upon me, that, could I think
You would love faithfully, (though to entertain
Another thought of you would be my death,)
I should adventure on his utmost anger.
Ric. Why, do you think I can be false?
Viola. No, faith,
You have an honest face; but, if you should——
Ric. Let all the storèd vengeance of Heaven's justice ——
Viola. No more; I do believe you. The dance ended,
Which this free woman's guests have vow'd to have
Ere they depart, I will make home, and store me
With all the jewels, chains, and gold are trusted
Unto my custody; and at the next corner
To my father's house, before one, at the farthest,
Be ready to receive me.
Ric. I desire
No bond beyond your promise. Let's go in:
To talk thus much before the door may breed
Suspicion.

Enter MERCURY *and* ANTONIO.

Viola. Here are company too.
Ric. Away!
Those powers that prosper true and honest loves
Will bless our undertakings.
Viola. 'Tis my wish, sir.
[*Exeunt* RICARDO *and* VIOLA.
Merc. Nay, sir, excuse me. I have drawn you to
Too much expense already in my travel;
And you have been too forward in your love,
To make my wants your own: allow me manners;
Which you must grant I want, should I increase
The bond in which your courtesies have tied me,
By still consuming you.[1] Give me leave
To take mine own ways now; and I shall often
With willingness come to visit you, and then thank you.
Ant. By this hand, I could be angry. What do you think me?
Must we, that have so long time been as one,
Seen cities, countries, kingdoms, and their wonders,
Been bed-fellows, and in our various journey
Mix'd all our observations, part (as if
We were two carriers at two several ways,
And, as the fore-horse guides, cry, God be with you!)
Without or compliment or ceremony?
In travellers that know transalpine garbs,
Though our designs are ne'er so serious, friend,
It were a capital crime; it must not be;
Nay, what is more, you shall not: you, ere long,
Shall see my house, and find what I call mine
Is wholly at your service.
Merc. 'Tis this tires me. — [*Aside.*
Sir, I were easily woo'd, if nothing else
But my will lay in the choice; but 'tis not so:
My friends and kindred, that have part of me,
And such on whom my chiefest hopes depend,
Justly expect the tender of my love
After my travel; then mine own honesty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means
To keep me in my quality and rank,
At my return, to tire another's bounty,
And let mine own grow lusty. Pardon me.
Ant. I will not, cannot; to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferr'd upon my friend
Be burthensome to me? For this excuse,
Had I no reason else, you should not leave me;
By a traveller's faith, you should not. I have said;
And then, you know my humour, there's no contending.
Merc. Is there no way to scape this inundation?
I shall be drown'd with folly, if I go;
And, after nine days, men may take me up
With my gall broken. [*Aside.*
Ant. Are you yet resolv'd?
Merc. Would you would spare me!
Ant. By this light, I cannot;
By all that may be sworn by.
Merc. Patience help me,
And Heaven grant his folly be not catching!
If it be, the town's undone. I now would give
A reasonable sum of gold to any sheriff
That would but lay an execution on me,
And free me from his company. While he was abroad,
His want of wit and language kept him dumb;
But Balaam's ass will speak now without spurring. [*Aside.*
Ant. Speak, have I won you?
Merc. You are not to be resisted.

Enter Servant *and* Musicians.

Serv. Be ready, I entreat you. The dance done,

[1] *consuming you*] The modern editors print "*consuming of you.*"

Besides a liberal reward, I have
A bottle of sherry in my power shall beget
New crotchets in your heads.
First Mus. Tush, fear not us;
We'll do our parts.
Serv. Go in. [*Exeunt* Musicians.
Ant. I know this fellow. —
Belong you to the house?
Serv. I serve the mistress.
Ant. Pretty and short. — Pray you, sir, then inform her
Two gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd
With her fair presence.
Serv. She shall know so much.
This is a merry night with us, and forbid[s] not
Welcome to any that looks like a man:
I'll guide you the way.
Ant. Nay, follow; I have a trick in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter UBERTO, SILVIO, RICARDO, MARIA, PEDRO, PORTIA, VIOLA, *and other* Ladies *and* Gentlemen; Musicians, *and* Attendants.

Uber. Come, where's this masque?[1] Fairest, for our cheer,
Our thanks and service: may you long survive
To joy in many of these nights!
Maria. I thank you.
Uber. We must have music too; or else you give us
But half a welcome.
Maria. Pray you, sir, excuse me.
Silvio. By no means, lady.
Uber. We'll crown your[2] liberal feast
With some delightful strain, fitting your love
And this good company.
Maria. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the excuse of want of skill,
Or be or nice or curious:[3] every year
I celebrate my marriage-night, and will
Till I see my absent husband.
Uber. 'Tis fit freedom.
Silvio. Ricardo, thou art dull.

Enter First Servant.

Ric. I shall be lighter
When I have had a heat.
Maria. Now, sir, the news?
First Serv. Mistress,
There are two gentlemen ——
Maria. Where?
First Serv. Complimenting
Who should first enter.
Maria. What are they?
First Serv. Heaven knows:
But for their strangeness — have you never seen
A cat wash her face?
Uber. Yes.
First Serv. Just such a stir they keep:
If you but make haste, you may see 'em yet
Before they enter.
Maria. Let 'em be what they will,
We'll give[4] them fair entertain and gentle welcome. [*A dance.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* MERCURY.

Ant. It shall be so.
Merc. Then let it be your pleasure.
Ant. Let's stand aside, and you shall see us have
Fine sport anon.
Merc. A fair society.
Do you know these gentlewomen?
Ant. Yes.
Merc. What are they?
Ant. The second is a neighbour's daughter, her name's Viola:
There is my kinsman's wife, Portia her name,
And a friend too.
Merc. Let her —.[5]
What's she that leads the dance?
First Serv. A gentlewoman.
Merc. I see that.
First Serv. Indeed!
Merc. What?
First Serv. A gentlewoman.
Merc. 'Udsfoot! — Good sir, what's she that leads the dance?
Sec. Serv. My mistress.
Merc. What else?
Sec. Serv. My mistress, sir.
Merc. Your mistress! a pox on you! —
What a fry of fools are here! I see 'tis treason
To understand in this house: if nature were not
Better to them than they can be to themselves,
They would scant hit their mouths. My mistress!
Is there any one with so much wit in's head,
That can tell me at the first sight what gentlewoman
That is that leads the dance?
Ant. 'Tis my wife.
Merc. Hum.
Ant. How dost thou like her?
Merc. Well; a pretty gentlewoman.
Ant. Prithee, be quiet.

[1] *where's this masque*] From these words Sympson concludes that a masque was exhibited here, which "the curtailer" of the comedy has omitted: he also supposes that the song, which Maria presently consents to sing, has been left out; and remarks that we have afterwards a dance without music, though it is clear that the musicians were in the house. The Editors of 1778 think that we possess the scene entire; that the masque was "only an antic dance;" that Maria, when about to sing, is stopt by the entrance of the Servant; and that the dance must have been without music, otherwise the dialogue, which takes place during it, could not have been heard. Mason observes that the masque here intended is not a dramatic performance, but a masqued ball; that Maria's song is prevented by the announcement of the two gentlemen; and that music does not hinder conversation between those who are not engaged in the dance. Weber is inclined to suppose that Maria's song was actually sung, and that "according to the usual practice of the first folio," it has been omitted.

A speech of Viola in the preceding scene, —

"The dance ended,
Which this free woman's guests have vow'd to have
Ere they depart, I will make home," &c.,

shews that no dramatic entertainment was thought of here. That a song sung by Maria has been omitted, is not unlikely.

[2] *your*] The second folio "our;" and so Sympson. A friend proposes to read "Well, *crown*," &c.;" — wrongly, I think.

[3] *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.

[4] *We'll give*] The second folio "I'll keep." Both folios, by mistake, prefix "Mer." to this speech; and so Sympson.

[5] *Let her* —] This break in the old eds. indicates certainly the omission of some words. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "Let her."

Merc. I would I could!
Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him and free passions,
Receive the least tie from such a fool as this is,
That holds so sweet a wife!
'Tis lamentable to consider, truly,
What right he robs himself of, and what wrong
He doth the youth of such a gentlewoman,
That knows her beauty is no longer hers
Than men will please to make it so, and use it,
Neither of which lies freely in a husband.
Oh, what have I done, what have I done? Coxcomb!
If I had never seen, or never tasted,
The goodness of this kix,[1] I had been a made man;[2]
But now to make [him] a[3] cuckold is a sin
Against all forgiveness, worse than a[4] murder:
I have a wolf by the ears, and am bitten both ways. [*Aside.*
Ant. How now, friend? what are you thinking of?
Merc. Nothing concerning you: I must be gone.
Ant. Pardon me, I'll have no going, sir.
Merc. Then, good sir, give me leave to go to bed;
I am very weary and ill temper'd.
Ant. You shall presently; the dance is done.
First Serv. Mistress, these are the gentlemen.
Maria. My husband! welcome home,[5] dear sir!
Merc. She's fair still:
Oh, that I were a knave, or durst be one,
For thy sake, coxcomb!
He that invented honesty undid me. [*Aside.*
Ant. I thought you had not known me. You're merry: 'tis well thought. —
And how is't with these worthy gentlemen?
Uber. and Silvio. We are glad to see you here again.
Ant. Oh, gentlemen, what ha' you lost!
But get you into travels; there you may learn, —
I cannot say what hidden virtues.
Merc. Hidden from you, I am sure.
My blood boils like a furnace: she's a fair one. [*Aside.*
Ant. Pray, entertain this gentleman with all
The courtesy fitting my most especial friend.
Maria. What this poor house may yield, to make you welcome,
Dear sir, command, without more compliment.
Merc. I thank you. — She is wise, and speaks well too:
Oh, what a blessing is gone by me, ne'er
To be recover'd! Well, 'twas an old shame
The devil laid up for me, and now h'as hit me home.
If there be any ways to be dishonest,
And save myself yet — no, it must not be:
Why should I be a fool too? — yet those eyes
Would tempt another Adam: how they call to me,
And tell me — 'sfoot, they shall not tell me any thing! — [*Aside.*
Sir, will you walk in?
Ant. How is't, signior?
Merc. Crazy a little.
Maria. What ail you, sir? what's in my power, pray,
Make use of, sir.
Merc. 'Tis that must do me good:
She does not mock me, sure. [*Aside.*] — An't please you, nothing;
My disease is only weariness.
Uber. Come, gentlemen; —
We will not keep you from your beds too long.
Ric. I ha' some business, and 'tis late, and you
Far from your lodging.
Silvio. Well.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONIO, MARIA, *and* MERCURY.
Ant. Come, my dear Mercury,
I'll bring you to your chamber: — and then I am
For you, Maria; thou art a new wife to me now,
And thou shalt find it ere I sleep.
Merc. And I
An old ass to myself; mine own rod whips me. — [*Aside.*
Good sir, no more of this; 'tis tedious:
You are the best guide in your own house; go, sir. [*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* MARIA.
This fool and his fair wife have made me frantic:
From two such physics for the soul, deliver me! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter RICARDO, UBERTO, PEDRO, *and* SILVIO.

Uber. Well, you must have this wench, then?
Ric. I hope so;
I am much o' the bow-hand else.[6]
Pedro. Would I were hang'd,
'Tis a good loving little fool, that dares venture
Herself upon a coast she never knew yet!
But these women,
When they are once thirteen, God speed the plough!
Silvio. Faith, they'll venture further for their lading than a merchant,[7]
And through as many storms, but they'll be fraughted;
They are made like carracks,[8] only strength and storage.[9]
Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk!
Silvio. We do so. But,
Tell me, Ricardo, wo't thou marry her?

[1] *kix*] — Written also *kex*, see p. 338, — is a dry stalk (properly of hemlock).
[2] *a made man*] i. e. a fortunate man, — a man whose fortune is made.
[3] *a*] Altered by the modern editors to "him:" but the latter word has evidently dropt out.
[4] *a*] The modern editors print "any."
[5] *My husband! welcome home*] The first folio, "*My husband will come home.*" The second folio, "*My husband's welcome home.*"

[6] *I am much o' the bow-hand*] "That is, on the left hand, in which the bow was held." WEBER. The *bow-hand* was, as Weber says, the left hand; but *to be much o' the bow-hand* means, to have your arrow fall much on the left hand of the mark at which you shoot, — an expression often used, as here, metaphorically.
[7] *merchant*] i. e. merchant-man, ship of trade.
[8] *carracks*] i. e. large ships of burden, galleons.
[9] *storage*] Altered by the modern editors to "stowage."

Ric. Marry her! why, what should I do with her?
Pedro. Pox, I thought we should have had all shares in her,
Like lawful prize.
Ric. No, by my faith, sir; you shall pardon me:
I launch'd her at my own charge, without partners,
And so I'll keep her.
Uber. What's the hour?
Ric. Twelve.
Uber. What shall we do the while? 'tis yet scarce eleven.
Silvio. There's no standing here; is not this the place?
Ric. Yes.
Pedro. And to go back
Unto her father's house may breed suspicion:
Let's slip into a tavern for an hour;
'Tis very cold.
Uber. Content; there is one hard by.
A quart of burnt sack [1] will recover us;
I am as cold as Christmas. This stealing flesh
In the frosty weather may be sweet i' the eating,
But sure the woodmen [2] have no great catch on't.
Shall's go?
Ric. Thou art the strangest lover of
A tavern: what shall we do there now? lose
The hour and ourselves too?
Uber. Lose a pudding!
What dost thou talk of the hour? will one quart muzzle us?
Have we not ears to hear, and tongues to ask
The drawers, but we must stand here like bawds
To watch the minutes?
Silvio. Prithee, content thyself.[3]
We shall scout here, as though he went a-haying,[4]
And have some mangy 'prentice, that cannot sleep
For scratching, overhear us. — Come, will you go, sirs? —
When your love-fury is a little frozen,
You'll come to us.
Ric. Will you drink but one quart, then?
Pedro. No more, i' faith.
Silvio. Content.
Ric. Why, then, have with you: but let's be very watchful.
Uber. As watchful as the bellman. Come; I'll lead,
Because I hate good manners; they are too tedious. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Entrance-hall in* ANDRUGIO'S *House.*

Enter VIOLA *with a key and a little casket.*

Vio. The night is terrible, and I enclos'd
With that my virtue and myself hate most,
Darkness; yet must I fear that which I wish,
Some company; and every step I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to-night
Than ever did the shrill and sacred bell
That rang me to my prayers. The house will rise
When I unlock the door. Were it by day,
I am bold enough; but then a thousand eyes
Warn me from going. Might not God have made
A time for envious prying folk to sleep,
Whilst lovers met, and yet the sun have shone?
Yet I was bold enough to steal this key
Out of my father's chamber; and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, the night,
Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend.
Alas, how valiant and how 'fraid at once
Love makes a virgin! I will throw this key
Back through a window. I had [5] wealth enough
In jewels with me, if I hold his love
I steal 'em for. Farewell my place of birth!
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard men say,
These household gods, I do beseech them look
To this, my charge; bless it from thieves and fire,
And keep, till happily my love I win,
Me from thy door, and hold my father in!
[*Unlocks the door, and exit.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter RICARDO, PEDRO, UBERTO, SILVIO, *and* Drawer *with a candle.*

Ric. No more, for God-sake! — How is the night, boy?
Drawer. Faith, sir, 'tis very late.
Uber. Faith, sir, you lie: is this your Jack i' the clock-house?[6]
Will you strike, sir? give's some more sack, you varlet.
Ric. Nay, if you love me, good Uberto, go:
I am monstrous hot with wine.
Uber. Quench it again with love.
Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and then,
If my legs say me not shamefully nay,
I will go with you. — Give me a singular quart.
Drawer. Of what wine, sir?
Uber. Of sack, you that speak confusion at the bar,
Of sack, I say, and every one his quart!
What a devil, let's be merry!
Drawer. You shall, sir.
Pedro. We will, sir; and a dried tongue.
Silvio. And an olive, boy, and a whole bunch of fiddlers. — [*Exit* Drawer.
My head swims plaguily! 'uds precious, I shall be claw'd.

Re-enter Drawer *with four quarts of wine.*

Ric. Pray, go; I can drink no more: think on your promise;
'Tis midnight, gentlemen.

1 *burnt sack*] "We should now say *mulled* sack," &c. WEBER.
2 *woodmen*] Compare a passage, p. 243.
3 *Prithee, content thyself*] "Probably this belongs to Ricardo, and '*We shall scout here*,' &c. to Silvio." SYMPSON.
4 *went a-haying*] i. e. went rabbit-snaring: the net used for that purpose was called a *hay*. In Richardson's *Dict.* the present passage is improperly cited under *Hay* — dried grass.
5 *had*] The modern editors print "have."
6 *Jack i' the clock-house*] Means — the figure that in old public clocks struck the bell on the outside. The "Jacks" at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-Street have been removed only within these few years.

[illegible]

Drawer. Whores, sir!

Silvio. Ay, whores, sir: do you think we come to lie with your hogsheads?

Ric. I must beat the watch: I have longed for any time this three weeks.

Silvio. We'll beat the town too, an thou wilt; we are proof, boy. Shall we kill any body?

Ric. No, but we'll hurt 'em dangerously.

Ther. Silvio,[1] now must I kill one; I cannot [illegible] — Boy, easily afore there with your candle. Where's your mistress?

Drawer. A-bed, sir.

Silvio. With whom?

Drawer. With my master.

Ther. You lie, boy; she's better brought up than to lie with her husband: has he not cast his head yet? next year he will be a velvet-headed cuckold?[2]

Drawer. You are a merry gentleman. There, sir; take hold. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *A Street.*

Enter VIOLA.

Viola. This is the place: I have out-told the clock
For haste; he is not here. — Ricardo! — No.
Now, every power that loves and is belov'd
Keep me from shame to-night! for all you know
Each thought of mine is innocent and pure,
As flesh and blood can hold. I cannot back;
I threw the key within: and, ere I raise
My father up to see his daughter's shame,
I'd set me down, and tell the northern wind
That it is gentler than the curling west.
If it will blow me dead. But he will come.
I faith, 'tis cold. If he deceive me thus,
A woman will not easily trust a man.
Hark! what's that?

Silvio. [*within.*] *Thou'rt over long at thy pot, Tom, Tom;*
Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom. [*Singing.*

Viola. Bless me, who's that?

Drawer. [*within.*] Whoo!

Ther. [*within.*] There, boys!

Viola. Darkness, be thou my cover! — I must fly. —
To thee I haste for help. They have a light:

Enter RICARDO, PEDRO, UBERTO, SILVIO, *and* Drawer *with a torch.*

Wind, if thou lov'st a virgin, blow it out!
And I will never shut a window more,
To keep thee from me.

Ric. Boy!

Drawer. Sir?

Ric. Why, boy!

Drawer. What say you, sir?

Ric. Why, boy! art thou drunk, boy?

Drawer. What would you, sir?

[1] Silvio. Is printed in both the folios as if it were a second prefix to the speech; and perhaps was rightly omitted by Sympson.

[2] [illegible] cuckold. "I suppose this has a twofold [illegible] to the down upon the horns of deer, and to the velvet caps formerly worn by aldermen and other magistrates." WEBER. — See note, p. 179.

Ric. Why, very good; where are we?
Uber. Ay, that's the point.
Drawer. Why, sir, you will be at your lodging presently.
Ric. I'll go to no lodging, boy.
Drawer. Whither will you go, then, sir?
Ric. I'll go no farther.
Drawer. For God's sake, sir, do not stay here all night.
Ric. No more I will not, boy; lay me down, and roll me to a whore.
Uber. And me.
Pedro. There spoke an ——[1]
Silvio. *Then set your foot to my foot, and up tails all!*[2] [*Singing.*
Viola. That is Ricardo. What a noise they make!
'Tis ill done on[3] 'em. [*Aside.*] — Here, sirs! Ricardo!
Ric. What's that, boy?
Drawer. 'Tis a wench, sir. Pray, gentlemen, come away.
Viola. Oh, my dear love, how doest thou?
Ric. Faith,[4] sweetheart, even as thou seest.
Pedro. Where's thy wench?
Uber. Where's this bed-worm?
Viola. Speak softly, for the love of heaven!
Drawer. Mistress, get you gone, and do not entice the gentlemen, now you see they're drunk, or I'll call the watch, and lay you fast enough.
Viola. Alas, what are you? or what do you mean? —
Sweet love, where's the place?
Ric. Marry, sweet love, e'en here: lie down; I'll feese you.
Viola. Good God, what mean you?
Pedro. I'll have the wench.
Uber. If you can get her.
Silvio. No, I'll lie with the wench to-night, and she shall be yours to-morrow.
Pedro. Let go the wench!
Silvio. Let you go the wench!
Viola. Oh, gentlemen, as you had mothers ——
Uber. They had no mothers; they are the sons of bitches.
Ric. Let that be maintained!
Silvio. Marry, then ——
Viola. Oh, bless me, heaven!
Uber. How many is there on's?
Ric. About five.
Uber. Why, then, let's fight, three to three.
Silvio. Content.
[*They draw their swords, thrust at each other, and presently fall down.*
Drawer. The watch! the watch! the watch! where are you? [*Exit.*
Ric. Where are these cowards?
Pedro. There's the whore.

[1] ——] Some word or words omitted.
[2] *Then set your foot to my foot, and up tails all!*] Is the burthen of the song known by the title of *Up tails all.* It is mentioned in several old plays; as in Sharpham's *Fleire*, — "Slee euerie day sings *John for the king*, and at *Vp-tailes all* shees perfect." Act iii. sig. F ed. 1610. "The words," says Mr. Chappell, "are in Durfey's *Pills*, vol. iv. p. 177, (edit. of 1719) where, by a singular mistake, the title and tune of *The Fryer and the Nun*, to which this has no reference, are printed with it." *Nat. English Airs*, ii. 118.
[3] *on*] Altered by the modern editors to "of."
[4] *Faith*] So the second folio. The first folio "My."

Viola. I never saw a drunken man before;
But these I think are so. [*Aside.*
Silvio. Oh!
Pedro. I missed you narrowly there.
Viola. My state is such, I know not how to think
A prayer fit for me; only I could move,
That never maiden more might be in love!
[*Aside, and exit.*

Re-enter Drawer, *with* Constable, *and* Watchmen.

First W. Where are they, boy?
Drawer. Make no such haste, sir; they are no runners.
Uber. I am hurt; but that's all one; I shall light upon some of ye. Pedro, thou art a tall gentleman; let me kiss thee.
First W. My friend ——
Uber. Your friend! you lie.
Ric. Stand further off! The watch! you are full of fleas.
Const. Gentlemen, either be quiet, or we must make you quiet.
Ric. Nay, good master constable, be not so rigorous!
Uber. Master constable, lend me thy hand of justice.
Const. That I will, sir.
Uber. Fie, master constable, what golls[5] you have! Is Justice so blind you cannot[6] see to wash your hands? I cry you mercy, sir; your gloves are on.
Drawer. Now you are up, sir, will you go to bed?
Pedro. I'll truckle here, boy; give me another pillow.
Drawer. Will you stand up, and let me lay it on, then?
Pedro. Yes.
Drawer. There; hold him, two of ye. Now they are up, be going, master constable.
Ric. *And this way, and that way, Tom.* [Singing.
Uber. *And here away, and there away, Tom.*
Silvio. *This is the right way, the other's the wrong.*
Pedro. *Th' other's the wrong.*
All Four. *Thou art over long at the pot, Tom, Tom.*
Ric. Lead valiantly, sweet constable! — Whoop! ha, boys!
Const. This wine hunts in their heads.
Ric. Give me the bill,[7] for I'll be the sergeant.
Const. Look to him, sirs.
Ric. Keep your ranks, you rascals, keep your ranks! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in* ANTONIO'S *House, with a gallery.*

Enter MERCURY.

Merc. I cannot sleep for thinking of this ass's wife. I'll be gone presently; there's no staying

[5] *golls*] "Was a cant expression for hands." MASON. — Fists, paws.
[6] *you cannot*] The first folio "she *cannot*." The second folio "y' *cannot*."
[7] *bill*] i. e. a sort of pike or halberd with a hooked point,

here, with this devil about me. — Ho! — This is the house of Sleep. — Ho, again, there! — 'Sfoot, the darkness and this love together will make me lunatic. — Ho!

Enter Serving-man *above, unready.*[1]

Serv. Who calls there?
Merc. Pray, take the pains to rise, and light a candle.
Serv. Presently. [*Exit above.*
Merc. Was ever man but I in such a stocks?
Well, this shall be a warning to me, and
A fair one too, how I betray myself
To such a dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter Serving-man.

Serv. Did you call?
Merc. Yes: pray, do me the kindness, sir, to let me out,
And not to inquire[2] why, for I must needs be gone.
Serv. Not to-night, I hope, sir.
Merc. Good sir, to-night;
I would not have troubled you else: pray, let it be so.
Serv. Alas, sir, my master will be offended!
Merc. That I have business? no, I warrant you.
Serv. Good sir, take your rest.
Merc. Pray, my good friend, let me appoint my own rest.
Serv. Yes, sir.
Merc. Then shew me the way out; I'll consider you.
Serv. Good Lord, sir ——
Merc. If I had not
An excellent-temper'd patience, now should I break
This fellow's head, and make him understand
'Twere necessary. The only plague
Of this house is the unhandsome love of servants,
That never do their duty in the right place,
But when they muster before dinner,
And sweep the table with a wooden dagger,[3]
And then they are troublesome, too, to all men's shoulders. —
The woodcock's flush'd again;[4] now I shall have
A new stir.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Why, how now, friend? what do you up so late?
Are you well? do you want any thing? pray, speak.
Merc. Only the cause I rise for.
Ant. What knaves are these! —
What do you want? — Why, sirrah!
Merc. Nothing i' the world,
But the keys to let me out of doors; I must be gone:
Be not against it, for you cannot stay me.
Ant. Be gone at this time! that were a merry jest.
Merc. If there be any mirth in't, make you use on't;
But I must go.
Ant. Why, for love's sake?
Merc. 'Twill benefit
Your understanding nothing to know the cause.
Pray, go to bed; I'll trouble your man only.
Ant. Nay, sir, you have rais'd more that has reason
To curse you, an you knew all: my wife's up,
And coming down too.
Merc. Alas, it will be a trouble!
Pray, go up to her, and let me disturb no more;
'Tis unmannerly.

Enter Maria, *as out of bed.*

Ant. She's here already. —
Sweetheart, how say you by this gentleman?
He would away at midnight.
Maria. That I am sure he will not.
Merc. Indeed I must.
Maria. Good sir,
Let not your homely entertainment press you
To leave your bed at midnight: if you want
What my house, or our town,[5] may afford you,
Make it your own fault if you call not for it.
Pray, go to bed again; let me compel you:
I am sure you have no power to deny a woman.
The air is piercing;
And to a body beaten with long travel
'Twill prove an ill physician.
Merc. If she speak longer, I shall be a knave,
As rank as ever sweat for't. [*Aside.*] — Sir, if you will send
Your wife up presently, I will either stay
With you, — d'ye mark me? — or deliver you
So just a cause, that you yourself shall thrust me
Out of doors, both suddenly and willingly.
Ant. I would fain hear that, faith. — Pray thee, go up, sweetheart:
I have half persuaded him; besides, he hath
Some private business with me.
Maria. Good night, sir;
And what content you would have, I wish with you. [*Exit.*
Merc. Could any man that had a back ask more?
Oh, me! oh, me! [*Aside.*
Ant. Now deal directly with me: why should you go?

which was the weapon of watchmen in our authors' time, and which had been formerly carried by the English infantry.

[1] *unready*] "Means undressed." Mason.

[2] *not to inquire*] So the first folio. The second folio "*not inquire;*" and so the modern editors.

[3] *But when they muster before dinner,*
And sweep the table with a wooden dagger] "The Editors of 1750 and 1778 despair of explaining this allusion, which is by no means an uncommon one, referring to the ancient custom of scraping away the fragments with a wooden dagger or piece of lath after meals." Weber. — The allusion in the second line is doubtless to the sweeping away the relics of the dinner into the voider (see note p. 100); but there seems to be something wrong, or wanting, in the preceding line. Mason explains the passage — "except when they muster before dinner, and when they clean the table after dinner, &c." — an interpretation which, I think, it will hardly bear. In a MS. note in ed. 1778, Gifford has written, "'before *dinner*' should be 'after *dinner*.'"

[4] *The woodcock's flushed again*] — *woodcock's*, see note, p. 366: *flush'd*, i. e. started, sprung. Both the folios have "flesht," which Weber chose to retain. Even in a modern sporting song, we find,

"When a *woodcock I flush*, or a pheasant I spring."

[5] *our town*] Sympson printed "*our* whole *town*," — one of his numerous interpolations.

Merc. If you be wise, do not inquire the cause;
'Twill trouble you.
Ant. Why? prithee, why?
Merc. Faith, I would not have you know it: let me go;
'Twill be far better for you. [*Knocking within.*
Ant. Who's that that knocks there? is't not at the street-door?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Ant. Who's there? cannot you speak?
Viola. [*within.*] A poor distress'd maid; for God's sake, let me in!
Merc. Let her in and me out together; 'tis but one labour:
'Tis pity she should stand i' the street. It seems she knows you.
Ant. There she shall stand, for me. You are ignorant;
This is a common custom of the rogues
That lie about the loose parts of the city.
Merc. As how?
Ant. To knock at doors in dead time of night,
And use some feignèd voice to raise compassion;
And when the doors are open, in they rush,
And cut the throats of all, and take the booty:
We cannot be too careful.
Viola. [*within.*] As ever you had pity, let me in!
I am undone else.
Ant. Who are you?
Viola. [*within.*] My name is Viola, a gentlewoman
That ill chance hath distress'd; you know my father.
Merc. Alas of God, we'll let her in! 'tis one
Of the gentlewomen were here i' the evening;
I know her by her name: poor soul, she's cold,
I warrant her; let her have my warm bed,
And I will take her fortune: come, pray, come.
Ant. It is not Viola, that's certain;
She went home to her father's, I am sure.
Viola. [*within.*] Will not you be so good to let me in?
Ant. I'll be so good to have you whipt away,
If you stay a little longer. — She is gone,
I warrant her. Now let me know your cause,
For I will hear it, and not repent the knowing.
Merc. Since you are so importunate, I'll tell you:
I love your wife extremely.
Ant. Very well.
Merc. And so well that I dare not stay.
Ant. Why?
Merc. For wronging you:[1] I know I am flesh and blood,
And you have done me friendships infinite and often,
That must require me honest and a true man;
And I will be so, or I'll break my heart.
Ant. Why, you may stay for all this, methinks.
Merc. No; though I would be good, I am no saint,
Nor is it safe to try me: I deal plainly.
Ant. Come, I dare try you; do the best you can.
Merc. You shall not:
When I am right again, I'll come and see you;
Till when, I'll use all countries and all means,
But I will lose this folly; 'tis a devil.
Ant. Is there no way to stay you?
Merc. No; unless
You will have me such a villain to you, as
All men shall spit at me.
Ant. Does she know you love her?
Merc. No, I hope not: that were recompense
Fit for a rogue to render her.
Ant. If ever any had a faithful friend,
I am that man, and I may glory in't:
This is he, that *ipse*, he that passes
All Christendom for goodness.
He shall not overgo me in his friendship;
'Twere recreant and base, and I'll be hang'd first:
I am resolvèd. [*Aside.*] — Go thy ways; a wife
Shall never part us: I have consider'd, and
I find her nothing to such a friend as thou art.
I'll speak a bold word: take your time and woo her,
(You have overcome me clearly,)
And do what's fitting with her — you conceive me.
I am glad at heart you love her, by this light:
Ne'er stare upon me, for I will not fly from it.
If you had spoken sooner, sure you had been serv'd;
Sir, you are not every man. Now to your task:
I give you free leave; and the sin is mine,
If there be any in it.
Merc. He will be hang'd before he makes this good:
He cannot be so innocent[2] a coxcomb;
He can tell[3] ten, sure. — [*Aside.*
If I had never known you as I have done,
I might be one as others, perhaps sooner;
But now 'tis impossible, there's too much good
Between us.
Ant. Well, thou art o'en the best man —
I can say no more, I am so overjoy'd.
You must stay this night, and in the morning go
As early as you please; I have a toy for you.
Merc. I thought this pill would make you sick.
Ant. But where you mean to be, I must have notice,
And it must be hard by too: do you mark me?
Merc. Why, what's the matter?
Ant. There is a thing in hand.
Merc. Why, what thing?
Ant. A sound one, if it take right, and you be not
Peevish. We two will be (you would little think it)
As famous for our friendship ——
Merc. How?
Ant. If God please,
As ever Damon was and Pythias;
Or Pylades and Orestes; or any two
That ever were: do you conceive me yet?
Merc. No, by my troth, sir. — he will not help me up, sure? [*Aside.*

[1] *For wronging you*] "i. e. lest I should wrong you." MASON. See Richardson's Dict. in v. *For.*

[2] *innocent*] i. e. idiotic, silly.

[3] *tell*] i. e. count. So again in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*
"You are a fool. *Tell ten.* I have pos'd him."
Act iii. sc. 5

Ant. [illegible]

[illegible]

Ber. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Tinker. Peace, you flay'd whore; thou hast a mouth like a blood-hound:
Here comes a night-shade.[1]

Enter VIOLA.

Dor. A gentlewoman-whore;
By this darkness, I'll case[2] her to the skin.
Tinker. Peace, I say!
Viola. What fear have I endur'd this dismal night!
And what disgrace, if I were seen and known!
In which this darkness only is my friend,
That only has undone me. A thousand curses
Light on my easy, foolish, childish love,
That durst so lightly lay a confidence
Upon a man, so many being false!
My weariness, and weeping, makes me sleepy;
I must lie down.
Tinker. What's this? a prayer, or a homily,
Or a ballad of good counsel? She has a gown, I am sure.
Dor. Knock out her brains, and then she'll ne'er bite.
Tinker. Yes, I will knock her, but not yet. — You, woman!
Viola. For God's sake, what are you?
Tinker. One of the grooms of your wardrobe. Come,
Uncase, uncase! — By'r lady, a good kersey!
Viola. Pray, do not hurt me, sir.
Dor. Let's have no pity;[3]
For if you do, here's that shall cut your whistle.
Viola. Alas, what would you have? I am as miserable
As you can make me any way.
Dor. That shall be tried.
Viola. Here, take my gown, if that will do you pleasure.
Tinker. Yes, marry, will it. — Look in the pockets, Doll;
There may be birds.
Dor. They are flown, a pox go with them!
I'll have this hat, and this ruff too, — I like it:
Now will I flourish like a lady brave,
I' faith, boy.
Viola. Ye are so gentle people to my seeming,
That, by my truth, I could live with you.
Tinker. Could you so? —
A pretty young round wench, well blooded; I
Am for her, thieves![4]
Dor. But, by this, I am not! Cool
Your codpiece, rogue! or I'll clap a spell upon't,
Shall take your edge off with a very vengeance.
Tinker. Peace, horse-flesh, peace! — I'll cast off my Amazon;
She has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious,
She'll fight and scold and drink, like one of the worthies.
Dor. 'Uds precious, [*Aside.*
You young contagious whore, must you be 'ticing? —
And is your flesh so rank, sir, that two may live upon't?
I am glad to hear your curtal's[5] grown so lusty;
He was dry founder'd t'other day; weehee,
My pamper'd jade of Asia![6]
Viola. Good woman, do not hurt me! I am sorry
That I have given any cause of anger.
Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or, by
This steel, I'll tell, though I truss for company!
Now could I eat her broil'd, or any way,
Without vinegar: I must have her nose.
[*Draws a knife.*
Viola. By any thing you love best, good sir! good woman!
Tinker. Why her nose, Dorothy?
Dor. If I have it not, and presently, and warm,
I lose that I go withal.
Tinker. Would the devil had that thou goest withal,
And thee together! for sure he got thy whelps,
If thou hast any; he's[7] thy dear dad. Whore,
Put up your cut-purse! — an I take my switch up —
'Twill be a black time with you else; sheathe your bung,[8] whore!
Dor. Will you bind her? we shall stand here prating, and be hang'd both.
Tinker. Come, I must bind you: not a word; no crying! [*They bind her to a tree.*
Viola. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.
Tinker. Hurt her not: if thou dost, by ale and beer,
I'll clout thy old bald brain-pan with a piece
Of brass, you bitch incarnate.
[*Exeunt* Tinker *and* DOROTHY.
Viola. Oh, God, to what am I reserv'd! that knew not,
Through all my childish hours and actions,
More sin than poor imagination,
And too much loving of a faithless man,
For which I am paid; and so, that not the day
That now is rising to protect the harmless,
And give the innocent a sanctuary
From thieves and spoilers, can deliver me
From shame, at least suspicion!

Enter VALERIO.

Val. [*to a servant within.*] Sirrah, lead down the horses easily:
I'll walk a-foot till I be down the hill;
'Tis very early; I shall reach home betimes. —
How now! who's there?

1 *night-shade*] "A cant word for a prostitute." WEBER.
2 *case*] i. e. strip.
3 *no pity*] "i. e. no crying out for pity." SYMPSON.
4 *thieves*] Sympson threw out this word from the text; and so his successors. I can only understand it as an apostrophe to the Tinker's absent comrades.

5 *curtal's*] *Curtal* is horse, — properly, a docked horse. (Douce, cited here by Weber, derives the word from the French *tailler court*, — wrongly, beyond a doubt.)
6 *My pamper'd jade of Asia*] An allusion (as Reed observes) to a line in the Second Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (act iv. sc. 4),

"Holla, ye *pamper'd jades of Asia!*"

where it is addressed to the captive kings, who, with bits in their mouths, are drawing the chariot of that conqueror. The line is ridiculed by Shakespeare (Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, act ii. sc. 4), and by many of our early dramatists.
7 *he's*] Both the folios, "shees." — Mason would read, "*he's* their *dear dad.*"
8 *Put up your cut-purse* ——
—— *sheathe your bung*] "In the cant language of the time, a *bung* was a purse or a pocket; and to *nip a bung* signified to cut a purse. The Tinker evidently applies both this word and *cut-purse* to the knife of his female copartner." WEBER.

Viola. Night, that was ever friend to lovers yet,
Has rais'd some weary soul, that hates his bed,
To come and see me blush, and then laugh at me.
[*Aside.*
Val. H'ad a rude heart that did this.
Viola. Gentle sir,
If you have that which honest men call pity,
And be as far from evil as you shew,
Help a poor maid, that this night by bad fortune
Has been thus us'd by robbers.
Val. A pox upon his heart that would not help thee!
This thief was half a lawyer, by his bands.[1]
How long have you been tied here? [*Unbinds her.*
Viola. Alas, this hour![2] and with cold and fear
Am almost perish'd.
Val. Where were the watch the while? Good sober gentlemen,
They were, like careful members of the city,
Drawing in diligent ale[3] and singing catches,
While master constable contriv'd the toasts:
These fellows would[4] be more severely punish'd
Than wandering gipsies, that every statute whips;
For if they had every one two eyes a-piece more,
Three pots would put them out.
Viola. I cannot tell;
I found no Christian to give me succour.
Val. When they take a thief, I'll take Ostend[5] again: the whoresons
Drink opium in their ale, and then they sleep
Like tops; as for their bills,[6] they only serve
To reach down bacon to make rashers on.
Now let me know whom I have done this courtesy to,
That I may thank my early rising for it.
Viola. Sir, all I am, you see.
Val. You have a name, I am sure, and a kindred,
A father, friend, or something that must own you. —
She's a handsome young wench: what rogues were these, to rob her! [*Aside.*
Viola. Sir, you see all I dare reveal; and, as
You are a gentleman, press me no further;
For there begins a grief, whose bitterness
Will break a stronger heart than I have in me;
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing:
For your own goodness-sake, desire it not.
Val. If you would not have me inquire that,
How do you live, then?
Viola. How I have liv'd, is still
One question which must not be resolv'd:
How I desire to live, is in your liking;
So worthy an opinion I have of you.

[1] *bands*] i. e. bonds: the words were formerly synonymous.
[2] *this hour*] "This is a very strange inadvertency, as there is no change of scene between Viola's being bound and the entrance of Valerio." WEBER. It is no inadvertency: the authors intended the audience to suppose that an hour had elapsed since Viola was tied to the tree.
[3] *Drawing in diligent ale*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "*Diligent in drawing ale.*"
[4] *would*] The modern editors print "should."
[5] *Ostend*] Was taken in 1604 by the Marquis Spinola, after a siege of three years and ten weeks, which was attended with immense slaughter on both sides. Allusions to this event are frequent in our early dramatists.
[6] *bills*] See note, p. 459.

Val. Is in my liking! how, I pray thee, tell me:
I' faith, I'll do you any good lies in my power. —
She has an eye would raise a bed-rid man. —
[*Aside.*
Come, leave your fear, and tell me; that's a good wench!
Viola. Sir, I would serve ——
Val. Who wouldst thou serve? do not weep,
And tell me.
Viola. Faith, sir, even some good woman;
And such a wife, if you be married,
I do imagine yours.
Val. Alas, thou art young and tender!
Let me see thy hand: this was ne'er made to wash,
Or wind up water, beat clothes, or rub a floor. —
By this light, for one use, that shall be nameless,
'Tis the best wanton hand that e'er I look'd on.
[*Aside.*
Viola. Dare you accept me, sir? my heart is honest:
Among your virtuous charitable deeds,
This will not be the least.
Val. Thou canst in a chamber?
Viola. In a chamber, sir!
Val. I mean, wait there upon a gentlewoman. —
How quick she is! I like that mainly too:
I'll have her, though I keep her with main strength,
Like a besieg'd town; for I know I shall have
The enemy afore me within a week. [*Aside.*
Viola. Sir, I can sew too, and make pretty laces,
Dress a head handsome, teach young gentlewomen;
For in all these I have a little knowledge.
Val. 'Tis well; — no doubt I shall increase that knowledge.
I like her better still; how she provokes me! —
[*Aside.*
Pretty young maid, you shall serve a good gentlewoman,
Though I say't, that will not be unwilling you
Should please me, nor I forgetful if you do.
Viola. I am the happier.
Val. My man shall make some shift
To carry you behind him: can you ride well?
Viola. But I'll hold fast, for catching of a fall.
Val. That's the next way to pull another on you. —
I'll work her as I go; I know she's wax.
Now, now, at this time
Could I beget a worthy on this wench. [*Aside.*
Viola. Sir, for this gentleness, may Heaven requite you tenfold!
Val. 'Tis a good wench! however others use thee,
Be sure I'll be a loving master to thee.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Enter ANTONIO, *disguised as an Irish footman,*[7] *with a letter.*

Ant. I hope I am wild enough for being known.

[7] *an Irish footman*] When this play was written, Irish

I have writ a letter here,
And in it have abus'd myself most bitterly,
Yet, all my fear is, not enough,
For that must do it, that must lay it on :
I'll win her out o' the[1] flint ; 'twill be more famous.
Now for my language.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Now, sir ; who would you speak with ?
Ant. Where be thy mastres, man ? I would speak[2] with her :
I have a letter.
Serv. Cannot I deliver it ?
Ant. No, by my trot and fait, canst thou not, man.
Serv. Well, sir, I'll call her to you ; pray, shake your ears
Without a little.
Ant. Cran a cree, do it quickly. [*Exit* Servant.
This rebel tongue[3] sticks in my teeth worse than
A tough hen : sure, it was ne'er known at Babel ;
For they sold no apples, and this was made for certain
At the first planting of orchards, 'tis so crabbed.

Enter MARIA *and* Servant.

Maria. What's he would speak with me ?
Serv. A Kilkenny ring ;[4]
There he stands, madam.
Maria. What would you have with me, friend ?
Ant. He has a letter for other women ; wilt thou read it ?
Maria. From whence ?
Ant. De crosse Creest, from my master.
Maria. Who is your master ?
Ant. I pray, do you look.
Maria. Do you know this fellow ?
Serv. No, madam, not I, more than an Irish footman. —
Stand further, friend ; I do not like your rope-runners.
What stallion-rogues are these, to wear such dowcets ![5]
The very cotton may commit adultery.
Maria. I cannot find whose hand this should be ; I'll read.
To the beauteous wife of Don Antonio.
Sure this is some blind scribe : well, now what follows ? [*Reads the letter.*
Ant. Pray God it take ! I have given her that
Will stir her conscience : how it works with her !
Hope, if it be thy will, let the flesh have it ! [*Aside.*
Maria. This is the most abhorred, intolerable knavery, that ever slave entertained : sure there is more than thine own head in this villainy ; it goes like practised mischief. Disabled in his body ! oh, good God, as I live, he lies fearfully and basely !
Ha ! I should know that jewel : 'tis my husband ! — [*Aside.*
Come hither, sirrah ;[6] are you an Irishman ?
Ant. Sweet woman, a cree, I am an Irishman.
Maria. Now I know it perfectly : is this your trick, sir ?
I'll trick you for it. [*Aside.*] — How long have you serv'd
This gentleman ?
Ant. Please thee, a little day,
O, my[7] Mac Dermond put me to my mastree. —
'Tis done, I know. [*Aside.*
Maria. By my faith, he speaks as well
As if he had been lousy for the language
A year or two. Well, sir, you had been[8] better
Have kept your[9] own shape, as I will use you.
What have I done that should deserve this trial ?
I never made him cuckold, to my knowledge. — [*Aside.*
Sirrah, come hither.
Ant. Now will she send some jewel or some letter ;
I know her mind as well ! I shall be famous. [*Aside.*
Maria. Take this Irish bawd here ——
Ant. How !
Maria. And kick him till his breeches and breech be of one colour, a bright blue both.
Ant. I may be well swinge'd thus, for I dare not
Reveal myself : I hope she does not mean it. [*Aside.* — Serv. *kicks him.*
Oh, hone, oh, hone ! oh, St. Patrick ! oh, a cree ! — Oh, sweet woman !
Maria. No[w] turn him, and kick him o' t'other side.
That's well. [Serv. *kicks him again.*
Ant. Oh, good waiting-man ! I beseech thee, good waiting-man ! — A pox fire your legs !
Maria. You rogue,
You enemy to all, but little breeches,
How dar'st thou come to me with such a letter ?
Ant. Prithee, pity the poor Irishman ! — All this makes for me :
If I win her yet, I am still more glorious. [*Aside.*
Maria. Now could I weep at what I have done ; but I'll harden my heart again. [*Aside.*
— Go, shut him up till my husband comes home. —
Yet thus much ere you go, sirrah Thatch'd-head![10]
Wouldst not thou be whipt, and think it justice ?
Well, *aquavitæ* barrel, I will bounce you.[11]

running footmen were kept by many persons of distinction in England. They are often mentioned by our early dramatists ; and in the Second Part of Dekker and Middleton's *Honest Whore*, where the scene lies at Milan, one of the characters is Bryan an Irish footman.

[1] *o' the*] Both the folios "i' th."

[2] *speak*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber thought it necessary to print "spake."

[3] *rebel tongue*] An allusion to the frequent disturbances in Ireland.

[4] *ring*] Weber conjectures that the right reading is "rung," which in Scotland signifies a coarse heavy staff.

[5] *dowcets*] — for which Sympson and the Editors of 1778 substituted "trowsers," — is a term for the testes of the deer (-ee note, p. 179.) Antonio is supposed to have on a pair of tight *trossers* ; see note, p. 466.

[6] *sirrah*] Both the folios "shat." But compare the conclusion of Maria's second speech after this.

[7] *O, my*] Mason conjectures "Owen."

[8] *been*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to throw out this word.

[9] *kept your*] Altered by the modern editors to "*kept in your.*"

[10] *sirrah Thatch'd-head*] "This alludes to the *glibbe*, or high platted hair of the Irish wood-kerne, hanging over their eyes. See the fac similes of the wood cuts of Derrick's Image of Ireland, in Mr. Scott's edition of Somers's Tracts, vol. i." WEBER.

[11] *Well, aquavitæ barrel, I will bounce you*] "This line shews that the propensity of the Irish to the use of spirits

Ant. I pray do, I beseech you, be not angry!
Maria. Oh, you hobby-headed[1] rascal, I'll have you flay'd,
And trossers[2] made of thy skin, to tumble in! —
Go, away with him! let him see no sun, till my husband come home. — Sir, I shall meet with you for your knavery, I fear it not. [*Aside.*
Ant. Wilt thou not let me go? — I do not like this. [*Aside.*
Maria. Away with him!
Serv. Come, I'll lead you in by your Jack-a-lent hair.[3]
Go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack.
Maria. And, do you hear me, sirrah? and[4] when you have done,
Make my coach ready.
Serv. Yes, forsooth.
Maria. Lock him up safe enough. —
[*Exit* Servant *with* ANTONIO.
I'll to this gentleman, and[5] know the reason
Of all this business, for I do suspect it.
If he have this plot,[6] I'll ring him such a peal
Shall make his ears deaf for a month at least.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Before* RICARDO'S *House.*

Enter RICARDO.

Ric. Am I not mad? can this weak-temper'd head,
That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong
That I have done a virgin, and my love?
Be mad, for so thou ought'st, or I will beat
The walls and trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy memory out, or madness in!
But sure I never lov'd fair Viola,
I never lov'd my father, nor my mother,
Or any thing but drink. Had I had love,
Nay, had I known so much charity[7]
As would have sav'd an infant from the fire,
I had been naked, raving in the street,
With half a face, gashing myself with knives,
Two hours ere this time.

Enter PEDRO, SILVIO, *and* UBERTO.

Pedro. Good morrow, sir.
Ric. Good morrow, gentlemen.
Shall we go drink again? I have my wits.
Pedro. So have I, but they are unsettled ones:
Would I had some porridge!
Ric. The tavern-boy was here this morning with me,
And told me that there was a gentlewoman,
Which he took for a whore, that hung on me,
For whom we quarrell'd, and I know not what.
Pedro. I' faith, nor I.
Uber. I have a glimmering
Of some such thing.
Ric. Was it you, Silvio,
That made me drink so much? 'twas you, or Pedro.
Pedro. I know not who.
Silvio. We were[8] all apt enough.
Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be so entreated. Come, Silvio,
Shall we go drink again? Come, gentlemen;
Why do you stay? Let's never leave off now,
Whilst we have wine and throats: I'll practise it,
Till I have made it my best quality;
For what is best for me to do but that?
For God's sake, come and drink! When I am nam'd,
Men shall make answer, "Which Ricardo mean you?
The excellent drinker?" I will have it so.
Will you go drink?
Silvio. We drunk too much too lately.
Ric. Why, there is, then, the less behind to drink;
Let's end it all; despatch that, we'll send abroad,
And purchase all the wine the world can yield,
And then drink it off; then take the fruits o' the earth,
Distil the juice from them, and drink that off;
We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow;[9]
We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them off;
And all this while we'll never think of those
That love us best, more than we did last night.
We will not give unto the poor a drop
Of all this drink; but when we see them weep,
We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too:
We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture
In this large globe; but suck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it elemental earth,
Merely by drinking.
Pedro. Is it flattery
To tell you you are mad?
Ric. If it be false,
There's no such way to bind me to a man;
He that will have me lay my goods and lands,
My life down for him, need no more but say,
"Ricardo, thou art mad!" and then all these
Are at his service; then he pleases me,
And makes me think that I had virtue in me,
That I had love and tenderness of heart;
That though I have committed such a fault
As never creature did, yet, running mad,
As honest men should do for such a crime,
I have express'd some worth, though it be late:

was not of modern date." MASON. "Derrick, Morrison, and Lithgow, join in describing the drunkenness of the native Irish as excessive." WEBER.

[1] *hobby-headed*] "i. e. shag-headed, as an Irish hobby or small pony. See the preceding note but one." WEBER.

[2] *trossers*] — A word variously written, — means a sort of trowsers or drawers closely fitted to the shape, which were worn by the Irish kernes, and are frequently alluded to in early dramas.

[3] *Jack-a-lent hair*] *Jack-a-lent* was a stuffed puppet which used to be thrown at during Lent, as cocks were thrown at on Shrove-tuesday. "O ye pittiful Simpletons, who spend your days in throwing Cudgels at *Jack-a-Lents* or Shrove-Cocks." *Lady Alimony*, 1659, sig. I 4.

[4] *and*] Omitted by the modern editors.

[5] *and*] Both the folios "I." (Perhaps the right reading is "I [ay], and.")

[6] *this plot*] The modern editors print "laid *this plot*," without informing the reader that "laid" is not found in the folios: it may perhaps have dropt out, but it is not absolutely necessary to the sense.

[7] *so much charity*] Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*so much* of *charity*."

[8] *were*] The second folio "are;" and so Sympson.

[9] *that never more may grow*] "That is, that no more fruits of the earth may be produced. Seward mistakes the construction of this passage." MASON.

But I, alas, have none of these in me!
But keep my wits still, like a frozen man,
That had no fire within him.
Silvio. Nay, good Ricardo,
Leave this wild talk, and send a letter to her:
I will deliver it.
Ric. 'Tis to no purpose:
Perhaps she's lost last night; or, [if] she [is]
Got home again, she's now so strictly look'd to,
The wind can scarce come to her; or admit
She were herself,[1] if she would hear from me,
From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,
She were so foolish that she were no more
To be belov'd.

Enter ANDRUGIO, *and Servant with a night-gown.*

Serv. Sir, we have found this night-gown she took with her.
Andr. Where?[2]
Ric. Where? where? speak quickly.
Serv. Searching in the suburbs,[3] we found a tinker and his whore that had it in a tap-house, whom we apprehended, and they confessed they stole it from her.
Ric. And murdered her? [*Grasps his sword.*
Silvio. What ail you, man?
Ric. Why, all this doth not make
Me mad.
Silvio. It does; you would not offer this else.—
Good Pedro, look to his sword.
[PEDRO *takes his sword.*
Serv. They do deny the killing of her, but swore they left her tied to a tree, in the fields next those suburbs that are without Our Lady's Gate, near day, and by the road, so that some passenger must needs untie her quickly.
Andr. The will of Heaven be done! Sir, I will only entreat you this, — that as you were the greatest occasion of her loss, that you will be pleased to urge your friends, and be yourself earnest in the search of her: if she be found, she is yours, if she please. I myself only [will] see these people better examined, and, after, follow some way in search. God keep you, gentlemen! [*Exit with Servant.*
Silvio. Alas, good man!
Ric. What think you now of me? I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,
Without a soul; for were there[4] so much spirit
As would but warm a flea, those faults of mine
Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold through every vein,[5]
Till it could burst these walls, and fly away.—
Shall I entreat you all to take your horses,
And search this innocent?
Pedro. With all our hearts.
Ric. Do not divide yourselves till you come there
Where they say she was tied; I'll follow too,
But never to return till she be found.
Give me my sword, good Pedro; I will do
No harm, believe me, with it: I am now
Far better temper'd; if I were not so,
I have enow besides. God keep you all,
And send us good success! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — MERCURY'S *Lodging.*

Enter MERCURY *and* Servant.

Merc. Who is it? can you tell?
Serv. By my troth, sir, I know not; but 'tis a gentlewoman.
Merc. A gentlewoman![6] I'll lay my life, yon[7] puppy
Has sent his wife to me: if he have, fling up the bed.
Serv. Here she is, sir.

Enter MARIA.

Maria. I am glad I found you, sir. There, take your letter, [*Gives him letter.*
And keep it till you have another friend to wrong:
'Tis too malicious false to make me sin.
You have provok'd me to be that I love not,
A talker, and you shall hear me.
Why should you dare to imagine me
So light a huswife, that, from four hours' knowledge,
You might presume to offer to my credit
This rude and ruffian trial? I am sure
I never courted you, nor gave you tokens
That might concern assurance.[8] You are a fool.
Merc. I cannot blame you, now I see this letter,
Though you be angry; yet with me you must not,
Unless you'll make me guilty of a wrong
My worst affections hate.[9]
Maria. Did not you send it?
Merc. No, upon my faith;
Which[10] is more, I understand it not: the hand
Is as far from my knowledge as the malice.
Maria. This is strange.
Merc. It is so;
And had been stranger, and indeed more hateful,
Had I, that have receiv'd such courtesies,
And owe so many thanks, done this base office.
Maria. Your name is at it.
Merc. Yes, but not my nature;

[1] —— *or admit She were herself*] "That is, admit that she were mistress of her own actions." MASON.

[2] *Andr. Where?*] Omitted in the second folio; and by Sympson. Andrugio must be supposed to have just met the servant with whom he enters: still, I felt strongly inclined to omit this speech.

[3] *suburbs*] "Were particularly the abode of knaves and whores in the days of our authors," &c. WEBER, — who has an unnecessarily long note on this passage.

[4] *were there*] The correction of Heath, *MS. Notes.* Both the folios, "where there's"; and so the modern editors. The mis-print of *where* for *were* is very common.

[5] *vein*] Both the folios, "sin;" and so the modern editors. Mason remarks, "The sense requires that we should read 'vein,'" — an obviously necessary correction, which had been previously made by Heath, *MS. Notes.* Early printers (why, I know not) frequently blundered in words beginning with the letter *v*.

[6] *gentlewoman*] Both the folios, "gentleman."

[7] *yon*] Both the folios, "you."

[8] *That might concern assurance*] Means perhaps — that might be considered as relating a love-contract, — for *assurance* was formerly often used in the sense of affiance, betrothing.

[9] *hate*] After this word, in both the folios, is a break, as if something were omitted.

[10] *Which*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 chose to print "And *which*."

And I shall hate my name worse than the manner,[1]
For this base broking.[2] You are wise and virtuous,
Remove this fault from me;
For, on the love I bear to truth and goodness,
This letter dare not name me for the author.
Maria. Now I perceive my husband's knavery.
If my man can but find where he has been,
I will go with this gentleman, whatsoever
Comes on't; and, as I mean to carry it,
Both he and all the world shall think it fit,
And thank me for it. [*Aside.*
Merc. I must confess I loved you at first;[3]
However this made me leave your house unmannerly,
That might provoke me to do something ill
Both to your honour and my faith,
And not to write this letter, which I hold
So truly wicked, that I will not think on't.
Maria. I do believe you, and since I see you are free,
My words were not meant to you. But this is not
The half of my affliction.
Merc. 'Tis pity
You should know more vexation: may I inquire?
Maria. Faith, sir, I fear I have lost my husband.
Merc. Your husband! it cannot be. — I pity her; how she's vex'd! [*Aside.*

Enter Servant, *with clothes.*

Maria. How now! what news? nay, speak, for we must know.
Serv. Faith, I have found at length, by chance, where he has been.
Maria. Where?
Serv. In a blind out-house in the suburbs: pray God all be well with him!
Maria. Why?
Serv. There are his clothes; but what's become of him, I cannot yet inquire.[4]
Maria. I am glad of this. — [*Aside.*
Sure they have murder'd him! what shall I do?
Merc. Be not so griev'd before you know the truth:
You have time enough to weep. — This is the sudden'st
Mischief! — Did you not bring an officer
To search there, where you say you found his clothes?
Serv. Yes; and we search'd it, and charg'd the fellow with him;
But he, like a rogue, [a] stubborn rogue, made answer,
He knew not where he was; he had been there,
But where he was now, he could not tell:
I tell you true, I fear him.[5]
Maria. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him,
After this three years' travel, come to this?
Serv. It is the rankest house in all the city,
The most curs'd roguy bawdy-house, — hell fire it!
Merc. This is the worst I heard yet. Will you go home?
I'll bear you company, and give you the
Best help I may: this being here will wrong you.
Maria. As you are a gentleman, and as you lov'd
Your dead friend, let me not go home!
That will but heap one sorrow on another.
Merc. Why, propose any thing, and I'll perform't:
I am at my wits' end too.
Serv. So am I. Oh, my dear master!
Merc. Peace, you great fool!
Maria. Then, good sir, carry me to some retir'd place,
Far from the sight of this unhappy city;
Whither you will indeed, so it be far enough.
Merc. If I might counsel you, I think 'twere better
To go home, and try what may be done yet; he
May be at home afore you; who can tell?
Maria. Oh, no! I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd.
Tell me not of going home; you murder me too.
Merc. Well, since it pleases you to have it so,
I will no more persuade you to go home;
I'll be your guide in the country, as your grief
Doth command me. I have a mother, dwelling from
This place some twenty miles; the house though homely,
Yet able to shew something like a welcome:
Thither I'll see you safe with all your sorrows.
Maria. With all the speed that may be thought upon!
I have a coach here ready; good sir, quickly. —
I'll fit you, my fine husband. [*Aside.*
Merc. It shall be so:
If this fellow be dead, I see no band
Of any other man to tie me from my will;
And I will follow her with such careful service,
That she shall either be my love or wife. —
Will you walk in?
Maria. I thank you, sir; but one word with my man,
And I am ready. — Keep the Irish fellow
Safe, as you love your life, for he, I fear,
Has a deep hand in this; then search again,
And get out warrants for that naughty man
That keeps the bad house, that he may answer it:
If you find the body, give it due burial.
Farewell; you shall hear from me: keep all safe.
Serv. Oh, my sweet master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Hall in* ANTONIO'S *House.*

Ant. [*knocking within.*] Man a cree,
The devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here?
I prithee, now let me go seek my master;
I shall be very cheel else.

Enter First Servant.

First Serv. Do you hear, man a cree?
I'll cree your coxcomb, an you keep not still;
Down, you rogue!

[1] *manner*] Sympson printed "matter." "But," says Mason, "it is of no consequence which we read, as the *matter* would mean the substance, and the *manner* the style, of the letter."
[2] *broking*] i. e. procuring, pandaring.
[3] *at first*] Mason has no doubt that we ought to read "*at first* sight."
[4] *inquire*] "Means here *find out.*" SYMPSON.
[5] *fear him*] i. e. fear for him (as several times already).

Ant. [*within.*] Good sweet-fac'd serving-man,[1]
Let me out, I beseech de, and, by my trot,
I will give dy worship two shillings in good argot,[2]
To buy dy worship pippins.
First Serv. This rogue thinks
All the worth of man consists in pippins. By this light,
I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever.[3]
Ant. [*within.*] Wilt thou not hear me, man?
Is fet, I'll give thee all I have about me.
First Serv. I thank you, sir; so I may have picking work.[4]
Ant. [*within.*] Here is five shillings, man.
First Serv. Here is a cudgel,
A very good one.

Enter Second Servant.[5]

Sec. Serv. How now! what's the matter?
Where's the Irishman?
First Serv. There, a with take him![6]
He makes more noise alone there, than ten lawyers
Can do with double [fees[7]] and a scurvy case.
Sec. Serv. Let him out; I must talk with him.
[First Servant *unlocks a door.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Wilt thou give me some drink? oh, hone, I am very dry, man!
Sec. Serv. You shall have that shall quench your thirst, my friend.
Ant. Fate[8] dost thou mean, man?
Sec. Serv. Even a good tough halter.
Ant. A halter! oh, hone!
Sec. Serv. Sirrah,
You are a mischievous rogue, that's the truth.
Ant. No, fet, I am not.
First Serv. Shall I knock out his brains? I have kill'd dogs
Have been worth three of him for all uses.
Sec. Serv. Sirrah,
The truth on't is, you must with me to a justice. —
Oh, Roger, Roger!
First. Serv. Why, what's the matter, William?
Sec. Serv. Heavy news, Roger, heavy news; God comfort us!
First Serv. What is't, man?
Ant. What's the matter now? — I am e'en weary of this way:
Would I were out on't! [*Aside.*
Sec. Serv. My master sure
Is murder'd, Roger, and this cursed rogue,
I fear has had a hand in't.
Ant. No, fet, not!
First Serv. Stand away; I'll kick't out of him. — Come, sirrah, mount;
I'll make you dance, you rascal: kill my master!
If thy breach were cannon-proof, having this good
Cause on my side, I would encounter it:
Hold fair, shamrock!
Ant. Why, how now, sirs! you will not murder me, indeed? [*Throws off his disguise.*
Sec. Serv. Bless us, Roger!
Ant. Nay, I am no spirit.
Sec. Serv. How do you, sir? —
This is my very master.
Ant. Why, well enough yet;
But you have a heavy foot of your own. Where's my wife?
First Serv. Alas, poor sorrowful gentlewoman! she
Thinks you are dead, and has given o'er housekeeping.
Ant. Whither is she gone, then?
First Serv. Into the country with the gentleman, your friend, sir,
To see if she can wear her sorrows out there;
She weeps and takes on too, too[9] ——
Ant. This falls out pat;
I shall be everlasting for a name. — [*Aside.*
Do you hear? upon your lives and faiths to me,
Not one word I am living;
But let the same report pass along,
That I am murder'd still.[10] — I am made forever. [*Aside.*
First Serv. Why, sir?
Ant. I have a cause, sir; that's enough for you. —
Well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much:
For any thing I know, I will not trouble 'em[11]
This week at least; no, let them take their way
One of another. [*Aside.*
First Serv. Sir, will you be still an Irishman?
Ant. Yes, a while.
Sec. Serv. But your worship will be beaten no more?
Ant. No, I thank you, William.
First Serv. In truth, sir, if it must be so, I'll do it
Better than a stranger.
Ant. Go, you are knaves both;
But I forgive you. — I am almost mad

[1] *serving-man*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*sarving-man.*"

[2] *argot*] "Probably [certainly] a purposed corruption of *argent*, silver." Weber.

[3] *I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever*] "A second slur this upon the rebellious Irish." Sympson. See p. 465.

[4] *may have picking work*] "Meaning he was *lousy.*" Sympson.

[5] *Enter Second Servant*] Both the folios "*Enter two* Serving-men;" which, strangely enough, the modern editors did not perceive to be an error. The "*Servant,*" who has previously entered, certainly remains on the stage; and, in the last speech of this scene, Antonio says, "you are knaves *both.*"

[6] *a with take him*] A *with*, *withe*, or *wyth* is a willow-twig. The editors have written to little purpose about this passage, which is excellently illustrated by the following quotation from Bacon in Johnson's *Dict.* (in v. *Withe:*) "An Irish rebel put up a petition, that he might be *hanged in a with*, and not a halter, because it had been so used with former rebels."

[7] [*fees*] Inserted by Sympson.

[8] *Fate*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "Wat."

[9] *takes on too, too* —] Altered by the modern editors to "*takes on too* —"

[10] *But let the same report pass along,*
That I am murder'd still] Sympson (who took the most extraordinary liberties with the text of this play) remodelled the present passage thus;

"*But let the same report, that I am murder'd,*
Still pass along."

[11] *'em*] Both the folios "him;" and so the modern editors. This misprint, which is frequent in early dramas, has occurred before; see p. 223.

With the apprehension[1] of what I shall be. — [*Aside.*
Not a word, I charge you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Country.*

Enter VALERIO *and* VIOLA.

Val. Come, pretty soul, we now are near our home,
And, whilst our horses are walk'd down the hill,
Let thou and I walk here over this close;
The footway is more pleasant. 'Tis a time,
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of love;
Art not thou so too, ha?
Viola. Nay, there are living things[2] empty of love,
Or I had not been here; but, for myself,
Alas, I have too much!
Val. It cannot be,
That so much beauty, so much youth and grace,
Should have too much of love.
Viola. Pray, what is love?
For I am full of that I do not know.
Val. Why, love, fair maid, is an extreme desire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd:
To ask the reason why thou art in love,
Or what might be the noblest end in love,
Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth
That many times slides gently o'er the heart;
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts would be,
Like a thrice-married widow, full of ends,
And void of all compassion; and, to fright thee
From such inquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen, the knowing what love is,
Would make thee six-and-forty.
Viola. Would it would make me nothing! I have heard
Scholars affirm, the world's upheld by love;
But I believe women maintain all this,
For there's no love in men.
Val. Yes, in some men.
Viola. I know them not.
Val. Why, there is love in me.
Viola. There's charity, I am sure, towards me.
Val. And love,
Which I will now express. My pretty maid,
I dare not bring thee home: my wife is foul,[3]
And therefore envious; she is very old,
And therefore jealous; thou art fair and young,
A subject fit for her unlucky vices
To work upon; she never will endure thee.
Viola. She may endure,
If she be aught but devil, all the friendship
That I will hold with you. Can she endure
I should be thankful to you? may I pray
For you and her? will she be brought to think
That all the honest industry I have
Deserves brown bread? if this may be endur'd,
She'll pick a quarrel with a sleeping child,
Ere she fall out with me.
Val. But, trust me, she does hate all handsomeness.
Viola. How fell you in[4] love with such a creature?
Val. I never lov'd her.
Viola. And yet married her?
Val. She was a rich one.
Viola. And you swore, I warrant you,
She was a fair one then too?
Val. Or, believe me,
I think I had not had her.
Viola. Are you men
All such? Would you would wall us in a place,
Where all we women that are innocent
Might live together!
Val. Do not weep at this:
Although I dare not, for some weighty reason,
Displease my wife, yet I['ll] forget not thee.
Viola. What will you do with me?
Val. Thou shalt be plac'd
At my man's house, and have such food and raiment
As can be bought with money: these white hands
Shall never learn to work; but they shall play,
As thou sayst they were wont, teaching the strings
To move in order; or what else thou wilt.
Viola. I thank you, sir; but, pray you, clothe me poorly,
And let my labour get me means to live.
Val. But, fair one, you, I know, do so much hate
A foul ingratitude, you will not look
I should do this for nothing.
Viola. I will work
As much out as I can, and take as little:[5]
That[6] you shall have as duly paid to you
As ever servant did.
Val. But give me now a trial on't, I may believe:[7]
We are alone; shew me how thou wilt kiss
And hug me hard, when I have stoln away
From my too-clamorous wife, that watches me,
To spend a blessèd hour or two with thee.
Viola. Is this the love you mean? you would have that
Is not in me to give; you would have lust.
Val. Not to dissemble, or to mince the word,
'Tis lust I wish indeed.
Viola. And, by my troth,
I have it not. For Heaven's sake, use me kindly,
Though I be good, and shew perhaps a monster,
As this world goes.
Val. I do but speak to thee;
Thy answers are thy own; I compel none:
But if thou refuse this motion,
Thou art not then for me. Alas, good soul,
What profit can thy work bring me?

[1] *apprehension*] "Does not here mean fear, but imagination." MASON.

[2] *Nay, there are living things, &c.*] In order to make the metre run on regularly from the preceding speech, the Editors of 1778 and Weber alter here the arrangement of the folios; but, as they consequently do away with the hemistich at the close of the present speech, they gain nothing by the alteration.

[3] *foul*] i. e. ugly.

[4] *you in*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "*you then in.*"

[5] *little*] The modern editors print "*little*, and"!

[6] *That*] "i. e. the proceeds of her labour." MASON.

[7] *But give me now a trial on't, I may believe*] The modern editors print, —

"But give me now
A trial *of it, that* I may believe."

The irregularity of the metre in other parts of this scene makes against the alteration.

Viola. But I fear: I pray, go; for lust, they say, will grow
Outrageous, being denied. I give you thanks
For all your courtesies, and there's a jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preserve
Safe from the robbers. Pray you, leave me here
Just as you found me, a poor innocent,
And Heaven will bless you for it.
Val. Pretty maid,
I am no robber nor no ravisher.
I pray thee, keep thy jewel. I have done
No wrong to thee. Though thou be'st virtuous,
And in extremity, I do not know
That I am bound to keep thee.
Viola. No, sir:
For God's sake, if you know an honest man
In all these countries, give me some directions
To find him out.
Val. More honest than myself,
Good sooth, I do not know: I would have lain
With thee, with thy consent; and who would not
In all these parts, is past my memory.
I am sorry for thee. Farewell, gentle maid;
God keep thee safe!
Viola. I thank you, sir, and you! —
[*Exit* VALERIO.
Woman, they say, was only made of man:
Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike;
It may be, all the best was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him. — I'll sit me down and weep:
All things have cast me from 'em but the earth.
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter NAN *and* MADGE *with milk-pails.*

Nan. Good Madge, let's rest a little; by my troth, I am weary. This new pail is a plaguy heavy one: would Tom were hanged for choosing it! 'tis the untowardest fool in a country.
Madge. With all my heart, and I thank you too, Nan.
Viola. What true contented happiness dwells here,
More than in cities! Would to God my father
Had liv'd like one of these, and bred me up
To milk, and do as they do! methinks 'tis
A life that I would choose, if I were now
To tell my time, again above a prince's. —
[*Aside.*
Maids, for charity, give a poor wench one draught of milk,
That weariness and hunger have nigh famish'd!
Nan. If I had but one cow's milk in all the world,
You should have some on't. There: drink more; the cheese
Shall pay for it. — Alas, poor heart, she's dry!
Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?
Viola. No; would I did!
Nan. Madge, if she do not look like my cousin Sue o' the Moor-lane, as one thing can look like another!
Madge. Nay, Sue has a hazel eye, — I know Sue well, — and, by your leave, not so trim a body neither; this a feat-bodied[1] thing, I tell you.

[1] *feat-bodied*] i. e. neat-bodied.

Nan. She laces close, by the mass, I warrant you; and so does Sue too.
Viola. I thank you for your gentleness, fair maids.
Nan. Drink again, pray thee.
Viola. I am satisfied; and Heaven reward thee for't!
Yet thus far I will compel you, to accept
These trifles, toys only that express my thanks,
For greater worth I'm sure they have not in them:
Indeed you shall; I found 'em as I came.
Nan. Madge, look you here, Madge!
Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you; mine's all gold, and painted, and a precious stone in't: I warrant, it cost a crown, wench.
Nan. But mine is the most sumptuous one that e'er I saw.
Viola. One favour you must do me more; for you
Are well acquainted here.
Nan. Indeed, we'll do you any kindness, sister.
Viola. Only to send me to some honest place,
Where I may find a service.
Nan. 'Uds me, our Dorothy went away but last week, and I know my mistress wants a maid, and why may she not be placed there? This is a likely wench, I tell you truly, and a good wench, I warrant her.
Madge. And 'tis a hard case, if we, that have served four years a-piece, cannot bring in one servant: we will prefer her. — Hark you, sister; pray, what's your name?
Viola. Melvia.
Nan. A feat name, i'faith: and can you milk a cow?
And make a merry-bush? that's nothing.
Viola. I shall learn quickly.
Nan. And dress a house with flowers? and serve a pig?
(This you must do, for we deal in the dairy,)
And make a bed or two?
Viola. I hope I shall.
Nan. But be sure to keep the men out; they will mar
All that you make else; I know that by myself,
For I have been so touz'd among 'em in my days!
Come, you shall e'en home with us, and be our fellow;
Our house is so honest!
And we serve a very good woman, and a gentlewoman;
And we live as merrily, and dance o' good days
After even-song. Our wake shall be on Sunday:
Do you know what a wake is? we have mighty cheer then,
And such a coil, 'twould bless ye!
You must not be so bashful, you'll spoil all.
Madge. Let's home, for God's sake!
My mistress thinks by this time we are lost.
Come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you:
But you must tell my mistress where you were born,
And every thing that belongs to you, and the strangest things
You can devise, for she loves those extremely;
'Tis no matter whether they be true or no,
She's not so scrupulous. You must be our sister,
And love us best, and tell us every thing;

And, when cold weather comes, we'll lie together.
Will you do this?
Viola. Yes.
Nan. Then home again, o' God's name! can you go apace?
Viola. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Country.*

Enter PEDRO *and* SILVIO,[1] *severally.*

Pedro. How now? any good news yet?
Silvio. Faith, not any yet.
Pedro. This comes o' tippling. Would 'twere treason, an't pleased[2] God, to drink more than three draughts at a meal!
Silvio. When did you see Ricardo?
Pedro. I crossed him twice to-day.
Silvio. You have heard of a young wench that was seen last night?
Pedro. Yes.
Silvio. Has Ricardo heard of this?
Pedro. Yes; and I think he's ridden after. Farewell: I'll have another round.
Silvio. If you hear any thing, pray, spare no horse-flesh. I'll do the like.
Pedro. Do. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *A Hall in the House of* VALERIO.

Enter RICARDO *and* VALERIO.

Ric. Sir, I did think 'twas you, by all descriptions.
Val. 'Tis so,
I took her up indeed; the manner how,
You have heard already, and what she had about her,
(As jewels, gold, and other trifling things,)
And what my end was, which because she slighted,
I left her there i' the fields.
Ric. Left i' the fields! Could any but a rogue,
That had despis'd humanity and goodness,
God, law, and credit, and had set himself
To lose his noblest part, and be a beast,
Have left so innocent unmatch'd a virtue
To the rude mercy of a wilderness?
Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray, quit my house;
I do not use to have such language given
Within my doors to me. For[3] your wench,
You may go seek her with more patience;
She's tame enough, I warrant you.
Ric. Pray, forgive me,
(I do confess my much forgetfulness,)
And weigh my words no farther, I beseech you,
Than a mere madness; for such a grief has seiz'd me,
So strong and deadly, as a punishment,
And a just one too,
That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,
Than any thing I utter. Yet, let me tell you
Thus much; it was a fault for leaving her
So in the fields.
Val. Sir, I will think so now;[4] and, credit me,
You have so wrought me with your grief, that I,
Do both forgive and pity you:
And if you'll please to take a bed this night here,
To-morrow I will bring you where I left her.
Ric. I thank you; no. Shall I be so unworthy
To think upon a bed, or ease, or comfort,
And have my heart stray from me, God knows where,
Cold and forsaken, destitute of friends,
And all good comforts else, unless some tree,
Whose speechless charity must better ours,
With which the bitter east winds made their sport
And sung through hourly, hath invited her
To keep off half a day?[5] Shall she be thus,
And I draw in soft slumbers? God forbid!
No, night and bitter coldness, I provoke thee,
And all the dews that hang upon thy locks,
Showers, hails, snows, frosts, and two-edg'd winds that prime[6]
The maiden blossoms; I provoke you all,
And dare expose this body to your sharpness,
Till I be made a land-mark!
Val. Will you, then, stay and eat with me?
Ric. You are angry with me, I know you're angry;
You would not bid me eat else. — My poor mistress!
For aught I know, thou art famish'd; for what else
Can the fields yield thee, and the stubborn season
That yet holds in the fruit? — Good gentle sir,
Think not ill manners in me for denying
Your offer'd meat; for, sure, I cannot eat
While I do think she wants. Well, I'm a rascal,
A villain, slave, that only was begotten
To murder women, and of them the best.
Val. This is a strange affliction. If you will
Accept no greater courtesy, yet drink, sir.
Ric. Now I am sure you hate me: an you knew
What kind of man I am — as indeed 'tis fit
That every man should know me, to avoid me —
If you have peace within you, sir, or goodness,
Name that abhorr'd word *drink* no more unto me;
You had safer strike me:
I pray you, do not; if you love me, do not!

[1] *Pedro and Silvio*] Here both the folios have "*Pedro and* Uberto," though to the speeches in this scene they prefix "*Pedro*" and "*Silvio.*"

[2] *pleased*] The modern editors give, with the second folio, "please."

[3] *For*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 print, "As *for.*"

[4] *Sir, I will think so now, &c.*] I follow here the arrangement of both the folios. The modern editors divide the lines differently, that the metre may run on regularly from the preceding speech.

[5] *To keep off half a day*] Is rightly explained by the Editors of 1778 — to keep off the weather during half a day. Mason, very unnecessarily, would read "*To* sleep *off half a day.*"

[6] *prime*] Sympson printed "pine:" and also conjectured (*probante* Seward) that the right reading might be "prune." The Editors of 1778 retained the old reading: so did Weber, who was, however, "strongly inclined" to print "prune." No alteration is required. The poet describes the cutting off the blossoms of a tree by a word which is properly applied to the pruning of its boughs: "*Priming* a tree, pruning it. Norf. and Suff." Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* ed. 1839. "*Priming.* Pruning the lower, or *wash*-boughs of a tree." Moor's *Suffolk Words.*

Val. Sir, I mean no ill by it.
Ric. It may be so;
Nor let me see none, sir, if you love Heaven;
You know not what offence it is unto me;
Nor, good now, do not ask me why: and I warn
You once again, let no man else speak of't;
I fear your servants will be prating to me.
Val. Why, sir, what ail you?
Ric. I hate drink, there's the end on't;
And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd,[1]
Without an age of prayers and repentance, —
And there's a hazard too. Good sir, no more:
If you will do me a free courtesy,
That I shall know for one, go take your horse,
And bring me to the place where[2] you left her.
Val. Since you are so importunate, I will:
But I will wish, sir, you had stay'd to-night;
Upon my credit, you shall see no drink.
Ric. Be gone! the hearing of it makes me giddy:
Sir, will you be entreated to forbear it?
I shall be mad else.
Val. I pray, no more of that; I am quiet:
I'll but walk in, and away straight.
Ric. Now I thank you:
But what you do, do in a twinkling, sir.
Val. As soon as may be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* MERCURY'S Mother.

Enter Mother, VIOLA, NAN, *and* MADGE.

Mother. Is this the wench? you have brought me some catch, I warrant:
How daringly[3] she looks upon the matter!
Madge. Yes, forsooth, this is the maiden.
Mother. Come hither: would you serve?
Viola. If it shall please you to accept my service,
I hope I shall do something that shall like you,
Though it be but truth, and often praying for you.
Mother. You are very curious of your hand, methinks,
You preserve it so with gloves: let me see it. —
Ay, marry, here's a hand of marchpane,[4] wenches!
This pretty palm never knew sorrow yet;
How soft it is, I warrant you, and supple!
O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket,
To filch withal, than to work: I fear me, little one,
You are no better than you should be; go to!
Viola. My conscience yet is but one witness to me,
And that, Heaven knows, is of mine innocence:
'Tis true, I must confess with shame enough,
The time that I have led yet never taught me
What 'twas to break a sleep, or to be weary.
Mother. You can say well; if you be mine, wench, you
Must do well too, for words are but slow workers:
Yet, so much hope I have of you, that I'll take you,
So you'll be diligent, and do your duty.

Enter ALEXANDER.

How now?
Alex. There is a messenger come from your son,
That brings you word he is return'd from travel,
And will be here this night.
Mother. Now joy upon thee for it! thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings; there, drink that.
[*Gives him money.*
In troth, thou hast much contented me — my son! —
Lord, how thou hast pleas'd me! — shall I see my son
Yet, ere I die? — Take care my house be handsome,
And the new stools set out, and boughs and rushes,[5]
And flowers for the window, and the Turkey carpet,[6]
And the great parcel salt,[7] Nan, with the cruets!
And, prithee, Alexander, go to the cook,
And bid him spare for nothing, — my son's come home!
Who's come with him?
Alex. I hear of none yet, but a gentlewoman.
Mother. A gentlewoman! what gentlewoman?
Alex. I know not; but such a one there is, he says.
Mother. Pray God, he have not cast away himself
Upon some snout-fair[8] piece! I do not like it.
Alex. No, sure, my master has more discretion.
Mother. Well, be it how it will, he shall be welcome. —

[1] *And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd*] "As the line is deficient by a syllable, why may we not preserve the sentiment, and restore the measure, by reading thus:
'*And that man that drinks* without *meat is damn'd.*' "
SYMPSON.
"If we adopt Sympson's amendment, the metre will be equally defective; and it is a stronger expression to say, that he who drinks even with his meat is damned." MASON.

[2] *where*] Sympson printed "whereat."

[3] *daringly*] So the second folio. The first folio, "injuringly."

[4] *marchpane*] A confection, made generally of almonds and sugar, pounded and baked together. It constantly formed part of the *banquets* (desserts) of our ancestors. See Nares's *Gloss* in v.

[5] *rushes*] With which, before the introduction of carpets, the floors used to be strewn.

[6] *the Turkey carpet*] For covering the table. Many old pictures shew that Turkey-carpets used to be spread on tables; and *carpet* in the sense of table-cover is common in our early writers.

[7] *the great parcel salt*] Here, as Weber rightly explains it, "*parcel*" is equivalent to — *parcel-gilt*, i. e. partly gilt: "*salt*" is salt-cellar, — which formerly was made very large, and placed about the middle of the table, the guests of higher rank sitting "above the salt," their inferiors "below the salt."

[8] *snout-fair*] Is a word found occasionally in our early writers.
"But Estrild, *snout-faire* Estrild, she was sparde, forsooth to traine
With whorish tricks a vicious King."
Warner's *Albions England*, B. iii., chap. 14, p. 64, ed. 1612.
"Nor to your Mopsey without: though shee be *snout-faire*, and has some wit, shee's too little for me." Brome's *Court Beggar*, sig. P. — *Five New Playes*, 1653.

Sirs,[1] to your tasks, and shew this little novice
How to bestir herself: I'll sort out things.
Madge. We will, forsooth. [*Exit* Mother.] —
I can tell you, my mistress is
A stirring woman.
Nan. Lord, how she'll talk sometimes!
'Tis the maddest cricket ——
Viola. Methinks she talks well,
And shews a great deal of good huswifery.
Pray, let me deck the chambers; shall I?
Nan. Yes,
You shall; but do not scorn to be advised, sister,
For there belongs more to that than you are aware on:
Why would you venture so fondly upon the strowings?
There's mighty matters in them, I'll assure you,
And in the spreading of a bough-pot; you may miss,
If you were ten years elder, if you take not
A special care before you.
Viola. I will learn willingly, if that be all.
Nan. Sirrah, where is't they say my young master hath been?
Madge. Faith, I know not; beyond the sea, where they are born without noses.[2]
Nan. Jesse bless us, without noses! how do they do for handkerchers?
Madge. So Richard says: and, sirrah, their feet stand in their foreheads.
Nan. That's fine, by my troth: these men have pestilent running heads, then. Do they speak as we do?
Madge. No, they never speak.
Nan. Are they cursened?[3]
Madge. No, they call them infidels; I know not what they are.
Nan. Sirrah, we shall have fine courting, now my young master is come home. — Were you never courted, sister?
Viola. Alas, I know it not.
Madge. What is that courting, sirrah?
Nan. I can tell, for I was once courted in the matted chamber: you know the party, Madge; faith, he courted finely.
Madge. Pray thee, what is't?
Nan. Faith, nothing, but he was somewhat figent[4] with me; faith, 'tis fine sport, this courting.
Alex. [*within.*] Where be the maids there?
Madge. We shall be hang'd anon! Away, good wenches!
And have a care you dight things handsomely:
I will look over you. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Sirs*] Was not unfrequently, as we have already seen, employed in addressing women. So, presently, Nan and Madge call each other "Sirrah."

[2] *where they are born without noses*] "This, and the ensuing descriptions of men wonderfully made, are in ridicule of the strange relations of Sir Walter Raleigh, and other contemporary travellers. Shakespeare, too, alludes to similar monsters in a more serious manner, where Othello is said to have told Desdemona —

—— 'Of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.'" WEBER.

[3] *cursened*] A corruption of — *christened*, which has occurred before.

[4] *figent*] i. e. fidgetty, restless, or (as Weber explains it) troublesome, meddling.

SCENE IV. — *A Hall in the same.*

Enter MERCURY *and* MARIA.

Merc. If your sorrow
Will give you so far leave, pray, think yourself
Most welcome to this place, for so, upon
My life, you are; and for your own fair sake,
Take truce a while with these immoderate mournings.
Maria. I thank you, sir; I shall do what I may.
Pray, lead me to a chamber.

Enter Mother *and* ALEXANDER.

Merc. Presently. —
Before your blessing, mother, I entreat you
To know this gentlewoman, and bid her welcome, —
The virtuous wife of him that was myself
In all my travels.
Mother. Indeed, she is most welcome; so are you, son: [MERC. *kneels.*
Now, all my blessing on thee! thou hast made me
Younger by twenty years than I was yesterday.
Will you walk in? What ails this gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear she is not well, good gentlewoman!
Merc. You fear right.
Mother. She has fasted over long;
You shall have supper presently o' the board.
Merc. She will not eat, I can assure you, mother:
For God's sake, let your maid conduct her up
Into some fair becoming chamber, fit for
A woman of her being, and as soon as may be;
I know she's very ill, and would have rest.
Mother. There is one ready for her, the blue chamber.
Merc. 'Tis well. — I'll lead you to your chamber-door,
And there I'll leave you to your quiet,[5] mistress.
Maria. I thank you, sir. — Good rest to every one! —
You'll see me once again to-night, I hope.
Merc. When you shall please, I'll wait upon you, lady.
Mother. Where are these maids? Attend upon the gentlewoman,
[*To* Maids *within.*
And see she want no good thing in the house! —
Good night with all my heart, forsooth.
[*Exit* MARIA.
Good lord,
How you are grown! — Is he not, Alexander?
Alex. Yes, truly, he's shot up finely, God be thanked!
Merc. An ill weed, mother, will do so.
Alex. You say true, sir; an ill weed grows apace.
Merc. Alexander the sharp, you take me very quickly.

[5] *your quiet*] Weber prints "*your* own *quiet*"!

Mother. Nay, I can tell you, Alexander will do it. —
Do you read *Madcap* still?
Alex. Sometimes, forsooth.[1]
Mother. But, faith, son, what countries have you travell'd?
Merc. Why, many, mother, as they lay before me;
France, Spain, Italy, and Germany,
And other provinces, that I am sure
You are not better'd by, when you hear of them.
Mother. And can you[2] these tongues perfectly?
Merc. Of some
A little, mother.
Mother. Pray, spout some French, son.
Merc. You understand it not; and to your ears
'Twill go like an unshod cart upon the stones,
Only a rough unhandsome sound.
Mother. Faith, I would fain hear some French.
Alex. Good sir, speak some French to my mistress.
Merc. At your entreaty, Alexander, I will.
Who shall I speak to?
Alex. If your worship will do me the favour, sir, to me.
Merc. *Monsieur poltron,*[3] *cocu, couillon, baisez mon cû!*
Alex. *Oui, monsieur.*
Mother. Ha, ha, ha!
This [is] fine, indeed! God's blessing on thy heart, son!
By my troth, thou art grown a proper gentleman.
Cullen and *Poullen*, — good God,
What sawcy[4] words they use beyond the seas!
Ha, ha, ha!
Alex. Did not I answer right?[5]
Merc. Yes, good Alexander,
If you had done so too. — But, good mother,
I am very hungry, and have rid far to-day,
And am fasting.
Mother. You shall have your supper presently, my sweet son.
Merc. As soon as you please; which once ended,
I'll go and visit yon sick gentlewoman.
Mother. Come, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Before the House of* MERCURY'S *Mother.*

Enter ANTONIO, *disguised as a post, with a letter.*

Ant. I have ridden like a fury, to make up this work;
And I will do it bravely ere I leave it.
This is the house, I am sure. [*Knocks.*

Enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Who would you speak with, sir?
Ant. Marry, sir, I would speak with
A gentlewoman came this night late here from the city;
I have some letters of importance to her.
I am a post, sir, and would be despatched
In haste.
Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em?
For the truth is, she's ill, and in her chamber.
Ant. Pray, pardon me; I must needs speak with her,
My business is so weighty.
Alex. I'll tell her so, and bring you present word.
Ant. Pray, do so, and I'll attend her.
[*Exit* ALEXANDER.
Pray God, the grief of my imagin'd death
Spoil not what I intend! I hope it will not.

Re-enter ALEXANDER.

Alex. Though she be very ill, and desires no trouble,
Yet, if your business be so urgent, you may
Come up and speak with her.
Ant. I thank you, sir; I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *A Bed-chamber in the same.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. What should this fellow be, i' the name of Heaven,
That comes with such post business? Sure, my husband
Hath reveal'd himself, and in this haste sent after me.

Enter ANTONIO.

Are you the post, my friend?
Ant. Yes, forsooth, mistress.
Maria. What good news hast thou brought me, gentle post?
For I have woe and grief too much already.
Ant. I would you had less, mistress, I could wish it. —
Beshrew my heart, she moves me cruelly. [*Aside.*
Maria. Have I found you once more, juggler?
Well, jewel, thou hast only virtue in thee,
Of all I read of yet: what ears has this ass
To betray him with! [*Aside.*] — Well, what's your business, then?

[1] Alex. *Sometimes, forsooth*] "It is evident," says Mason, "that this reply belongs to Mercury, not to Alexander, who knew nothing of Mercury's conduct during his travels; and it is to Mercury that the question is addressed." Weber accordingly transferred this speech to Mercury. But Mason altogether misunderstood the passage. The Mother, after remarking that Alexander is indeed a very acute personage, asks him if he still continues to sharpen his intellect by reading *Madcap*. And here our authors have another fling at Nicholas Breton (see p. 424, and note), one of whose pamphlets is certainly alluded to, — either, as Weber supposes, *Pasquils Mad-cap*, and *Mad-cappes Message*, 1600, of which a Second Part appeared during the same year, or, as I am more inclined to think, *Old Mad-cappes new Gallymaufry, made into a merrie messe of mingle-mangle out of these three idle conceited humours following*: 1. *I will not*; 2. *Oh the merrie time*; 3. *Out of Money*, 1602. (I give the titles of these rare pieces from Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.*)

[2] *can you*] i. e. know you.

[3] *Monsieur poltron, &c.*] Printed thus in both the folios;

"*Mounseir, Poultron, Coukew, Cullione, Basay, Man cur.*
Alex. *Awe Mounseir.*"

[4] *sawcy*] The first folio has "aucey." The second reads "awkeward;" and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

[5] *Did not I answer right*] So the second folio. The first folio has "*Did not* you sweare *right?*" ("you sweare" being most probably a typographical error for "I answeare you"); and so Weber, who, when he adopted such a reading, could not have understood the joke in Mercury's reply to this question.

Ant. I have brought a letter from your servant, mistress,
In haste.
Maria. Pray, give it me; I hope the best still. [*Takes letter.*
Ant. This is the upshot, and I know I have hit it.
Well, if the spirits of the dead do walk,
I shall hear more of this one[1] hundred years hence. [*Aside.*
Maria. [*reads.*] *By any means, you must have special care;*
For now the[2] *city is possess'd*[3] *for certain,*
My master is made away;
Which, for aught I know, is a truth indeed.
Good mistress, leave your grief, and see your danger,
And let that wise and noble gentleman
With whom you are, be your right hand in all things.
Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't
By the languishing of her eye at this near instant;
'Tis still simming[4] in her blood, in coining
Somewhat to turn Mercury, I know it. [*Aside.*
Maria. He is my husband, and 'tis reasonable
He should command in all things: since he will be
An ass against the hair,[5] at his own peril
Be it. [*Aside.*] — In the morn you shall have a packet;
Till when, I must entreat you, stay; you shall
Not lose by it.
Ant. I do not doubt it, mistress:
I'll leave you to your rest, and wait your pleasure.
Maria. Do; and seek out the gentleman of the house;
Bid him come to me presently.
Ant. Who? Master Mercury?
Maria. Do you know him, post?
Ant. Only by sight, forsooth:
Now I remember your servant willèd me
To let you know he is the only man
You and your fortunes are now to rest upon.
Maria. Prithee, no more; I know all this already.
Ant. I'll take my leave now. — I am made for ever. [*Aside.*
Maria. Good night. — [*Exit* ANTONIO.
I am provided for you, my fine youth. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. — *A Room in the same.*

Enter Mother, *beating* VIOLA, *and* ALEXANDER *with a broken glass.*

Mother. I'll make thee have more care.
Viola. Good mistress, pardon me!
Mother. Thou't[6] ne'er be good, I warrant thee: can your fine fingers hold no faster?

[1] *one*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "an."
[2] *the*] Altered by Weber to "this."
[3] *possess'd*] "i. e. informed." WEBER.
[4] *simming*] i. e. simmering.
[5] *against the hair*] Equivalent to — against the grain, contrary to nature.
[6] *Thou't*] Here the second folio has "Thou'lt;" but in a subsequent speech of the Mother (next col.) it reads, with the first folio, "*Thou't.*"

Viola. Indeed, it was against my will.
Mother. Alexander, let's see the glass. As I am true kirsome[7] woman, it is one of the crystal glasses my cousin sent me! and the baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended. Alexander, can Humphry mend this, think you?
Alex. No, truly, this will ne'er be mended.
Viola. Truly, I meant but to wash it for the gentlewoman that is sick above, and, shaking out the water, knocked it against the pail-side.
Mother. Did you so? Be sure I'll stop it: 't will make a good gap in your quarter's wages, I can tell you.
Viola. I pray, forgive me, and let me have no wages this first quarter.
Mother. Go, whimling, and fetch two or three grating-loaves out of the kitchen, to make gingerbread of. 'Tis such an untoward thing! [*Exit* VIOLA.
Alex. She's somewhat simple, indeed; she knew not what a kimnel[8] was; she wants good nurture mightily.
Mother. My son tells me, Alexander, that this young widow means to sojourn here: she offers largely for her board; I may offer her good cheer. Prithee, make a step i' the morning down to the parsonage for some pigeons. — [*Noise within.*] — What, are you mad there? what noise is that? are you at bowls within?

Re-enter VIOLA, *weeping.*

Why do you whine?
Viola. I have done another fault; I beseech you, sweet mistress, forgive me!
Mother. What's the matter?
Viola. As I was reaching for the bread that lay upon the shelf, I have thrown down the minced meat, that should have made the pies tomorrow.
Mother. Get thee out of my house, thou filthy destroying harlot, thou! I'll not keep thee an hour longer.
Viola. Good mistress, beat me rather for my fault,
As much as it deserves! I do not know
Whither to go.
Mother. No, I warrant thee; out of my doors!
Viola. Indeed I'll mend. — I pray, speak you for me!
Alex. If thou hadst hurled down any thing but the pie-meat, I would have spoke for thee; but I cannot find in my heart now.[9]
Mother. Art thou here yet? I think I must have an officer to thrust thee out of my doors, must I?
Viola. Why, you may stop this in my wages too;
For God's sake, do! — I'll find myself this year, —
And let me stay.
Mother. Thou't spoil ten times as much. I'll cudgel thee out of my doors.
Viola. I am assur'd you are more merciful
Than thus to beat me and discharge me too.

[7] *kirsome*] i. e. Christian (corrupted from *chrysom*).
[8] *kimnel*] "Or *kemlin*, is a powdering-tub." SYMPSON.
[9] *but I cannot find in my heart now*] Sympson (that the words might run more easily into verse) printed "*but now I cannot find in my heart;*" and so the Editors of 1778.

Mother. Dost thou dispute with me? — Alexander, carry the prating hilding[1] forth.

Viola. Good mistress, hear me! I have here a jewel [*Kneels.*
My mother left me, and 'tis something worth:
Receive it; and when all my faults together
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth;
Till then, I pray you, keep me.

Mother. What jiggumbob have we here? Pray God, you have not pilfered this somewhere. Thou'rt such a puling thing! wipe your eyes, and rise; go your ways. — Alexander, bid the cook mince some more meat. — Come, and get you to bed quickly, that you may up betime i' the morning a-milking, or you and I shall fall out worse yet. [*Exeunt* Mother *and* ALEXANDER.

Viola. She has hurt my arm: I am afraid she is
A very angry woman;
But bless him, Heaven, that did me the most wrong!
I am afraid Antonio's wife should see me;
She will know me.

Mother. [*within.*] Maria!

Viola. I am coming! — she's not angry again, I hope. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. — *A Gallery in the same.*

Enter MERCURY.

Merc. Now what am I the better for enjoying
This woman that I lov'd so? All I find,
That I before imagin'd to be happy,
Now I have done it, turns to nothing else
But a poor pitied, and a base repentance.
'Udsfoot, I am monstrous angry with myself!
Why should a man, that has discourse and reason,[2]
And knows how near he loses all in these things,
Covet to have his wishes satisfied?
Which, when they are, are nothing but the shame.
I do begin to loathe this woman strangely,
And, I think, justly too, that durst adventure,
Flinging away her modesty, to take
A stranger to her bed, (her husband's body
Being scarce cold in the earth,) for her content.
It was no more to take my senses with,
Than if I had had an idle dream in sleep:[3]
Yet I have made her promises, which grieves me,
And I must keep 'em too. — I think she hunts me:
The devil cannot keep these women off,
When they are flesh'd[4] once.

Enter MARIA, *in night-attire.*

Maria. To bed, for God's sake, sir!
Why do you stay here? some are up i' the house;
I heard the wife.[5] Good dear sweetheart, to bed.

Merc. Why, I am going. Why do you follow me?
You would not have it known, I hope: pray, get you
Back to your chamber; the door's hard by. For me,
Let me alone, I warrant you. — This it is
To thresh well; I have got a customer. — [*Aside.*
Will you go to bed?

Maria. Will you?

Merc. Yes, I am going.

Maria. Then remember your promise you made to marry me.

Merc. I will; but it was your fault that it came
To this pinch now, that it must need remembrance;
For, out of honesty, I offer'd you
To marry you first: why did you slack that offer?

Maria. Alas, I told you th' inconvenience of it,
And what wrong it would appear to the world,
If I had married you in such post-haste
After his death! Beside, the foolish people
Would have been bold to have thought we had lain[6]
Together in his time, and like enough
Imaginèd we two had murder'd him.

Merc. I love her tongue yet. If I were a saint,
A gilded saint, and such a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my holiness, I cannot tell,
But I fear shrewdly I should do something
That would quite scratch me out o' the calendar;
And if I stay longer[7] talking with her,
Though I am mad at what I have done already,
Yet I shall forget myself again;
I feel the devil ready to hold my stirrup. [*Aside.*
Pray, to bed: good night.

Maria. This kiss, good night, sweet love,
And peace go with thee! — [*Exit* MERCURY.]
Thou hast prov'd thyself
The honestest man that ever was entic'd
To that sweet sin, as people please to call it,
Of lying with another's wife; and I,
I think, the honestest woman, without blushing,
That ever lay with another man. I sent my husband
Into a cellar, post; fearing, and justly,
He should have known him; which I did not purpose
Till I had had my end.
Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in the House of the* Justice.

Enter Justice *with a letter, and* CURIO.

Just. By'r lady, sir, you have rid hard, that you have.

[1] *hilding*] "i. e. base baggage, slut." SYMPSON. This term of reproach, applied both to men and women, is common in our early writers. Its etymology is doubtful: see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*, Richardson's *Dict.*, and Nares's *Gloss.*

[2] *discourse and reason*] See note, p. 102.

[3] *Than if I had had an idle dream in sleep*] The first folio has,

"*Then if I had an idle dream had in sleep.*"

The second folio, instead of restoring "had" to its right place, omits it; and so the modern editors.

[4] *flesh'd*] Both the folios, "fletched."

[5] *the wife*] i. e. (as Weber rightly explains it) the *good-wife*, the mistress of the house.

[6] *lain*] The first folio, "lyen;" and so probably the author wrote.

[7] *stay longer*] Sympson, for the metre, printed, "*stay here longer.*" In this part of the speech I give the arrangement of the folios, which the Editors of 1778 and Weber vainly attempted to improve. The text, as in many other places, appears to be somewhat corrupted.

Curio. They that have business must do so, I take it.

Just. You say true. When set you out, my friend?

Curio. About ten o'clock; and I have rid all night.

Just. By the mass, you are tough indeed. I have seen the day
I would have rid too with the proudest of them,
And fling dirt in their faces, and I have done't
With this foolish body,[1] sir, many a time:
But what can last always? 'Tis done, 'tis done now, sir:
Age, care, and office, brings us to our foot-cloths,[2] —
The more the pity.

Curio. I believe that, sir;
But will it please you to read the business?

Just. My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

Curio. Would I could too, sir! for my haste requires it.

Just. Whence comes it, do you say?

Curio. Sir, from the city.

Just. Oh, from the city; 'tis a reverent place —

Curio. An his justice be as short as his memory,
A dudgeon-dagger[3] will serve him to mow down
Sin withal: what clod-pole commissioner is this! [*Aside.*

Just. And, by my faith, govern'd by worthy members,
Discreet and upright.

Curio. Sir, they are beholding[4] to you;
You have given some of them a commendation[5]
They were not worthy of this twenty years.

Just. Go to, go to, you have a merry meaning;
I have found you, sir; i'faith, you are a wag;
Away, fie! — Now I'll read your letter. [*Reads letter.*

Curio. Pray, do, sir. — What a misery it is
To have an urgent business wait the justice
Of such an old tuff-taffata, that knows not,
Nor can be brought to understand more sense
Than how to restore suppressed alehouses,
And have his man compound small trespasses
For ten groats! [*Aside.*

Just. Sir, it seems here
Your business is of deeper[6] circumstance
Than I conceiv'd it for: — what do you mean, sir?

Curio. 'Tis for mine own ease,[7] I'll assure your worship.

Just. It shall not be, i'faith, friend. — Here I have it,
That one Antonio, a gentleman, —
I take it so; yes, it is so, — a gentleman,
Is lately thought to have been made away;
And, by my faith, upon a perlous[8] ground too,
If you consider. Well, there's knavery in't;
I see that without spectacles.

Curio. Sure, this fellow
Deals in revelation, he's so hidden:
Go thy ways; thou wilt stick a bench, spit as formally,
And shew thy agate[9] and hatch'd[10] chain as well
As the best of them. [*Aside.*

Just. And now I have consider'd, I believe it.

Curio. What, sir?

Just. That he was murder'd.

Curio. Did you know him?

Just. No.

Curio. Nor how it is suppos'd?

Just. No; nor I care not twopence, those are toys;
And yet I verily believe he was murder'd,
As sure as I believe thou art a man.
I never fail'd in these things yet: 'ware a man
That's beaten to these matters; experience
Is a certain concealed thing that fails not.
Pray, let me ask you one thing, — why do you come to me?

Curio. Because the letter is addressed to you,
Being the nearest justice.

Just. The nearest! is that all?

Curio. I think it be, sir; —
I would be loath you should be the wisest. [*Aside.*

Just. Well, sir, as it is, I will endeavour in it:
Yet, if it had come to me by name, I know not,
But I think it had been as soon despatch'd
As by another, and with as round a wisdom,
Ay, and as happily; but that's all one:
I have borne this place this thirty years and upwards,
And with sufficient credit, and they may,
When they please, know me better. To the nearest! well!

Curio. Sir, it is not my fault; for had I known
You sooner ——

Just. I thank you, sir; I know it.

Curio. I'll be sworn
You should have play'd, for any business now. [*Aside.*

Just. And further, they have specified unto me,
His wife is sorely suspected in this matter
As a main cause.

[1] *body*] The correction of Theobald and Sympson. Both the folios, "boy."

[2] *foot-cloths*] See note, p. 98. Here Weber explains the word "palfreys:" but Nares rightly observes, "Beware of supposing the beast itself to be called *foot-cloth*, as some would have it. [In Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*] Sir Bounteous is said to '[have] alight[ed] from his *foot-cloth*,' as one might say 'alighted from his saddle.'" *Gloss* in v.

[3] *A dudgeon-dagger*] Gifford explains *dudgeon* — wooden, and says that it meant that kind of haft, "in which the wood was gouged out in crooked channels, like what is now, and perhaps was then, called *snail-creeping*." Note on Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. 221. Nares was convinced that it signified properly a handle made of box-wood: vide *Gloss.* in v. "But," says Richardson, "that it neither means *wooden* nor *root of box* is plain from Holland [*Plinie*, b. xvi. c. 16]. The word may be applied as an epithet to the box or any other wood, to express some particular quality, and it is not improbable that such quality is strength; Dut. *Doughen*; A. S. *Dug-an*, to be strong (whence our *Doughty*; which is also now used, as *Dudgeon* is, contemptuously)." *Dict.* in v. Whatever the precise meaning of the word may have been, *dudgeon* was applied to the haft of a dagger, to distinguish it from daggers whose hafts were of a costlier kind.

[4] *beholding*] i. e. beholden, — a form common in our early writers.

[5] *commendation*] Both the folios, "commendations."

[6] *of deeper*] The second folio "*of a deeper;*" and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

[7] *What do you mean, sir?*
Curio. *'Tis for mine own ease*, &c.] "The Justice reproaches him for keeping his hat off, which Curio says he does for his own ease." MASON.

[8] *perlous*] — More frequently written *parlous*, — is a familiar corruption of *perilous*. — The first folio has "perles," the second "pearls."

[9] *agate*] i. e. agate-ring.

[10] *hatch'd*] i. e. gilt: see note, p. 425.

Curio. I think she be, sir, for no other cause
Can be yet found.
Just. And one Mercury, a traveller, with whom
They say directly she is run away,
And, as they think, this way.
Curio. I knew all this before.
Just. Well, sir, this Mercury I know, and his breeding;
A neighbour's child hard by: you have been happy, sir,
In coming hither.
Curio. Then you know where
To have him, sir?
Just. I do, sir; he dwells near me.
Curio. I doubt your worship dwells near a knave, then.
Just. I think so: — pray, put on: [1] — but 'tis a wonder
To see how graceless people are now given,
And how base virtue is accounted with them,
That should be all in all, as says a wise man.
I tell you, sir, and it is true, that there have been
Such murders, and of late days, as 'twould make
Your very heart bleed in you; and some of them,
As I shall be enabled, I will tell you.
It fell out of late days ——
Curio. It may be so:
But will it please you to proceed in this?
Just. An honest weaver, and as good a workman
As e'er shot shuttle, and as close, —
But every man must die, — this honest weaver,
Being a little mellow in his ale, —
That was the evidence, *verbatim*, sir,
God bless the mark, sprung his neck just in this place:
Well, Jarvis, thou hadst wrongs, and, if I live,
Some of the best shall sweat for't. Then a wench —
Curio. But, sir, you have forgot my business.
Just. A sober pretty maid, about seventeen,
They say, certainly, howsoever 'tis shuffled,
She burst herself, and fondly, [2] if it be so,
With furmety [3] at a churching; but I think
The devil had another agent in't;
Either of which, if I can catch, shall stretch for't.
Curio. This is a mad Justice, that will hang the devil! —
But I would you would be short in this, [*Aside.*
Before that other notice can be given.
Just. Sir, I will do discreetly what is fitting. —
What, Antonio!
Serv. [*within.*] Your worship?
Just. Put on your best coat,
And let your fellow Mark go to the constable,
And bid him aid me with all the speed he can
And all the power; and provide pen and ink
To take their confessions, and my long sword: [4]
I cannot tell what danger we may meet with. —
You'll go with us?

[1] *put on*] i. e. put on your hat.
[2] *fondly*] i. e. foolishly.
[3] *furmety*] — Or *furmenty*, — i. e. wheat boiled in milk, with seasoning. Properly written "*Frumenty*, Lactis et tritici decoctum." Coles's *Dict.*
[4] *long sword*] — Or *two-hand sword*, — was the weapon commonly in use before the introduction of rapiers.

Curio. Yes; what else?
I came to that end, to accuse both parties.
Just. May I crave what you are?
Curio. Faith, sir, one
That to be known would not profit you more
Than a near kinsman of the dead Antonio's.
Just. 'Tis well. I am sorry for my neighbour, truly,
That he had no more grace: 'twill kill his mother;
She is a good old woman. Will you walk in?
I will but put my cloak on, and my chain off,
And a clean band, and have my shoes black'd over,
And shift my jerkin, and we'll to our business;
And you shall see how I can boult these matters.
Curio. As soon as't please you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Country.*

Enter VALERIO *and* RICARDO.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the maid
Alone last night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet desirous
To have me gone.
Ric. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of civil to ourselves!
If she had set her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous,
Though they had had no house to bring her to,
They would have spoil'd the glory that the spring
Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down, and every man
Would have become a builder for her sake. —
What time left you her here? [5]
Val. I left her when [6] the sun had so much to set
As he is now got from his place of rise.
Ric. So near the night, she could not wander far. —
Fair Viola!
Val. It is in vain to call; she sought a house,
Without all question.
Ric. Peace. — Fair Viola!
Fair Viola! — Who would [7] have left her here,
On such a ground? If you had meant to lose her,
You might have found there were no echoes [8] here
To take her name, [9] and carry it about,

[5] *here*] Both the folios, "there."
[6] *I left her when*, &c.] Sympson, having made one of his unauthorised insertions, gave the following stiff arrangement:

"*Val.* I left her, when
The sun had so much to *his* set, as he
Is now got from his place of rise.
Ric. So near
The night, she could not wander far. — Fair Viola!"

And so the Editors of 1778.
[7] *would*] Both the folios, "should;" and so the Editors of 1778.
[8] *echoes*] So the second folio. The first has "inches."
[9] —— *If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found there were no echoes here
To take her name.] "Sympson reads,

—— *If you had meant to lose her,*
You might have found where there *no echoes* were
To take her name;

but surely the old text conveys the same sense." Ed. 1778.
"Both Sympson and the last Editors entirely mistake the

When her true lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring valleys and the hills
Resounded Viola; and such a place
You should have chose. You pity us
Because the dew a little wets our feet
(Unworthy far to seek her in the wet!);
And what becomes of her? where wander'd she,
With two showers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor house to shelter her? —
Will you go with me to travel?

Val. Whither?

Ric. Over all the world.

Val. No, by my faith; I'll make a shorter journey
When I do travel.

Ric. But there is no hope
To gain my end in any shorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end?

Ric. It is, to search the earth,
Till we have found two in the shapes of men
As wicked as ourselves.

Val. 'Twere not so hard
To find out those.

Ric. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better; for what brave villainy
Might we four do! We would not keep together;
For every one has treachery enough
For twenty countries: one should trouble Asia;
Another should sow strife in Africa;
But you should play the knave at home in Europe;
And, for America, let me alone.

Val. Sir, I am honester
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd but I shall find myself a right.

Ric. If you had any spark of honesty,
You would not think that *honester than I*
Were a praise high[1] enough to serve your turn:
If men were commonly so bad as I,
Thieves would be put in calendars for saints,
And bones of murderers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave, of knave so much
There is betwixt me and the vilest else;
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter NAN, MADGE, *and* VIOLA, *with milk-pails.*

Val. That last is she; 'tis she.

Ric. Let us away;
We shall infect her: let her have the wind,
And we will kneel down here. [*Kneels.*

Viola. Wenches, away!
For here are men.

Val. Fair maid, I pray you, stay.
[*Takes hold of* VIOLA.

Viola. Alas! again?

Ric. Why do you lay hold on her?
I pray heartily, let her go.

Val. With all my heart; I do not mean to hurt her.

Ric. But stand away, then; for the purest bodies
Will soonest take infection; stand away.
But for infecting her myself, by Heaven,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.

Viola. I know that voice and face.

Val. You are finely mad.
God b'w'ye,[2] sir: now you are here together,
I'll leave you so; God send you good luck both!
When you are soberer, you'll give me thanks.
[*Exit.*

Madge. Wilt thou go milk? come.

Nan. Why dost not come?

Madge. She nods, she's asleep.

Nan. What, wert up so early?

Madge. I think yon man's mad to kneel there. — Nay, come, come away. — 'Uds body, Nan, help! she looks black i' the face; she's in a swound.[3] [VIOLA *faints.*

Nan. An you be a man, come hither, and help a woman!

Ric. Come hither![4] you are a fool.

Nan. And you a knave and a beast, that you are.

Ric. Come hither! 'twas my being now so near
That made her swoon; and you are wicked people,
Or you would do so too; my venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at such a distance.
[*Rises, and kneels down farther off.*
Here I will kneel, for this is out of distance.

Nan. Thou'rt a prating ass; there's no goodness in thee,
I warrant. — How dost thou? [VIOLA *recovers.*

Viola. Why, well.

Madge. Art thou able to go?

Viola. No; pray, go you and milk: if I be able
To come, I'll follow you; if not, I'll sit here
Till you come back.

Nan. I am loath to leave thee here with yon wild fool.

Viola. I know him well; I warrant thee, he will not hurt me.

Madge. Come, then, Nan. [*Exit with* NAN.

Ric. How do you? Be not fearful, for I hold
My hands before my mouth and speak, and so
My breath can never blast you.

Viola. 'Twas enough
To use me ill, though you had never sought me
To mock me too. Why kneel you so far off?
Were not that gesture better us'd in prayer?
Had I dealt so with you, I should not sleep,
Till God and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock; nor lives there such a villain
That can do any thing contemptible
To you: but I do kneel, because it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In presence of so pure a creature,
And so far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viola. You confess you did the fault, yet scorn to come

meaning of this passage, which is this —— If you meant to lose her, you should have chosen a place where there were echoes, that would have resounded her name when her true lover should come to seek her: but you might have found that there were no echoes here, and therefore should not have quitted her in such a place; you should have chosen a spot in which all the neighbouring hills and vallies should have resounded, Viola." MASON.

[1] *high*] Omitted by Weber!

[2] *God b'w'ye*] The first folio, "*godbwy;*" the second, "goodbwy."

[3] *swound*] So both the folios here. Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "swoon:" see note, p. 230.

[4] *hither*] Both the folios, "thither;" and so Weber. But see Ricardo's next speech.

So far as hither, to ask pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant. Good sir,[1] if you have
A better love, may you be blest together!
She shall not wish you better than I will.
I but offend you. There are all the jewels
[*Throws down a casket.*
I stole; and all the love I ever had
I leave behind with you; I'll carry none
To give another. May the next maid you try
Love you no worse, nor be no worse than I!

Ric. Do not[2] leave me yet, for all my fault:
Search out the next things to impossible,
And put me on them; when they are effected,
I may with better modesty receive
Forgiveness from you.

Viola. I will set no penance,
To gain the great forgiveness you desire,
But to come hither, and take me and it;
Or else I'll come and beg, so you will grant
That you will be content to be forgiven.

Ric. Nay, I will come, since you will have it so,
[*Rises, comes to her, and kneels.*
And, since you please to pardon me, I hope
Free from infection. Here I am by you,
A careless man, a breaker of my faith,
A loathsome drunkard, and, in that wild fury,
A hunter after whores: I do beseech you
To pardon all these faults, and take me up
An honest, sober, and a faithful man!

Viola. [*raising him.*] For God's sake, urge your faults no more, but mend!
All the forgiveness I can make you, is,
To love you; which I will do, and desire
Nothing but love again; which if I have not,
Yet I will love you still.

Ric. Oh, women, that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments)
Your matchless virtues to posterities,
Which the defective race of envious man
Strive[3] to conceal!

Viola. Methinks, I would not now, for any thing,
But you had miss'd me: I have made a story
Will serve to waste many a winter's fire,
When we are old; I'll tell my daughters then
The miseries their mother had in love,
And say, "My girls, be wiser;" yet I would not
Have had more wit myself. Take up those jewels,
For I think I hear my fellows coming.

Re-enter NAN *and* MADGE *with milk-pails.*

Madge. How dost thou now?

Viola. Why, very well, I thank you.
'Tis late; shall I haste home?

Nan. Ay, prithee; we shall be shent[4] soundly.

Madge. Why does that railing man go with us?

Viola. I prithee, speak well of him: on my word,
He's an honest man.

Nan. There was never any so on's complexion.
A gentleman! I'd be ashamed to have such a foul mouth.[5]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* MERCURY'S *Mother.*

Enter Mother, ALEXANDER, ANDRUGIO, *and* ROWLAND.

Mother. How now, Alexander? what gentleman is this?

Alex. Indeed, forsooth, I know not:
I found him at the market, full of woe,
Crying a lost daughter, and telling all
Her tokens to the people; and, wot you what?[6]
By all subscription[7] in the world, it should be
Our new maid Melvia (one would little think it);
Therefore I was told to tell him of her, mistress.

Mother. Melvia! it cannot be, fool: alas, you know
She is a poor wench, and I took her in
Upon mere charity.

Andr. So seem'd my daughter when she went away,
As she had made herself.

Mother. What stature was your child of, sir?

Andr. Not high, and of a brown complexion,
Her hair auburn, a round face, which some friends,
That flatter'd me, would say 'twould be a good one.

Alex. This is still Melvia, mistress; that's the truth on't.

Mother. It may be so, I'll promise you.

Alex. Well, go thy ways, the flower of our town!
For a hand and a foot I shall never see thy fellow.

Mother. But had she not such toys as bracelets, rings, and jewels?

Andr. She was something bold, indeed, to take such things
That night she left me.

Mother. Then belike she run away?

Andr. Though she be one I love, I dare not lie;
She did indeed.

Mother. What think you of this jewel?

Andr. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine:
You have made me a new man; I thank you for it.

Mother. Nay, an she be given to filching, there is your jewel;
I am clear on't. But, by your leave, sir, you
Shall answer me for what is lost since she

[1] *Good sir*] Sympson printed "But, *good sir.*"
[2] *Do not*] Sympson printed, "O! *do not.*"
[3] *Strive*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to 'Strives."
[4] *shent*] i. e. reproved, scolded.
[5] *such a foul mouth*] "The milk-maids understood literally, what Antonio [Ricardo] had said figuratively, of his breath being infectious." WEBER. No, no. Nan alludes to Ricardo's having called her a fool: see p. 480.
[6] *wot you what*] The second folio has, "*what you wot?*" and so the modern editors.
[7] *subscription*] "If Alexander was an affecter of hard words, I should be inclined to let this stand; but as he seems throughout a sensible, good-natured fellow, I would choose to read *description.*" SYMPSON, — who accordingly gave the latter reading. "Alexander is evidently intended for a meddling, pragmatical coxcomb, and the blunder has been restored for that reason." WEBER, — who was right in restoring the old reading, but altogether wrong in supposing it to be a "blunder" on the part of Alexander.

Came hither: I can tell you, there lie things
Scattering in every place about the house.
Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lying'st
Old gentlewoman to my mistress, and the most malicious!
The devil a good word will she give a servant;
That's her old rule: and, God be thankèd, they'll
Give her as few; there is perfect love on both sides.
It yearns[1] my heart to hear the wench misconstrued;
A careful soul she is, I'll be sworn for her;
And when she's gone, let them say what they will,
They may cast their caps at such another. [*Aside.*
Andr. What you have lost by her, with all my heart
I'll see you double paid for; you have sav'd,
With your kind pity, two that must not live,
Unless it be to thank you. Take this jewel;
This strikes off none of her offences, mistress.[2]
Would I might see her!
Mother. Alexander, run,
And bid her make haste home; she's at the milking-close:
But tell her not by any means who's here;
I know she'll be too fearful.
Alex. Well, we'll have
A posset yet at parting, that's my comfort;
And one round, or[3] else I'll lose my will. [*Exit.*
Andr. You shall find Silvio, Uberto, and Pedro.
Inquiring for the wench at the next town:
Tell them she is found, and where I am,
And, with the favour of this gentlewoman,
Desire them to come hither.
Mother. I pray, do; they shall be all welcome.
[*Exit* ROWLAND.

Enter Justice, CURIO, *and* MARK.

Just. By your leave, forsooth.—You shall see me find the parties by a sleight.
Mother. Who's that? Master Justice! how do you, sir?
Just. Why, very well, and busy. Where's your son?
Mother. He's within, sir.
Just. Hum; and how does the young woman my cousin, that came down with him?
Mother. She's above, as a woman in her case may be.
Just. You have confessed it?—Then, sirrah, call in the officers. [*Exit* MARK.]—She's no cousin of mine; a mere trick to discover all.
Mother. To discover! what?
Just. You shall know that anon: I think I have overreached you.

Re-enter MARK *with* Officers.

Oh, welcome! enter the house, and by virtue of my warrant, which you have there, seize upon the bodily persons of those whose names are there written, to wit, one Mercury, and the wife of one Antonio.
Mother. For what?
Just. Away, I say!—[*Exeunt* Officers.] This gentleman shall certify you for what.
Mother. He can accuse my son of nothing; he came from travel but within these two days.
Just. There hangs a tale.
Mother. I should be sorry this should fall out at any time, but especially now.—Sir, will you favour me so much as to let me know of what you accuse him?
Curio. Upon suspicion of murder.
Mother. Murder! I defy thee!
Curio. I pray God, he may prove himself innocent!
Just. Fie, say not so! you shew yourself to be no good commonwealth's man; for the more are hanged, the better 'tis for the commonwealth.
Mother. By this rule you were best hang yourself.
Just. I forgive your honest mirth ever.

Re-enter Officers,[4] *with* MERCURY *and* MARIA.

Oh, welcome, welcome!—Mark, your pen, ink, and paper, to take their examinations.
Merc. Why do you pull me so? I'll go alone.
Just. Let them stand, let them stand quietly, whilst they are examined.
Maria. What will you examine us of?
Just. Of Antonio's murder.
Merc. Why, he was my friend.
Maria. He was my husband.
Just. The more shame for you both!—Mark, your pen and ink.
Mother. Pray God, all be well! I never knew any of these travellers come to good. [*Aside.*]—I beseech you, sir, be favourable to my son!
[*Kneels.*
Just. Gentlewoman, hold you content: I would it were come to that!
Merc. For God's sake, mother, why kneel you to such a pig-bribed fellow? he has surfeited of geese, and they have put him into a fit of justice: let him do his worst.
Just. Is your paper ready?
Mark. I am ready, sir.

Enter ANTONIO, *disguised as a post; he stands apart.*

Just. Accuse them, sir; I command thee to lay down accusations against these persons, in behalf of the state: and first look upon the parties to be accused, and deliver your name.
Curio. My name is Curio: my murder'd kinsman,
If he were living now, I should not know him,
It is so long since we saw one another.
Ant. My cousin Curio! [*Aside.*
Curio. But thus much (from the mouths of his servants and others, whose examinations I have in writing about me) I can accuse them of. This Mercury, the last night but this last, lay in

[1] *yearns*] i. e. grieves, vexes.
[2] *This strikes off none of her offences, mistress*] "Sympson, totally mistaking Andrugio's meaning, says, 'Why, then, he *paid* his jewel for nothing;' and reads,—
'*This strikes off* one *of her offences, mistress.*'
It did not occur to him, that the jewel was meant as a *gift*, not as a *payment*." Ed. 1778.
[3] *round, or*] Sympson printed, for the metre, "*round* too, *or*;" and so the Editors of 1778.
[4] *Re-enter Officers*] Both the folios, by an evident mistake, make Mark re-enter with the Officers (though a little above they have only "*Exit Officer*;" and so the modern editors.

Antonio's house; and in the night he rose, raising Antonio, where privately they were in talk an hour, to what end I know not; but, of likelihood, finding Antonio's house not a fit place to murder him in, he suffered him to go to bed again; but in the morning early he trained him, I think, forth; after which time he never saw his home. His clothes were found near the place where Mercury was; and the people at first denied they saw him; but at last they[1] made a frivolous tale, that there he shifted himself into a footman's habit: but, in short, the next hour this woman went to Mercury, and in her coach they posted hither. True accusations I have no more, and I will make none.

Just. No more! we need no more. — Sirrah, be drawing their mittimus, before we hear their answer. — What say you, sir? are you guilty of this murder?

Merc. No, sir.

Just. Whether you are or no, confess; it will be the[2] better for you.

Merc. If I were guilty, your rhetoric could not fetch it forth: but though I am innocent, I confess that, if I were a stander-by, these circumstances urged, which are true, would make me doubtless believe the accused parties to be guilty.

Just. Write down, that he being a stander-by (for so you see he is) doth doubtlessly believe the accused parties, which is himself, to be guilty.

Merc. I say no such thing.

Just. Write it down, I say! we'll try that.

Merc. I care not what you write. —
Pray God you did not kill him for my love!
Though I am free from this, we both deserve ——
[*Aside to* MARIA.

Maria. Govern your tongue, I pray you; all is well:
My husband lives, I know it, and I see him.

Just. They whisper: — sever them quickly, I say, officers! why do you let them prompt one another? — Gentlewoman, what say you to this? are not you guilty?

Maria. No, as I hope for mercy.

Just. But are not those circumstances true, that this gentleman hath so shortly and methodically delivered?

Maria. They are; and what you do with me I care not,
Since he is dead in whom was all my care.
You knew him not.

Just. No; and 't been better for you too, an you had never known him.

Maria. Why, then, you did not know the world's chief joy:
His face so manly as it had been made
To fright the world; yet he so sweetly-temper'd,
That he would make himself a natural fool,
To do a noble kindness for a friend:
He was a man whose name I'll not out-live
Longer than Heaven, whose will must be obey'd,
Will have me do.

Ant. And I will quit[3] thy kindness. [*Aside.*

Just. Before me, she has made the tears stand in mine eyes; but I must be austere. [*Aside.*] — Gentlewoman, you must confess this murder.

[1] *they*] Both the folios "he."
[2] *the*] Omitted by Weber.
[3] *quit*] i. e. requite.

Maria. I cannot, sir; I did it not: but I desire to see those examinations which this gentleman acknowledges to have about him; for but late last night I received letters from the city, yet I heard of no confession then.

Just. You shall see them time enough, I warrant you. But letters you say you had; where are those letters?

Maria. Sir, they are gone.

Just. Gone! whither are they gone? how have you disposed of 'em?

Maria. Why, sir, they are for women's matters, and so I use 'em.

Just. Who writ 'em?

Maria. A man of mine.

Just. Who brought 'em?

Maria. A post.

Just. A post! there was some great haste sure; aha! Where is that post?

Maria. Sir, there he stands.

Just. Does he so? — Bring hither that post: I am afraid that post will prove a knave. — Come hither, post: what, what can you say concerning the murder of Antonio?

Ant. What's that to you?

Just. Oh, post, you have no answer ready, have you? I'll have one from you.

Ant. You shall have no more from me than you have. You examine an honest gentleman and gentlewoman here: 'tis pity such fools as you should be i' the commission.

Just. Say you so, post? — Take away that post; whip him, and bring him again quickly. — I'll hamper you, post.

Merc. 'Tis Antonio; I know him now as well —
What an irregular fool is this! [*Aside.*

Ant. Whip me! hold off.

Maria. Oh, good sir, whip him! by his murmuring
He should know something of my husband's death,
That may quit me: for God's sake, fetch it out!

Just. Whip him, I say!
[ANTONIO *throws off his disguise.*

Ant. Who is't dares[4] whip me now?

Maria. Oh, my lov'd husband!

Merc. My most worthy friend!
Where have you been so long?

Ant. I cannot speak for joy.

Just. Why, what's the matter now? and shall not law, then, have her course?

Andr. It shall have no other course than it has I think.

Just. It shall have other course before I go, or I'll beat my brains: and I say, it was not honestly done of him to discover himself before the parties accused were executed, that law might have had her course, for then the kingdom flourishes.

Ant. But such a wife as thou had never any man;
And such a friend as he, believe me, wife,
Shall never be: ah, good wife,[5] love my friend!
Friend, love my wife: hark, friend.

[4] *is't dares*] Weber chose to print "*is't that dares.*"
[5] *be: ah, good wife*] Is probably the reading intended by the first folio, which has "*be a good wife.*" The second has "*be good wife;*" and so the modern editors.

Just. Mark, if we can have nothing to do, you shall swear the peace of somebody.

Mark. Yes, sir.

Ant. By my troth, I am sorry my wife is so obstinate:
Sooth, if I could yet do thee any good,
I would, faith,[1] I would.

Merc. I thank you, sir; I have lost that passion.

Ant. Cousin Curio, you and I must be better acquainted.

Curio. It is my wish, sir.

Ant. I should not have known you neither, 'tis so long since we saw [one another[2]]; we were but children then: but you have shewed yourself an honest man to me.

Curio. I would be ever so.

Enter RICARDO *and* VIOLA.

Mother. Look you, who's there!

Andr. Say nothing to me; for thy peace is made.

Ric. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that you are her father; you can both
Not only pardon when you have a wrong,
But love where you have most injury.[3]

Just. I think I shall hear of no hanging this year.
There's a tinker and a whore yet, the crier said, that robbed her, and are in prison; I hope they shall be hanged.

Andr. No, truly, sir, they have broke prison.

Just. 'Tis no matter; then the jailor shall be hanged.

Andr. You are deceived in that too, sir; 'twas known to be against his will, and he hath got his pardon, — I think, for nothing; but if it doth cost him any thing, I'll pay it.

Just. Mark, up with your papers; away!

Merc.[4] Oh, you shall stay dinner: I have a couple of brawling neighbours, that, I'll assure you, will not agree, and you shall have the hearing of their matter.

Just. With all my heart.

Merc. Go, gentlemen, go in.

Ric. Oh, Viola, that no succeeding age
Might lose the memory of what thou wert!
But such an overswayèd sex is yours,
That all the virtuous actions you can do
Are but as men will call them: and I swear,
'Tis my belief, that women want but ways
To praise their deeds, but men what deeds to praise. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.[5]

'TIS ended; but my hopes and fears begin:
Nor can it be imputed as a sin
In me to wish it favour. If this night
To the judicious it hath given delight,
I have my ends: and may such, for their grace
Vouchsaf'd to this, find theirs in every place!

1 *faith*] Altered by the modern editors to "i' *faith*."

2 *one another*] Compare the last line of Curio's first speech, p. 482. The modern editors print, "each other," without giving the reader any notice that the words are wanting in the folios.

3 *most injury*] The modern editors print, "receiv'd *most injury*"! The author probably wrote "*most* an *injury*."

4 *Merc.*] I suspect that this speech at least, if not the next but one also, belongs to the Mother.

5 *Epilogue*] I take this opportunity of correcting an error in my note, p. 453, where I have stated that the Prologue spoken at a revival of this comedy is found only in the second folio. Both that Prologue and the above Epilogue are given in the first folio, at the end of the play.

THE CAPTAIN.

The Captaine.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

Oldys states that *The Captain* was "acted at Court 20 May 1613 by the Kings Comp. under Jn° Hemmings &c." MS. Note in Langbaine's *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 207: but that it had been previously performed elsewhere, is evident from the Prologue, which appears to be the original one, and which mentions the "twelve-pence" paid for admission to the theatre on that occasion.

As the same Prologue speaks of one author only, and as Gardiner and Hills in their commendatory verses assign the play to Fletcher, Weber decides (and perhaps rightly) that Beaumont had no share in the composition of the Captain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julio.
Angelo, his friend.
Frederick, brother to Frank.
Jacomo, a captain.
Fabricio, his friend and fellow-soldier, brother to Clora.
Father to Lelia.
Lodovico.
Piso.
Host.
Tavern-boys.
Servants.

Frank, sister to Frederick.
Clora, sister to Fabricio.
Lelia.
Waiting-woman to Lelia.
Maid.

SCENE, — Venice.[1]

The principal actors were —

Richard Burbage, William Ostler,
Henry Condell, Alexander Cooke.

Fol. 1679.

PROLOGUE.

To please you with this play, we fear, will be
(So does the author too) a mystery
Somewhat above our art; for all men's eyes,
Ears, faiths, and judgments, are not of one size.
For to say truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor comedy, nor tragedy,
Nor history, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a week) be made a perfect play:
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
Twelve-pence goes farther this way than in drink,
Or damsels, if they mark the matter through,
May stumble on a foolish toy or two,
Will make 'em shew their teeth. Pray, for my sake
(That likely am your first man), do not take
A distaste before you feel it; for ye may,
When this is hiss'd to ashes, have a play,
And here, to out-hiss this: be patient, then.
My honour[2] done, ye're welcome, gentlemen.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter Lodovico *and* Piso.

Lod. The truth is, Piso, so she be a woman,
And rich and wholesome, let her be of what
Condition and complexion it please,
She shall please me, I am sure: those men are fools
That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.

Piso. Methinks, I would have her honest[3] too, and handsome.

Lod. Yes, if I could have both; but since they are

[1] The folio of 1679 (which alone has the *Dramatis Personæ* of this play) gives, "*The Scene Venice*, Spain."

[2] *honour*] i. e. obeisance.

[3] *honest*] i. e. chaste.

Wishes so near impossibilities,
Let me have that that may be.
Piso. If it were so,
I hope your conscience would not be so nice
To start at such a blessing.
Lod. No, believe me,
I do not think I should.
Piso. But thou wouldst be,
I do not doubt, upon the least suspicion,
Unmercifully jealous.
Lod. No, I should not;
For I believe those mad that seek vexations:
A wife, though she be honest, is a trouble.
Had I a wife as fair as Helen was,
That drew so many cuckolds to her cause,
These eyes should see another in my saddle,
Ere I believe my beast would carry double.
Piso. So should not I, by'r lady; and I think
My patience, by your leave, as good as yours:
Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.
Lod. Report! you are unwise; report is nothing;
For if there were a truth in what men talk,
(I mean, of this kind,) this part of the world,
I am sure, would be no more call'd Christendom.
Piso. What, then?
Lod. Why, Cuckoldom; for we should lose
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions:
If talk could make me sweat, before I would marry,
I'd tie a surer knot, and hang myself.
I tell thee, there was never woman yet,
Nor never hope there shall be, though a saint,
But she has been a subject to men's tongues,
And in the worse[1] sense: and that desperate husband,
That dares give up his peace, and follow rumours,[2]
Which he shall find too busy, if he seek 'em,
Beside the forcing of himself an ass,
He dies in chains, eating himself with anger.
Piso. Having these antidotes against opinion,
I would marry any one, — an arrant whore.
Lod. Thou dost not feel the nature of this physic;
Which I prescribe, not to beget diseases,
But, where they are, to stop them.
Piso. I conceive you:
What think'st thou, thy way, of the widow Lelia?
Lod. Faith, thou hast found out one, I must confess,
Would stagger my best patience: from that woman,
As I would bless myself from plagues and surfeits,
From men o' war at sea, from storms and quicksands,
From hearing treason and concealing it,
From daring of a madman or a drunkard,
From heresy, ill wine, and stumbling post-horse,
So would I pray each morning and each night,
(And if I said each hour, I should not lie,)
To be deliver'd of all these in one, —
The woman thou hast nam'd.
Piso. Thou hast set her in a pretty litany.

[1] *worse*] The modern editors print "worst."
[2] *rumours*] Both the folios, "humours."

Enter JULIO, ANGELO, *and* Father.

Ang. Pray, take my counsel.
Julio. When I am myself,
I'll hear you any way: love me though thus,
As thou art honest, which I dare not be,
Lest I despise myself. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Piso. [*to the* Father.] Do you hear, my friend? sir, are you not a setter
For the fair widow here, of famous memory?
Father. Ha! am I taken for a bawd? Oh, Heaven!
To mine own child too? Misery, I thank thee,
That keep'st me from their knowledge. [*Aside.*]
— Sir, believe me,
I understand you not.
Lod. You love plain dealing:
Are you not parcel bawd?[3] confess your function;
It may be, we would use it.
Father. Were she worse,
As I fear strangely she is ill enough,
I would not hear this tamely. [*Aside.*
Piso. Here's a shilling,
To strike good luck withal.
Father. Here's a sword, sir,
To strike a knave withal: thou liest, and basely,
Be what thou wilt! [*Strikes him.*
Ang. Why, how now, gentlemen?
Father. You are many: I shall meet you, sir, again,
And make you understand you've wrong'd a woman,
Compar'd with whom thy mother was a sinner.
Farewell. [*Exit.*
Piso. He has amaz'd me.
Ang. With a blow?
By'r lady, 'twas a sound one. Are you good
At taking knocks? I shall know you hereafter:
You were to blame to tempt a man so far,
Before you knew him certain. H'as not hurt you?
Piso. No, I think.
Lod. We were to blame indeed
To go so far; for men may be mistaken:
If he had swinge'd us, he had serv'd us right.
Beshrew my heart, I think we have done the gentlewoman
As much wrong too; for, hang me, if I know her
In my particular.
Piso. Nor I. This 'tis to credit
Men's idle tongues: I warrant, they have said
As much by our two mothers.
Lod. Like enough.
Ang. I see, a beating now and then does more
Move and stir up a man's contrition
Than a sharp sermon; here *probatum est.*

Enter FREDERICK *and* Servant.

Serv. What shall I tell your sister?
Fred. Tell her this;
Till she be better conversation'd,
And leave her walking by herself, and whining
To her old melancholy lute, I'll keep
As far from her as the gallows. [*Exit* Servant.
Ang. Who's that? Frederick?
Fred. Yes, marry, is't. Oh, Angelo, how dost thou?

[3] *parcel bawd*] i. e. partly bawd.

Ang. Save you, sir! How does my mistress?
Fred. She is in love, I think; but not with you,
I can assure you. Saw you Fabricio?
Ang. Is he come over?
Fred. Yes, a week ago.
Shall we dine?
Ang. I cannot.
Fred. Prithee, do.
Ang. Believe me, I have business.
Fred. Have you too, gentlemen?
Piso. No, sir.
Fred. Why, then, let's dine together.
Lod. With all my heart.
Fred. Go, then. — Farewell, good Angelo:
Commend me to your friend.
Ang. I will.
[*Exeunt, on one side,* FRED., LOD., *and* PISO; *on the other* ANGELO.

SCENE II. — *A Room in* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter FRANK *and* CLORA.

Clora. Do not dissemble, Frank; mine eyes are quicker
Than such observers, that do ground their faith
Upon one smile or tear: you are much alter'd,
And are as empty of those excellencies
That were companions to you, (I mean, mirth
And free disposure of your blood and spirit,)
As you were born a mourner.
Frank. How, I prithee?
For I perceive no such change in myself.
Clora. Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident,
To halt before a cripple. If you love,
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it:
I see the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove without a true companion.
Frank. Sure, thou wouldst have me love.
Clora. Yes, marry, would I;
I should not please you else.
Frank. And who, for Heaven's sake?
For I assure myself, I know not yet:
And, prithee, Clora, since thou'lt have it so,
That I must love, and do I know not what,
Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,
And young; and if he be a little valiant,
'Twill be the better; and a little wise;
And, faith, a little honest.
Clora. Well, I will sound you yet, for all your craft. [*Aside.*
Frank. Heigh-ho! I'll love no more.
Clora. Than one; and him
You shall love, Frank.
Frank. Which him? Thou art so wise,
People will take thee shortly for a witch:
But, prithee, tell me, Clora, if I were
So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of man
Wouldst thou imagine him?
Clora. Faith, some pretty fellow,
With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well,
And dances at a wake, and plays at nine-holes.
Frank. Oh, God!
What pretty commendations thou hast given him!
Faith, if I were in love (as, I thank Heaven,
I do not think I am), this short epistle
Before my love would make me burn the legend.
Clora. You are too wild; I mean, some gentleman.
Frank. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiser:
Some gentleman! no, Clora; till some gentleman
Keep some land and fewer whores, believe me,
I'll keep no love for him; I do not long
To go a-foot yet, and solicit causes.
Clora. What think you, then, of an adventurer?
I mean, some wealthy merchant.
Frank. Let him venture
In some decay'd crare[1] of his own: he shall not
Rig me out, that's the short on't. Out upon't!
What young thing of my years would endure
To have her husband in another country,
Within a month after she is married,
Chopping for rotten raisins, and lie pining
At home, under the mercy of his foreman! No;
Though they be wealthy and indifferent wise,
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.
Clora. I see you're hard to please; yet I will please you.
Frank. Faith, not so hard neither, if consider'd
What woman may deserve as she is worthy.
But why do we bestow our time so idly?
Prithee, let us entertain some other talk;
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.
Clora. Now I believe I shall content you, Frank:
What think you of a courtier?
Frank. Faith, so ill,
That, if I should be full, and speak but truth,
'Twould shew as if I wanted charity.
Prithee, good wench, let me not rail upon 'em,
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it:
I have no mercy of these infidels,
Since I am put in mind on't; good,[2] bear with me.
Clora. Can no man fit you? I will find him out.
Frank. This summer-fruit, that you call courtier,
While you continue cold and frosty to him,
Hangs fast, and may be sound;[3] but when you fling
Too full a heat of your affections
Upon his[4] root, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten i' the handling:
His oaths and affections[5] are all one
With his apparel, things to set him off;
He has as many mistresses as faiths,
And all apocrypha; his true belief
Is only in a private surgeon:
And, for my single self, I'd sooner venture

[1] *crare*] i. e. small vessel. The second folio gives the line thus,
"*In some decai'd* Ware, or Carack *of his own*: he shall not."
[2] *good*] The second folio has "*good* wench" (which occurs in the third line above); and so Sympson. Compare a passage in *The Coxcomb*, "Nor, *good* now, do not ask me why." p. 473.
[3] *sound*] Both the folios, "found."
[4] *his*] Weber printed "this"!
[5] *and affections*] Altered by Sympson and Weber to "*and his affections.*"

A new conversion of the Indies,
Than to make courtiers able men or honest.
Clora. I do believe, you love no courtier;
And, by my troth, to guess you into love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your will or my imagination:
And yet, I am sure, you're caught, and I will know him.
There's none left now worthy the thinking of,
Unless it be a soldier; and, I am sure,
I would ever bless myself from such a fellow.
Frank. Why, prithee?
Clora. Out upon 'em, firelocks!
They are nothing i' the world but buff and scarlet,
Tough unhewn pieces, to hack swords upon;
I had as leave be courted by a cannon
As one of those.
Frank. Thou art too malicious;
Upon my faith, methinks they're worthy men.
Clora. Say you so? I'll pull you on a little further. [*Aside.*
What worth can be in those men, whose profession
Is nothing i' the world but drink and *damn me;*
Out of whose violence they are possess'd
With legions of unwholesome whores and quarrels?
I am of that opinion, and will die in't,
There is no understanding, nor can be,
In a sous'd soldier.
Frank. Now 'tis ignorance,
I easily perceive, that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of truth. I'll lay my life,
If God had made thee man,[1] thou hadst been a coward.
Clora. If to be valiant, be to be a soldier,
I'll tell you true, I had rather be a coward;
I am sure, with less sin.
Frank. This heresy
Must be look'd to in time; for, if it spread,
'Twill grow too pestilent. Were I a scholar,
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,
That, ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the world, and make thee not believ'd
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A reprobate, out of the state of honour.
By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions,
So like a fool (for I am angry with thee),
Upon a sort of men, that, let me tell thee,
Thy mother's mother would have been a saint,
Had she conceiv'd a soldier: they are people
(I may commend 'em while I speak but truth)
Of all the old world, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous;
They are the model of those men whose honours
We heave our hands at when we hear recited.
Clora. They are; and I have all I sought for: 'tis a soldier
You love; hide it no longer; you have betray'd yourself:
Come, I have found your way of commendations,
And what I said, was but to pull it from you.
Frank. 'Twas pretty! are you grown so cunning, Clora?
I grant, I love a soldier; but what soldier,
Will be a new task to you. But all this,
I do imagine, was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.
Clora. I will have the man,
Ere I forsake you.
Frank. I must to my chamber.
Clora. May not I go along?
Frank. Yes; but, good wench,
Move me no more with these fond[2] questions;
They work like rhubarb with me.
Clora. Well, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* LELIA.

Enter LELIA *and* Waiting-woman.

Lelia. How now! who was that you stay'd to speak withal?
W. Wo. The old man, forsooth.
Lelia. What old man?
W. Wo. The poor old man that uses to come hither;
He that you call father.
Lelia. Have you despatch'd him?
W. Wo. No; he would fain speak with you.
Lelia. Wilt thou never learn more manners than to draw in
Such needy rascals to disquiet me?
Go, answer him, I will not be at leisure.
W. Wo. He will needs speak with you; and, good old man,
He weeps so, that, by my troth, I have not
The heart to deny him: pray, let him speak with you.
Lelia. Lord, how tender-stomach'd you are grown of late!
You are not in love with him, are you? if you be,
Strike up the match; you shall have three pounds and
A pair of blankets. Will you go answer him?
W. Wo. Pray, let him speak with you; he will not away else.
Lelia. Well, let him in, then, if there be no remedy. [*Exit* W. Woman.
I thank Heaven, I am able to abuse him;
I shall ne'er come clear else of him. —

Re-enter W. Woman *with* Father.

Now, sir, what is your business? pray, be short;
For I have other matters of more moment,
To call me from you.
Father. If you but look upon me like a daughter,
And keep that love about you that makes good
A father's hope, you'll quickly find my business,
And what I would say to you, and, before
I ask, will be a giver: say, that sleep,
(I mean, that love,) or be but numb'd within you,
The nature of my want is such a searcher,
And of so mighty power, that where he finds
This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,
That, if the least heat of a child's affection

[1] *If God had made thee man*] The second folio has, "*If thou'dst been made a man;*" and so Sympson.

[2] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

Remain unperish'd, like another nature,
It makes all new again. Pray, do not scorn me,
Nor seem to make yourself a greater business
Than my relieving.
Lelia. If you were not old,
I should laugh at you. What a vengeance ails you,
To be so childish to imagine me
A founder of old fellows? [1] — Make him drink, wench;
And if there be any cold meat in the buttery,
Give him some broken bread and that, and rid him. [*Exit* W. Woman.
Father. Is this a child's love? or a recompense
Fit for a father's care? Oh, Lelia,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadst not been;
Or, like me, miserable! But 'tis impossible
Nature should die so utterly within thee,
And lose her promises: thou art one of those
She set her stamp more excellently on,
Than common people, as foretelling thee
A general example of her goodness;
Or, say, she could lie, yet religion
(For love to parents is religious)
Would lead thee right again. Look well upon me;
I am the root that gave thee nourishment,
And made thee spring fair; do not let me perish,
Now I am old and sapless.
Lelia. As I live,
I like you far worse now you grow thus holy.
I grant, you are my father; am I therefore
Bound to consume myself, and be a beggar,
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any such mad compassion yet within me.
Father. I gave up all my state [2] to make yours thus.
Lelia. 'Twas as you ought to do; and now you cry for't,
As children do for babies,[3] back again.
Father. How wouldst thou have me live?
Lelia. I would not have you;
Nor know no reason fathers should desire
To live, and be a trouble, when [their] children
Are able to inherit: let them die;
'Tis fit, and look'd for, that they should do so.
Father. Is this your comfort?
Lelia. All that I feel yet.
Father. I will not curse thee.
Lelia. If you do, I care not.
Father. Pray you, give me leave to weep.
Lelia. Why, pray, take leave,
If it be for your ease.
Father. Thy mother died
(Sweet peace be with her!) in a happy time.
Lelia. She did, sir, as she ought to do; would you
Would take the pains to follow! What should you,
Or any old man, do, wearing away
In this world with diseases, and desire
Only to live to make their children scourge-sticks,
And hoard up mill-money? [4] Methinks, a marble
Lies quieter upon an old man's head
Than a cold fit o' the palsy.
Father. Oh, good God!
To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,
Hast thou begot thyself again! Well, Justice
Will punish disobedience.
Lelia. You mistake, sir;
'Twill punish beggars. Fie for shame! go work,
Or serve: you are grave enough to be a porter
In some good man of worship's house, and give
Sententious answers to the comers-in, —
A pretty place; or be of some good consort,[5] —
You had a pleasant touch o' the cittern [6] once,
If idleness have not bereft you of it:
Be any thing but old and beggarly,
Two sins that ever do out-grow compassion.
If I might see you offer at a course
That were a likely one, and shew'd some profit,
I would not stick for ten groats or a noble.[7]
Father. Did I beget this woman?
Lelia. Nay, I know not;
And, till I know, I will not thank you for't:
However, he that got me had the pleasure,
And that, methinks, is a reward sufficient.
Father. I am so strangely strucken with amazement,
I know not where I am nor what I am.
Lelia. You had best take fresh air somewhere else; 'twill bring you
Out of your trance the sooner.
Father. Is all this
As you mean, Lelia?
Lelia. Yes, believe me, is it;
For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my heir, or I so old to make
A nurse at these years for you, and attend
While you sup up my state in penny pots
Of malmsey: when I am excellent at caudles,
And cullises,[8] and have enough spare gold
To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;
Till when, I'd have you be as merry, sir,
As you can make yourself with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with these relations
Of what you have been to me, or you are:
For as I hear them, so I lose them. This,
For aught I know yet, is my resolution.
Father. Well, God be with thee! for I fear thy end
Will be a strange example.
Lelia. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* Father.
Now would some poor tender-hearted fool have wept,

[1] *A founder of old fellows*] i. e. one who establishes a foundation or charitable revenue for old fellows.
[2] *state*] i. e. estate.
[3] *babies*] Qy. did the author write, "*bables*" (i. e. bawbles)?

[4] *mill-money*] "Milled money was invented by Antoine Brucher, in France, and the first so struck in that country was about 1553. Elizabeth of England coined milled money from about 1562 to 1572, when the use of the mill was discontinued, on account of its expense, till about 1623. After 1662 it remained completely established, on account of many advantages which more than compensated for the cost. . . It seems that milled sixpences were sometimes kept as counters." Nares's *Gloss.*
[5] *consort*] "The modern editors [only those of 1778] read *concert*, but not with accuracy. A *consort* of musicians meant a company or band of them." WEBER (after Mason).
[6] *cittern*] i. e. guitar: see note, p. 437.
[7] *noble*] "This coin passed for 6*s.* 8*d.*" WEBER.
[8] *cullises*] i. e. strong broths, strained and made clear. These restoratives were supposed to be improved by having gold among their ingredients.

Relented, and have been undone: such children,
I thank my understanding, I hate truly;
For, by my troth, I had rather see their tears
Than feel their pities: my desire and ends
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends.

Re-enter W. Woman.

Is he departed?
W. Wo. Yes; but here's another.
Lelia. Not of his tribe, I hope; bring me no more,
I would wish you, such as he is: if thou seest
They look like men of worth and state, and carry
Ballast of both sides, like tall[1] gentlemen,
Admit 'em; but no snakes[2] to poison us
With poverty. Wench, you must learn a wise rule;
Look not upon the youths of men and making,
How they descend in blood, nor let their tongues,
Though they strike suddenly and sweet as music,
Corrupt thy fancy: see, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thyself without their distance,
Unless the love thou swallow's[t] be a pill
Gilded to hide the bitterness it brings;
Then fall on without fear, wench; yet so wisely
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promise
His love hath made thee more his than his moneys:
Learn this, and thrive; then let thine honour ever
(For that's the last rule) be so stood upon,
That men may fairly see
'Tis want of means, not virtue, makes thee fall;
And if you weep, 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more compassion, which includes
A greater tenderness of love and bounty:
This is enough at once; digest it well.
Go, let him in, wench, if he promise profit,
Not else. [*Exit* W. Woman.

Re-enter W. Woman, *with* JULIO.

Oh, you are welcome, my fair servant![3]
Upon my troth, I have been longing for you.
W. Wo. This, by her rule, should be a liberal man:
I see, the best on's may learn every day.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Lelia. There's none come with you?
Julio. No.
Lelia. You do the wiser;
For some that have been here (I name no man),
Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me
Some few ill offices.
Julio. How, sweet?
Lelia. Nay, nothing;
Only have talk'd a little wildly of me,
As their unruly youth directed 'em;
Which, though they bite me not, I would have wish'd
Had light[4] upon some other that deserv'd 'em.
Julio. Though she deserve this of the loosest tongue,
(Which makes my sin the more) I must not see it;
Such is my misery. [*Aside.*]—I would I knew him!
Lelia. No, no, let him go;
He is not worth your anger. I must chide you
For being such a stranger to your mistress;
Why would you be so, servant?
Julio. I should chide,
If chiding would work any thing upon you,
For being such a stranger to your servant,
I mean, to his desires: when, my dear mistress,
Shall I be made a happy man? [*Kisses her.*
Lelia. Fie, servant,
What do you mean? Unhand me; or, by Heaven
I shall be very angry! this is rudeness.
Julio. 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends you.
Lelia. 'Twas more, I think, than you have warrant for.
Julio. I am sorry I deserv'd no more.
Lelia. You may;
But not this rough way, servant: we are tender,
And ought in all to be respected so:
If I had been your horse or whore, you might
Back me with this intemperance. I thought
You had lov'd as worthy men, whose fair affections
Seek pleasures warranted, not pull'd by violence.
Do so no more.
Julio. I hope you are not angry?
Lelia. I should be with another man, I am sure,
That durst appear but half thus violent.
Julio. I did not mean to ravish you.
Lelia. You could not.
Julio. You are so willing.
Lelia. How?
Julio. Methinks, this shadow,
If you had so much shame as fits a woman,
At least, of your way, mistress, long ere this
Had been laid off to me that understand you.
Lelia. That understand me! Sir, you understand,
Nor shall, no more of me than modesty
Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger:
You understand I am honest; else, I tell you,
Though you were better far than Julio,
You and your understanding are two fools.
But, were we saints, thus we are still rewarded:
I see, that woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the master of a kindness
She durst not answer openly. Oh, me,
How easily we women may be cozen'd!
I took this Julio, as I have a faith,
This young dissembler with the sober vizard,
For the most modest-temper'd gentleman,
The coolest, quietest, and best companion,
For such an one I could have wish'd a woman.[5]
Julio. You have wish'd me ill enough o' conscience;
Make me no worse, for shame! I see, the more
I work by way of service to obtain you,
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
(While I am able to believe a woman,
For, if you use me thus, that faith will perish)

[1] *tall*] "Is continually used in these plays for *stout, brave.*" WEBER.
[2] *snakes*] i. e. wretches, poor creatures: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.
[3] *servant*] See note, p. 162.
[4] *light*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "lit."
[5] *a woman*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber, erroneously supposing that the sense was incomplete, put a break at the end of this line.

What is your end, and whither you will[1] pull me;
Tell me; but tell me that I may not start at,
And have a cause to curse you.
Lelia. Bless me, goodness!
To curse me, did you say, sir? Let it be
For too much loving you, then; such a curse
Kill me withal, and I shall be a martyr.
You have found a new way to reward my doting,
And, I confess, a fit one for my folly;
For you yourself, if you have good within you,
And dare be master of it, know how dearly
This heart hath held you ever. Oh, good God,
That I had never seen that false man's eyes,
That dares reward me thus with fears[2] and curses!
Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue,
That will, when this is known, yet cozen women!
Curse me, good Julio, curse me bitterly,
I do deserve it for my confidence;
And I beseech thee, if thou hast a goodness
Of power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,
Curse me to earth! for what should I do here,
Like a decaying flower, still withering
Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat
Should give my poor heart life? No, curse me, Julio!
Thou canst not do me such a benefit
As that, and well done, that the Heavens may hear it.
Julio. Oh, fair tears! were you but as chaste as subtle,
Like bones of saints, you would work miracles.
What were these women to a man that knew not
The thousand, thousand ways of their deceiving!
What riches had he found! Oh, he would think
Himself still dreaming of a blessedness,
That, like continual spring, should flourish ever!
For if she were as good as she is seeming,
Or, like an eagle, could renew her virtues,
Nature had made another world of sweetness.—
[*Aside.*
Be not so griev'd, sweet mistress; what I said,
You do, or should, know, was but passion:
Pray, wipe your eyes, and kiss me. Take these trifles,
And wear them for me, which are only rich
When you will put them on. Indeed, I love you:
Beshrew my sick heart, if I grieve not for you!
Lelia. Will you dissemble still? I am a fool,
And you may easily rule me: if you flatter,
The sin will be your own.
Julio. You know I do not.
Lelia. And shall I be so childish once again,
After my late experience of your spite,
To credit you? You do not know how deep
(Or, if you did, you would be kinder to me)
This bitterness of yours has struck my heart.
Julio. I pray, no more.
Lelia. Thus you would do, I warrant,
If I were married to you.
Julio. Married to me!
Is that your end?
Lelia. Yes; is not that the best end,
And, as all hold, the noblest way of love?
Why do you look so strange, sir? do not you
Desire it should be so?
Julio. Stay!
Lelia. Answer me.
Julio. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Lelia. Ay, are you there? are all these tears lost, then?
Am I so overtaken by a fool
In my best days and tricks? My wise fellow,
I'll make you smart for't, as I am a woman;
And, if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee[3]

Re-enter W. Woman.

And is he gone?
W. Wo. Yes.
Lelio. He's not so lightly struck,
To be recover'd with a base repentance;
I should be sorry, then. Fortune, I prithee,
Give me this man but once more in my arms,
And, if I lose him, women have no charms.
[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter JACOMO *and* FABRICIO.

Jac. Signior, what think you of this sound of wars?
Fab. As only of a sound: they that intend
To do are like deep waters, that run quietly,
Leaving no face[4] of what they were behind 'em.
This rumour is too common and too loud
To carry truth.
Jac. Shall we never live to see
Men look like men again, upon a march?
This cold dull rusty peace makes us appear
Like empty pictures, only the faint shadows
Of what we should be. Would to Heaven my mother
Had given but half her will to my begetting,
And made me woman, to sit still and sing,
Or be sick when I list, or any thing
That is too idle for a man to think of!
Would I had been a whore! 't had been a course
Certain, and, o' my conscience, of more gain
Than two commands, as I would handle it.
Faith, I could wish I had been any thing
Rather than what I am, a soldier,
A carrier or a cobbler, when I knew
What 'twas to wear a sword first! for their trades
Are, and shall be, a constant way of life,
While men send cheeses up, or wear out buskins.
Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,

[1] *you will*] So the second folio. The first folio has "*will you;*" and so Weber.

[2] *fears*] i. e. terrifyings.

[3] *And if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warm thee*] "That is, If thou art not timber, I shall warm thee yet. This is plain sense, and would not have required a note, if Mason had not declared the line, as it stands, nonsense, and proposed to point thus,

'And if thou be'st not timber yet, I'll warm thee.'"
WEBER.

[4] *face*] Was altered by Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, to "noise"! The Editors of 1778 printed "trace" (in which conjecture they had been anticipated by Heath, *MS Notes*); and so Weber. It may be doubted if any alteration is necessary: Waller (*Instructions to a Painter*, &c.) has, —

"At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor heaven nor *sea* their former *face* retained."

And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation
Than the not having wars. I am a soldier,
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,
Though I could wish a breach with all the world,
If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious
To curse the fair peace of my mother-country.
But thou want'st money, and the first supply
Will bury these thoughts in thee.

Jac. Pox o' peace!
It fills the kingdom full of holidays,
And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers,
And makes the idle drunken rogues get spinsters.
'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,
And almost clothes too; of which if I had both
In full abundance, yet against all peace,
That brings up mischiefs thicker than a shower,
I would speak louder than a lawyer:
By Heaven, it is the surfeit of all youth,
That makes the toughness and the strength of nations
Melt into women; 'tis an case that broods
Thieves and bastards only.

Fab. This is more
(Though it be true) than we ought to lay open,
And seasons[1] only of an indiscretion.
Believe me, captain, such distemper'd spirits,
Once out of motion, though they be proof-valiant,
If they appear thus violent and fiery,
Breed but their own disgraces, and are nearer
Doubt and suspect in princes than rewards.

Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
But call you those true spirits ill-affected,
That, whilst the wars were, serv'd like walls and ribs
To girdle in the kingdom, and now faln,
Through a faint peace, into affliction,
Speak but their miseries? Come, come, Fabricio,
You may pretend what patience you please,
And seem to yoke your wants like passions;[2]
But, while I know thou art a soldier,
And a deserver, and no other harvest
But what thy sword reaps for thee to come in,
You shall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell you,
You wish a devil of this musty peace:
To which prayer, as one that's bound in conscience,
And all that love our trade, I cry, Amen!

Fab. Prithee, no more; we shall live well enough:
There's ways enough, besides the wars, to men
That are not logs, and lie still for the hands
Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive, sir;
Thou art young and handsome yet, and well enough
To please a widow; thou canst sing, and tell
These foolish love-tales, and indite a little;
And, if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the honourable;
Which may awaken his compassion,
To make you clerk o' the kitchen, and at length
Come to be married to my lady's woman,
After she's crack'd i' the ring.[3]

Fab. 'Tis very well, sir.

Jac. But what dost thou think shall become of me,
With all my imperfections? Let me die,
If I think I shall ever reach above
A forlorn tapster, or some frothy fellow,
That stinks of stale beer.

Fab. Captain Jacomo,
Why should you think so hardly of your virtues?

Jac. What virtues? by this light, I have no virtue
But downright buffeting. What can my face,
That is no better than a ragged map now
Of where I have march'd and travell'd, profit me,
Unless it be for ladies to abuse, and say
'Twas spoil'd for want of a bongrace[4] when I was young,
And now 'twill make a true prognostication
Of what man must be? tell me of a fellow
That can mend noses? and complain, so tall[5]
A soldier should want teeth to his stomach?
And how it was great pity, that it was,[6]
That he that made my body was so busied
He could not stay to make my legs too, but was driven
To clap a pair of cat-sticks[7] to my knees,
For which I am indebted to two school-boys?
This must follow necessary.

Fab. There's no such matter.

Jac. Then for my morals, and those hidden pieces
That art bestows upon me, they are such,
That, when they come to light, I am sure will shame me;
For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak,
That any man shall hope to profit by me;
And for my languages, they are so many,
That, put them all together, they will scarce
Serve to beg single beer in. The plain truth is,
I love a soldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk:
This is my virtue, and if this will do,
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

[1] *seasons*] The second folio has "savours;" and so Sympson. In *The Chances* we find, "It *seasons* of a fool." Act i. sc. 8.

[2] *And seem to yoke your wants like passions*] Seward, and Sympson, as also Heath (*MS. Notes*), propose some unhappy emendations of this line. The old text, as Mason observes, may mean, "And seem to subdue your wants as you do your passions." I once conjectured that "*wants like*" might be a misprint for "warre like" (warlike).

[3] *crack'd i' the ring*] This expression (frequently used, as here, metaphorically) was properly applied to the thin gold coin of our ancestors, which when *cracked* beyond the *ring*, or inmost round circumscribing the inscription, became no longer passable: see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, vi. 76.

[4] *bongrace*] Is variously explained,—a projecting hat, a frontal, a parasol: see Nares's *Gloss.*, Richardson's *Dict.*, and Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*

[5] *tall*] See note, p. 490.

[6] *And how it was great pity, that it was*] "Perhaps the poet had the following line of Hotspur's speech, in King Henry IV., Part I., in his mind,

'And that it was great pity, so it was,' &c." WEBBER.

[7] *cat-sticks*] So the second folio: the first has "*cat*-skins." — "TIP-CAT, or perhaps more properly, the *game* of CAT, is a rustic pastime well known in many parts of the kingdom. Its denomination is derived from a piece of wood called a *cat*, with which it is played; the cat is about six inches in length, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, and diminished from the middle to both ends, in the shape of a double cone; by this curious contrivance the places of the trap and of the ball are at once supplied, for when the cat is laid upon the ground, the player with his cudgel [or *cat-stick*] strikes it smartly, it matters not at which end, and it will rise with a rotatory motion, high enough for him to beat it away as it falls, in the same manner as he would a ball." *Sports, &c.* (p. 86), by Strutt, who describes two of the various ways in which the game is played.

Fab. 'Tis your way
To be thus pleasant still; but fear not, man;
For, though the wars fail, we shall screw ourselves
Into some course of life yet.
Jac. Good Fabricio,
Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear
This peace will make me something that I love not;
For, by my troth, though I am plain and dudgeon,[1]
I would not be an ass; and to sell parcels,
I can as soon be hang'd. Prithee, bestow me,
And speak some little good, though I deserve not.

Enter Father.

Fab. Come, we'll consider more — stay: this
Should be another windfall of the wars.
Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd colours,
That every wind would borrow from the staff:
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts.
They have not cast his tongue too?
Father. They that say
Hope never leaves a wretched man that seeks her,
I think are either patient fools or liars;
I am sure I find it so; for I am master'd
With such a misery and grief together,
That that stay'd anchor, men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me lead that bows,
Or breaks, with every strong sea of my sorrows.
I could now question Heaven (were it well
To look into their justice) why those faults,
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with,
Should be rewarded on the heads of us
That hold the least alliance to their vices:
But this would be too curious; for I see
Our suffering, not disputing, is the end
Reveal'd to us of all these miseries.
Jac. Twenty such holy hermits in a camp
Would make 'em all Carthusians. I'll be hang'd,
If he know what a whore is, or a health,
Or have a nature liable to learn,
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk:
I do not think he has the spleen to swear
A greater oath than sempsters utter[2] socks with.
Spur him a question.
Father. They are strangers both
To me, as I to them, I hope. I would not have
Me and my shame together known by any:
I'll rather lie myself unto[3] another. [*Aside.*
Fab. I need not ask you, sir, your country;
I hear you speak this tongue: pray, what more are you,
Or have you been? if it be not offensive
To urge you so far: misery in your years
Gives every thing a tongue to question it.
Father. Sir, though I could be pleas'd to make my ills
Only mine own, for grieving other men,[4]
Yet, to so fair and courteous a demander,
That promises compassion, at worst pity,
I will relate a little of my story.
I am a gentleman, however thus
Poor and unhappy; which, believe me, sir,
Was not born with me; for I well have tried
Both the extremes of fortune, and have found
Both dangerous. My younger years provok'd me
(Feeling in what an ease I slept at home,
Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness,)
To see far countries, and observe their customs:
I did so, and I travell'd till that course
Stor'd me with language, and some few slight manners,
Scarce worth my money; when an itch possess'd me
Of making arms my active end of travel.
Fab. But did you so?
Father. I did; and twenty winters
I wore the Christian cause upon my sword,
Against his[5] enemies. At Buda siege,
Full many a cold night have I lodg'd in armour,
When all was frozen in me but mine honour;
And many a day, when both the sun and cannon
Strove who should most destroy us, have I stood
Mail'd up in steel, when my tough sinews shrunk,
And this parch'd body ready to consume
As soon to ashes as the pike I bore:
Want has been to me as another nature;
Which makes me with this patience still profess it:
And if a soldier may, without vainglory,
Tell what h'as done, believe me, gentlemen,
I could turn over annals of my dangers;
With this poor weakness have I mann'd a breach,
And made it firm with so much blood, that all
I had to bring me off alive was anger:
Thrice was I made a slave, and thrice redeem'd
At price of all I had; the miseries
Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like children; but I'll spare ye.
Jac. Fabricio, we too have been soldiers
Above these fourteen years, yet, o' my conscience,
All we have seen, compar'd to his experience,
Has been but cudgel-play or cock-fighting.
By all the faith I have in arms, I reverence
The very poverty of this brave fellow;
Which were enough itself, and his,[6] to strengthen
The weakest town against half Christendom.
I was never so asham'd of service
In all my life before, now I consider
What I have done; and yet the rogues would swear
I was a valiant fellow: I do find
The greatest danger I have brought my life through,
Now I have heard this worthy, was no more
Than stealing of a May-pole, or, at worst,
Fighting at single billet[7] with a bargeman.
Fab. I do believe him, Jacomo.
Jac. Believe him!
I have no faith within me, if I do not.
Father. I see they are soldiers,
And, if we may judge by affections,
Brave and deserving men: how they are stirr'd
But with a mere relation of what may be!

[1] *dudgeon*] i. e. coarse, rude: see note, p. 478.
[2] *utter*] "i. e. sell." Ed. 1778.
[3] *unto*] If not a misprint for, is at least equivalent here to — *into*. The Father means, (as Mason rightly explains the line,) that he will rather by his lies assume another character than be known in his own.
[4] *for grieving other men*] "That is, to avoid grieving other men." MASON. See Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *For.*
[5] *his*] "The pronoun '*his*' refers to *Christ*, understood and comprehended in the adjective '*Christian*.'" MASON.
[6] *and his*] i. e. (as Weber rightly explains the words) and being his.
[7] *billet*] i. e. stick, cudgel.

Since I have won belief, and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour! I'll make use of thee.
[*Aside.*
Fab. Sir, would I were a man or great or able,
To look with liberal eyes upon your virtue!
Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating. —
Here, soldier; there's even five months' pay; be merry,
And get thee handsome clothes. [*Gives money.*
Fab. What mean you, Jacomo?
Jac. You are a fool;
The very story's worth a hundred pound.
Give him more money.
Father. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deserve this blessing;
But if I live to see fair days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your goodness,
That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.
Fab. If you please, sir, till we procure you place,
To eat with us, or wear such honest garments
As our poor means can reach to, you shall be
A welcome man: to say more, were to feed you
Only with words. We honour what you've been;
For we are soldiers, though not near the worth
You spake of lately.
Father. I do guess ye so;
And knew, unless he were a soldier,
He could not[1] find the way to know my wants.
Jac. But, methinks, all this while you are too temperate:
Do you not tell men sometimes of their dulness,
When you are grip'd, as now you are, with need?
I do; and let them know those silks they wear,
The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat,
We sow, and reap again, to feed their hunger:
I tell them boldly, they are masters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair women
Lie playing in their arms, whilst we, like Lares,
Defend their pleasures: I am angry too,
And often rail at these forgetful great men,
That suffer us to sue for what we ought
To have flung on us ere we ask.
Father. I have
Too often told my griefs that way, when all
I reap'd was rudeness of behaviour:
In their opinions, men of war that thrive
Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.
Fab. Come, sir; I see your wants need more relieving
Than looking what they are: pray, go with us.
Father. I thank you, gentlemen; since you are pleas'd
To do a benefit, I dare not cross it:
And what my service or endeavours may
Stand you in stead, you shall command, not pray.
Jac. So you shall us.
I'll to the tailor's with you bodily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Before* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter FREDERICK, LODOVICO, *and* PISO.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a woman
When I have nothing else to do.

[1] *unless he were a soldier,*
He could not, &c.] In both these lines the second folio has "ye" instead of "*he*;" and so the modern editors. "He" is, of course, Jacomo.

Piso. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In blushes, smiles, and commendations;
For, by this light, I have heard her praise yon fellow
In such a pitch, as if she had studied
To crowd the worths of all men into him;
And I imagine these are seldom us'd
Without their special ends, and by a maid
Of her desires and youth.
Fred. It may be so.
She's free as you or I am, and may have,
By that prerogative, a liberal choice
In the bestowing of her love.
Lod. Bestowing!
If it be so, she has bestow'd herself
Upon a trim youth. — Piso, what do you call him?
Piso. Why, Captain Jacomo.
Lod. Oh, Captain Jack-boy;
That is the gentleman.
Fred. I think he be
A gentleman at worst.
Lod. So think I too;
Would he would mend, sir!
Fred. And a tall one too.
Lod. Yes, of his teeth;[2] for, of my faith, I think
They are sharper than his sword, and dare do more,
If the buff[3] meet him fairly.
Fred. Very well!
Piso. Now do I wonder what she means to do
When she has married him.
Lod. Why, well enough;
Trail his pike under him, and be a gentlewoman
Of the brave captain's company.
Fred. Do you hear me?
This woman is my sister, gentlemen.
Lod. I am glad she is none of mine. But, Frederick,
Thou art not such a fool, sure, to be angry,
Unless it be with her: we are thy friends, man.
Fred. I think ye are.
Lod. Yes, faith; and do but tell thee
How she will utterly o'erthrow her credit,
If she continue gracing of this pot-gun.[4]

[2] *And a tall one too.*
Lod. Yes, of his teeth] See note, p. 490. So in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*;

"As *tall a trencherman*, that is most certain,
As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification
As soon as batter'd."
Act iii. sc. 1. — *Works* (by Gifford), i. 166, ed. 1813.

[3] *buff*] So the second folio. The first folio has "beuffe." Sympson adopted Seward's emendation, "beef" (which Mason thinks right). The Editors of 1778 gave "beuffe;" and so Weber, who observes, "there is evidently an intentional pun, however poor, between *buff*, the dress of a soldier of the time, and the French *bœuf*." There is doubtless a quibble intended here; but the spelling of the second folio seems preferable. In the following passage of Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman* both the folios have, —

"Men made of *beuf* and sarcenet." Act iii. sc. 1.

yet in a similar passage of the present play the folios agree in reading, —

"They are nothing i' the world but *buff* and scarlet." p. 488.

[4] *pot-gun*] Has occurred at p. 445 in the sense of — popgun, the toy of children: but it also meant a sort of cannon that shot into the air bullets full of wild-fire, which burst on falling to the ground (see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.); and most probably the name is applied here to Jacomo with an allusion to the instrument of war.

Piso. I think she was bewitch'd, or mad, or blind;
She would never have taken such a scare-crow else
Into protection: of[1] my life, he looks
Of a more rusty, swarth complexion
Than an old arming-doublet.
Lod. I would send
His face to the cutler's, then, and have it sanguin'd;[2]
'Twill look a great deal sweeter: then his nose
I would have shorter; and my reason is,
His face will be ill-mounted else.
Piso. For his body,
I will not be my own judge, lest I seem
A railer; but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a trunk-cellar, to send wines down in,
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't.
His hide (for sure he is a beast) is ranker
Than the Moscovy-leather, and grain'd like it;
And, by all likelihoods, he was begotten
Between a stubborn pair of winter-boots;
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.
Lod. He's poor and beggarly, besides all this,
And of a nature far uncapable
Of any benefit; for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,
He's so uncivil. You may do a part
Worthy a brother, to persuade your sister
From her undoing: if she prove so foolish
To marry this cast captain, look to find her,
Within a month, where you, or any good man,
Would blush to know her, selling cheese, and prunes,[3]
And retail'd bottle-ale. I grieve to think,
Because I lov'd her, what a march this captain
Will set her into.
Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant knaves; and, were it not for taking
So just an execution from his hands
You have belied thus, I would swaddle[4] ye,
Till I could draw off both your skins like scabbards.
That man that you have wrong'd thus, though to me
He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worst parts,
The very wearing of his clothes, would make
Two better gentlemen than you dare be;
For there is virtue in his outward things.
Lod. Belike you love him, then?
Fred. Yes, marry, do I.
Lod. And will be angry for him?
Fred. If you talk,
Or pull your face into a stitch[5] again,
As I love truth, I shall be very angry.
Do not I know thee, though thou hast some land,
To set thee out thus among gentlemen,
To be a prating and vain-glorious ass? —
I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth; —
Do not I know thou hast been a cudgell'd coward,
That has no cure for shame but cloth-of-silver,
And think'st the wearing of a gaudy suit
Hides all disgraces?
Lod. I understand you not; you hurt not me,
Your anger flies so wide.
Piso. Signor Frederick,
You much mistake this gentleman.
Fred. No, sir.
Piso. If you would please to be less angry,
I would tell you how.
Fred. You had better study, sir,
How to excuse yourself, if you be able;
Or I shall tell you once again ——
Piso. Not me, sir;
For, I protest, what I have said was only
To make you understand your sister's danger.
Lod. He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive it so
Fred. I might, if it pleas'd me, stand still and hear
My sister made a May-game, might I not?
And give allowance to your liberal[6] jests
Upon his person, whose least anger would
Consume a legion of such wretched people,
That have no more to justify their actions
But their tongues' ends? that dare lie every way,
As a mill grinds? From this hour, I renounce
All part of fellowship that may hereafter
Make me take knowledge of ye but for knaves:
And take heed, as ye love whole skins and coxcombs,
How and to whom ye prate thus. For this time,
I care not if I spare ye: do not shake;
I will not beat ye, though ye do deserve it
Richly.
Lod. This is a strange course, Frederick:
But, sure, you do not, or you would not, know us.
Beat us!
Piso. 'Tis somewhat low, sir, to a gentleman.
Fred. I'll speak but few words, but I'll make 'em truths:
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring
On looking big; and yet, before you go,
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,
That you two are two rascals.
Lod. How!
Fred. Two rascals.
Come, speak it from your hearts; or, by this light,
My sword shall fly among ye: answer me,
And to the point, directly.
Piso. You shall have
Your will for this time, since we see you're grown
So far untemperate: let it be so, sir,
In your opinion.
Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But speak the words plain: — and you, Lodovic,
That stand so tally[7] on your reputation,
You shall be he shall speak it.
Lod. This is pretty!

[1] *of*] i. e. on. Altered by the modern editors to "o'."
[2] *I would send*
His face to the cutler's, then, and have it sanguin'd] So in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*: "Sanguine-cheeked? dost think their faces have been at cutler's?" Act ii. sc. 2. — *Works*, i. 263, ed. Dyce. "*Sanguine*. The blood-stone wherewith cutlers do sanguine their hilts." Cotgrave's *Dict.*
[3] *prunes*] Stewed prunes were a common dish in brothels, where (it would seem) they were sometimes set in the windows as a sort of sign.
[4] *swaddle*] "To swaddle (cudgel) *Verbero, obverbero.*" Coles's *Dict.*
[5] *stitch*] i. e. contortion, grimace.
[6] *liberal*] i. e. licentiously free.
[7] *tally*] i. e. stoutly, boldly: see note, p. 490.

Fred. Let me not stay upon't.
Lod. Well, we are rascals;
Yes, Piso, we are rascals.
Fred. Get ye gone now;
Not a word more: ye're rascals.
[*Exeunt* LODOVICO *and* PISO.

Enter FABRICIO *and* JACOMO.

Fab. That should be Frederick.
Jac. 'Tis he. — Frederick!
Fred. Who's that?
Jac. A friend, sir.
Fred. It is so by the voice.
I have sought you, gentlemen; and, since I have found you
So near our house, I'll force ye stay a while:
I pray, let it be so.
Fab. It is too late;
We'll come and dine to-morrow with your sister,
And do our services.
Jac. Who were those with you?
Fab. We met two came from hence.
Fred. Two idle fellows,
That you shall beat hereafter; and I'll tell you,
Some fitter time, a cause sufficient for it.
Fab. But, Frederick, tell me truly; do you think
She can affect my friend? [*Aside to* FREDERICK.
Fred. No certainer
Than when I speak of him, or any other,[1]
She entertains it with as much desire
As others do their recreations.
Fab. Let not him have this light by any means:
He will but think he's mock'd, and so grow angry,
Even to a quarrel, he's so much distrustful
Of all that take occasion to commend him,
Women especially; for which he shuns
All conversation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a mirth to all their sex. —
[*Lute within.*
Whence is this music?
Fred. From my sister's chamber.
Fab. The touch is excellent; let's be attentive.
Jac. Hark! are the waits abroad?
Fab. Be softer, prithee;
'Tis private music.
Jac. What a din it makes!
I had rather hear a Jews-trump than these lutes;
They cry like school-boys.
Fab. Prithee, Jacomo —
Jac. Well, I will hear, or sleep, I care not whether. [*Lies down.*

FRANK *and* CLORA *appear at the window, and sing.*

Frank. Tell me, dearest,[2] what is love?
Clora. 'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
Both. 'Tis a grave,
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

Frank. Tell me more, are women true?
Clora. Yes, some are, and some as you.
Some are willing, some are strange,[3]
Since you men first taught to change.
Both. And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

Frank. Tell me more yet, can they grieve?
Clora. Yes, and sicken sore, but live,
And be wise, and delay,
When you men are as wise as they.
Both. Then I see,
Faith will be
Never till they both believe.

Frank. Clora, come hither: who are these below there?
Clora. Where?
Frank. There.
Clora. Ha! I should know their shapes,
Though it be darkish. There are both our brothers:
What should they make thus late here?
Frank. What's the t'other?
Clora. What t'other?
Frank. He that lies along there.
Clora. Oh, I see him, —
As if he had a branch of some great pedigree
Grew out on's belly.[4]
Frank. Yes.
Clora. That should be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion ——
Fab. They see us.
Fred. 'Tis no matter.
Fab. What a log is this,
To sleep such music out!
Fred. No more; let's hear 'em.
Clora. If I have any knowledge in proportion,[5]
The Captain Jacomo; those are his legs,
Upon my conscience.
Frank. By my faith, and neat ones.
Clora. You mean the boots; I think they are neat[6] by nature.
Frank. As thou art knavish. Would I saw his face!
Clora. 'Twould scare you in the dark.
Frank. A worse than that
Has never scar'd you, Clora, to my knowledge.
Clora. 'Tis true, for I never have[7] seen a worse;
Nor, while I say my prayers heartily,
I hope I shall not.
Frank. Well, I am no tell-tale:
But is it not great pity, tell me, Clora,
That such a brave deserving gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more respect and worth flung on him
By able men? Were I one of these great ones,
Such virtues[8] should not sleep thus.

[1] *No certainer*
Than when I speak of him, or any other] "This line may easily be misunderstood for want of attending to the construction; as well as one in Jonson's *Sejanus*, —
'Mean time give order that his books be burnt
To the Ædiles.'" [Act iii. sc. 1.] SYMPSON.

[2] *Tell me, dearest*, &c.] The two first stanzas of this song, with variations, have already occurred: see *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act iii. sc. 1, p. 288.

[3] *strange*] i. e. coy.

[4] *As if he had a branch of some great pedigree*
Grew out on's belly] "This is a ridicule on [an allusion to] the usual practice of representing a heraldic pedigree. The reader may see a specimen prefixed to *The Rolliad*." WEBER.

[5] *If I have any knowledge in proportion*] This repetition was omitted by the Editors of 1778 and by Weber, because they attributed it to a mistake of the printer or transcriber.

[6] *neat*] "A pun upon NEAT's *leather*." *Ed.* 1778.

[7] *never have*] The Editors of 1778, to render the line more harmonious, printed "*have never*;" and so Weber.

[8] *virtues*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "virtue."

Clora. Were he greater,
He would sleep more, I think. I'll waken him.
Frank. Away, you fool!
Clora. Is he not dead already, and they two taking order
About his blacks?[1] methinks, they are very busy.
A fine clean corse he is: I would have him buried,
Even as he lies, cross-legg'd, like one o' the Templars[2]
(If his Westphaly gammons will hold crossing);
And on his breast a buckler with a pike in't,[3]
In which I would have some learnèd cutler
Compile an epitaph; and at his feet
A musquet, with this word[4] upon a label,
Which from the cock's mouth thus should be deliver'd,
I have discharg'd the office of a soldier.
Frank. Well, if thy father were a soldier,
Thus thou wouldst use him.
Clora. Such a soldier,
I would indeed.
Fab. If he hear this, not all
The power of man could keep him from the windows,
Till they were down, and all the doors broke open.
For God's sake, make her cooler; I dare not venture
To bring him else: I know he will go to buffets
Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit.
Let's waken him, and away; we shall hear worse else.
Frank. Well, if I be not even with thee, Clora,
Let me be hang'd, for this: I know thou dost it
Only to anger me, and purge thy[5] wit,
Which would break out else.
Clora. I have found you; I'll
Be no more cross. Bid 'em good night.
Frank. No, no;
They shall not know we have seen 'em. Shut the window.
[*Exeunt* FRANK *and* CLORA *above.*
Fab. Will you get up, sir?
Jac. Have you paid the fiddlers?
Fab. You are not left to do it. Fie upon thee!
Hast thou forsworn manners?
Jac. Yes; unless they
Would let me eat my meat without long graces,
Or drink without a preface to the pledger,
Of[6] "Will it please you?" "Shall I be so bold, sir?"
"Let me remember your good bed-fellow!"
And lie, and kiss my hand unto my mistress
As often as an ape does for an apple.

[1] *blacks*] "i. e. mourning weeds." WEBER.
[2] *cross-legg'd, like one o' the Templars*] The crossing of the legs (which is frequently seen in the figures on the tombs of warriors) indicated that they had served in the crusades.
[3] *a buckler with a pike in't*] This passage has been strangely misunderstood by the editors: *pike* (or, as it was sometimes written, *pick* — see p. 368) means the spike in the centre of the buckler.
[4] *word*] "i. e. motto." WEBER.
[5] *thy*] So the second folio. The first has "your;" and so Weber.
[6] *Of*] both the folios, "Oft."

These are mere schisms in soldiers; —— where's my friend? ——
These are to us as bitter as purgations:
We love that general freedom we are bred to;
Hang these faint fooleries! they smell of peace, —
Do they not, friend?
Fab. Faith, sir, to me they are
As things indifferent; yet I use 'em not,
Or, if I did, they would not prick my conscience.
Fred. Come, shall we go? 'tis late.
Jac. Yes, any whither:
But no more music; it has made me dull.
Fab. Faith, any thing but drinking disturbs thee, Jacomo.
We'll even to bed.
Jac. Content.
Fab. Thou wilt dream of wenches.
Jac. I never think of any, I thank Heaven,
But when I am drunk; and then 'tis but to cast[7]
A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd
Like vermin. Let's away; I am very sleepy.
Fab. Ay, thou art ever so, or angry. Come.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter JULIO *and* ANGELO.

Julio. I will but see her once more, Angelo,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
Myself again.
Ang. I would not have thee tempt lust;
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadst thou the constancy of all men in thee.
Julio. Having her sins before me, I dare see her,
Were she as catching as the plague and deadly,
And tell her she is fouler than all those,
And far more pestilent, if not repentant;
And, like a strong man, chide her well, and leave her.
Ang. 'Tis easily said. Of what complexion is she?
Julio. Make but a curious frame unto thyself,
As thou wouldst shape an angel in thy thought;
Such as the poets, when their fancies sweat,
Imagine Juno is, or fair-ey'd Pallas;
And one more excellent than all those figures
Shalt thou find her: she's brown, but of a sweetness,
(If such a poor word may express her beauty,)
Believe me, Angelo, would do more mischief
With a forc'd smile, than twenty thousand Cupids,
With their love-quivers full of ladies' eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.
Ang. Of what age is she?
Julio. As a rose at fairest,
Neither a bud nor blown; but such a one,
Were there a Hercules to get again
With all his glory, or one more than he,
The god would choose out 'mongst a race of women

[7] *cast*] i. e. plot, contrive.

To make a mother of: she is outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it:
And when she speaks, oh, Angelo, then music
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
To agèd mountains, and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rages; and tall trees, that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
And hear, and wonder; and the sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in heaven, to be as midnight
Still and attentive) steals into our souls
So suddenly and strangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what she pleases!
Ang. Why, look how far you have thrust yourself again
Into your old disease! are you that man
With such a resolution, that would venture
To take your leave of folly, and now melt
Even in repeating her?
Julio. I had forgot me.
Ang. As you will still do.
Julio. No; the strongest man
May have the grudging of an ague on him;
This is no more. Let's go; I would fain be fit
To be thy friend again, for now I am no man's.
Ang. Go you: I dare not go, I tell you truly;
Nor were it wise I should.
Julio. Why?
Ang. I am well,
And, if I can, will keep myself so.
Julio. Ha!
Thou mak'st me smile, though I have little cause,
To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee:
Art thou not strong enough to see a woman?
Ang. Yes, twenty thousand; but not such a one
As you have made her: I'll not lie for the matter;
I know I am frail, and may be cozen'd too
By such a siren.
Julio. Faith, thou shalt go, Angelo.
Ang. Faith, but I will not: no; I know how far, sir,
I am able to hold out, and will not venture
Above my depth. I do not long to have
My sleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly,
Like a poor wench had lost her market-money;
And when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,
And call for small beer; and consume my wit
In making anagrams and faithful posies:
I do not like that itch; I am sure I had rather
Have the main pox, and safer.
Julio. Thou shalt go;
I must needs have thee as a witness with me
Of my repentance: as thou lov'st me, go.
Ang. Well, I will go, since you will have it so;
But if I prove a fool too, look to have me
Curse you continually and fearfully.
Julio. And if thou seest me fall again, good Angelo,
Give me thy counsel quickly, lest I perish.
Ang. Pray Heaven I have enough to save myself!
For, as I have a soul, I had rather venture
Upon a savage island than this woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Another Street.*

Enter Father, *in handsome apparel, with a purse, and* Servant.

Father. From whom, sir, comes this bounty? for I think
You are mistaken.
Serv. No, sir; 'tis to you,
I am sure, my mistress sent it.
Father. Who's your mistress,
That I may give her thanks?
Serv. The virtuous widow.
Father. The virtuous widow, sir! I know none such:
Pray, what's her name?
Serv. Lelia.
Father. I knew you err'd;
'Tis not to me, I warrant you. There, sir;
Carry it to those she feeds fat with such favours;
I am a stranger to her.
Serv. Good sir, take it,
And, if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you;
For, I am sure, mine eye never went off you
Since you forsook the gentlemen you talk'd with
Just at her door.
Father. Indeed, I talk'd with two,
Within this half hour, in the street.
Serv. 'Tis you, sir,
And none but you, I am sent to. Wiser men
Would have been thankful sooner, and receiv'd it;
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
And from a woman of her excellence.
Father. Well, sir, I am catechis'd. What more belongs to't?
Serv. This only, sir; she would entreat you come
This evening to her without fail.
Father. I will.
Serv. You guess where.
Father. Sir, I have a tongue else.
[*Exit* Servant.
She is downright devil; or else my wants
And her disobedience have provok'd her
To look into her foul self, and be sorry.
I wonder how she knew me; I had thought
I had been the same to all I am to them
That chang'd me thus. God pardon me for lying!
For I have paid it home: many a good man,
That had but found the profit of my way,
Would forswear telling true again in haste.

Enter Lodovico *and* Piso.

Here are my praters: now, if I did well,
I should belabour 'em; but I have found
A way to quiet 'em worth a thousand on't.
[*Aside.*
Lod. If we could get a fellow that would do it!
Father. What villany is now in hand?
[*Aside, and retires.*
Piso. It will
Be hard to be done, in my opinion,
Unless we light upon an Englishman
With sevenscore surfeits in him.
Lod. Are the Englishmen
Such stubborn drinkers?[1]
Piso. Not a leak at sea

1 *Such stubborn drinkers*] "This qualification in our

Can suck more liquor: you shall have their children
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years old,
Able to knock a Dane down: take an English-man,
And cry "St. George!" and give him but a rasher,
And you shall have him upon even terms
Defy a hogshead. Such a one would do it
Home, boy, and like a workman.
Lod. At what weapon?[1]
Piso. Sherry sack: I would have him drink stark dead,
If it were possible; at worst, past portage.[2]
Lod. What is the end, then?
Piso. Dost thou not perceive it?
If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of him.
If not, this is my end; or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The fool is that admires him; and if sober
His nature be so rugged, what will't be
When he is hot with wine? Come, let's about it:
If this be done but handsomely, I'll pawn
My head she hath done with soldiers.
Lod. This may do well.
Father. Here's a new way to murder men alive!
I'll choke this train. [*Aside, and then comes forward.*] — God save ye, gentlemen! —
It is to you — stay — yes, it is to you.
[*Gives the purse to* LODOVICO.
Lod. What's to me?
Father. You are fortunate:[3]
I cannot stand to tell you more now; meet me
Here soon, and you'll be made a man. [*Exit.*
Lod. What vision's this?
Piso. I know not.
Lod. Well, I'll meet it;
Think you o' th' other, and let me a while
Dream of this fellow.
Piso. For the drunkard, Lodovic,
Let me alone.
Lod. Come, let's about it, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter CLORA *and* FRANK.

Clora. Ha, ha, ha! pray, let me laugh extremely.
Frank. Why? prithee, why? hast thou such cause?
Clora. Yes, faith;
My brother will be here straightway, and ——
Frank. What?
Clora. The other party: ha, ha, ha!
Frank. What party?
Wench, thou art not drunk?
Clora. No, faith.
Frank. Faith, thou hast been among the bottles, Clora.
Clora. Faith, but I have not, Frank. Prithee, be handsome;
The captain comes along too, wench.
Frank. Oh, is that it
That tickles you?
Clora. Yes, and shall tickle you too;
You understand me?
Frank. By my troth, thou art grown
A strange lewd wench: I must e'en leave thy company;
Thou wilt spoil me else.
Clora. Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand.
Hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,
When I went first a-birding for thy love,
And roundly said, "That is the man must do it,"
I had done laughing many an hour ago.
Frank. And what dost thou see in him, now thou know'st him,
To be thus laugh'd at?
Clora. Prithee, be not angry,
And I'll speak freely to thee.
Frank. Do; I will not.
Clora. Then, as I hope to have a handsome husband,
This fellow in mine eye (and, Frank, I am held
To have a shrewd guess at a pretty fellow)
Appears a strange thing.
Frank. Why, how strange, for God's sake?
He is a man, and one that may content,
For any thing I see, a right good woman;
And, sure, I am not blind.
Clora. There lies the question;
For, but you say he is a man, and I
Will credit you, I should as soon have thought him
Another of God's creatures: out upon him!
His body,[4] that can promise nothing
But laziness and long strides.
Frank. These are your eyes!
Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love
With the old footman for singing of *Queen Dido?*[5]
And swore he look'd, in his old velvet trunks[6]
And his slic'd Spanish jerkin, like Don John?
You had a parlous[7] judgment then, my Clora.
Clora. Who told you that?
Frank. I heard it.
Clora. Come, be friends;
The soldier is a Mars: no more; we are all
Subject to slide awry.[8]

countrymen is taken notice of by Iago, in act ii. scene iii. of *Othello.*" REED.

"It is more than probable that the Danes, who were considered as the most potent drinkers in Europe, taught the custom to the Scots and the English. It is well known what orgies were sacrificed to Bacchus in the castle of Croneborg, when James was at the Danish court to espouse the princess Anne; and he seems to have continued his excesses till his death. It is not impossible that the words in the text, 'Able to knock a Dane down,' may allude to a trial of capacity for wine similar to the one by which Sir Walter Riddell obtained the celebrated whistle from the great Danish toping champion, also in the reign of James I. See Burns's poem of *The Whistle.*" WEBER [qy. Sir Walter Scott?]

[1] *At what weapon*] Both the folios make these words the conclusion of the preceding speech; and in the rest of the dialogue between Piso and Lodovico, till it is interrupted by the Father, they prefix "*Lod.*" to the speeches properly belonging to Piso, and "*Piso*" to those which are evidently Lodovico's. Sympson made the necessary changes.

[2] *portage*] So the second folio. The first has "pottage;" and so Weber.

[3] *You are fortunate, &c.*] So the lines of this speech are divided in both the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave a new arrangement, and not for the better.

[4] *His body*] Ought to be, I suspect, "He has a *body*," — the transcriber having written "H'as," which the compositor mistook for "His."

[5] *Queen Dido*] For the beautiful ballad of *Queen Dido*, see Percy's *Rel. of An. Engl. Poet.* iii. 193. ed. 1794. It is again mentioned in *Bonduca*, act i. sc. 2.

[6] *trunks*] i. e. wide breeches.

[7] *parlous*] See note, p. 478.

[8] *awry*] Both the folios have "away;" and so the modern editors!

Frank. Nay, laugh on still.
Clora. No, faith; thou art a good wench, and 'tis pity
Thou shouldst not be well quarried[1] at thy entering,
Thou art so high-flown for him. Look, who's there!

Enter FABRICIO *and* JACOMO.

Jac. Prithee, go single; what should I do there?
Thou know'st I hate these visitations,
As I hate peace or perry.
Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right man?
Jac. You make a right fool of me,
To lead me up and down to visit women,
And be abus'd and laugh'd at. Let me starve
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em
What their shoes cost.
Fab. Fie upon thee, coward!
Canst thou not sing?
Jac. Thou know'st I can sing nothing
But *Plumpton-Park.*[2]
Fab. Thou wilt be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.
Jac. I had rather enter
A breach: if I miscarry, by this hand,
I will have you by th' ears for't.
Fab. [*coming forward with* JACOMO.] Save ye, ladies!
Clora. Sweet brother, I dare swear you're welcome hither;
So is your friend.
Fab. Come, blush not, but salute 'em.
Frank. Good sir, believe your sister; you are most welcome;
So is this worthy gentleman, whose virtues
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.
Jac. She has found me out already, and has paid me.
Shall we be going?
Fab. Peace. — Your goodness, lady,
Will ever be afore us. For myself,
I will not thank you single, lest I leave
My friend, this gentleman, out of acquaintance.
Jac. More of me yet?
Frank. Would I were able, sir,
From either of your worths to merit thanks!
Clora. But, brother, is your friend thus sad still? methinks,
'Tis an unseemly nature in a soldier.
Jac. What hath she to do with me or my behaviour?
Fab. He does but shew so: prithee, to him, sister!
Jac. If I do not break thy head, I am no Christian,
If I get off once.
Clora. Sir, we must entreat you
To think yourself more welcome, and be merry:
'Tis pity a fair man of your proportion
Should have a soul of sorrow.
Jac. Very well! —
Pray, gentlewoman, what would you have me say?
Clora. Do not you know, sir?
Jac. Not so well as you
That talk continually.
Frank. You have hit her, sir.
Clora. I thank him, so he has;
Fair fall his sweet face for it!
Jac. Let my face
Alone, I would wish you, lest I take occasion
To bring a worse in question.
Clora. Meaning mine? —
Brother, where was your friend brought up? h'as sure
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They[3] lie so dull upon his understanding.
Fab. No more of that; thou'lt anger him at heart.
Clora. Then let him be more manly; for he looks
Like a great school-boy that had been blown up
Last night at dust-point.[4]
Frank. You will never leave
Till you be told how rude you are: fie, Clora! —
Sir, will it please you sit?
Clora. And I'll sit by you.
Jac. Woman, be quiet, and be rul'd, I would wish you.
Clora. I have done, Sir Captain.
Fab. Art thou not asham'd?
Jac. You are an ass; I'll tell you more anon:
You had better ha' been hang'd than brought me hither.
Fab. You are grown a sullen fool. Either be handsome,
Or, by this light, I will have wenches bait thee:
Go to the gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your head up; what!
Jac. By this light, I'll brain thee.
Frank. Now, o' my faith, this gentleman does nothing
But it becomes him rarely. Clora, look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.
Clora. Yes, it shews very sweetly.
Frank. Nay, do not blush, sir; o' my troth, it does:
I would be ever angry to be thus. —
Fabricio, o' my conscience, if I ever
Do fall in love (as I will not forswear it,

[1] *quarried*] See note, p. 554. The allusion in the present passage (as "high-flown" shews) is to falconry.

[2] *Plumpton-Park*] See the *Lamentation of John Musgrave, who was executed at Kendal, for robbing the King's Receiver, and taking away from him great store of treasure*, in Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 102. ed. 1810. The following stanza occurs both in the First and Second Part of the ballad:

"Down *Plumpton-Park* as I did pass,
I heard a bird sing in a glen;
The chiefest of her song it was,
'Farewell the flower of servingmen!'"

[3] *They*] In a note (which I have omitted) on an earlier passage of the play, Weber says, "it is curious that the plural is here applied to 'pottage,' as it is at this moment in Scotland." If he had read these plays with proper attention, he would have observed many similar forms of expression: so at p. 493;

"I could now question *Heaven* (were it well
To look into *their* justice)."

[4] *dust-point*] "I believe this alludes to a trick still usual among boys. A hole is made in the earth, and a novice is set to blow out the dust, which, if he does not shut his eyes, fills them, and consequently may cause his face to swell," &c. — WEBER, — whose explanation is very doubtful. *Dust-point* seems to have been a game similar to *blow-point*, — both games much resembling push-pin: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. v.

Till I am something wiser), it must be,
I will not say directly with that face,
But certainly such another as that is,
And thus dispos'd, may chance[1] to hamper me.
Fab. Dost thou hear this, and stand still?
Jac. You will prate still.
I would you were not women! I would take
A new course with ye.
Clora. Why, courageous?
Jac. For making me a stone to whet your tongues on.
Clora. Prithee, sweet Captain ——
Jac. Go, go spin, go hang!
Clora. Now could I kiss him.
Jac. If you long for kicking,
You're best come kiss me; do not though, I'd wish you.
I'll send my footman to thee; he shall leap thee,
An thou want'st horsing. I will leave ye, ladies.
Frank. Beshrew my heart, you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a gentleman
Of his deserts, that comes so worthily
To visit me: I cannot take it well.
Jac. I come to visit you, you foolish woman!
Frank. I thought you did, sir, and for that I thank you;
I would be loath to lose[2] those thanks. I know
This is but some odd way you have, — and, faith,
It does become you well to make us merry:
I have heard often of your pleasant vein.
Fab. What wouldst thou ask more?
Jac. Pray, thou scurvy fellow;
Thou hast not long to live. — Adieu, dear damsels;
You filthy women, farewell, and be sober,
And keep your chambers.
Clora. Farewell, old Don Diego.[3]
Frank. Away, away! — You must not be so angry,
To part thus roughly from us: yet to me
This does not shew as if 'twere yours; the wars
May breed men something plain, I know; but not
Thus rude. Give me your hand, good sir: I know
'Tis white, and ——
Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating housewives?
Clora. For any thing I know, we would in to supper,
And there begin a health of lusty claret,
To keep care from our hearts; and it should be ——
Fab. Faith, to whom? — Mark but this, Jacomo.
Clora. Even to the handsomest fellow now alive.
Fab. Do you know such a one?
Frank. He may be guess'd at
Without much travail.
Fab. There's another item.
Clora. And he should be a soldier.
Frank. 'Twould be better.
Clora. And yet not you, sweet Captain.
Frank. Why not he?
Jac. Well, I shall live to see your husbands beat you,
And hiss 'em on like bandogs.
Clora. Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Green sicknesses, and serving-men, light on ye,
With greasy codpieces and woollen stockings!
The devil (if he dare deal with two women)
Be of your counsels! Farewell, plasterers.
[*Exit.*
Clora. This fellow will be mad at Midsummer,
Without all doubt.
Fab. I think so too.
Frank. I am sorry
He's gone in such a rage: but, sure, this holds him
Not every day.
Fab. Faith, every other day,
If he come near a woman.
Clora. I wonder how his mother could endure
To have him in her belly, he's so boisterous.
Frank. He's to be made more tractable, I doubt not.
Clora. Yes, if they taw him, as they do whit-leather
Upon an iron, or beat him soft like stock-fish
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in the House of* LELIA.

Enter LELIA, *and* Waiting-woman *carrying a veil.*

Lelia. Art sure 'tis he?
W. Wo. Yes, and another with him.
Lelia. The more the merrier. Did you give that money,
And charg'd it to be[4] deliver'd where I shew'd you?
W. Wo. Yes, and what else you bade me.
Lelia. That brave fellow,
Though he be old, whate'er he be, shews toughness;
And such a one I long for, and must have
At any price; these young soft melting gristles
Are only for my safer ends.
W. Wo. They are here.
Lelia. Give me my veil; and bid the boy go sing
That song above, I gave him, — the sad song.
[*Puts on her veil.*
Now if I miss him, I am curs'd. — Go, wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn
All company of men; yet make a venture
At last to let 'em in: thou know'st these things;
Do 'em to the life.
W. Wo. I warrant you, I am perfect. [*Exit.*
Lelia. Some evil[5] woman, for her use, would give
A million for this wench, she is so subtle.

Re-enter W. Woman, JULIO *and* ANGELO *appearing at the door.*

W. Wo. Good sir, desire it not; I dare not do it;

[1] *dispos'd, may chance*] Seward's correction. Both the folios have, "dispose my *chance*."
[2] *lose*] "i. e. throw away to no purpose." MASON.
[3] *Don Diego*] An allusion to the "Don Diego that was smelt out in Paul's." Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, Act, iv. sc. 3. — *Works*, i. 293. ed. Dyce. He is mentioned by several of our early dramatists. For more particulars, I refer the reader to my ed. of Webster's *Works*, iv. 293.
[4] *charg'd it to be*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 printed "*charg'd it be.*" Weber altered "*charg'd*" to "charge."
[5] *evil*] Both the folios, "ill;" and so the modern editors, — Sympson, for the metre, printing, "Now *some ill*," &c. See note, p. 209.

For since your last being here, sir, believe me,
She has griev'd herself out of all company,
And, sweet soul, almost out of life too.
Julio. Prithee,
Let me but speak one word.
W. Wo. You will offend, sir;
And yet your name is more familiar with her
Than any thing but sorrow: good sir, go.
Ang. This little varlet hath her lesson perfect;
These are the baits they bob with.
Julio. Faith, I will not.
W. Wo. I shall be chidden cruelly for this;
But you are such a gentleman!
Julio. No more.
Ang. [*giving money.*] There's a new tire, wench: peace; thou art well enough. [*Music.*
Julio. What, has she music?
W. Wo. Yes; for Heaven's sake, stay;
'Tis all she feeds upon.
Julio. Alas, poor soul!
Ang. Now will I pray devoutly; for there's need on't. [*They come forward.*

Boy sings above.

Away, delights; go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die.
Farewell, false love; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie:
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts;
Alas, for pity, go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee! mine was not so.

Never again deluding love shall know me,
For I will die;
And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I:
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
"Alas, for pity, stay,
And let us die
With thee! men cannot mock us in the clay."[1]

Julio. Mistress! — not one word? — mistress, if I grieve you,
I can depart again.
Ang. Let's go, then, quickly;
For if she get from under this dark cloud,
We shall both sweat, I fear, for't.
Julio. Do but speak,
Though you turn from me, and speak bitterly,
And I am gone; for that I think will please you.
Ang. Oh, that all women were thus silent ever,
What fine things they were!
Julio. You have look'd on me,
When, if there be belief in women's words,
Spoken in tears, you swore you lov'd to do so.
Lelia. Oh me, my heart!
Ang. Now, Julio, play the man,
Or such another "Oh me!"[2] will undo thee.
Would I had any thing to keep me busy,
I might not hear her! think but what she is,
Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i' the mash[3] too.

[1] *clay*] Both the folios, "day."—"In support of the alteration, Seward produces the following passage in *Henry* V. [act iv. sc. 8.],—

'The dead with charity inclos'd in *clay*.'

The corruption is very easy; the *c* and *l* in the manuscript looking like a *d*." *Ed.* 1778.

[2] *oh me*] So the second folio. Not in the first folio.

[3] *mash*] Altered by the modern editors to "mesh,"—rightly perhaps, for *mesh* was sometimes spelt *mash*: Richardson, however, in his *Dict.* cites the present passage under *Mash*.

Julio. Pray, speak again.
Lelia. Where is my woman? [*Unveils.*
W. Wo. Here.
Ang. Mercy upon me! what a face she has!
Would it were veil'd again!
Lelia. Why did you let
This flattering man in to me? did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?
Thou hast brought me poison in a shape of Heaven,
Whose violence will break the hearts of all,
Of all weak women, as it has done mine,
That are such fools to love, and look upon him. —
Good sir, be gone; you know not what an ease
Your absence is.
Ang. By Heaven, she is a wonder!
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am qualmish.[4]
Julio. Though I desire to be here more than Heaven,
As I am now, yet, if my sight offend you,
So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go. Farewell.
Lelia. I should say something
Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me:
But why should I speak to a man that hates me,
And will but laugh at any thing I suffer?
Julio. If this be hate —— [*Weeps.*
Lelia. Away, away, deceiver!
Julio. Now help me, Angelo.
Ang. I am worse than thou art.
Lelia. Such tears as those might make another woman
Believe thee honest, Julio; almost me,
That know their ends; for I confess they stir me.
Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now,
If you would hang me, from her: oh, brave eye!
Steal me away, for God's sake, Julio.
Julio. Alas, poor man! I am lost again too, strangely.
Lelia. No, I will sooner trust a crocodile
When he sheds tears (for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once,) or any thing
That's evil to our natures, than a man:
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way.
I was requesting you to come no more,
And mock me with your service; 'tis not well,
Nor honest, to abuse us so far: you may love too;
For though, I must confess, I am unworthy
Of your love every way, yet I would have you
Think I am somewhat too good to make sport of.
Julio. Will you believe me!
Lelia. For your vows and oaths,
And such deceiving tears as you shed now,
I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.
Julio. Let me be most despis'd of men ——
Lelia. No more;
There is no new way left, by which your cunning
Shall once more hope to catch me: no, thou false man,

[4] *qualmish*] So the second folio. The first folio has "*squeamish*."

I will avoid thee, and, for thy sake, all
That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love;
For I am open-ey'd again, and know thee.
Go, make some other weep, as I have done,
That dare believe thee; go, and swear to her
That is a stranger to thy cruelty,
And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,
How thou diest daily for her; pour it out
In thy best lamentations; put on sorrow,
As thou canst, to deceive an angel, Julio,
And vow thyself into her heart, that when
I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falsehood,
Still a forsaken woman may be found
To call to Heaven for vengeance.
Ang. From this hour,
I heartily despise all honest women;
I care not if the world took knowledge on't:
I see there's nothing in them, but that folly
Of loving one man only. Give me henceforth,
(Before the greatest blessing can be thought of,)
If this be one, a whore; that's all I aim at.
[*Aside.*
Julio. Mistress, the most offending man is heard
Before his sentence: why will you condemn me
Ere I produce the truth to witness with me
How innocent I am of all your angers?
Lelia. There is no trusting of that tongue; I know't,
And how far, if it be believ'd, it kills:
No more, sir.
Julio. It never lied to you yet; if it did,
'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.
Lelia. Good sir, no more; make not my understanding,
After I have suffer'd thus much evil by you,
So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forc'd affections: yet, because
I once lov'd such a sorrow too, too dearly,
As that would strive to be, I do forgive you,
Even heartily as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me; my charity
Yet loves you so far, though again I may not;
And wish, when that time comes you will love truly,
If you can ever do so, you may find
The worthy fruit of your affections,
True love again, not my unhappy harvest;
Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,
So dry and stony, that a thousand showers,
From these two eyes continually raining,
Could never ripen.
Julio. You have conquer'd me:
I did not think to yield; but make me now
Even what you will, my Lelia, so I may
Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.
Lelia. No, no; those fond imaginations
Are dead and buried in me; let 'em rest.
Julio. I'll marry you.
Ang. The devil thou wilt, Julio?
How that word waken'd me! [*Aside.*] — Come hither, friend:
Thou art a fool. Look stedfastly upon her:
Though she be all that I know excellent,
As she appears; though I could fight for her,
And run through fire; though I am stark mad too,
Never to be recover'd; though I would
Give all I had i' the world to lie with her,
Even to my naked soul — I am so far gone;
Yet, methinks, still we should not dote away
That that is something more than ours, our honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means —
Yet I should do so; — is she not a whore?
Julio. She is; but such a one ——
Ang. 'Tis true, she's excellent;
And when I well consider, Julio,
I see no reason we should be confin'd
In our affections, when all creatures else
Enjoy still where they like.
Julio. And so will I, then.
Lelia. He's fast enough, I hope, now, if I hold him. [*Aside.*
Ang. You must not do so though, now I consider
Better what 'tis.
Julio. Do not consider, Angelo;
For I must do it.
Ang. No; I'll kill thee first:
I love thee so well that the worms shall have thee
Before this woman, friend.
Julio. It was your counsel.
Ang. As I was a knave;
Not as I lov'd thee.
Julio. All this is lost upon me, Angelo;
For I must have her. — I will marry you
When[1] you please: pray, look better on me.
Ang. Nay, then, no more, friend; farewell, Julio:
I have so much discretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.
Julio. Stay; thou art more than she, and now I find it.
Lelia. Is he so?
Julio. Mistress!
Lelia. No! I'll see thee starv'd first. [*Exit.*
Julio. Friend!
Ang. Fly her as I do, Julio; she's a witch.
Julio. Beat me away, then; I shall grow here still else.
Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with thee.
Farewell for ever. [*Exit.*
Julio. Stay; I am uncharm'd. —
Farewell, thou cursèd house; from this hour be
More hated of me than a leprosy! [*Exit.*

Re-enter LELIA.

Lelia. Both gone? a plague upon 'em both!
Am I deceiv'd again? Oh, I would rail,
And follow 'em, but I fear the spite of people,
Till I have emptied all my gall!
The next I seize upon shall pay their follies
To the last penny; this will work me worse;
He that comes next, by Heaven, shall feel their curse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Street.*

Enter JACOMO *and* FABRICIO *severally.*

Fab. Oh, you're a sweet youth, so uncivilly
To rail and run away!
Jac. Oh, are you there, sir?

[1] *When*] Sympson, for the metre, printed "Whene'er."

I am glad I have found you: you have not now your ladies,
To shew your wit before.
Fab. Thou woult not, woult 'a?
Jac. What a sweet youth I am, as you have made me, [*Draws.*
You shall know presently.
Fab. Put up your sword;
I have seen it often; 'tis a fox.[1]
Jac. It is so;
And you shall feel it too. Will you despatch, sir,
And leave your mirth out? or I shall take occasion
To beat you, and disgrace you too.
Fab. Well, since
There is no other way to deal with you, —
Let's see your sword; I am sure you scorn all odds, —
I will fight with you.
[*While they measure their swords,* FABRICIO *seizes* JACOMO'S.
Jac. How now?
Fab. Nay, stand out;
Or, by this light, I'll make you.
Jac. This is scurvy,
And out of fear done.
Fab. No, sir; out of judgment;
For he that deals with thee, thou'rt grown so boisterous,
Must have more wits or more lives than another,
Or always be in armour or enchanted,
Or he is miserable.
Jac. Your end of this, sir?
Fab. My end is only mirth, to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in safety: ha, ha, ha!
Jac. 'Sheart, then I am grown ridiculous!
Fab. Thou art;
And wilt be shortly sport for little children,
If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.
Jac. Oh, God, for any thing that had an edge!
Fab. Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Fie, what a shame it is,
To have a lubber shew his teeth!
Fab. Ha, ha!
Jac. Why dost thou laugh at me, thou wretched fellow?
Speak, with a pox! and look you render me
Just such a reason ——
Fab. I shall die with laughing.
Jac. As no man can find fault with. I shall have
Another sword, I shall, you fleering puppy!
Fab. Does not this testiness shew finely in thee?
Once more, take heed of children: if they find thee,
They'll break up school to bear thee company,
Thou wilt be such a pastime; and hoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade,[2] and Spitfire,
And Gaffer Madman, and Go-by-Jeronimo,[3]
And Will-with-a-whip, and Come-aloft,[4] and Crack-rope,
And old Saint Dennis with the dudgeon cod-piece,
And twenty such names.
Jac. No, I think they will not.
Fab. Yes, but they will; and nurses still their children
Only with thee, and "Here take him, Jacomo!"
Jac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One steeple height! I would fall and break thy neck.
Fab. This is the reason I laugh at thee, and,
While thou art thus, will do. Tell me one thing.
Jac. I wonder how thou durst thus question me.
Prithee, restore my sword.
Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will. Nay, sir, keep out.
Jac. Well, I will be your fool now; speak your mind, sir.
Fab. Art thou not breeding teeth?
Jac. How, teeth!
Fab. Yes, teeth;
Thou wouldst not be so froward else.
Jac. Teeth!
Fab. Come, 'twill make thee
A little rheumatic, but that's all one;
We'll have a bib, for spoiling of thy doublet,
And a fring'd muckender[5] hang at thy girdle;
I'll be thy nurse, and get a coral for thee,
And a fine ring of bells.
Jac. Faith, this is somewhat
Too much, Fabricio, to your friend that loves you:
Methinks, your goodness rather should invent
A way to make my follies less, than breed 'em.
I should have been more moderate to you;
But I see you despise me.
Fab. Now I love you.
There, take your sword; continue so. I dare not
Stay now to try your patience; soon I'll meet you:
And, as you love your honours and your state,
Redeem yourself well to the gentlewoman.
Farewell, till soon. [*Exit.*
Jac. Well, I shall think of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. — *A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter Host, PISO, *and* Boy *with a glass of wine.*

Piso. Nothing i' the world but a dried tongue or two.
Host. Taste him, and tell me.
Piso. Is a valiant wine;
This must be he, mine host.
Host. This shall be *ipse:*

[1] *for*] A familiar and favourite term for the old English broadsword.

[2] *Spade*] An allusion, Weber conjectures, to "the black man with his *spade*," — one of the bugbears of the nursery.

[3] *Go-by-Jeronimo*] This expression (which is ridiculed by many of our old dramatists as well as other early writers, and had, indeed, become proverbial) is derived from Kyd's celebrated *Spanish Tragedy*. The words are spoken by Hieronimo to himself:

"*King.* Who is he that interrupts our business?
Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo*, beware, *go by, go by.*"
Dodsley's *Old Plays*, iii. 163. last ed.

[4] *Come-aloft*] Equivalent to — ape: "come aloft" was the exclamation used by a master to an ape that had been taught to vault and play tricks.

[5] *muckender*] On which Weber has a note of intolerable absurdity, — means, of course, handkerchief.

Oh, he's a devilish biting[1] wine, a tyrant
Where he lays hold, sir; this is he that scorns
Small beer should quench him, or a foolish caudle
Bring him to bed; no, if he flinch, I'll shame him,
And draw him out to mull amongst old midwives.
Piso. There is a soldier I would have thee batter[2]
Above the rest, because he thinks there's no man
Can give him drink enough.
Host. What kind of man?
Piso. That thou mayst know him perfectly, he's one
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing,
As if his belly were ta'en up with straw,
To hunt a match.
Host. Has he no beard to shew him?
Piso. Faith, but a little; yet enough to note him,
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant:
And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.
Host. That note's enough: he's mine; I'll fuddle him,
Or lie i' the suds. You will be here too?
Piso. Yes.
Till soon, farewell, and bear up.
Host. If I do not,
Say I am recreant: I'll get things ready.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter JULIO *and* ANGELO.

Julio. 'Tis strange thou shouldst be thus, with thy discretion.
Ang. I am sure I am so.
Julio. I am well, you see.
Ang. Keep yourself warm then, and go home and sleep,
And pray to God thou mayst continue so.
Would I had gone to the devil of an errand,
When I was made a fool to see her! Leave me;
I am not fit for conversation.
Julio. Why, thou art worse than I was.
Ang. Therefore leave me;
The nature of my sickness is not eas'd
By company or counsel: I am mad;
And, if you follow me with questions,
Shall shew myself so.
Julio. This is more than error.
Ang. Pray, be content that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me.
Julio. Let me know
But what you mean to do, and I am gone:
I would be loath to leave you thus else.
Ang. Nothing
That needs your fear; that is sufficient.
Farewell, and pray for me.
Julio. I would not leave you.
Ang. You must and shall.
Julio. I will, then. Would yon woman
Had been ten fathom under ground, when first
I saw her eyes!
Ang. Yet she had been dangerous;
For to some wealthy rock of precious stone,
Or mine of gold as tempting, her fair body
Might have been turn'd; which once found out by labour,
And brought to use, having her spells within it,
Might have corrupted states, and ruin'd kingdoms;
Which had been fearful, friend. Go; when I see thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
Pray, do not follow me; you'll make me angry.
Julio. Heaven grant you may be right again!
Ang. Amen! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter Boys.[3]

First Boy. Score a gallon of sack and a pint of olives to the Unicorn. [*Exit.*
[*Voice above, within.*] Why, drawer!
Sec. Boy. Anon, anon.
Third Boy. Look into the Nag's-head there.
Sec. Boy. Score a quart of claret to the Bar;
And a pound of sausages into the Flower-pot.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter First Boy, *with wine.*

First Boy. The devil's in their throats. — Anon, anon.

Re-enter Second Boy.

Sec. Boy. Mull a pint
Of sack there for the women in the Flower-de-luce,[4]
And put in ginger enough, — they belch like pot-guns:[5]
And, Robin, fetch tobacco for the Peacock;
They will not be drunk till midnight else. —
[*Exit* Third Boy, *who re-enters presently.*
How now!
How does my master?

[1] *biting*] So the second folio. The first folio has "bitten."
[2] *batter*] Both the folios "better."

[3] *Enter Boys*] In both the folios, throughout the earlier part of this scene, there is sad confusion in the prefixes to the speeches, — "*Boy*," "*Another Boy*," "2 *Boy*," "1 *Serv.*," "2 *Serv.*," —; nor have the modern editors attempted to rectify what is obviously wrong. The "Boys" and "Servants" are no doubt persons of the same class, viz. Drawers.

[4] *the women in the Flower-de-luce*] "The practice of women resorting to taverns seems to have been universal in the seventeenth century, and was not, as now, confined to the lowest ranks, as will appear from the following passage of a satirical description of the character of the English, written under the assumed disguise of a Frenchman: — 'Your lordship will not believe me, that the ladies of greatest quality suffer themselves to be treated in one of these taverns, where a curtesan in other cities would scarcely you hsafe to be entertained: but you will be more astonished when I assure you that they drink their crowned cups roundly, strain healths, dance after the fiddle, kiss freely, and term it an honourable treat.' *Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman in France.* London, 1659. 12. p. 31. Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his Life, informs us, that about the time of the Restoration, young women 'frequently met at taverns and eating-houses.'" WEBER. [Qy. Sir Walter Scott?]

[5] *pot-guns*] See note, p. 494.

First Boy. Faith, he lies drawing on apace.
Sec. Boy. That's an ill sign.
First Boy. And fumbles with the pots too.
Sec. Boy. Then there's no way but one with him.
First Boy. All the rest,
Except the Captain, are in *limbo patrûm*,[1]
Where they lie sod in sack.
Sec. Boy. Does he bear up still?
First Boy. Afore the wind still, with his lights up bravely;
All he takes in, I think, he turns to juleps,
Or h'as a world of stowage in his belly:
The rest look all like fire-drakes, and lie scatter'd
Like rushes round about the room. My master
Is now the loving'st man, I think, above ground; —
Sec. Boy. Would he were always drunk, then!
[*Voice within.*] Drawer!
Sec. Boy. Anon, anon, sir.
First Boy. And swears I shall be free to-morrow; and so weeps,
And calls upon my mistress!
Sec. Boy. Then he's right.
First Boy. And swears the Captain must lie this night with her, —
And bade me break it to her with discretion, —
That he may leave an issue after him,
Able to entertain a Dutch ambassador;
And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,
And how he stole her from her friends i' the country,
And brought her up disguised with the carriers,
And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,
And the tenth got a drawer. Here they come.

Enter JACOMO, Host, LODOVICO, *and* PISO.

[*Voices within.*] Drawer!
First Boy. Anon, anon. — Speak to the Tiger, Peter. [*Exit Second Boy.*
Host. There's my bells, boys, my silver bell.
Piso. Would he were hang'd
As high as I could ring him!
Host. Captain.
Jac. Ho, boy!
Lod. Robin, sufficient single beer, as cold
As crystal; quench, Robin, quench.
Third Boy. I am gone, sir.
[*Exit, and re-enters presently with beer.*
Host. Shall we bear up still? Captain, how I love thee!
Sweet Captain, let me kiss thee: by this hand,
I love thee next to malmsey in a morning,
Of all things transitory.
Jac. I love thee too,
As far as I can love a fat man.
Host. Dost thou, Captain?
Sweetly and heartily?
Jac. With all my heart, boy.
Host. Then, welcome, death! — Come, close mine eyes, sweet Captain;
Thou shalt have all.
Jac. What shall your wife have, then?
Host. Why, she shall have,
Besides my blessing and a silver spoon,
Enough to keep her stirring in the world,
Three little children; one of them was mine,
Upon my conscience; th' other two are pagans.
Jac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish money,
To rub the time away with.
Host. Not a rag,[2]
Not a denier: no; let her spin, a' God's name,
And raise her house again.
Jac. Thou shalt not die though. —
Boy, see your master safe deliver'd;
He's ready to lie in.
Host. Good night.
Jac. Good morrow:
Drink till the cow come home, 'tis all paid, boys.
Lod. A pox of sack!
Host. Marry, God bless my butts! sack is a jewel;
'Tis comfortable, gentlemen.
Jac. More beer, boy;
Very sufficient single beer.
Third Boy. Here, sir.
How is it, gentlemen?
Jac. But even so so.
Host. Go before finely, Robin, and prepare
My wife; bid her be right and straight; I come, boy. — [*Exit Third Boy.*
And, sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use [*To First Boy.*
Their own discretions, by all means, and stir not;
And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried. —
Captain, adieu; adieu, sweet bully Captain;
One kiss before I die, one kiss.
Jac. Farewell, boy.
Host. All my sweet boys, farewell.
Lod. Go sleep; you are drunk. [*Exit* Host.
Jac. Come, gentlemen; I'll see you at your lodging:
You look not lustily; — a quart more!
Lod. No, boy.
Piso. Get us a torch.
First Boy. 'Tis day, sir.
Jac. That's all one.
Piso. Are not those the stars, thou scurvy boy?
Lod. Is not Charle-wain there? tell me that, — there?
Jac. Yes. —
I have paid 'em truly. — Do not vex him, sirrah.
Piso. Confess it, boy; or, as I live, I'll beat
Midnight into thy brains.
First Boy. I do confess it.
Piso. Then live; and draw more small beer presently.
Jac. Come, boys, let's hug together, and be loving,
And sing, and do brave things. Cheerly, my hearts!
A pox o' being sad! Now could I fly,
And turn the world about upon my finger.
Come, ye shall love me; I am an honest fellow:
Hang care and fortune! we are friends.
Lod. No, Captain.
Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.
Piso. No, by no means; you are a fighting captain,

[1] *limbo patrûm*] Properly, the place where (according to the schoolmen) the patriarchs, &c., awaited the resurrection, — was used as a cant term, and in various senses: its meaning here is obvious.

[2] *rag*] "A cant term for a *farthing*." SIMPSON.

And kill up such poor people as we are by the dozens.
Lod. As they kill flies with fox-tails, Captain.
Jac. Well, sir!
Lod. Methinks now, as I stand, the Captain shews
To be a very merciful young man:
And, prithee, Piso, let me have thy opinion.
Piso. Then he shall have mercy that merciful is,
Or all the painters are apocrypha.
Jac. I am glad you have your wits yet. Will ye go?
Piso. You had best say we are drunk.
Jac. Ye are.
Lod. You lie.
Jac. Ye're rascals, drunken rascals.
Piso. 'Tis sufficient.
Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye:
You have been tampering any time these three days,
Thus to disgrace me.
Piso. That's a lie, too.
Jac. Well, sir!
Yet, I thank God, I have turn'd your points on you;
For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a beating.
Piso. I'll make you fart fire, Captain, by this hand,
An you provoke — do not provoke, I'd wish you.
Jac. How do you like this? [*Beats them.*
Lod. Sure, I am enchanted.
Piso. Stay till I draw ——
Jac. Despatch, then; I am angry.
Piso. And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll kill thee.
Jac. Thou dar'st not draw. Ye cold, tame, mangy cowards,
Ye drunken rogues, can nothing make you valiant?
Not wine, nor beating?
Lod. If this way be suffer'd ——
'Tis very well!
Jac. Go; there's your way; go and sleep.
I have pity on you; you shall have the rest
To-morrow when we meet.
Piso. Come, Lodovic:
He's monstrous drunk now; there's no talking with him.
Jac. I am so; when I am sober, I'll do more.
[*Exeunt* Lodovico *and* Piso.
Boy, where's mine host?
First Boy. He's on his bed, asleep, sir.
Jac. Let him alone, then. [*Exit First Boy.*
Now am I high proof
For any action; now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a wildfire; or I could love
Any man living now, or any woman,
Or indeed any creature that loves sack,
Extremely, monstrously: I am so loving,
Just at this instant, that I might be brought,
(I feel it) with a little labour, now to talk
With a justice of peace, that to my nature
I hate next an ill sword. I will do
Some strange brave thing now; and I have it here:
Pray heaven, the air keep out! I feel it buzzing. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *A Hall in* Frederick's *House.*

Enter Frederick, Clora, *and* Frank, *walking alone.*

Clora. She loves him too much; that's the plain truth, Frederick;
For which, if I might be believ'd, I think her
A strange forgetter of herself: there's Julio,
Or twenty more ——
Fred. In your eye, I believe you;
But, credit me, the Captain is a man,
Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy.[1]
Clora. So is a resty jade a horse of service,
If he would leave his nature. Give me one,
By your leave, sir, to make a husband of,
Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him:
Methinks a man is misery enough.
Fred. You are too bitter; I would not have him worse:
Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day, lady,
I do not doubt it, for this heresy.
Clora. I'll burn before. — [*To* Frank.] Come, prithee, leave this sadness,
This walking by thyself to see the devil,
This mumps, this *Lachrymæ*,[2] this love in sippets;
It fits thee like a French hood.
Frank. Does it so?
I am sure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpose: take up quickly;
Thy wit will founder of all four else, wench,
If thou hold'st this pace: take up, when I bid thee.
Clora. Before your brother? fie!
Fred. I can endure it.

Enter Jacomo.

Clora. Here's Rawhead come again: Lord, how he looks!
Pray God, we scape with broken pates!
Frank. Were I he,
Thou shouldst not want thy wish. He has been drinking;
Has he not, Frederick?
Fred. Yes; but do not find it.
Clora. Peace, and let's hear his wisdom.
Fred. You will mad him.
Jac. I am somewhat bold, but that's all one.
Clora. A short
And pithy saying of a soldier.
Frank. As I live,
Thou art a strange mad wench.
Clora. To make a parson.
Jac. Ladies, I mean to kiss ye ——
Clora. How he wipes
His mouth like a young preacher! we shall have it.
Jac. In order as you lie before me: first,
I will begin with you.
Frank. With me, sir?
Jac. Yes.
Frank. If you will promise me to kiss in ease,
I care not if I venture.

[1] *worthy*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber erroneously put a break at the end of this line, as if the sense were incomplete.

[2] *Lachrymæ*] "This is one of the very numerous allusions to John Douland's musical work so entitled." Weber. The allusion is to a tune, not a work: see note, p. 287.

Jac. I will kiss
According to mine own inventions,
As I shall see cause. Sweetly I would wish you:
I love you. [*Kisses her.*
Frank. Do you, sir?
Jac. Yes, indeed do I;
Would I could tell you how!
Frank. I would you would, sir!
Jac. I would to Heaven I could! but 'tis sufficient,
I love you with my heart.
Frank. Alas, poor heart!
Jac. And I am sorry, — but we'll talk of that
Hereafter, if it please Heaven.
Frank. Even when you will, sir.
Clora. He's dismal drunk; would he were muzzled!
Jac. You,
I take it, are the next.
Frank. Go to him, fool.
Clora. Not I; 'a will bite me.
Jac. When? wit, when?
Clora. Good Captain —
Jac. Nay, an you play bo-peep, I'll ha' no mercy,
But catch as catch may.
Fred. Nay, I'll not defend you.
Clora. Good Captain, do not hurt me; I am sorry
That e'er I anger'd you.
Jac. I'll tew you for't,
By this hand, wit, unless you kiss discreetly.
[*Kisses her.*
Clora. No more, sir.
Jac. Yes, a little more, sweet wit;
[*Kisses her again.*
One taste more o' your office. Go thy ways,
With thy small kettle-drums; upon my conscience,
Thou art the best that e'er man laid his leg o'er.
Clora. He smells just like a cellar; fie upon him!
Jac. Sweet lady, now to you.
[*Going to* FREDERICK.
Clora. For love's sake, kiss him.
Fred. I shall not keep my countenance.
Frank. Try, prithee.
Jac. Pray, be not coy, sweet woman; for I'll kiss you:
I am blunt, but you must pardon me.
Clora. Oh, God, my sides!
All. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?
Why all this noise, sweet ladies?
Clora. Lusty Lawrence,[1]
See what a gentlewoman[2] you have saluted:
Pray God, she prove not quick!
Fred. Where were thine eyes,
To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Who art 'a? art 'a mortal?
Fred. I am Frederick.
Jac. Then Frederick is an ass, a scurvy Frederick,
To laugh at me.
Frank. Sweet Captain —
Jac. Away, woman!
Go stitch, and serve God; I despise thee, woman;
And Frederick shall be beaten. — 'Sblood, you rogue,
Have you none else to make your puppies of
But me?
Fred. I prithee, be more patient;
There's no hurt done.
Jac. 'Sblood, but there shall be, scab!
[*Draws his sword.*
Clora. Help, help, for love's sake!
Frank. Who's within there?
Fred. So;
Now you have made a fair hand.
Jac. Why?
Fred. You have kill'd me. [*Falls as if killed.*
Clora. Call in some officers, and stay the Captain!
Jac. You shall not need.
Clora. This is your drunkenness!
Frank. Oh, me: unhappy brother Frederick!
Look but upon me; do not part so from me! —
Set him a little higher. He is dead!
Clora. Oh, villain, villain!

Enter FABRICIO *and* Servants.

Fab. How now! what's the matter?
Frank. Oh, sir, — my brother! Oh, my dearest brother!
Clora. This drunken trough has kill'd him.
Fab. Kill'd him!
Clora. Yes.
For Heaven's sake, hang him quickly! he will do
Every day such a murder else: there is nothing
But a strong gallows that can make him quiet;
I find it in his nature too late.
Fab. Pray, be quiet;
Let me come to him.
Clora. Some go for a surgeon!
Frank. Oh, what a wretched woman has he made me!
Let me alone, good sir.
Fab. To what a fortune
Hast thou reserv'd thy life!
Jac. Fabricio ——
Fab. Never entreat me; for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be
To have thee hang'd. — For God's sake, be more temperate!
Jac. I have a sword still, and I am a villain!
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Clora, &c. Hold, hold, hold!
[*Servants lay hold on him; he struggles.*
Jac. Ha!
Clora. Away with him, for Heaven's sake!
He is too desperate for our enduring.
Fab. Come, you shall sleep; come, strive not;
I'll have it so. — Here, take him to his lodging;
And see him laid before you part.
First Serv. We will, sir.
[*Exeunt* JACOMO *and* Servants.
Fred. [*rising.*] No'er wonder; I am living yet, and well.

[1] *Lusty Lawrence*] This expression occurs again in *The Woman's Prize*, act i. sc. 3, and is found in other early dramas. It is explained by the following passage of a rare tract: "This late *Lusty Lawrence*, that Lancashire Lad, who had 17. bastards in one year, if we believe his Ballad," &c. *A Brown Dozen of Drunkards*, &c., 1648, sig. C.

[2] *a gentlewoman*] Weber chose to print "*a* sweet *gentlewoman*"!

I thank you, sister, for your grief; pray, keep it
Till I am fitter for it.
Fab. Do you live, sir?
Fred. Yes; but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To such a madness in his wine.
Fab. 'Twas well, sir,
You had that good respect unto his temper,
That no worse follow'd.
Fred. If I had stood him, certain
One of us must have perish'd. — How now, Frank?
Frank. Beshrew my heart, I tremble like an aspen.
Clora. Let him come here no more, for Heaven's sake,
Unless he be in chains.
Frank. I would fain see him
After he has slept, Fabricio, but to try
How he will be: chide him, and bring him back.
Clora. You'll never leave, till you be worried with him.
Frank. Come, brother; we'll walk in, and laugh a little,
To get this fever off me.
Clora. Hang him, squib!
Now could I grind him into priming powder.
Frank. Pray, will you leave your fooling?
Fab. Come, all friends.
Frank. Thou art enough to make an age of men so,[1]
Thou art so cross and peevish.
Fab. I will chide him;
And, if he be not graceless, make him cry for't.
Clora. I would go a mile, to see him cry, in slippers,
He would look so like a whey-cheese.
Frank. Would we might see him once more!
Fab. If you dare
Venture a second trial of his temper,
I make no doubt to bring him.
Clora. No, good Frank,
Let him alone: I see his vein lies only
For falling out at wakes and bear-baitings,
That may express him sturdy.
Fab. Now, indeed,
You are too sharp, sweet sister; for unless
It be this sin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this sourness, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as understanding else,
As any he that lives.
Frank. I do believe you;
And, good sir, when you see him, if we have
Distasted his opinion any way,
Make peace again.
Fab. I will. I'll leave ye, ladies.
Clora. Take heed, you had best; h'as sworn to pay you else.
Fab. I warrant you; I have been often threaten'd.
Clora. When he comes next; I'll have the cough or toothache,
Or something that shall make me keep my chamber;
I love him so well.
Frank. Would you would keep your tongue!
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *so*] Was altered by the Editors of 1778 to "sore"! Frank is addressing Clora.

SCENE IV. — *The Street before* LELIA'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. I cannot keep from this ungodly woman, This Lelia; whom I know too, yet am caught; Her looks are nothing like her: would her faults Were all in Paris print upon her face, *Cum privilegio* to use 'em still! I would write an epistle before it, on the inside of her mask, and dedicate it to the whore of Babylon; with a preface upon her nose to the gentle reader; and they should be to be sold at the sign of the Whore's Head i' the Pottage-pot, in what street you please. But all this helps not me: I am made to be thus catched, past any redress, with a thing I contemn too. I have read Epictetus twice over against the desire of these outward things; and still her face runs in my mind: I went to say my prayers, and they were so laid out o' the way, that if I could find any prayers I had, I'm no Christian. This is the door, and the short is, I must see her again. [*He knocks.*

Enter Waiting-Woman.[2]

W. Wo. Who's there?
Ang. 'Tis I: I would speak with your mistress.
W. Wo. Did she send for you?
Ang. No; what then? I would see her, prithee, by thy leave.
W. Wo. Not by my leave; for she will not see you, but doth hate you and your friend, and doth wish you both hanged; which, being so proper men, is great pity that you are not.
Ang. How's this?
W. Wo. For your sweet self in particular, who she resolves persuaded your friend to neglect her, she deemeth whipcord the most convenient unction for your back and shoulders.
Ang. Let me in, I'll satisfy her.
W. Wo. And if it shall happen that you are in doubt of these my speeches, insomuch that you shall spend more time in arguing at the door, I am fully persuaded that my mistress in person from above will utter her mind more at large by way of urine upon your head, that it may sink the more soundly into your understanding faculties.
Ang. This is the strangest thing! Good pretty soul, why dost thou use me so? I pray thee, let me in, sweet-heart.
W. Wo. Indeed I cannot, sweet-heart.
Ang. Thou art a handsome one, and this crossness does not become thee.
W. Wo. Alas, I cannot help it!
Ang. Especially to me: thou know'st when I was here, I said I liked thee of all thy mistress' servants.
W. Wo. So did I you; though it be not my fortune to express it at this present; for truly, if you would cry, I cannot let you in.
Ang. Pox on her! I must go the downright way. [*Aside.*] — Look you, here is ten pound for you; let me speak with her.

[2] *Waiting-Woman*] Both the folios "Maid;" and so the modern editors: but it is evident that the female attendant of Lelia, who figures in this and the following scene, is no other than the *Waiting-woman* of the earlier scenes.

W. Wo. I like your gold well, but it is a thing,
By Heaven, I cannot do: she will not speak with you,
Especially at this time; she has affairs.
Ang. This makes her leave her jesting yet. [*Aside.*] — But take it,
And let me see her; bring me to a place
Where, undiscerned of herself, I may
Feed my desiring eyes but half-an-hour.
W. Wo. Why, faith, I think I can; and I will stretch
My wits and body too for gold. If you
Will swear, as you are gentle, not to stir
Or speak, whatever[1] you shall see or hear,
Now or hereafter, — give me your gold, I'll plant you.
Ang. Why, as I am a gentleman, I will not.
W. Wo. Enough. Quick; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in* LELIA'S *House, with a Gallery.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Why, where's this maid? she has much care of her business! — Nell! — I think she be sunk. — Why, Nell! whiew!
W. Wo. [*within.*] What's the matter?
Serv. I pray you heartily, come away!

Enter Waiting-Woman.

Oh, come, come! the gentleman my mistress invited is coming down the street, and the banquet not yet brought out. [*They bring in the banquet.*
Lelia. [*within.*] Nell, sirrah![2]
W. Wo. I come, forsooth. [*Exit.*
Serv. Now must I walk: when there's any fleshly matters in hand, my mistress sends me of a four hours' errand. But if I go not about mine own bodily business as well as she, I am a Turk. [*Exit.*

Enter Father, *drest as before.*

Father. What, all wide open? 'Tis the way to sin,
Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of hell
Are not more passable than these: how they
Will be to get out, God knows; I must try.
'Tis very strange: if there be any life
Within this house, would it would shew itself!
What's here? a banquet? and no mouth to eat,
Or bid me do it? This is something like
The entertainment of adventurous knights
Entering enchanted castles; for the manner,
Though there be nothing dismal to be seen,
Amazes me a little. What is meant
By this strange invitation? I will sound
My daughter's meaning ere I speak to her,
If it be possible; for by my voice [*Music.*
She will discover me. Hark! whence is this?

SONG[3] *within.*

Come hither, you that love, and hear me sing
Of joys still growing,
Green, fresh and lusty as the pride of spring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither, youths that blush, and dare not know
What is desire;
And old men, worse than you, that cannot blow
One spark of fire;
And with the power of my enchanting song,
Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Enter ANGELO *above.*

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry;
Leave off complaining;
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never die,
Are here remaining.
Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so long
From being blest;
And mad men, worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seek no rest;
And in an hour, with my enchanting song,
You shall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

Enter LELIA, *and* Waiting-Woman *carrying a night-gown and slippers.*

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome hither, as this kiss,
Given with a larger freedom than the use
Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you. —
Put the gown on him. — In this chair sit down. —
Give him his slippers. — Be not so amaz'd: [*Drinks.*
Here's to your health; and you shall feel this wine
Stir lively in me, in the dead of night. —
Give him some wine. — Fall to your banquet, sir;
And let us grow in mirth. Though I am set
Now thus far off you, yet, four glasses hence,
I will sit here, and try, till both our bloods
Shoot up and down to find a passage out;
Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,
And undress one another as we go;
Where both my treasure, body, and my soul,
Are yours to be dispos'd of.
Father. Umh, umh! [*Points to his white head and beard.*
Lelia. You are old, —
Is that your meaning? why, you are to me
The greater novelty; all our fresh youth
Are daily offer'd me. Though you perform,
As you think, little, yet you satisfy
My appetite; from your experience
I may learn something in the way of lust
I may be better for. But I can teach
These young ones: but this day I did refuse
A pair of 'em, Julio and Angelo,
And told them they were, as they were, raw fools
And whelps. [ANGELO *makes signs of discontent.*
W. Wo. Pray God, he speak not! [*Aside; and lays her finger across her mouth as a sign to* ANGELO.
Lelia. Why speak you not, sweet sir?
Father. Umh! [*Stops his ears; shewing that he is troubled with the music.*
Lelia. Peace there, that music! — Now, sir, speak to me.
Father. Umh! [*Points to the* W. Woman.
Lelia. Why, would you have her gone? you need not keep
Your freedom in for her; she knows my life
That she might write it; think she is a stone:
She is a kind of bawdy confessor,
And will not utter secrets.

1 *whatever*] Both the folios "where."
2 *sirrah*] See note, p. 474.
3 *Song*] Killigrew transferred this song (verbatim, except an alteration in the concluding line) into the First Part of *Thomaso, or the Wanderer*, act ii. sc. 3: see his *Comedies and Tragedies*, 1664, p. 334.

Father. Umh! [*Points to her again.*
Lelia. Be gone, then, since he needs will have it so:
'Tis all one.
[*Exit* W. Woman. Father *locks the door.*
Is all now as you would? come, meet me, then;
And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.
Father. [*discovering himself.*] Yes, all is as I would, but thou!
Lelia. By Heaven,
It is my father! [*Starts.*[1]
Father. And I do beseech thee
Leave these unheard-of lusts, which worse become thee
Than mocking of thy father. Let thine eyes
Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold
How loathèd black it is; and whereas now
Thy face is heavenly fair, but thy mind foul,
Go but into thy closet, and there cry
Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt find
How excellent a change thou wilt have made
For inward beauty.
Lelia. Though I know him now
To be my father, never let me live
If my lust do abate. I'll take upon me
To have known him all this while. [*Aside.*
Father. Look! dost thou know me?
Lelia. I knew you, sir, before.
Father. What didst thou do?
Lelia. Knew you: and so unmovedly have you borne
All the sad crosses that I laid upon you,
With such a noble temper, which indeed
I purposely cast on you, to discern
Your carriage in calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,
That I have turn'd the reverence of a child
Into the hot affection of a lover;
Nor can there on the earth be found, but yours,
A spirit fit to meet with mine.
Father. A woman?
Thou art not, sure.
Lelia. Look and believe.
Father. Thou art
Something created to succeed the devil,
When he grows weary of his envious course,
And compassing the world. But I believe thee;
Thou didst but mean to try my patience,
And dost so still; but better be advis'd,
And make thy trial with some other things
That safelier will admit a dalliance:
And if it should be earnest, understand
How curs'd thou art, — so far from Heaven, that thou
Believ'st it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins
Unnatural upon this aged head,
And draw thy father to thy bed and hell.
Lelia. You are deceiv'd, sir; 'tis not against nature
For us to lie together: if you have
An arrow of the same tree with your bow,
Is't more unnatural to shoot it there
Than in another? 'Tis our general nature
To procreate, as fire's is to consume;
And it will trouble you to find a stick
The fire will turn from. If't be Nature's will
We should not mix, she will discover to us
Some most apparent crossness, as our organs
Will not be fit: which if we do perceive,
We will leave, and think it is her pleasure
That we should deal with others.
Father. The doors are fast:[2] thou shalt not say a prayer;
'Tis not God's will thou shouldst. When this is done,
I'll kill myself, that never man may tell me
I got thee. [*Draws his sword.*
Lelia. I pray you, sir! — Help there! — for God's sake, sir!
Ang. Hold, reverend sir, for honour of your age! —
Father. Who's that?
Ang. For safety of your soul, and of the soul
Of that too wicked woman yet to die!
Father. What art thou? and how cam'st thou to that place?
Ang. I am a man so strangely hither come,
That I have broke an oath in speaking this;
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I desire your patience. Let me in,
And I protest I will not hinder you
In any act you wish, more than by word:
If so I can persuade you that I will not
Use violence, I'll throw my sword down to you.
This house holds none but I, only a maid,
Whom I will lock fast in, as I come down.
Father. I do not know thee; but thy tongue doth seem
To be acquainted with the truth so well,
That I will let thee in: throw down thy sword.
Ang. There 'tis.
[*Throws down his sword, and exit above.*
Lelia. How came he there? I am betray'd to shame.
The fear of sudden death struck me all over
So violently, that I scarce have breath
To speak yet: but I have it in my head,
And out it shall, that, father, may perhaps
O'erreach you yet. [*Aside.*
[Father *lets in* ANGELO, *and then locks the door.*
Father. Come, sir; what is't you say?
Lelia. My Angelo! by all the joys of love,
Thou art as welcome as these pliant arms,
Twin'd round and fast about thee, can persuade thee.
Ang. Away!
Lelia. I was in such a fright before thou cam'st!
Yon old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,
Though it fear'd me) has talk'd so wildly here!
Sirrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore
He was my father, and, I think, believ'd it:
But that he had a sword, and threaten'd me,
I' faith, he was good sport. Good, thrust him out,
That thou and I may kiss together; wilt thou?
Father. Are you her champion?[3] and with these fair words

[1] *Starts*] So both the folios.

[2] *The doors are fast, &c.*] So the speech stands in both the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber altered the old arrangement, that the metre might run on regularly from the preceding speech, — a rule which, it is quite evident, our authors very frequently chose to transgress.

[3] *champion*] Weber printed, "companion"!

Got in to rescue her from me?
[*Offers to run at him.*
Ang. Hold, sir!
I swear I do not harbour such a thought:
I speak it not for that you have two swords,
But for 'tis truth.
Lelia. Two swords, my Angelo!
Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms
And ne'er a sword, and he has two good swords
And ne'er an arm to use 'em: rush upon him!
I could have beaten him with this weak body,
If I had had the spirit of a man.
Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or, by Heaven,
I'll trample thy last damning word out of thee.
Father. Why do you hinder me, then? stand away,
And I will rid her quickly.
Lelia. Would I were
Clear of this business! yet I cannot pray.
[*Aside.*
Ang. Oh, be advis'd! why, you were better kill her,
If she were good. Convey her from this place,
Where none but you, and such as you appoint,
May visit her; where let her hear of nought
But death and damning, which she hath deserv'd,
Till she be truly, justly sorrowful;
And then, lay mercy to her, who does know
But she may mend?
Father. But whither should I bear her?
Ang. To my house;
'Tis large and private; I will lend it you.
Father. I thank you, sir; and happily it fits
With some design I have: but how shall we
Convey her ——
Lelia. Will they carry me away? [*Aside.*
Father. For she will scratch and kick, and scream so loud,
That people will be drawn to rescue her?
Ang. Why, none can hear her here but her own maid,
Who is as fast as she.
Father. But in the street?
Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a coach I'll bring to the back-door,
And hurry 'em away.
Father. It shall be so.
I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:
There is your sword. Lay hold upon her quickly. —
This way with me, thou disobedient child!
Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast?
Let it be still; for I will have it search'd
Till I have found a well of living tears
Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,
And flow all o'er thy body foul'd with sin,
Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain.
[*They seize her.*
Lelia. Help, help! ah, ah! murder! I shall be murder'd!
I shall be murder'd! —
Father. This helps thee not.
Lelia. Basely murder'd, basely!
Father. I warrant you. [*Exeunt, forcing her off.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* PISO.

Lod. This roguy Captain has made fine work with us.
Piso. I would the devil in a storm would carry him
Home to his garrison again. I ache all over,
That I am sure of: certainly my body
Is of a wildfire, for my head rings backward,[1]
Or else I have a morris in my brains.
Lod. I'll deal no more with soldiers. Well remember'd;
Did not the vision promise to appear
About this time again?
Piso. Yes. Here he comes:
He's just on's word.

Enter Father.

Father. Oh, they be here together.
She's penitent; and, by my troth, I stagger
Whether, as now she is, either of these
Two fools be worthy of her: yet, because
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may stay her, one of 'em,
And Piso, since I understand him abler,
Shall be the man; the other bear the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a ring here, which he shall believe
Is sent him from a woman I have thought of:
But ere I leave it, I'll have one of his
In pawn worth two on't; for I will not lose
By such a mess of sugar-sops as this is;
I am too old. [*Aside.*
Lod. It moves again; let's meet it.
Father. Now, if I be not out, we shall have fine sport. — [*Aside.*
I am glad I have met you, sir, so happily;
You do remember me, I am sure.
Lod. I do, sir.
Piso. This is a short preludium to a challenge.
Father. I have a message, sir, that much concerns you,
And for your special good. — Nay, you may hear me too.
Piso. What should this fellow mean? [*Aside.*
Father. There is a lady —
How the poor thing begins to warm already! —
[*Aside.*
Come to this town, as yet a stranger here, sir,
Fair, young, and rich both in possessions
And all the graces that make up a woman,
A widow, and a virtuous one. — It works;
He needs no broth upon't. [*Aside.*
Lod. What of her, sir?

[1] *Is of wildfire, for my head rings backward*] Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*Is* all *a wildfire*," &c. (which Mason approved)! The Editors of 1778 and Weber retained the old reading, though they did not understand it. "*Is of a wildfire*" means — Is *on* a wildfire: we frequently find *of fire* used for — on fire;

"He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir;
Dog at a house *of fire*: I ha' seen him sing'd ere now."
The Changeling, act. v. sc. i. — Middleton's *Works*, iv. 286, ed Dyce.

The latter part of the line contains an allusion to the custom of bells being rung backwards when a fire broke out.

Father. No more but this; she loves you.
Lod. Loves me!
Father. Yes;
And with a strong affection, but a fair one:
If you be wise and thankful, you are made.
There's the whole matter.
Lod. I am sure I hear this.
Father. Here is a ring, sir, of no little value;
Which, after she had seen you at a window,
She bade me haste and give it; when she blush'd
Like a blown rose.
Lod. But pray, sir, by your leave —
Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning.
Father. I am no bawd, nor cheater, nor a courser
Of broken-winded women:[1] if you fear me,
I'll take my leave; and let my lady use
A fellow of more form, — an honester,
I am sure, she cannot.
Lod. Stay; you have confirm'd me:
Yet let me feel; you are in health?
Father. I hope so;
My water's well enough, and my pulse.
Lod. Then
All may be excellent. Pray, pardon me;
For I am like a boy that had found money,
Afraid I dream still.
Piso. Sir, what kind of woman,
Of what proportion, is your lady?
Lod. Ay?
Father. I'll tell you presently her very picture:
Do you know a woman in this town they call —
Stay; yes, it is so — Lelia?
Piso. Not by sight.
Father. Nor you, sir?
Lod. Neither.
Father. These are precious rogues,
To rail upon a woman they never saw:
So they would use their kindred. [*Aside.*
Piso. We have heard though,
She is very fair and goodly.
Father. Such another,
Just of the same complexion, making, speech,
But a thought sweeter, is my lady.
Lod. Then
She must be excellent indeed.
Father. Indeed she is;
And you will find it so. You do believe me?
Lod. Yes, marry, do I; and I am so alter'd ——
Father. Your happiness will alter any man.
Do not delay the time, sir: at a house
Where Don Velasco lay, the Spanish signior,
Which now is signior Angelo's, she is.
Lod. I know it.
Father. But before you shew yourself,
Let it be night by all means; willingly
By day she would not have such gallants seen
Repair unto her; 'tis her modesty.
Lod. I'll go and fit myself.
Father. Do; and be sure
You send provision in, in full abundance,
Fit for the marriage; for this night, I know,
She will be yours. Sir, have you never a token
Of worth to send her back again? you must;
She will expect it.
Lod. Yes; pray, give her this, [*Gives a ring.*
And with it, all I have. — I am made for ever.
[*Exit.*
Piso. Well, thou hast fool's luck. Should I live as long
As an old oak, and say my prayers hourly,
I should not be the better of a penny;
I think the devil be my ghostly father:
Upon my conscience, I am full as handsome;
I am sure I have more wit, and more performance,
Which is a pretty matter.
Father. Do you think, sir,
That your friend, Signior Piso, will be constant
Unto my lady? you should know him well.
Piso. Who? Signior Piso!
Father. Yes, the gentleman.
Piso. Why, you are wide, sir.
Father. Is not his name Piso?
Piso. No; mine is Piso.
Father. How!
Piso. It is indeed, sir;
And his is Lodovic.
Father. Then I am undone, sir;
For I was sent at first to Piso. What a rascal
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you!
Piso. Peace;
There is no harm done yet.
Father. Now 'tis too late,
I know my error: at turning of a street,
For you were then upon the right-hand of him,
You chang'd your places suddenly; where I,
Like a cross blockhead, lost my memory.
What shall I do? my lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.
Piso. Never fear it;
I'll be thy guard, I warrant thee. — Oh, oh,
Am I at length reputed? [*Aside.*] — For the ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him:
H'ad better keep tame devils than that ring.
Art thou not steward?
Father. No.
Piso. Thou shalt be shortly.
Father. Lord, how he takes it! [*Aside.*
Piso. I'll go shift me straight.
Art sure it was to Piso?
Father. Oh, too sure, sir!
Piso. I'll mount thee, if I live, for't. — Give me patience,
Heaven, to bear this blessing, I beseech thee!
I am but man. — I prithee, break my head,
To make me understand I am sensible.
Father. Lend me your dagger, and I will, sir.
Piso. No;
I believe now, like a good Christian.
Father. Good sir, make haste; I dare not go without you,
Since I have so mistaken.
Piso. 'Tis no matter:
Meet me within this half-hour at St. Margaret's. —
Well, go thy ways, old leg![2] thou hast the trick on't. [*Exit.*

[1] *a courser Of broken-winded women*] "A horse-courser means a dealer in horses, who generally endeavours to part with those that are unsound." MASON.

[2] *leg*] The second folio, "lad."

Enter ANGELO *and* JULIO.

Ang. How now? the news?
Father. Well, passing well; I have 'em
Both in a leash, and made right for my purpose.
Julio. I am glad on't. I must leave you.
Ang. Whither, man?
Julio. If all go right, I may be fast enough too.
Ang. I cry you mercy, sir; I know your meaning:
Clora's the woman; she's Frank's bedfellow.
Commend me to 'em; and go, Julio,
Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter:
They'll serve [1] for witnesses.
Julio. I will. Farewell.
[*Exeunt on one side* JULIO, *on the other* ANGELO *and* Father.

SCENE II. — *A Room in* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter CLORA, FRANK, FREDERICK, *and* Maid.

Fred. Sister, I brought you Jacomo to the door:
He has forgot all that he said last night;
And shame of that makes him more loath to come.
I left Fabricio persuading him;
But 'tis in vain.
Frank. Alas, my fortune, Clora!
Clora. Now, Frank, see what a kind of man you love,
That loves you when he's drunk! [2]
Frank. If so,
Faith, I would marry him: my friends, I hope,
Would make him drink.
Clora. 'Tis well consider'd, Frank,
He has such pretty humours then: besides,
Being a soldier, 'tis better he should love you
When he's drunk, than when he's sober; for then he will
Be sure to love you the greatest part on's life.
Frank. And were not I a happy woman then?
Clora. That ever was born, Frank, i' faith.

Enter FABRICIO.

Fred. How now! what says he?
Fab. Faith, you may as well
'Tice [3] a dog up with a whip and bell,
As him by telling him of love and women:
He swears they mock him.
Fred. Look how my sister weeps!
Fab. Why, who can help it?
Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves him.
Fab. Why, so I did; and may do all the oaths
Arithmetic can make, ere he believe me;
And since he was last drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuse him. If we could persuade him
She lov'd, he would embrace it.
Fred. She herself
Shall bate so much of her own modesty,
To swear it to him, with such tears as now
You see rain from her.
Fab. I believe 'twould work;
But would you have her do't i' the open street?
Or, if you would, he'll run away from her.
How shall we get him hither?
Fred. By entreaty.
Fab. 'Tis most impossible. No; if we could
Anger him hither (as there is no way
But that to bring him), and then hold him fast,
Women and men, whilst she delivers to him
The truth seal'd with her tears, he would be pliant [4]
As a pleas'd child. He walks below for me,
Under the window.
Clora. We'll anger him, I warrant you:
Let one of the maids take a good bowl of water,
Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour't on's head.
Fab. Content: hang me, if I like not the cast of it [5] rarely; for no question it is an approved receipt to fetch such a fellow. Take all the women-kind in this house, betwixt the age of one and one hundred, and let them take unto them a pot or a bowl containing seven quarts or upwards, and let them never leave till the above-named pot or bowl become full; then let one of them stretch out her arm, and pour it on his head; and *probatum est*, it will fetch him, for in his anger he will run up; and then let us alone.
Clora. [*to* Maid.] Go you and do it.
Frank. Good Clora, no.
Clora. Away, I say, and do it. [*Exit* Maid.] Never fear;
We have enough of that water ready distill'd.
Frank. Why, this will make him mad, Fabricio;
He'll neither love me drunk nor sober now.
Fab. I warrant you. What, is the wench come up?

Re-enter Maid *above with a pot.*

Clora. Art thou there, wench?
Maid. Ay.
Fab. Look out, then, if thou canst see him.
Maid. Yes, I see him; and, by my troth, he stands so fair, I could not hold, were he my father: his hat's off too, and he's scratching his head.
Fab. Oh, wash that hand, I prithee!
Maid. God send thee good luck! this [is] the second time I have thrown thee out to-day. [*Empties the pot from the window.*] Ha, ha, ha! just on's head.
Frank. Alas!
Fab. What does he now?
Maid. He gathers stones; God's light, he breaks all the street-windows!
Jac. [*within.*] Whores! bawds! your windows, your windows!
Maid. Now he is breaking all the low windows with his sword: excellent sport! now he's beating a fellow that laughed at him; truly the man takes it patiently: now he goes down the street gravely, looking on each side; there's not one more dare laugh.

[1] *They'll serve*] The first folio has, "*They serve;*" the second, "*They will serve.*"
[2] *That loves you when he's drunk*] Ought we not to read, — "*That loves you only when he's drunk*"?
[3] *'Tice*] Sympson printed, for the metre, "Entice."
[4] *pliant*] Seward's conjecture. The folios have "plaine" and "plain;" which Sympson (though Seward had furnished him with the right reading) chose to retain in the text, while he proposed in a note "fain."
[5] *the cast of it*] i. e. the device, contrivance, project of it. The modern editors, having tortured this speech into verse print, "*the cast on't.*"

Frank. Does he go on?
Maid. Yes.
Frank. Fabricio, you have undone a maid [*Kneels.*
By treachery: know you some other better,
You would prefer your friend to? if you do not,
Bring him again! I have no other hope
But you that made me lose hope; if you fail me,
I ne'er shall see him, but shall languish out
A discontented life, and die contemn'd.
Fab. This vexes me. I pray you, be more patient;
If I have any truth, let what will happen, [*Raises her.*
I'll bring him presently. Do you all stand
At the street-door, the maids and all, to watch
When I come back, and have some private place
To shuffle me into; for he shall follow
In fury, but I know I can out-run him:
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him,
And use your own discretions.
Fred. We will do it.
Fab. But suddenly; for I will bring him hither
With that unstopp'd speed, that he shall run over
All that's in's way: and though my life be ventur'd,
'Tis no great matter, I will do't.
Frank. I thank you,
Worthy Fabricio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. I ever knew no woman could abide me;
But am I grown so contemptible, by being
Once drunk amongst 'em, that they begin to throw
Piss on my head? for surely it was piss:
Huh, huh. [*Smells.*

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Jacomo, how dost thou?
Jac. Well; something troubled with waterish humours.
Fab. Foh, how thou stinkest! prithee, stand further off me. Methinks, these humours become thee better than thy dry choleric humours, or thy wine-wet humours; ha!
Jac. You are pleasant; but, Fabricio, know I am not in the mood of suffering jests.
Fab. If you be not i' the mood, I hope you will not be moody. But, truly, I cannot blame the gentlewomen; you stood eavesdropping under their window, and would not come up.
Jac. Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk,
Your hand was in't; which, if I once believe,
Be sure you shall account to me.
Fab. The gentlewomen and the maids have counted to you already; the next turn, I see, is mine.
Jac. Let me die, but this is very strange!
Good Fabricio, do not provoke me so.
Fab. Provoke you! you're grown the strangest fellow; there's no keeping company with you: phish! take you that.
[FABRICIO *gives him a box on the ear, and throws him from him.* JACOMO *draws his sword.*
Jac. Oh, all the devils! — Stand, slave!
Fab. Follow me, if thou darest. [*Exit running.*
Jac. Stay, coward, stay! [*Exit running.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in* FREDERICK'S *House.*

Enter FREDERICK, FRANK, CLORA, Servant, *and* Maid.

Clora. Be ready; for I see Fabricio running,
And Jacomo behind him.

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Where's the place?
Fred. That way, Fabricio. [*Exit* FABRICIO.

Enter JACOMO.

Jac. Where art thou, treacher?[1]
[FREDERICK, CLORA, Servant, *and* Maid, *lay hold on* JACOMO.
What is the matter, sirs?[2]
Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd:
Torture and hell be with you! let me go!
[*They drag him to a chair and hold him down in it.*
Fred. Good Jacomo, be patient; and but hear
What I can say: you know I am your friend;
If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.
Jac. 'Sdeath, stand away! I would my breath were poison!
Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, were but to draw you hither
For causes weighty, that concern yourself,
Void of all malice; which this maid, my sister,
Shall tell you.
Jac. Puh! a pox upon you all! you will not hold me
For ever here; and, till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.
Frank. As you're a gentleman, [*Kneels.*
Let not this boldness make me be believ'd
To be immodest. If there were a way
More silently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would choose; but as it is,
Take it in plainness. I do love you more
Than you do your content. If you refuse
To pity me, I'll never cease to weep;
And when mine eyes be out, I will be told
How fast the tears I shed for you do fall;
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'll fetch a sigh shall make 'em start and leap,
As if the fire were under.
Jac. Fine mocking, fine mocking.
Fred. Mocking! look how she weeps!
Jac. Does she counterfeit crying too?
Fred. Behold how the tears flow! or pity her,
Or never more be call'd a man.
Jac. How's this?
Soft you, soft you, my masters! is't possible,
Think you, she should be in earnest?
Clora. Earnest!
Ay, in earnest: she is a fool to break
So many sleeps, that would have been sound ones,
And venture such a face and so much life
For e'er an humorous ass i' the world.

[1] *treacher*] i. e. traitor. [2] *sirs*] See note, p. 474.

Frank. Why, Clora, I have known you cry as much
For Julio, that has not half his worth;
All night you write and weep, too much, I fear:
I do but what I should.
Clora. If I do write,
I am answer'd, Frank.
Frank. I would I might be so!
Jac. Good Frederick, let me go; I would fain try
If that thing do not counterfeit.
Fred. Give me your sword, then.
Jac. No; but take my word,
As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd
Myself, as I am now, into your hands,
Or have your full consent.
Fred. It is enough. [*They let him loose.*
Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you, let me feel your face:—
I am an infidel, if she do not weep!
Stay; where's my handkerchief? I'll wipe the old
Wet off: the fresh tears come! Pox on't, I am
A handsome gracious fellow amongst women,
And knew't not. — Gentlewoman, how should I know
These tears are for me? is not your mother dead?
Frank. By Heaven, they are for you!
Jac. 'Slight, I'll have my head
Curl'd and powder'd to-morrow by break of day. —
If you love me, I pray you kiss me; for if I
Love you, it shall be such love as I will
Not be asham'd of. — If this be a mock,
[*Kisses her.*
It is the heartiest and the sweetest mock
That e'er I tasted: mock me so again.
[*Kisses her again.*
Fred. Fie, Jacomo! why do you let her kneel
So long?
Jac. It's true; I had forgot it, and
Should have done this twelvemonth: — pray you, rise. — [*Raises her.*
Frederick,
If I could all this while have been persuaded
She could have lov'd me, dost thou think I had
Not rather kiss her than another should?
And yet you may gull me, for aught I know;
But if you do, hell take me if I do not
Cut all your throats sleeping!
Fred. Oh, do not think of such a thing!
Jac. Otherwise,
If she be in earnest, the short is, I am.
Frank. Alas, I am!
Jac. And I did not think it possible any woman
Could have lik'd this face: it's good for nothing, is't?
Clora. Yes, it's worth forty shillings to pawn, being lin'd
Almost quite through with velvet.[1]

[1] *velvet*] At p. 505, we have the following description of Jacomo;

"*Host.* Has he no beard to shew him?
Piso. Faith, but a little; yet enough to note him,
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant:
And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard."

Sympson says that Clora alludes here to the "velvet scabbard;" but Gifford (*MS. note* on ed. 1778) insists that the allusion is to the hair on Jacomo's face.

Frank. 'Tis better than your Julio's.
Jac. Thou think'st so;
But otherwise, in faith, it is not, Frank.
[*Kisses her.*

Re-enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Hist, Jacomo! how dost thou, boy, ha?
Jac. Why, very well, I thank you, sir.
Fab. Dost thou perceive the reason of matters and passages yet, sirrah, or no?
Jac. 'Tis wondrous good, sir.
Fab. I have done simply for you: but now you are beaten to some understanding, I pray you, dally not with the gentlewoman, but despatch your matrimony with all convenient speed.
Fred. He gives good counsel.
Jac. And I will follow it.
Fab. And I you. Prithee, do not take it unkindly; for, trust me, I boxed thee for thy advancement, — a foolish desire I had to joggle thee into preferment.
Jac. I apprehend you, sir; and if I can
Study out a course how a bastinadoing
May any ways raise your fortunes in the state,
You shall be sure on't.
Fab. Oh, sir, keep your way:
God send you much joy!
Clora. And me my Julio!
Oh, God, I hear his voice? Now he is true,
Have at a marriage, Frank, as soon as you!
[*Exeunt all except* FREDERICK.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, I would speak with you.
Fred. What is your hasty business, friend?
Mess. The duke commands your present attendance at court.
Fred. The cause?
Mess. I know not in particular: but this;
Many are sent for more, about affairs
Foreign, I take it, sir.
Fred. I will be there
Within this hour: return my humble service.
Mess. I will, sir.
Fred. Farewell, friend. [*Exit* Messenger.

Enter a Servant.

What news with you?
Serv. My mistress would desire you, sir, to follow
With all the haste you can: she is gone to church,
To marry Captain Jacomo; and Julio,
To do as much for the young merry gentlewoman,
Fair mistress Clora.
Fred. Julio marry Clora!
Thou art deceiv'd, I warrant thee.
Serv. No, sure, sir;
I saw their lips as close upon the bargain
As cockles.
Fred. Give 'em joy! I cannot now go;
The duke hath sent for me in haste.
Serv. This note, sir, [*Giving letter.*
When you are free, will bring you where they are. [*Exit.*
Fred. [*reads.*] *You shall find us all at Signior Angelo's,*
Where Piso, and the worthy Lelia
Of famous memory, are to be married;

And we not far behind. Would I had time
To wonder at this last couple in hell![1]

Re-enter Messenger.

Mess. You are stay'd for, sir.
Fred. I come. — Pray God, the business
Hold me not from this sport! I would not lose it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *An Apartment in* ANGELO'S *House.*

Enter Father, ANGELO, PISO, *and* LELIA.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy pair!
Piso. I do not doubt we shall. —
There was never poor gentleman had such a sudden
Fortune! I could thrust my head betwixt two pales,
And strip me out of my old skin like a snake. —— [*Aside.*
Will the guests come, thou saidst thou sentest for
To solemnise the nuptials?
Father. They will;
I look'd for 'em ere this.

Enter JULIO, JACOMO, FABRICIO, FRANK, *and* CLORA.

Julio. By your leave, all.
Father. They are here, sir.
Julio. Especially, fair lady,
I ask your pardon; to whose marriage-bed
I wish all good success. I have here brought you
Such guests as can discern your happiness,
And best do know how to rejoice at it,
For such a fortune they themselves have run;
The worthy Jacomo, and his fair bride;
Noble Fabricio, whom this age of peace
Has not yet taught to love aught but the wars,
And his true friend,[2] this lady, who is but
A piece of me.
Lelia. Sir, you are welcome, all. —
Are they not, sir?
Piso. Bring in some wine;
Some of the wine Lodovic the fool sent hither. —
[*Exit Father.*
Whoever thou bid'st welcome, shall find it.
Lelia. An unexpected honour you have done
To our too hasty wedding.
Jac. Faith, madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours: we're glad to run up and down any whither, to see where we can get meat to our wedding.
Piso. That Lodovic hath provided too, good ass.
Ang. I thought you, Julio, would not thus have stolen a marriage, without acquainting your friends.
Julio. Why, I did give thee inklings.
Ang. If a marriage should be thus slubbered up in a play, ere almost any body had taken notice you were in love, the spectators would take it to be but ridiculous.
Julio. This was the first, and I will never hide
Another secret from you.

Re-enter Father, *followed by a* Servant *with wine.*

Father. Sir, yonder's your friend Lodovic: hide yourself,
And it will be the best sport!
Piso. Gentlemen,
I pray you, take no notice I am here:
The coxcomb[3] Lodovic is coming in. [*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO.

Lod. Is that the lady?
Father. That is my lady.
Lod. As I live, she's a fair one! What make all these here?
Father. Oh, Lord, sir, she is so pester'd!
Fab. Now will the sport be; it runs right as Julio
Told us.
Lod. Fair lady, health to you! Some words
I have, that require an utterance more private
Than this place can afford.
Lelia. I'll call my husband;
All business I hear with his ears now.
Lod. Good madam, no, —— but I perceive your jest, —
You have no husband; I am the very man
That walk'd the streets so comely.
Lelia. Are you so?
Lod. Yes, faith; when Cupid first did prick your heart.
I am not cruel: but the love begun
I' the street I'll satisfy i' the chamber fully.
Lelia. To ask a madman whether he be mad
Were but an idle question: if you be,
I do not speak to you; but if you be not,
Walk in the streets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you; here I not endure you.
Lod. Good madam, stay; do not you know this ring?
Lelia. Yes, it was mine; I sent it by my man
To change, and so he did; it has a blemish,
And this he brought me for it: did you change it?
Are you a goldsmith?
Lod. Sure, the world is mad! —
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your lady?
Father. Yes, surely, sir, did I; but your worship must even bear with me, for there was a mistaking in it; and so, as I was saying to your worship, my lady is now married.
Lod. Married! to whom?
Father. To your worship's friend, Piso.
Lod. 'Sdeath! to Piso!
Piso. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha!
Ang. Yes, sir, I can assure you
She's married to him; I saw't with these grey eyes.
Lod. Why, what a rogue art thou, then? thou hast made me
Send in provision too.
Father. Oh, a gentleman should not have such foul words in's mouth! but your worship's provision could not have come in at a fitter time. Will it please you to taste any of your own wine? it may be the vintner has cozened you.
Lod. Pox, I am mad!

[1] *this last couple in hell*] See note, p. 452.
[2] *friend*] Both the folios, "friends."
[3] *coxcomb*] i. e. fool.

Ang. You have always plots, sir; and see how they fall out!
Jac. You had a plot upon me: how do you like this?
Lod. I do not speak to you.
Fab. Because you dare not.
Lod. But I will have one of that old rogue's teeth
Set in this ring.
Father. Dost not thou know that I can beat thee?
Dost thou know it now? [*Discovers himself.*
Lod. He beat me once indeed.
Father. And if you have forgot it, I can call a witness. —
Come forth, Piso!

Re-enter Piso.

Remember you it?
Piso. Faith, I do call to mind such a matter.[1]
Father. And if I cannot still do't, you are young,
And will assist your father-in-law.
Piso. My father-in-law!
Ang. Your father-in-law,
As sure as this is widow Lelia.
Piso. How, widow Lelia!
Father. I' faith, 'tis she, son.
Lod. Ha, ha, ha!-let my provision go:
I am glad I have miss'd the woman.
Piso. Have you put a whore upon me?
Lelia. By Heaven, you do me wrong! I have a heart
As pure as any woman's; and I mean
To keep it so for ever.
Father. There is no starting now, son; if you offer't,
I can compel you. Her estate is great,
But all made o'er to me before this match:
Yet if you use her kindly, as I swear
I think she will deserve, you shall enjoy it
During your life, all, save some slender piece
I will reserve for my own maintenance;
And if God bless you with a child by her,
It shall have all.
Piso. So I may have the means,
I do not much care what the woman is. — [*Aside.*
Come, my sweetheart; as long as I shall find
Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentiful,
Let people talk their tongues out.
Lelia. They may talk
Of what is past; but all that is to come
Shall be without occasions.
Julio. Shall we not
Make Piso and Lodovic friends?
Jac. Hang 'em, they
Dare not be enemies; or, if they be,
The danger is not great.

Enter Frederic.

Welcome, Frederic!
Fred. First, joy unto you all! and next, I think
We shall have wars.
Jac. Give me some wine! I'll drink to that.
Fab. I'll pledge.
Frank. But I shall lose you then.
Jac. Not a whit, wench;
I'll teach thee presently to be a soldier.
Fred. Fabricio's command and yours are both
Restor'd.
Jac. Bring me four glasses, then!
Fab. Where are they?
Ang. You shall not drink 'em here: 'tis supper time;
And from my house no creature here shall stir
These three days; mirth shall flow as well as wine.
Father. Content. Within, I'll tell you more at large
How much I am bound to all, but most to you,
Whose undeserved liberality
Must not escape thus unrequited.
Jac. 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well:
Of every noble action the intent
Is to give worth reward, vice punishment.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

If you mislike (as you shall ever be
Your own free judges) this play utterly,
For your own nobleness yet do not hiss;
But, as you go by, say it was amiss,
And we will mend: chide us, but let it be
Never in cold blood. O' my honesty,
(If I have any) this I'll say for all;
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

[1] *such a matter*] Sympson printed, "some *such a matter.*"

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

The Honest Mans Fortune.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A tragi-comedy.*"

"For the king's company. An olde play called *The Honest Mans Fortune*, the originall being lost, was re-allowed by mee at Mr. Taylor's intreaty, and on condition to give mee a booke [The Arcadia], this 8 Februa. 1624." From Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, — Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 229. The MS. copy, which was licensed by Sir Henry in 1624, is entitled "*The Honest Mans Fortune, Plaide in the yeare* 1613:" "it was therefore," says Malone, "probably the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. This piece was acted at the Globe, and the copy which had been licensed by Sir George Buc, was without doubt destroyed by the fire which consumed that theatre in the yeare 1613." According to Weber, the greater part of this drama was the work of Beaumont.

The above-mentioned MS. came into my possession at the sale of Mr. Heber's library; and (as the reader will perceive) it has furnished me with many very important corrections of the text.

Langbaine remarks, "As to the plot of Montaign's [Montague's] being preferr'd by Lamira to be her Husband, when he was in Adversity, and least expected; the like Story is related by Heywood in his *History of Women*, Book 9. p. 641." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 209. The following is the story to which Langbaine refers; but even supposing that our authors had an eye to that tale, they must have become acquainted with it in some earlier work, as the first edition of Heywood's *History* was not published till 1624.

"*Loosenesse of life first conuerted, and the conuersion rewarded, in a home-bred historie.*

"A ciuile gentleman (within memorie) in the heat of summer hauing beene walking alone in the fields, contemplating with himselfe, and returning backe not the same way hee went out, but through another part of the suburbes, to which hee was a meere stranger, and finding himselfe extreamely athirst, hee stepped into the first house that fairelyest offered itselfe to him, and called for a cup of beere, seating himselfe in the first roome next to the street. He had not well wiped the sweat from his face with his handkerchiefe, but two or three young wenches came skittishly in and out the roome; who seeing him a man of fashion, and therefore likely to be of meanes, they thought to make of him some bootie, being (it seemes) set on by the grandam of the house, for, as it prooued, it was a common brothel-house. The youngest and handsomest amongst the rest was put vpon him; who entreated him not to be seene below, where euerie porter, carman, and common fellow came to drinke, but to take a more conuenient and retyred roome. The gentleman suspecting the place (as it was indeed) to be no better than it should be, and being willing to see some fashions, tooke her gentle proffer, and went with her vp the stayres: where they two being alone, (and a bed in the roome,) beere being brought vp, shee began to offer him more than common courtesie, being so farre from modestie, that shee almost prostituted herselfe vnto him. Which hee apprehending, asked her in plaine tearmes, if these were not meere prouocations to incite him to lust? which shee as plainely confessed. To whom he replyed, that since it was so, he was most willing to accept of her kind proffer; onely for modestie sake, hee desired her to show him into a darker roome. To which she assented, and leads him from one place to another; but hee still told her that none of all these was darke enough: insomuch that shee began at length somewhat to distaste him, because in all that time hee had not made vnto her any friendly proffer. At length shee brought him into a close narrow roome, with nothing but a loope-hole for light, and told him, Sir, vnlesse you purpose to goe into the coale-house, this is the darkest place in the house: how doth this please you? To whom he answered, Vnlesse, thou strumpet, thou canst bring me to a place so palpably tenebrious, into which the eyes of Heauen cannot pierce and see me, thou canst not persuade me to an act so detestable before God and good men; for cannot he, that sees into the heart and reines of all, behold vs here in our wickednesse? and further proceeding, told her the heynousnesse of her sinne towards God, that her prostitution was in sight of him and his angels, and the euerlasting punishment thereto belonging; or if (irreligious as shee was) shee held these but dreames and fables, hee bad her consider her estate in this world, and what her best could be, — a whore, the name odious, the profession abhominable, despised of the indifferent, but quite abandoned of those confirmed in vertue; that shee was in herselfe but a meere leprosie to destroy herselfe and infect others, a sinke of sinne and diseases; or if her extraordinarie good fortune were such to escape the spittle and the surgeon, yet shee was a continuall vassall to euerie constable and beadle, neuer certaine of her lodging, if not in the stocks, in the cage, but the chiefest of her hopes in Bridewell, &c. To conclude, hee read vnto her so strict and austere a lecture concerning her base and debosht life, that from an impudent strumpet hee wrought her to be a repentant conuertite. Her brasen forehead melted at his fierie zeale, and all those skales of immodestie (like a maske plucked off) fell from her face, and shee appeared to him in her former simple and innocentious life. When further questioning with her of her birth and countrey, shee freely confessed vnto him, that shee was borne in the north countrey; her father a gentleman once of faire reuenue, but being impouerished by peeuish suites in law, her mother first, and hee (whether by age or griefe shee knew not) soone after died. Shee being an orphant, and left distressed, loth to begge of those whom her parents had before relieued, finding charitie there cold, and willing rather to appeare base any where than where shee was knowne, sold such small things as shee had, to come vp to London with the carriers; where shee was no sooner allighted at her inne, but shee was hyred by this bawd, (altogether vnacquainted with her base course of life,) who by degrees trayned her to such base prostitution: but withall protested with teares, that course of life was hatefull vnto her; and had shee any friend or kinsman that could propose her any meanes to relinquish that trade, which in her soule she detested, she would become a new woman, desiring that one moneth of her leaudnesse might be forgot; for from that houre shee protested chastitie all her life-time after. Her apparant teares and seeming penitence much perswading with the gentleman, he protested, if it lay in him, he would otherwise dispose of her according to her wishes; and withall charging her, that if hee sent vnto her within two or three dayes with money to acquit her of the house, that shee would attyre herselfe as modestly as she could possibly, not bringing with her any one ragge that belonged to that abhominable house, or any borrowed garment in which she had offended, but instantly to repaire vnto him at his first sending: and this being agreed betwixt them, for that time they parted. The gentleman, wonderous carefull of his vndertaking (because shee was now his new creature), came to a matron-like gentlewoman, a kinswoman of his afarre off (with whom and her husband hee had familiar acquaintance, and by that meanes daily accesse to the house, who had prettie fine children, and were of a faire reuenue), and told her there was a ciuile maid (a kinswoman of his lately come out of the countrey) who wanted a seruice, whom if shee pleased to entertaine, it might prooue a great good to her, and no lesse courtesie to him. Briefely, the motion was accepted, shee sent for according to appointment, and (after he had tutored her in all things which shee should answere) accepted and enter-

tained. Her modest behavior and faire carriage, with her tender loue and diligence about the children, woon her in short time a good opinion of her maister, a greater affection from her mistresse, and a generall loue of the whole household; insomuch that within lesse than a yeere shee was raysed from a chambermaid to be waiting-gentlewoman and the onely bosome-friend of her mistresse: who, falling sicke, even to death, readie to expire her last, so much doted on her new seruant, that shee sent for her husband, and besought him (if it stood with his good liking so to dispose of himselfe) after her decease to make that woman his wife and mother to his children: for one more louing and carefull hee should not finde, and search England thorow and thorow. The gentlewoman soone after dyes, hee is left a widower, and the charge of the whole house committed to our new commertite, with the bringing vp of his children: which shee executed with such fidelitie, that hee casting a more curious eye vpon her youth and beautie, and withall remembering his wiues last words, not knowing for the present how better to dispose of himselfe (time, place, and opportunitie, all things furthering her preferment), hee contracted himselfe vnto her, and they were soone after married. But before any of these late passages happened, I must remember you, first instantly vpon the preferment of this young woman, the gentleman who brought her this fortune a [illegible] his meanes vpon a voyage which miscarryed: for the shippe wherein hee sayled was taken by the Spaniard, and hee after at a twelvemonth's end kept prisoner in Lisbone. But at length (by what meanes I know not) being ransomed, he came [illegible] country, but so poorely and dejected, that hee was ashamed to shew himselfe to any of his friends; [illegible] and finding their charitie cold, hee was loth to make proofe of the rest: insomuch that hee walked [illegible] without a cloake, and scarce had honest raggs to cover him from nakednesse, or hide him from shame. It happened [illegible] vpon his return [illegible] old gentleman died too, and left her possessed of eight hundred a yeere during the minority [illegible] children, [illegible] and withall so great and good opinion he had of her) that he made her [illegible] having diverse suitors before her husbands body was scarce [illegible] like the prodigall, as I before related him to you, shee, [illegible] apprehend him to be the man he was, and whispering a seruant in the [illegible] with him, to enquire his name, his lodging, with [illegible] Finally, not in any case to speake nothing as from her. The [illegible] him that was questioned, [illegible] came a gentleman very early to his lodging [illegible] speake with him, and first asked him his name, [illegible] were the same man he pretended, he had heard of his [illegible] that any gentleman should groane beneath [illegible] with apparrell and other necessaries; [illegible] from a stranger whom hee had not [illegible] entreating him to consider what hope [illegible] The other answered, that for the [illegible] and his securitie, in that he [illegible] wonder to receiue such bountie [illegible] sustenance; yet tooke the benefit [illegible] When the gentleman came [illegible] entreated him to walke abroad with him to [illegible] demanding whither. In the meane [illegible] who were not few), this gen- [illegible] street. Meat was vpon the table, the [illegible] remembred: in comes the widow [illegible] before happened, demanded of his [illegible] stranger to the house, and what a for- [illegible] widow, had such and such meanes [illegible] that their hope was, this day [illegible] the present. The widowes turne [illegible] gentleman was neglected, and, [illegible] only leaning her husbands [illegible] night be well spared, for we [illegible] and was intreated to sit downe by his friend; [illegible] some that either hath borrowed his [illegible] widow, but women are now-a-dayes growne more [illegible] Then, saith she, perhaps he wants a dinner, and [illegible] the rest: some of you there make him some small [illegible] Lisbone, every where, sane where he was. This [illegible] yet, arming him with patience (the rather for his [illegible] sick, eating as little as he spake. All were merrie [illegible] rather to please her. A health went round to the widowes next hus- [illegible] from her state. Methinkes, saith she, we are all merrie, onely that [illegible] I know the reason, it is perhaps because he is placed so low: but [illegible] when, making him where he sat, she pluckt him by the sleeue, de- [illegible] Why, desirous her to torment him no further, refused to rise [illegible] standing, as wondering what further sport shee would make with [illegible] be mine owne ever hereafter: and so being drawne by her to the [illegible] were her late husbands chayre stood empty: Now, sir, saith shee (with [illegible] stand, sit here in my old husband's chayre, and bid these your guests [illegible] when she, craving pardon for so abusing his patience, openly pro- [illegible] make them witnesses of their present contract: for if hee re- [illegible] stand, acknowledging that all her fortunes (next to the Divine Prou- [illegible] circumstances, and that she knew no way better to expresse her [illegible] first come. Thus the chase proued better than the beginning, and [illegible] least: for they found this last (of all the other passages) to be only [illegible] witnesses, and soone after married. And thus his vertue and her con- [illegible] vnwonted." — PYNAKIKON: *or New Bookes of Various History concerninge Women*, &c., p. 458, [illegible]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.
EARL OF AMIENS, brother-in-law to ORLEANS.
LORD MONTAGUE.
LONGUEVILLE, } two followers of MONTAGUE.
DUBOIS, }
VERAMOUR, page to MONTAGUE.
LAVERDINE, a courtier.
LA-POOP, a sea-captain.
MALLICORN, a citizen.[1]
Two Lawyers.
Three Creditors.
Officers.
Servants.

DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, wife to the DUKE OF ORLEANS, and sister to the EARL OF AMIENS.
LAMIRA.
CHARLOTTE, waiting-woman to LAMIRA

SCENE, — PARIS *and the neighboring Country.*

The principal actors were —

Nathan Field. Joseph Taylor.
Rob. Benfield. Will. Eglestone.
Emanuel Read. Thomas Basse.

Folio 1679.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Street in Paris, near the Hall of Justice.*

Enter ORLEANS *and* AMIENS *severally.*

Ami. Morrow, my lord of Orleans.
Orl. You salute me
Like a stranger: *brother* Orleans were, to me,
A title more belonging whom you call
The husband of your sister.
Ami. Would the circumstances of
Our [2] brotherhood had never offer'd cause
To make our conversation less familiar!
But [3] I meet you like a hindrance in your way:
Your great law-suit is now upon the tongue,
And ready for a judgment.
Orl. Came you from
The hall now?
Ami. Without stay. The court is full;
And such a press of people does attend
The issue, as if some great man were brought
To his arraignment.
Orl. Every mother's son
Of all that multitude of hearers went
To be a witness of the misery
Your sister's fortunes must have come to, if
My adversary, who did love her first,
Had been her husband.
Ami. The success may draw
A testimony from them, to confirm
The same opinion; but they went prepar'd
With no such hope or purpose.
Orl. And did you
Increase [4] the number of them that are gone [5]
With no such hope or purpose?
Ami. Tush! your own
Experience of my heart can answer you.
Orl. This doubtful answer [6] makes me clearly understand
Your disposition.
Ami. If your cause be just,
I wish you a conclusion like your cause.
Orl. I can have any common charity
To such a prayer: [7] from a friend I would
Expect a love to what I prosper in,[8]
Without exceptions; such a love as might
Make all my undertakings thankful to't:
Precisely just is seldom faithful in
Our wishes to another man's desires.
Farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter MONTAGUE, DUBOIS, LONGUEVILLE, *and* VERAMOUR *carrying two caskets.*

Dubois. Here comes your adversary's brother-in-law.
Long. The lord of Amiens.
Dubois. From the hall, I think.
Ami. I did so. — Save your lordship!
Mont. That's a wish,
My lord, as courteous to my present state
As ever honest mind was thankful for;

[1] LA-POOP, *a sea-captain.*
MALLICORN, *a citizen*] — The second folio (which alone gives the Dramatis Personæ) calls the former "a *foisting* [i. e. cheating] captain," and the latter "a sharking citizen."
In terming La-Poop "a sea-captain," I follow the Editors of 1778 and Weber; for it seems to be his proper designation, though in the first scene where he appears, he speaks of his service by land, as "gentleman of a company."

[2] *Our*] So MS. — Both the folios "Your;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *But*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[4] *Increase*] Mason's correction; in which Heath (*MS. Notes*) had anticipated him. Both the folios have "increat," and the MS. has "entreate;" and so the modern editors, — Weber explaining the passage to mean — "Did you ask their number?" — a very foolish question.

[5] *gone*] So MS. (compare "they *went*" in the preceding speech). Both the folios "come;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *answer*] So MS., — the word being absolutely necessary to the sense. Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[7] *I can have any common charity*
To such a prayer] "The sense is this: Amiens having wished Orleans success, if his cause be just, Orleans replies, 'that such a wish might proceed from any common acquaintance,'" &c. *Ed.* 1778. Mason, very unnecessarily, would alter the text.

[8] *a love to what I prosper in*] So MS. Both the folios have "*a love to prosper in;*" and so the modern editors.

For now my safety must expose itself
To question: yet to look for any free
Or hearty salutation, sir, from you,
Would be unreasonable in me.
Ami. Why?
Mont. Your sister is my adversary's wife;
That nearness needs must consequently draw
Your inclination to him.
Ami. I will grant
Him all the nearness his alliance claims;
And yet be nothing less impartial,
My lord of Montague.
Mont. Lord of Montague yet;
But, sir, how long the dignity or state
Belonging to it will continue, stands
Upon the dangerous passage of this hour;
Either for evermore to be confirm'd,
Or, like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone, —
Gone with it, never to be call'd again.
Ami. Justice direct your process to the end!
To both your persons my respect shall still
Be equal; but the righteous cause is that
Which bears my wishes to the side it holds;
Wherever, may it prosper!
Mont. Then my thanks
Are proper to you: if a man may raise
A confidence upon a lawful ground,
I have no reason to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful motion. [*Exit Amiens.*
Longueville,
That lord of Amiens (didst observe him?) has
A worthy nature in him.
Long. Either 'tis
His nature or his cunning.
Mont. That's the vizard
Of most men's actions, whose dissembled lives,
Do carry only the similitude
Of goodness on 'em; but for him, Dubois,[1]
Honest behaviour makes a true report
What disposition does inhabit him, ——
Essential virtue.
Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious Orleans is his brother.
Dubois.[2] He
Is but his brother-in-law.
Long. Law! that's as bad.
Dubois. How, is your law as bad? I rather wish
The hangman thy executor, than that

Enter two Lawyers *and two* Creditors.

Equivocation should be ominous.
Long. Some of your lawyers.
First Law. What is ominous?
Sec. Law. Let no distrust trouble your lordship's thought.
First Law. The evidences of your question'd land
Ha' not so much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made against
Your title.
Sec. Law. And your counsel understands[3]
The business fully.
First Law. They're industrious, just ——
Sec. Law. And very confident.
First Law. Your state endures
A voluntary trial; like a man
Whose honours are maliciously accus'd.
Sec. Law. The accusation serves to clear his cause ——
First Law. And to approve his truth more.
Sec. Law. So shall all
Your adversary's pleadings strengthen your
Possession ——
First Law. And be set upon record,
To witness the hereditary right
Of you and yours.
Sec. Law. Courage! you have the law.
Long. And you, the profit.[4]
Mont. If discouragement
Could work upon me, your assurances
Would put me strongly into heart again:
But I was never fearful; and let fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Prepar'd against dejection.
First Cred. So are we.
Sec. Cred. We have received a comfortable hope
That all will speed well.
Long. What is he, Dubois?
Dubois. A creditor.
Long. I thought so; for he speaks
As if he were a partner in his state.
Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves ——
Long. More to their purses.
Mont. Which you shall not lose.
First Cred. Your lordship ——
Dubois. That's another creditor.
First Cred. Has interest in me ——
Long. You have more of him.
First Cred. And I have had so many promises
From these, and all your learnèd counsellors,
How certainly your cause will prosper, that ——
Long. You brought no sergeants with you.[5]
Dubois. To attend
His ill success.
Mont. Good sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their industries
Or your affections.
First Law. All your land, my lord,
Is at the bar now; give me but ten crowns,
I'll save you harmless.
Long. Take him at his word:
If he does lose, you're sav'd by miracle;
For I never knew a lawyer yet undone.
First Law. Then now you shall, sir, if this prospers not.
Long. Sir, I beseech you, do not force your voice
To such a loudness, but be thrifty now:
Preserve it till you come to plead at bar;
It will be much more profitable in
The satisfaction than the promise.
First Law. Is
Not this a satisfaction, to engage
Myself for his assurance?
Dubois. If he dare trust you.[6]

[1] *Dubois*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.
[2] *Dubois*] MS. has "*Mont.*"
[3] *understands*] Mason, on account of the next speech, "They're," &c., would read "understand," — unnecessarily.
[4] *profit*] So MS. — Both the folios "profits;" and so the modern editors.
[5] *You brought no sergeants with you*] So MS. — Both the folios have an interrogation-point at the end of this speech.
[6] *Myself for his assurance?*
Dubois. *If he dare trust you*] So MS. — The two folios have merely, —

Mont. No, sir; my ruin never shall import
Another's loss, if not by accident,
And that my purpose is not guilty of:
You are engag'd in nothing but your care.
[*Exeunt* Lawyers.
Attend the procurator to the court;
Observe how things incline, and bring me word.
Long. I dare not, sir; if I be taken there,
Mine ears will be in danger.
Mont. Why? hast thou
Committed something that deserves thine ears?
Long. No, but I fear the noise: my hearing will
Be perish'd by the noise; and [1] 'tis as good
To want a member, as to lose the use.
Mont. The ornament excepted.[2]
Long. Well, my lord,
I'll put 'em to the hazard. [*Exit.*
First Cred. Your desires
Be prosperous to you!
Sec. Cred. Our best prayers wait
Upon your fortune.
Dubois. For [3] yourselves, not him.
[*Exeunt* Creditors.
Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em; I am in their debts.
Ver. But had your large expense (a part whereof
You owe 'em) for unprofitable silks
And laces been bestow'd among the poor,
They [4] would have pray'd the right way, for you, not
Upon you.
Mont. For unprofitable silks
And laces? now, believe me, honest boy,
Thou'st hit upon a reprehension that
Belongs unto me.
Ver. By my troth,[5] my lord,
I had not so unmannerly a thought,
To reprehend you.
Mont. Why, I love thee for't;
Mine own acknowledgment confirms thy words.
For once, I do remember, coming from
The mercer's, where my purse had spent itself
On those unprofitable toys thou speak'st of,
A man half naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requested my relief:
I wanted whence to give it; yet his eyes
Spoke for him; those I could have satisfied
With some unfruitful sorrow (if my tears
Would not have added rather to his grief
Than eas'd it), but the true compassion that
I should have given I had not. This began
To make me think how many such men's wants
The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
My outside would have cloath'd, and left myself
A habit as becoming: to encrease
This new consideration, there came one
Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
As decent as these fair dear follies, made
As if it were of purpose to despise
The vanity of show; his purse had still
The power to do a charitable deed,
And did it.
Dubois. Yet your inclination, sir,
Deserv'd no less to be commended than
His action.
Mont. Prithee, do not flatter me.
He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,[6]
Deceives his purpose of the due reward
That goodness merits. Oh, antiquity,
Thy great examples of nobility
Are out of imitation; or at least
So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
Before this age in virtue as in time!
Dubois. Sir, it must needs be lamely follow'd, when
The chiefest men that [7] love to follow it
Are for the most part cripples.
Mont. Who are they?
Dubois. Soldiers, my lord, soldiers.
Mont. 'Tis true, Dubois;
But if the law disables me no more
For noble actions than good purposes,
I'll practise how to exercise the worth
Commended to us by our ancestors:
The poor neglected soldier shall command
Me from a lady's courtship, and the form
I'll study shall no more be taught me by
The tailor, but the scholar; that expense,
Which hitherto has been to entertain
Th' intemperate pride and pleasure of the taste,
Shall fill my table more to satisfy,
And less to surfeit.
What an honest work it would be, when we find
A virgin in her poverty and youth
Inclining to be tempted, to employ
As much persuasion and as much expense
To keep her upright, as men use to do
Upon her falling!
Dubois. 'Tis a [8] charity
That many maids will be unthankful for;
And some will rather take it for a wrong,
To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
The thing that they were born to.

Re-enter LONGUEVILLE.

Mont. Longueville,
Thou bring'st a cheerful promise in thy face;
There stands no pale report upon thy cheek,
To give me fear or knowledge of my loss;
'Tis red and lively.
Long. That's with labour, sir,[9]

"*My self for* this *assurance, if he* —" and so the modern editors.

[1] *and*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[2] *The ornament excepted*] So MS. — Both the folios have, "*The ornament* is *excepted;*" and so the modern editors.

[3] *For*] Omitted by Weber!

[4] *They*] So MS. — Both the folios "That;" and so the modern editors. Veramour quibbles here, — "*pray'd*" — "*prey'd.*"

[5] *my troth*] So MS. — Both the folios mark the omission of the word, by a break. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "*my soul.*"

[6] *thoughts into deed*] MS. has "thought *into* deeds."

[7] *that*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios. The modern editors supply "who."

[8] *a*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[9] '*Tis red and lively.*
Long. *That's with labour, sir*] So MS. — The first folio has, —
"'*Tis red and lively.* How proceeds my suit?
Long. *That's with labour, sir.*"
The second folio differs from the first only in having "leave" instead of "*labour;*" and the modern editors follow it. There can be no doubt that the MS. affords the correct text:

A labour that to those of Hercules
May add another, or, at least, be call'd
An imitation of his burning shirt;
For 'twas a pain of that unmerciful
Perplexity, to shoulder through the throng
Of people that attended your success:
My sweaty linen fix'd upon my skin,
Still, as they pull'd me, took that with it; 'twas
A fear I should have left my flesh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for, methought, the toil
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary passage to get out of law:
And, to make up the dear similitude,
When I was forth, seeking my handkercher[1]
To wipe my sweat off, I did find a cause
To make me sweat more; for my purse was lost
Among their fingers.
Dubois. There 'twas rather found.
Long. By them.
Dubois. I mean so.
Mont. Well, I will restore
Thy damage to thee. How proceeds my suit?
Long. Like one at broker's; I think, forfeited.
Your promising counsellor[2] at the first
Put strongly forward with a labour'd speed,
And such a violence of pleading, that
His fee in sugar-candy scarce will make
His throat a satisfaction for the hurt
He did it; and he carried the whole cause
Before him with so clear a passage, that
The people in the favour of your side
Cried "Montague, Montague!" in the spite of him
That cried out "silence," and began to laugh
Your adversary's advocate to scorn;
Who, like a cunning footman, set me forth
With such a temperate easy kind of course,
To put him into exercise of strength,
And follow'd his advantages so close,
That when your hot-mouth'd pleader thought h'ad won,
Before he reach'd[3] it he was out of breath,
And then the other stript[4] him.
Mont. So, all is lost!
Long. But how I know not; for, methought, I stood
Confounded with the clamour of the court,
Like one embark'd upon a storm at sea,
Where the tempestuous noise of thunder, mix'd
With roaring of the billows and the thick
Imperfect language of the seamen, takes
His understanding and his safety both
Together from him.
Mont. Thou dost bring ill news.
Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The first reporter.
Mont. Didst observe no more?
Long. At least no better.
Mont. Then thou'rt not inform'd
So well as I am: I can tell thee that
Will please thee; for, when all else left my cause,
My very adversary[5] took my part
Long. Pox on him![6] whosoever told you that,
Abus'd you.
Mont. Credit me, he took my part.
When all forsook me.
Long. Took it from you.
Mont. Yes,
I mean so; and I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.
Dubois. His spirit would ha' sunk him, ere he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this weight
So lightly.
Mont. Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so;
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.
Long. Here come they,
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.

Re-enter two LAWYERS.

Mont. Sir!
Long. The *Sir* of knighthood may be given 'em,[7]
Ere they hear you now.
Mont. Good sir, but a word!
Dubois. How soon the loss of wealth makes any man
Grow out of knowledge!
Long. Let me see. I pray, sir,
Never stood you upon the pillory?
First Law. The pillory!
Long. Oh, now I know you did not;
You've ears, I thought you had lost 'em: pray, observe;
Here's one that once was gracious in your eyes.
First Law. Oh, my lord, I have an eye upon him![8]
Long. But ha' you ne'er a counsel to redeem
His land yet from the judgment?
Sec. Law. None but this;
A writ of error to remove the cause.
Long. No more of error; we have been in that
Too much already.
Sec. Law. If you will reverse
The judgment, you must trust to that delay ——
Long. Delay! indeed, he's like to trust to that,
With you has any dealing.
Sec. Law. Ere the law
Proceeds to an *habere facias*
Possessionem.
Dubois.[9] That's a language, sir,
I understand not.

the question, "How proceeds my suit?" belongs to the next speech of Montague.

[1] *handkercher*] So MS., and first folio. The second folio has "handkerchief;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *counsellor*] So MS.—The folios "councell" and "counsel;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *he reach'd*] Weber chose to print "*he* had *reach'd*."

[4] *stript*] "I. e. outstript." MASON.

[5] *adversary*] So MS.—Both the folios "adversaries;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *Pox on him!* So MS.—Omitted in both the folios (which have a break, to indicate the omission); and by the modern editors.

[7] *'em*] So MS.—Both the folios "him;" and so the modern editors.

[8] *Oh, my lord, I have an eye upon him*] Both the folios omit "I." The MS. has merely "*O my lord.*" Seward printed, "*Oh, oh! my lord,—I have an eye upon him;*" and so the Editors of 1778.

[9] *Dubois*] So, not only the two folios, but the MS. also. The modern editors give this speech to "*Mont.*"

Long. Thou'rt a very strange
Unthankful fellow, to have taken fees
Of such a liberal measure, and then give [1]
A man hard words for's money.
Mont. So, 'tis gone! [2]
First Law. If men will hazard their salvations,
What should I say? I've other business.
Mont. You're i' the right; that's it you should say, now
Prosperity has left me. [*Exeunt* Lawyers.[3]

Re-enter two Creditors.

First Cred. Have an eye upon him; if
We lose him now, he's gone for ever: stay,
And dog him; I'll go fetch the officers.
Long. Dog him, you blood-hound! by this point, thou shalt [*Draws his sword.*
More safely dog an angry lion than
Attempt him.
Mont. What's the matter?
Long. Do but stir
To fetch a sergeant, and, besides your loss
Of labour, I will have you beaten till
Those casements in your faces be false lights.
Dubois. Falser than those you sell by.[4]
Mont. Who gave you
Commission to abuse my friends thus?
Long. Sir,
Are those your friends that would betray you?
Mont. 'Tis
To save themselves, rather than betray me.
First Cred. Your lordship makes a just construction of it.
Sec. Cred. All our desire is but to get our own.
Long. Your wives' desires and yours do differ, then.
Mont. So far as my ability will go,
You shall have satisfaction. — Longueville, —
Long. And leave yourself neglected? every man
Is first a debtor to his own demands,
Being honest.
Mont. As I take it, sir, I did
Not entertain you for my counsellor.
Long. Counsel's the office of a servant, when
The master falls upon a danger, as
Defence is. Never threaten with your eyes;
They are no cockatrices. Do you hear?
Talk with the girdler [5] or the milliner;
They [6] can inform you of a kind of men
That first undid the profit of those trades
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their morglays [7] in their hands; with some of those
A man may make himself a privilege
To ask a question at the prison-gates,
Without your good permission.
Sec. Cred. By your leave —
Mont. Stay, sir: what one example, since the time
That first you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this presumption? By the justice now
Of thine own rule, I should begin with thee;
I should turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former service, and forget
Thou ever didst me any.[8] 'Tis not fear
Of being arrested makes me thus incline
To satisfy you; for you see by him,
I lost not all defences with my state:
The curses of a man, to whom I am
Beholding,[9] terrify me more than all
The violence he can pursue me with. —
Dubois, I did prepare me for the worst;
These two small cabinets [10] do comprehend
The sum of all the wealth that it hath pleas'd
Adversity to leave me; one as rich
As th' other, both in jewels; take thou this,
And, as the order put within it shall
Direct thee, distribute it half between
Those creditors, and th' other half among
My servants; for, sir, they are my creditors
As well as you are; they have trusted me
With their advancements.[11] If the value fail
To please you all, my first increase of means
Shall offer you a fuller payment: be content
To leave me something; and imagine that
You put a new beginner into credit.
Creditors. So prosper our own blessings, as we wish
You to your merit!
Mont. Are your silences
Of discontentment [12] or of sorrow?
Dubois. Sir,
We would not leave you.
Long. Do but suffer us
To follow you, and what our present means
Or industries hereafter can provide,
Shall serve you.
Mont. Oh, desire me not to live
To such a baseness, as to be maintain'd
By those that serve me! Pray, begone; I will
Defend your honesties to any man
That shall report you have forsaken me:
I pray, be gone.
[*Exeunt all except* MONTAGUE *and* VERAMOUR.
Why dost thou weep, my boy?
Because I do not bid thee go too?
Ver. No;

[1] *then give*] The modern editors print, "*then to give.*"
[2] Mont. *So, 'tis gone*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.
[3] *Exeunt Lawyers*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.
[4] *Falser than those you sell by*] See note, p. 188.
[5] *girdler*] i. e. maker of girdles. Nares, having cited the present passage, remarks, "The *girdlers* sold sword-belts, and the *milliners* ribands and tassels, which were not wanted when the swords were carried in the hand." *Gloss. in v.*
[6] *They*] So MS. — Both the folios "He;" and so the modern editors.
[7] *morglays*] "*Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton; and from thence a sword, in antient writers, is frequently called by that name. See *Every Man in his Humour*, act iii. scene i." REED.
[8] *For all thy former service, and forget*
Thou ever didst me any] So MS. — Both the folios have, —
"*For all thy former* kindnesse, *forget*
Thou ever didst me any service."
Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed, —
"*For all thy former* kindnesses, *forget*," &c.
[9] *Beholding*] i. e. Beholden, — as frequently before.
[10] *These two small cabinets*] i. e. the "two caskets" carried by Veramour: see p. 521.
[11] *advancements*] So MS. — Both the folios "advancement;" and so the modern editors.
[12] *discontentment*] So MS. — Both the folios "discontent;" and so the modern editors.

I weep, my lord, because I would not go;
I fear you will command me.
Mont. No, my child,
I will not; that would discommend th' intent
Of all my other actions: thou art yet
Unable to advise thyself a course,
Should I put thee to seek it; after that,[1]
I must excuse, or at the least forgive,
Any uncharitable deed that can
Be done against myself.
Ver. Every day,
My lord, I tarry with you, I'll account
A day of blessing to me; for I shall[2]
Have so much less time left me of my life
When I am from you; and if misery
Befal you (which I hope so good a man
Was never born to), I will take my part,
And make my willingness increase my strength
To bear it. In the winter I will spare
Mine own clothes from myself to cover you;
And in the summer carry some of yours,
To ease you: I'll do any thing I can.
Mont. Why, thou art able to make Misery
Asham'd of hurting, when thy weakness can
Both bear it, and despise it. Come, my boy;
I will provide some better way for thee
Than this thou speak'st of. 'Tis the comfort that[3]
Ill fortune has undone me into the fashion;
For now, in this age, most men do begin
To keep but one boy, that kept many men.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ORLEANS *and* Servant.

Orl. Where is she? call her. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. I attend you, sir.
Orl. Your friend, sweet madam ——
Duch. What friend, good my lord?
Orl. Your Montague, madam, he will shortly want
Those courtly graces that you love him for:
The means wherewith he purchas'd this and this,
And all his own provisions, to the least
Proportion of his feeding or his clothes,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjustly liv'd on; but the law
Has given me right in't and possession: now
Thou shalt perceive his bravery[4] vanish, as
This jewel does from thee now, and these pearls
To him that owes[5] 'em.
[*Taking them from her person.*
Duch. You are the owner, sir,
Of every thing that does belong to me.
Orl. No, not of him, sweet lady.
Duch. Oh, good Heaven!
Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and be
As ready to disclaim him, when his wants
And miseries have perish'd his good face,
And taken off the sweetness that has made
Him pleasing in a woman's understanding.
Duch. Oh, Heaven, how gracious had creation been
To women, who are born without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doors, through which
Our husbands might have look'd into our thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtful!
Orl. Made 'em mad!
Duch. With honest women?
Orl. Thou dost still pretend
A title to that virtue: prithee, let
Thy honesty speak freely to me now.
Thou knowest that Montague, of[6] whose land
I am the master, did affect thee first,
And should have had thee, if the strength of friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own consent:
I have undone him; tell me how thou dost
Consider his ill fortune and my good?
Duch. I'll tell you justly. His undoing is
An argument for pity and for tears,
In all their dispositions that have known
The honour and the goodness of his life:
Yet that addition of prosperity
Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the law
Be not abus'd in't. Howsoever, since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonour to you to bear yourself
With any pride or glory over him.
Orl. This may be truly spoken; but in thee
It is not honest.
Duch. Yes; so honest, that
I care not if the chaste Penelope
Were now alive to hear me.
Orl. Who comes there?

Enter AMIENS.

Duch. My brother.
Ami. Save ye!
Orl. Now, sir; you have heard
Of prosperous Montague?
Ami. No, sir; I have heard
Of Montague, but of your prosperity.
Orl. Is he distracted?
Ami. He does bear his loss
With such a noble strength of patience, that,
Had Fortune eyes to see him, she would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that
She did it but for trial of his worth,
Hereafter ever love him.
Orl. I perceive
You love him; and, because I must confess
He does deserve it,[7] though, for some respects,
I have not given him that acknowledgment,

[1] *after that*] "This expression is rather obscure; but signifies, 'Should I dismiss you, *after that* cruelty, I should have no right to complain of any injury done to myself.'" *Ed.* 1778.

[2] *for I shall*] Here Seward, with his usual unscrupulousness, printed "*for* at least *I shall*," to suit his arrangement of the speech.

[3] *that*] MS. has "it:" the right reading probably is "yet."

[4] *bravery*] i. e. finery, splendour of appearance.

[5] *owes*] i. e. owns, rightfully possesses.

[6] *of*] Seward printed "he *of*."

[7] *it*] So MS. — Both the folios "that;" and so the modern editors, — Seward excepted, who printed "it" from conjecture.

Yet in mine honour I did still conclude
To use him nobly.
Ami. Sir, that will become
Your reputation, and make me grow proud
Of your alliance.
Orl. I did reserve
The doing of this friendship till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courtesy.
Duch. This change will make me happy.
Orl. 'Tis a change;
Thou shalt behold it: then observe me. When
That Montague had possession of my lands
I was his rival, and at last obtain'd
This lady, who, by promise of her own
Affection to him, should ha' been his wife:
I had her, and withheld her like a pawn,
Till now my land is render'd to me again;
And since it is so, you shall see I have
The conscience not to keep her. Give him her;
[*Draws his sword.*
For, by the faithful temper of my sword,
She shall not tarry with me.
Ami. Give me way! —
[*Draws his sword; Duchess holds him.*
Thou most unworthy man! — Death,[1] give me way!
Or, by the wrong he does the innocent,[2]
I'll end thy misery and his wickedness
Together!
Duch. Stay, and let me justify
My husband in it![3] I have wrong'd his bed ——
[*Exit* AMIENS.[4]
Never — all shames that can afflict me fall
Upon me, if I ever wrong'd you!
Orl. Didst
Thou not confess it?
Duch. 'Twas to save your blood
From shedding: it[5] has turn'd my brother's edge.
He, that beholds our thoughts as plainly as
Our faces, knows that I did[6] never hurt
My honesty, but by accusing it.
Orl. Women's consents are sooner credited
Than their denials; and I'll never trust
Her body, that prefers any defence
Before the safety of her honour. — Here!

Enter two Servants.[7]

Shew forth that stranger. — Give me not a word;
Thou seest a danger ready to be tempted.

Duch. Cast that upon me, rather than my shame;
And, as I am a-dying,[8] I will vow
That I am honest!
Orl. Put her out of doors. —
But that I fear my land may go again
To Montague, I would kill thee! I am loath
To make a beggar of him that way;[9] or else —
Go! now you have the liberty of flesh;
And you may put it to a double use,
One for your pleasure, th' other to maintain
Your well-belovèd, — he will be in want:[10]
In such a charitable exercise
The virtue will excuse you for the vice.
[*Exeunt on one side the* DUCHESS *and* Servants, *on the other* ORLEANS.

SCENE III. — *A Grove near the City.*

Enter, on one side, AMIENS *with his sword drawn, on the other,* MONTAGUE *and* VERAMOUR.

Mont. What means your lordship?
Ver. For the love of Heaven[11] ——
Ami. Thou hast advantage of me; cast away
That buckler.[12]
Mont. So he is, sir; for he lives
With one that is undone.[13] — Avoid us, boy.
Ver. I'll first avoid my safety. —
Your rapier shall be button'd[14] with my head,
Before it touch my master.
Ami. Montague!
Mont. Sir?
Ami. You know my sister?
Mont. Yes, sir.
Ami. For a whore.

Enter DUCHESS.

Mont. You lie! and shall lie lower, if you dare
Abuse her honour.
Duch. I am honest.
Ami. Honest!
Duch. Upon my faith, I am.
Ami. What did, then, persuade thee to condemn thyself?
Duch. Your safety.
Ami. I had rather be expos'd
To danger than dishonour: thou'st betray'd
The reputation of my family
More basely by the falseness of that word,
Than if thou hadst deliver'd me asleep
Into the hands of a base enemy.[15]
Relief will never make thee sensible

[1] *Death*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (the omission being indicated by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "God."

[2] *the innocent*] MS. has "thy innocence."

[3] *it*] So MS. — Both the folios "that;" and so the modern editors.

[4] *Exit Amiens*] *So MS.* — The first folio has, —
"*Enter Amiens in amazement, the servants following him:*"
The second folio gives, —
"*Exeunt Am: Orl.*
Enter Orleans in amazement, the servants following him."
Both these stage-directions are obviously wrong. "The reader will observe how exquisitely striking and poetical is the instantaneous departure of Amiens on the self-accusation of his sister." WEBER (qy. Sir Walter Scott?).

[5] *it*] So MS. — Both the folios "that;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *that I did*] So MS. — Both the folios "it, *I did;*" and so the modern editors.

[7] *two Servants*] So MS. — Both the folios "Servant" (but compare the stage-direction cited from them, note 4, above;) and so the modern editors.

[8] *a-dying*] So MS. — Both the folios (nonsensically) "now *dying;*" and so the modern editors.

[9] *To make a beggar of him that way*] i. e. by forfeiting my life and estate to the king, give Montague an opportunity of begging it from him." SEWARD.

[10] *he will be in want*] So MS. — Both the folios "*he will want;*" and so the modern editors.

[11] *Heaven*] So MS. and the second folio. The first folio "God;" and so Weber.

[12] *That buckler*] So MS.—Both the folios "This *buckler;*" and so the modern editors. The "buckler" means Veramour, who has thrown himself before Montague.

[13] *So he is, sir; for he lives*
With one that is undone] Weber rightly explains the quibble here, — "So he is (*cast away*), for he lives with me who am undone."

[14] *button'd*] "Alluding to the *button* on a foil." *Ed.* 1778.

[15] *the hands of a base enemy*] So MS. — The first folio has "*the hands of base enemie,*" and the second folio changes "*enemie*" to "enemies." Seward printed "*the hands of* basest enemies;" the Editors of 1778 and Weber, "*the* hand *of a base enemy.*"

Of thy disgraces: let thy wants compel thee
to it. [*Exit.*
Duch. Oh, I am a miserable woman!
Mont. Why, madam, are you utterly without
Means to relieve you?
Duch. I have nothing, sir,
Unless by changing of these clothes for worse,
And then at last the worst for nakedness.
Mont. Stand off, boy. — Nakedness would be
a change
To please us, madam, to delight us both.
Duch. What nakedness, sir?
Mont. Why, the nakedness
Of body, madam; we were lovers once.
Duch. Never dishonest lovers.
Mont. Honesty
Has no allowance now to give ourselves.[1]
Duch. Nor you allowance against honesty.
Mont. I'll send my boy hence: opportunity
Shall be our servant. Come, and meet me first
With kisses like a stranger at the door,
And then invite me nearer, to receive
A more familiar inward welcome; where,
Instead of tapers made of virgin-wax,[2]
Th' increasing flames of our desires shall light
Us to a banquet; and before the taste
Be dull with satisfaction, I'll prepare
A nourishment compos'd of every thing
That bears a natural friendship to the blood,
And that shall set another edge upon't;
Or else, between the courses of the feast,
We'll dally out an exercise of time,
That ever, as one appetite expires,
Another may succeed it.
Duch. Oh, my lord,
How has your nature lost her worthiness?
When our affections had their liberty,
Our kisses met as temperately as
The hands of sisters or of brothers, yet[3]
Our bloods were then as moving; then you were
So noble, that I durst have trusted your
Embraces in an opportunity
Silent enough to serve a ravisher,
And yet come from you undishonour'd. How
You think me alter'd, that you promise your
Attempt success, I know not; but were all
The sweet temptations that deceive us set
On this side, and on that side all the wants,[4]
These neither should persuade me, nor they[5]
force.
Mont. Then misery may waste your body.
Duch. Yes;
But lust shall never.
Mont. I have found you still
As uncorrupted as I left you first.
Continue so, and I will serve you with
As much devotion as my word, my hand,
Or purse can shew you; and, to justify
That promise, here is half the wealth I have:
[*Gives money.*
Take it; you owe me nothing, till you fall
From virtue; which the better to protect,
I have bethought me of a present means. —
Give me the letter [*to* VERAMOUR]. — This commends my boy
Into the service of a lady, whose
Free goodness you have been acquainted with,
Lamira.
Duch. Sir, I know her.
Mont. Then believe
Her entertainment will be noble to you:
My boy shall bring you thither, and relate
Your manner of misfortune, if your own
Report needs any witness. So, I kiss
Your hand, good lady.
Duch. Sir, I know not how
To promise; but I cannot be unthankful.
Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulness
Be yours, to make you the more prosperous! —
Farewell, my boy. — I am not yet oppress'd,
Having the power to help one that's distress'd.
[*Exeunt on one side the* DUCHESS *and* VERAMOUR, *on the other* MONTAGUE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* DUBOIS.

Long. What shall we do now? swords are out
of use,
And words are out of credit.
Dubois. We must serve.
Long. The means to get a service will first
spend
Our purses; and except we can allow
Ourselves an entertainment, service will
Neglect us: now 'tis grown into a doubt
Whether the master or the servant gives
The countenance.
Dubois. Then fall in with mistresses.
Long. They keep more servants[6] now, indeed,
than men;
But yet the age is grown so populous
Of those attendants, that the women are
Grown full too.
Dubois. What shall we propound ourselves?
Long. I'll think on't.
Dubois. Do. Old occupations have
Too many setters-up to prosper; some
Uncommon trade would thrive now.
Long. We'll e'en
Make up some half a dozen proper men,
And set up a male stews; we should get more
Than all your female sinners.
Dubois. If the house
Be seated, as it should be, privately.

[1] *give ourselves*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "gyve *ourselves*," — fetter or restrain our inclinations.
[2] *virgin-wax*] So MS. — Both the folios "virgins *wax*;" and so Weber!
[3] *yet*] So MS.; and so Weber from Mason's conjecture. Both the folios have "that;" and so the Editors of 1778. Seward printed "tho'."
[4] *wants*] So MS. Both the folios have "waiters." Seward printed "tortures;" and so his successors. I may add that Heath (*MS. Notes*) had conjectured the right reading.
[5] *they*] So MS. — The first folio has "the;" the second "these," which Weber gave. Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "those."
[6] *servants*] See note, p. 162.
[7] *We'll e'en*
Make up some half a dozen proper men,
And set up a male stews; we should get more
Than all your female sinners] So MS. (in which the present speech and the following speeches as far as "Stay, Dubois," &c. are drawn through with a pen by the licenser,

Long. Ay; but that would make a multitude of witches.
Dubois. Witches! how, prithee?
Long. Thus: the bawds would all turn witches to revenge
Themselves upon us; and the women that
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards;
And that's, they say, a token of a witch.
Dubois. What shall we, then, do?
Long. We must study on't
With more consideration. Stay, Dubois;
Are not the lord of Orleans and the lord
Of Amiens enemies?
Dubois. Yes; what of that?
Long. Methinks the factions of two such great men
Should give a promise of advancement now
To us that want it.
Dubois. Let the plot be thine,
And in the enterprize I'll second thee.
Long. I have it: we will first set down ourselves
The method of a quarrel, and make choice
Of some frequented tavern, or such a place
Of common notice, to perform it in,
By way of undertaking to maintain
The several honours of those enemies;
Thou for the lord of Orleans, I for Amiens.
Dubois. I like the project; and I think 'twill take
The better, since their difference first did rise
From his occasion whom we follow'd once.
Long. We cannot hope less, after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity;
Yet those are ends I do not aim at most:
Great spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Must labour whiles such troubles are alive.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP.

La-P. Hunger is sharper than the sword: I have fed this[2] three days upon leaf-tobacco, for want of other victuals.
Lav. You have lived the honester, captain. But be not so dejected; but hold up thy head, and meat will sooner fall i' thy mouth.
La-P. I care not so much for meat, so I had but good liquor, for which my guts croak like so many frogs for rain.
Lav. It seems you are troubled with the wind-cholic: if you be,[3] captain, swallow a bullet; 'tis present remedy, I'll assure you.
La-P. A bullet! why, man, my paunch[4] is nothing but a pile of bullets: when I was in any service, I stood between my general and the shot, like a mud wall; I am all lead; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, not a sound bone about me.
Lav. It seems you have been in terrible hot service, captain.
La-P. It has ever been the fault[5] of the Low-Country wars to spoil many a man; I ha' not been the first, nor shall not be the last. But, I'll tell you, sir, (hunger has brought it into mind): I serv'd once at the siege of Brest, ('tis memorable to this day,) where we were in great distress for victuals; whole troops fainted more for want of food than for blood, and died; yet we were resolved to stand it out. I myself was but then gentleman of a company, and had as much need as any man: and indeed I had perished, had not a miraculous providence preserved me.
Lav. As how, good captain?
La-P. Marry, sir, e'en as I was fainting and falling down for want of sustenance, the enemy made a shot at me, and struck me full i' the paunch with a penny-loaf.
Lav. Instead of a bullet?
La-P. Instead of a bullet.
Lav. That was miraculous indeed: and that loaf sustained you?
La-P. Nourished me, or I had famished with the rest.
Lav. You have done worthy acts, being a soldier. And now you shall give me leave to requite your tale, and to acquaint you with the most notorious deeds that I have done, being a courtier: I protest, captain, I will lie no more than you have done.
La-P. I can endure no lies.
Lav. I know you cannot, captain, therefore I'll only tell you of strange things. I did once a deed of charity, for itself; I assisted a poor widow in a suit, and obtained it; yet, I protest, I took not a penny for my labour.
La-P. This is[6] no such strange thing.
Lav. By Mars, captain, but it is, and a very strange thing too, in a courtier; it may take the upper-hand of your penny loaf for a miracle. I could ha' told you how many ladies have languished for my love, and how I was once solicited by the mother, the daughter, and grandmother; out of the least of which I might have digged myself a fortune; they were all great ladies, for two of them were so big I could hardly embrace them; but I was sluggish in my rising courses, and therefore let them pass. What means I had is spent upon such as had the wit to cheat me; that wealth being gone, I have only bought experience with it, with a strong hope to cheat others. — But see, here comes the much-declined Montague, who had all his[7]

though still legible.) This offensive passage stands mutilated in both the folios thus, —

" *Wee'l e'en make up some half a dozen proper men,*
And should not *we get more*
Then all your female sinners? "

and so the modern editors.

[1] *Hunger*] So MS.; and so Weber from the conjecture of Mason (who had been anticipated by Heath, *MS. Notes*). Both the folios "Slander;" and so the other modern editors.

[2] *this*] The modern editors choose to print "these."

[3] *if you be*] So MS. — Omitted in both folios; and by the modern editors: see next note.

[4] *A bullet! why, man, my paunch,*" &c.] So MS. The first folio reads, "*A bullet:* if you be Captain, *my paunch,*" &c. The second folio has, "*A bullet?* I'll tell you Sir, *my paunch,*" &c.; and so the modern editors. In the reading of the first folio, the words "If you be, Captain" belong (as the MS. has shown) to the preceding speech. The reading of the second folio rests on no authority, being evidently a conjectural emendation of the editor to give some meaning to the passage.

[5] *fault*] So MS. — Both the folios "fate;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *This is*] So. MS. — Both the folios "'Tis;" and so the modern editors.

[7] *his*] So MS. — Both the folios "the;" and so the modern editors.

manor-houses, which were the body of his estate, overthrown by a great wind.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* MALLICORN.

La-P. How! by a great wind? was he not overthrown by law?

Lav. Yes, marry, was he; but there was terrible puffing and blowing before he was overthrown, if you observed; and believe it, captain, there's no wind so dangerous to a[1] building as a lawyer's breath.

La-P. What's he with him?

Lav. An eminent citizen, Monsieur Mallicorn: Let's stand aside, and listen their designs.[2]

[*They retire.*

Mal. Sir, profit is the crown of labour; it is the life, the soul of the industrious merchant: in it he makes his Paradise, and for it neglects wife, children, friends, parents, nay, all the world, and delivers up himself to the violence of storms, and to be tossed into unknown airs. As there is no faculty so perilous, so there is[3] none so worthy-profitable.[4]

Mont. Sir, I am very well possessed of it;[5] and what of my poor fortunes remains, I would gladly hazard upon the sea; it cannot deal worse with me than the land, though it sink or throw it into[6] the hands of pirates. I have yet five hundred pounds left, and your honest and worthy acquaintance may make me a young merchant: the one moiety of what I have I would gladly adventure.

Mal. How! adventure? you shall hazard nothing; you shall only join with me in certain commodities that are safe arrived unto the key: you shall neither be in doubt of danger nor damage; but so much money disbursed, so much received.[7] Sir, I would have you conceive I pursue it not for any good your money will do me, but merely out of mine own freeness and courtesy to pleasure you.

Mont. I can believe no less; and you express a noble nature, seeking to build up a man so ruined as myself.

Lav. Captain, here is subject for us to work upon, if we have wit. You hear that there is money yet left, and it is going to be laid out in rattles, bells, hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale commodities:[8] now it would do better in our purses, or[9] upon our backs in good gold-lace and scarlet; and then we might pursue our projects and our devices towards my lady Lamira.[10] Go to; there's a conceit newly landed: hark; I stand in good reputation with him, and therefore may the better cheat him: captain, take a few instructions from me.

Mont. What moneys I have is at your disposing; and upon twelve I will meet you at the palace with it.

Mal. I will there expect you; and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lav. You apprehend me?

La-P. Why, do you think I am a dunce?

Lav. Not a dunce, captain; but you might give me leave to misdoubt that pregnancy[11] in a soldier, which is proper and hereditary to a courtier: but prosecute it; I will both second and give credit to it. [*Comes forward with* LA-POOP.] — Good monsieur Montague, I would your whole revenues lay within the circuit of mine arms, that I might as easily bestow or restore it unto you as my courtesy!

La-P. My zealous wishes, sir, do accompany his for your good fortunes.

Lav. Believe it, sir, our affection towards you is a strong bond[12] of friendship.

Mont. To which I shall most willingly seal: but, believe me, gentlemen, in a broken estate the bond of friendship oft is forfeited; but that it is your free and ingenuous natures[13] to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I will amply extend myself to your use, and am very zealously afflicted, as not one of your least friends, for your crooked fate: but let it not seize you with any dejection; you have, as I hear, a sufficient competency left, which, well disposed, may erect you as high in the world's account as ever.

Mont. I cannot live to hope it, much less enjoy it: nor is it any part of my endeavour; my study is, to render every man his own, and to contain myself within the limits of a gentleman.

Lav. I have the grant of an office given me by some noble favourites of mine in court; there stands but a small matter between me and it: if

1 *to a*] MS. has "*to* ruine *a*."

2 *designs*] So MS. — Both the folios "design;" and so the modern editors.

3 *there is*] So MS. — Both the folios "there's:" but see what precedes.

4 *worthy-profitable*] Seward printed, "*worthy* as the *profitable*"! The Editors of 1778 rightly explain the passage, — "As there is no profession incurs so much danger as the merchant, so there is none so reputably lucrative."

5 *possessed of it*] "i. e. acquainted with or informed of it." REED.

6 *into*] So MS. — Both the folios "in;" and so the modern editors.

7 *received*] So MS. — Both the folios "receive;" and so the modern editors.

8 *laid out in rattles, bells, hobby-horses, brown paper, or some such-like sale commodities*] "The usurers of the time, in order to defraud those who wanted to borrow money, and, at the same time, to avoid the laws against usury, undertook to furnish them with such articles as are mentioned by Laverdine, which they were forced to convert into money with infinite loss. Many old writers introduce allusions to this system of cheating. The following instance is quoted by Reed from Wilson's *Discourse upon Usury*: — 'I have need of money, and deale with a broker; hee aunswereth me that hee cannot helpe me with money, but yf I list to have wares, I shall speede. Well! my necessitie is great; he bringeth mee blotting-paper, pak-threed, fustians, chamblets, hawks bells and hoodes, or I wote not what: I desire hym to make sale for mine advantage, askyng what he thinketh will be my loss; he aunswereth, not past twelve pounde in the hundred. When I come to receive, I do finde that I lose more than twentye in the hundred.'" WEBER. See Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, act iv. sc. 3, and the notes of the commentators. — A friend would read "stale *commodities*;" but the reading in the text is that of the MS. as well as of both the folios.

9 *or*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

10 *Lamira*] So MS. — Both the folios "Annabella;" and so the modern editors. I can account for the latter reading only by supposing that it was the name which in the original draught of the play the authors had given to the lady whom they afterwards termed Lamira, and that in the transcript used for the first folio it had been left by an oversight unaltered.

11 *pregnancy*] "i. e. readiness of wit." WEBER. "*Pregnancy of wit*, Dives ingenii vena." Coles's *Dict.*

12 *bond*] Both the folios and MS. have "band" (— the words were formerly synonymous —), but in the next speech they read "bond *of friendship*;" and the alteration made here by the modern editors is necessary for the sake of consistency.

13 *natures*] So MS. — Both the folios "nature;" and so the modern editors.

your ability be such to lay down the present sum, out of the love I bear you, before any other man, it shall be confirmed yours.

Mont. I have heard you often speak of such a thing. If it be assured to you, I will gladly deal in it: that portion I have I would not hazard upon an unknown course,[1] for I see the most certainest is incertain.[2]

La-P. Having money, sir, you could not light upon men that could give better direction. There is at this time a friend of mine upon the seas, — to be plain with you, he is a pirate, — that hath wrote to me to work his freedom; and by this gentleman's means, whose acquaintance is not small at court, we have the word of a worthy man for it: only there is some money to be suddenly disbursed; and if your happiness be such to make it up, you shall receive treble gain by it, and good assurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen, out of the weakness of my estate you seem to have some knowledge of my breast, that would, if it were possible, advance my declined fortunes, to satisfy all men of whom I have had credit; and I know no way better than these which you propose: I have some money ready under my command; some part of it is already promised, but the remainder is yours to such uses as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint some certain place of meeting; for these affairs require expedition.

Mont. I will make it my present business. At twelve I am to meet Mallicorn, the merchant, at the palace, — you know him, sir, — about some negotiation of the same nature; there I will be ready to tender you that money upon such conditions as we shall conclude of.

Lav. The care of it be yours, so much as the affair concerns you.

Mont. Your caution is effectual; and till then I take my leave.

Lav. Good Master Montague!

[*Exit* MONTAGUE.

[*Voices within.*] Down with their weapons!

Enter LONGUEVILLE *and* DUBOIS, *with their swords drawn; Servants and Others between them.*

First Serv. Nay, gentlemen, what mean you? pray, be quiet; have some respect unto the house.

Long. A treacherous slave!

Dubois. Thou dost revile thyself, base Longueville!

Long. I say thou art a villain, and a corrupt one, that hast some seven years fed on thy master's trencher, yet never bredst good blood towards him; for, if thou hadst, thou'dst have a sounder heart.[3]

Dubois. So, sir! you can use your tongue something nimbler than your sword.

Long. Would you could use your tongue well of your master's friend![4] you might have better employment for your sword.

Dubois. I say again, and I will speak it loud and often, that Orleans is a noble gentleman, with whom Amiens is too light to poise the scale.

Long. He is the weaker for taking of a praise out of thy mouth.

Dubois. This hand shall seal his merit at thy heart.

Lav. Part them, my masters, part them!

First Serv. Part them, sir! why do not you[5] part them? you stand by with your sword in your hand, and cry *part 'em!*

Lav. Why, you must know, my friend, my clothes are better than yours; and in a good suit I do never use to part any body.

La-P. And it is discretion.

Lav. Ay, marry, is it, captain.

Long. Dubois,
Though this place privilege thee, know, where next we meet,
The blood, which at thy heart flows, drops at thy feet! [*Exit.*

Dubois. I would not spend it better
Than in this quarrel and on such a hazard.

Enter AMIENS *in haste, with his sword drawn.*

Ami. What uproar's this? must my name here be question'd
In tavern-brawls, and by affected ruffians?

Lav. Not we indeed, sir.

Dubois. Fear cannot make me shrink out of your fury,
Though you were greater than your name doth make you;
I am one, and the opposer: if your swoln rage
Have aught in malice to enforce, express it.

Ami. I seek thee not; nor shalt thou ever gain
That credit which a blow from me would give thee.
By my blood,[6] I more detest that fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durst offer
To take my honour in his feeble arms,
And spend it in a drinking-room. Which way went he?

Lav. That way, sir. — I would you would after! for I do fear we shall have some more scuffling. [*Aside.*

Ami. I'll follow him; and, if my speed o'ertake him,
I shall ill thank him for his forwardness. [*Exit.*

Lav. I am glad he's gone; for I do not love to see a sword drawn in the hand of a man that looks so furious; there's no jesting with edge-tools: how say you, captain?

La-P. I say, 'tis better jesting than to be in earnest with them.

Enter ORLEANS.

Orl. How now!
What's the difference? They say there have been swords drawn,

[1] *upon an unknown course*] So MS. — Both the folios "*upon* one *course*;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *the most certainest is incertain*] So the first folio. — MS. has "*the most certainest is* incertaintye." The second folio reads "*the most* certain *is incertain*;" and so the modern editors, — printing "*uncertain*."

[3] *for if thou hadst, thou'dst have a sounder heart*] So MS. and the second folio; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. The first folio has "*for if, thou hadst have a sounder heart.*" Weber chose to print, "*for if thou hadst*, thou hadst a *sounder heart.*"

[4] *master's friend*] So MS. — Both the folios "master, *friend*;" and so the modern editors.

[5] *not you*] So MS. — Both the folios "*you not*;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *blood*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "soul."

And in my quarrel: let me know that man,
Whose love is so sincere to spend his blood
For my sake; I will bounteously requite him.

Lav. We were all of your side; but there he stands began[1] it.

Orl. What's thy name?

Dubois. Dubois.

Orl. Give me thy hand:
Thou hast receiv'd no hurt?

Dubois. Not any; nor, were this body
Stuck full of wounds, I should not count them hurts,
Being taken in so honourable a cause
As the defence of my most worthy lord.

Orl. The dedication of thy love to me
Requires my ample bounty: thou art mine;
For I do find thee made unto my purposes. —
Monsieur Laverdine, pardon my neglect;
I not observèd you: and how runs rumour?

Lav. Why, it runs, my lord, like a footman without a cloak, to shew that what once is rumoured cannot be hid.[2]

Orl. And what say the rabble? am not I the subject of their talk?

Lav. Troth, my lord, the common mouth speaks foul words.

Orl. Of me, for turning away my wife, do they not?

Lav. Faith, the men do a little murmur at it, and say, 'tis an ill precedent in so great a man; marry, the women, they rail outright.

Orl. Out upon them, rampallions! I'll keep myself safe enough out of their fingers. But what say my pretty jolly composed gallants, that censure every thing more desperate[3] than it is dangerous? what say they?

Lav. Marry, they are laying wagers what death you shall die: one offers to lay five hundred pounds, and yet he had but a groat about him, and that was in two twopences too, to any man that would make it up a shilling, that you were killed with a pistol charged with white powder;[4] another offered to pawn his soul for five shillings, and yet nobody would take him, that you were stabbed to death, and should die with more wounds than Cæsar.

Orl. And who should be the butchers[5] that should do it? Montague and his associates?

Lav. So 'tis conjectured.

La-P. And, believe it, sweet prince, it is to be feared, and therefore prevented.

Orl. By turning his purpose on himself, — were not that the way?

Lav. The most direct path for your safety:
For where doth danger sit more furious
Than in a desperate man?

La-P. And being you have declin'd[6] his means, you have
Increas'd his malice.

Lav. Besides the general report that steams in every man's breath, and stains you all over with infamy, that Time, the devourer of all things, cannot eat out.

La-P. Ay, for that former familiarity which he had with your lady.

Lav. Men speak it as boldly as words of compliment; *good morrow, good even*, or *God save you, sir*, are not more usual: if the very[7] word *cuckold* had been written upon your forehead in great capital letters, it could not have been dilated with more confidence.

Orl. He shall not sleep another night; I will have his blood, though it be required at[8] my hands again!

Lav. Your lordship may, and without hazarding your own person; here's a gentleman in whose looks I see a resolution to perform it.

Dubois. Let his lordship give me but his honourable word for my life,[9] I'll kill him as he walks.

Lav. Or pistol him as he sits at meat ——

La-P. Or at game ——

Lav. Or as he is drinking ——

Dubois. Any way.

Orl. Wou't thou? call what is mine thine own! Thy reputation shall not be brought in question for it, much less thy life; it shall be named a deed of valour in thee, not murder. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Dubois. I need no more encouragement; it is a work
I will persuade myself that I was born to.

Lav. And you may persuade yourself too that you shall be sav'd by it,[10] being that it is[11] for his honourable lordship.

Dubois. But you must yield me means, how, when, and where.

Lav. That shall be our tasks; nay, more, we will be
Agents with thee: this hour we are to meet him
On the receipt of certain moneys, which
Indeed we purpose honestly to cheat him of,
And that's the main cause I would have him slain:
Who works with safety makes a double gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter LONGUEVILLE, AMIENS *following him.*

Ami. Stay, sir! I have took some pains to overtake you.
Your name is Longueville?

[1] *began*] So MS. — Both the folios "begun;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *what once is rumoured cannot be hid*] So MS. — Both the folios have "what's *once rumour'd* it *cannot be hidde*;" and so the modern editors, — Seward omitting "it."

[3] *desperate*] MS. has "desperately."

[4] *white powder*] "*White powder* was generally imagined to occasion no sound when used in discharging a pistol. Some of the conspirators in Queen Elizabeth's time confessed that their intention was to have murdered the queen with fire-arms charged in this manner." REED. See Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulg. Errors*, B. ii. c. 5.

[5] *butchers*] MS. has "Brutus;" but the reading of the two folios seems to be preferable.

[6] *declin'd*] i. e. caused to decline. — I may notice that this and the preceding speech stand as verse (with the above arrangement) in MS.

[7] *very*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[8] *at*] Altered by Weber to "of."

[9] *life*] MS. has "safetye."

[10] *And you may persuade yourself too that you shall be saved by it*] So the second folio, the meaning, of course, being — And besides persuading yourself that you were born to do this deed, you may also persuade yourself that it will be the means of your salvation. The first folio has, "*And you may perswade your selfe to that you shall be sav'd by it.*" MS. reads, "*And you may perswade your selfe to that you shall merit by it.*"

[11] *being that it is*] Seward chose to print "seeing 'tis."

Long. I have the word
Of many honest men for't. — I crave your lordship's pardon!
Your sudden apprehension on my steps
Made me to frame an answer unwitting,
And unworthy your respect.
Ami. Do you know me?
Long. Yes, my lord.
Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleased to make
This time, as the affair now stands, the induction
Of your acquaintance: you are a fighting fellow.[1]
Long. How, my lord?
Ami. I think I too much grace you;
Rather you are a fellow dares not fight,
But spit and puff and make a noise, whilst
Your trembling hand draws out your sword, to lay[2] it
Upon andirons, stools, or tables, rather
Than on a man.
Long. Your honour may best speak this:
Yet, by my life,[3] with little safety, if
I thought it serious.
Ami. Come, you are a mere[4] braggart;
And you have given me cause to tell you so:
What weakness have you ever seen in me
To prompt yourself that I could need your help?
Or what other reasons could induce you to it?
You never yet had a meal's meat from my table,
Nor, as I remember, from my wardrobe
Any cast suit.
Long. 'Tis true;
I never durst yet have such a servile spirit
To be the minion of a full-swoln lord,
But always did detest such slavery:
A meal's meat, or a cast suit! I would first eat the stones,
And from such rags the dunghills do[5] afford
Pick me a garment.
Ami. I have mistook the man: his resolute spirit
Proclaims him generous; he has a noble heart,
As free to utter good deeds as to act them;
For had he not been right and of one piece,
He would have crumpled, curl'd, and shrunk[6] himself
Out of the shape of man into a shadow. — [*Aside.*
But, prithee, tell me, if no such fawning hope
Did lead thee on to hazard life for my sake,
What was it that incited thee? tell me; speak it
Without the imputation of a sycophant.
Long. Your own desert;[7] and with it was join'd
Th' unfeigned friendship that I judg'd you ever
Held unto my former lord.
Ami. The noble Montague?
Long. Yes; the noble and much injur'd Montague.
Ami. To such a man as thou art, my heart
Shall be a casket; I will lock thee up
There, and esteem thee as a faithful friend,
The richest jewel that a man enjoys:
And, being thou didst follow once my friend,
And in thy heart still dost, not with his fortunes
Casting him off,
Thou shalt go hand in hand with me, and share
As well in my ability as love:
'Tis not my end[8]
To gain men for my use, but a true friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Street.*

Enter DUBOIS.

Dubois. There's no such thriving way to live in grace,
As to have no sense of it; his back nor belly
Shall not want warming, that can practise mischief:[9]
I walk now with a full purse, grow high and wanton,
Prune[10] and bask[11] myself in the bright shine
Of his good lordship's favours; and for what virtue?
For fashioning myself a murderer.
Oh, noble Montague, to whom I owe my heart,
With all my best thoughts, though my tongue have promis'd
To exceed the malice of thy destiny,
Never in time of all my service knew I
Such a sin tempt thy bounty! those that did feed
Upon thy charge, had merit or else need.

Enter LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP, *with disguises.*

Lav. Dubois! most prosperously met!
Dubois. How now! will he come this way?
Lav. This way immediately; therefore, thy assistance, dear Dubois!
Dubois. What, have you cheated him of the money you spoke of?
Lav. Fough! as easily as a silly country-wench of her maidenhead; we had it in a twinkling.
Dubois. 'Tis well. — Captain, let me help you

[1] *you are a fighting fellow*] So the second folio and MS. — The first folio has an interrogation-point after these words; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber

[2] *lay*] MS. "try."

[3] *by my life*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break); and by the modern editors.

[4] *mere*] So MS. — The first folio "merry." The second folio "verie;" and so the modern editors.

[5] *dunghills do*] So the second folio. The first folio and MS. read "*dunghils* does." Weber printed "dunghill does."

[6] *shrunk*] So MS. — Both the folios "struck;" and so the modern editors.

[7] *Your own desert*, &c.] In several places of this scene I doubt the integrity of the text. The present speech (which could hardly have been intended for prose) will admit of no better arrangement than the above: Seward silently altered it thus;

"*Your own desert*, sir; *and with it was join'd*
Th' unfeigned friendship that I judg'd you ever
Held to *my former lord.*"

[8] *'Tis not my end*, &c.] In speeches concluding with a couplet, our early dramatists did not think it necessary that the first line should consist of as many feet as the second; see my note on Middleton's *Works*, i. 424.

[9] *practise mischief*] So MS. — Both the folios "*practise* me *mischiefs*;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[10] *Prune*] Birds (especially hawks) are said to *prune* themselves when they pick, oil, and arrange their feathers.

[11] *bask*] So MS. — Both the folios "briske;" and so the modern editors, — Seward printing "brisk up."

[*assists* LA-POOP *in putting on his disguise*]; you must be our leader in this action.

La-P. Tut! fear not; I'll warrant you, if my sword hold, we'll make no sweating sickness[1] of it.

Dubois. Why, that's well said. But let's retire a little, that we may come on the more bravely: this way, this way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MONTAGUE, *with three Officers and three Creditors.*

First Cred. Officers, look to him; and be sure you take good security before he part from you.

Mont. Why, but, my friends,
You take a strange course with me: the sums I owe you
Are rather forgetfulness, they are so slight,
Than want of will or honesty to pay you.

First Cred. Ay, sir, it may be so; but we must be paid, and we will be paid before you scape: we have wife and children, and a charge; and you are going down the wind, as a man may say; and therefore it behoves us to look to't in time.

Sec. Cred. Your cloak here would satisfy me; mine's not above a three-pound matter, besides the arrest.

Third Cred. Faith, and mine is much about that matter too; your girdle and hangers,[2] and your beaver, shall be sufficient bail for't.

First Cred. If you have ever a plain black suit at home, this silken one, with your silk stockings, garters, and roses,[3] shall pacify me too; for I take no delight, if I have a sufficient pawn, to cast any gentleman in prison; therefore 'tis but an untrussing matter, and you are free. We are no unreasonable creatures, you see: for mine own part, I protest I am loath to put you to any trouble but[4] for security.

Mont. Is there no more of you? he would next demand my skin.

First Cred. No, sir, here's no more of us; nor do any of us demand your skin, — we know not what to do with it; but it may be, if you owed your glover any money, he knew what use to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men,
That tire upon[5] the hearts of generous spirits!

First Cred. You do us wrong, sir; we tire no generous spirits; we tire nothing but our hackneys.

Mont. But here comes one[6] made of another piece;
A man well meriting that free-born name
Of citizen.

Enter MALLICORN.

Welcome, my deliverer! I am faln
Into the hands of blood-hounds, that for a sum
Lesser than their honesties, which is nothing,
Would tear me out of my skin.

Mal. Why, sir, what's the matter?

First Cred. Why, sir, the matter is, that we must have our money; which if we cannot have, we'll satisfy ourselves with his carcase, and be paid that ways. — You had as good, sir, not have been so peremptory. — Officers,[7] hold fast.

First Off. The strenuous fist of vengeance now is clutch'd;
Therefore fear nothing.

Mal. What may be the debt in gross?

Mont. Some forty crowns; nay, rather not so much:
'Tis quickly cast.

Mal. 'Tis strange to me, that your estate should have
So low an ebb, to stick at such slight sums. —
Why, my friends, you are too strict in your accounts,
And call too sudden on this gentleman;
He has hopes left yet to pay you all.

First Cred. Hopes! ay, marry: bid him pay his friends with hopes, and pay us with current coin. I knew a gallant once that fed his creditors still with hopes, and bid 'em they should fear nothing, for he had 'em tied in a string; and trust me, so he had indeed, for at last he and all his hopes hopt in a halter.

Mont. Good sir, with what speed you may, free me out of the company of these slaves, that have nothing but their names to shew 'em men.

Mal. What would you wish me do, sir? I protest I ha' not the present sum, small as it is, to lay down for you; and for giving my word, my friends, no later than yesternight, made me take bread and eat it, that I should not do it for any man breathing i' the world: therefore, I pray, hold me excused.

Mont. You do not speak this seriously?

Mal. As ever I said my prayers, I protest to you.

Mont. What may I think of this?

Mal. Troth, sir, thought is free for any man; we abuse our betters in it; I have done it myself.

1 *sweating sickness*] MS. has "*sweating* busines." — "The *Sweating Sickness*, called *Sudor Anglicus*, and *Febris Ephemera Britannica*, is by some supposed to have been a disorder peculiarly incident to the English nation. It first appeared in the year 1485, and afterwards in 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551, and each time made a prodigious havock in the human species. Dr. Mead supposes it originally to have been imported by the French troops, brought over by Henry VII., who caught the infection from others, about that time returned from the siege of Rhodes. The violence of the disease eluded every effort made by the physicians to stop the progress of it. Those who were attacked by it seldom lived more than twenty-four hours, and many were carried off in half the time. The most singular circumstance attending it was this, which is related by several writers, that the natives of every other country but England escaped it, and that those natives who fled into foreign climates were pursued by it, and fell victims to its malignity. Dr. Mead supposes it to have been a species of the pestilence. — A very poetical and accurate account of its symptoms and effects may be read in Dr. Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health, book iii. line 532, &c." REED.

2 *hangers*] See note, p. 428.

3 *roses*] i. e. knots of ribands on the shoes.

4 *but*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

5 *tire upon*] i. e. ravenously feed upon. The hawk, vulture, &c. were said to *tire on* their prey, when they pulled at and tore it to pieces.

6 *But here comes one*, &c.] So the speech stands in both the folios and in MS. The modern editors (with the exception of Seward, who, however, tampered with the text) arrange it differently.

7 *Officers*] So MS. — Both the folios "Officer;" and so the modern editors.

Mont. Trust me, this speech of yours doth much amaze me;
Pray, leave this language; and out of that same sum
You lately did receive of me, lay down
As much as may discharge me.

Mal. You are a merry man, sir; and I am glad you take your crosses so temperately. Fare you well, sir: and yet I have something more to say to you; a word in your ear, I pray. To be plain with you, I did lay this plot to arrest you, to enjoy the [1] money I have of yours with the more safety. I am a fool to tell you this now; but, in good faith, I could not keep it in; and the money would ha' done me little good else. An honest citizen cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you; they grow old before they have true use of them, which is a lamentable thing, and, truly, much hardens the hearts of us citizens against you. I can say no more, but am heartily sorry for your heaviness; and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

First Cred. Officers, lay [2] hold on him again; for Monsieur Mallicorn will do nothing for him, I perceive.

Re-enter DUBOIS, LA-POOP, *and* LAVERDINE.

Dubois. Nay, come on,[3] my masters; leave dancing of the old measures, and let's assault him bravely.

Lav. By no means; for it goes against my stomach to kill a man in an unjust quarrel.

La-P. It must needs be a clog to a man's conscience all his life-time.

Lav. It must indeed, captain: besides, do you not see he has gotten a guard of friends about him, as if he had some knowledge of our purpose?

Dubois. Had he a guard
Of devils, as I think them little better,
My sword should do the message that it came for.

Lav. If you will be so desperate, the blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll not meddle in't.

Dubois. [*aside to Montague.*] I am your friend and servant: struggle with me, and take my sword.

[DUBOIS *runs upon* MONTAGUE, *and, struggling, yields him his sword; the Officers draw; and, during the scuffling which ensues,* LAVERDINE *and* LA-POOP *exeunt;* MONTAGUE *chases the Officers about* [4] *the stage, himself wounded; the third Officer falls.*

Noble sir, make your way! you have slain an officer. [*Exit.*

Mont. Some one of them has certainly requited me;
For I do lose much blood. [*Exit.*

First Off. Udsprecious, we have lost a brother! pursue the gentleman!

Sec. Off. I'll not meddle with him: you see what comes on't; besides, I know he will be hanged ere he be taken.

First Off. I tell thee, yeoman, he must be taken ere he be hanged: he is hurt in the guts; run afore therefore, and know how his wife will rate his sausages a-pound.

Third Off. Stay, brother! I may live; for surely I find I'm but hurt in the leg, — a dangerous kick on the shin-bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Country. A Grove near the House of* LAMIRA.

Enter LAMIRA, *Duchess, and* VERAMOUR.

Lam. You see, lady,
What harmless sports our country-life affords;
And though you meet not here with city-dainties
Or courtly entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.

Duch. Madam, I find here
What is a stranger to the court, content:
And receive courtesies done for themselves,
Without an expectation of return,
Which binds me to your service.

Lam. Oh, your love!
My homely house, built more for use than show,
Observes the golden mean, equally distant
From glittering pomp and sordid avarice.
For masques, we will observe the works of nature;
And in the place of visitation, read;
Our physic shall be wholesome walks; our viands
Nourishing, not provoking: for I find
Pleasures are tortures that leave stings behind.

Duch. You have a great estate.

Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my rank;
Nor am I, I thank Heaven, so courtly bred
As to employ the utmost of my rents
In paying tailors for fantastic robes;
Or, rather than be second in the fashion,
Eat out my officers and my revenues
With grating usury; my back shall not be
The base on which your soothing citizen
Erects his summer-house;[5] nor, on th' other side,
Will I be so penuriously wise
As to make money, that's my slave, my idol;
Which yet to wrong merits as much reproof
As to abuse our servant.

Duch. Yet, with your pardon,
I think you want the crown of all contentment.

Lam. In what, good madam?

Duch. In a worthy husband.

Lam. Humh![6] it is strange the galley-slave should praise

[1] *the*] So MS. (where it is carefully substituted for "this"). — Both the folios "this;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *lay*] So MS. — Both the folios "take" (which perhaps is a misprint, the compositor's eye having caught the word in the preceding speech), and so the modern editors.

[3] *come on*] So MS. (compare Dubois's speech at p. 534, "that we may *come on* the more bravely.") — Both the folios omit "on;" and so the modern editors.

[4] *about*] So MS. — Both the folios "off;" and so the modern editors.

[5] *summer-house*] So MS. — Both the folios "*summer-houses*;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *Humh*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which

His oar or strokes; or you, that have made shipwreck
Of all delight upon this rock call'd Marriage,
Should sing encomions [1] on't.

Duch. Madam, though one
Fall from his horse and break his neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride?
Or must it follow, because Orleans,
My lord, is pleas'd to make his passionate trial
Of my suspected patience, that my brother
(Were he not so, I might say worthy Amiens)
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy
What's truly noble in him? [2]

Lam. I must grant
There's as much worth in him as can be look'd for
From a young lord; but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty, and consent
To be a servant to it, as wives are
To the imperious humours of their lords.
Methinks, I'm well: I rise and go to bed
When I think fit; eat what my appetite
Desires, without control; my servants' study
Is my contentment, and to make me merry
Their farthest aim; [3] my sleeps are inquir'd after,
My rising-up saluted with respect:
Command and liberty now wait upon
My virgin state; what would I more? change all,
And for a husband? no; these freedoms die,
In which they live, with my virginity:
'Tis in her [4] choice, that's rich, to be a wife,
But not, being yok'd, to choose the single life.—
Boy! [5]

Ver. Madam?

Lam. How like you the country?

Ver. I like the air of it well, madam: and the rather because, as on Irish timber your spider will not make his web,[6] so, for aught I see yet, your cheater, pandar, and informer, being in their dispositions too foggy for this piercing climate, shun it, and choose rather to walk in mists in the city.

Lam. Who did you serve first, boy?

Ver. A rich merchant's widow; and was by her preferred to a young court-lady.

Duch. And what difference found you in their service?

Ver. Very much; for look, how much my old city-madam gave to her young visitants, so much my lady received from her hoary court-servants.

Lam. And what made you to leave her?

Ver. My father, madam, having [7] a desire to have me a tall man,[8] took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag from your father.

Ver. Doves beget doves, and eagles eagles, madam: a citizen's heir,[9] though left never so rich, seldom at the best proves a gentleman; [10] the son of an advocate, though dubbed like his father, will shew a relish of his descent and the father's thriving practice; as I have heard, she that of a chambermaid is metamorphosed into a madam will yet remember how oft her [father's [11]] daughter by her mother ventured to lie upon the rushes,[12] before she could get in that which makes many ladies.

Duch. But what think you of your late master?

Ver. Oh, madam! [*Sighs.*[13]

Lam. Why do you sigh? you are sorry that you left him;
He made a wanton of you.

Ver. Not for that;
Or, if he did, for that my youth must love him.
Oh, pardon me, if I say, liberty
Is bondage, if compar'd with his kind service!
And but to have power now to speak his worth
To its desert, I should be well content
To be an old man when his praise were ended:
And yet, if at this instant you were pleas'd
I should begin, the livery of age
Would take his lodging up [14] upon this head
Ere I should bring it to a period.
In brief, he is a man (for Heaven [15] forbid
That I should ever live to say he *was*)
Of such a shape as would make one belov'd
That never had good thought; and to his body
He hath a mind of such a constant temper,

mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "God." I may just notice that in the preceding play, p. 510, the exclamation "umh" occurs several times.

1 *encomions*] Altered by the modern editors to "encomiums."

2 *that my brother*
. . . . . .
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy
What's truly noble in him] "That is," says Mason, "that the worthy Amiens will imitate the ill qualities of a man who has no relish for his virtues? Seward's amendment ['*that* you *can't fancy*'] proves that he did not understand the passage."—But neither did Mason understand it: the meaning is—that my brother, who cannot fancy even what is truly noble in Orleans, will imitate his evil qualities?

3 *aim*] So. MS.—Both the folios "ayms;" and so the modern editors.

4 *her*] So MS.—Both the folios "their;" and so the modern editors.

5 *Boy*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios. Seward and his successors supplied the omission by "Veramour."

6 *on Irish timber your spider will not make his web*] "The spider is vulgarly supposed to be poisonous; and the same quality is here given to timber brought from Ireland, as was attributed to the country in general, that no poisonous animal could subsist in it. Ben Jonson also speaks of this quality in his *Alchemist*, [act ii. sc. 1.:
"*Sur.* Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
"*Mam.* He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
"*Sur.* What paper?
"*Mam.* On cedar board.
"*Sur.* O, that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
"*Mam.* 'Tis like your *Irish wood*
'Gainst cobwebs."
WEBER.—St. Patrick was said to have purged Ireland of all venom.

7 *having*] So MS.—Both the folios "had;" and so the modern editors,—Seward excepted, who printed "having" from conjecture.

8 *a tall man*] i. e. a bold, a brave fellow: see note, p. 490.

9 *a citizen's heir*] So MS.—Both the folios, "*a* citizen here;" and so the modern editors,—except Seward, who chose to print, "*A* citizen *left ne'er so rich*," &c.!

10 *proves a gentleman*] MS. has "*proues* but a griffin *gentleman*."

11 [*father's*] "Is inserted at the suggestion of Mason, the text being nonsense without it." WEBER. Though "father's" is not found even in the MS., it is obviously necessary to the sense.

12 *rushes*] See note, p. 473.

13 *Sighs*] So both the folios and MS.

14 *up*] So MS.—Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors,—Seward changing "*upon*" to "on," and altering the arrangement.

15 *Heaven*] So the second folio and MS.—The first folio "God;" and so Weber.

In which all[1] virtues throng to have a room;
Yet 'gainst this noble gentleman, this Montague,
(For in that name I comprehend all goodness,)
Wrong, and the wrested law, false witnesses,
And Envy sent from hell, have rose in arms,
And, though not pierc'd, batter'd his honour'd shield.
What shall I say? — I hope you will forgive me, —
That, but yourself, if you were pleas'd to love,[2]
I know no Juno worthy such a Jove.

Enter CHARLOTTE *with a letter.*

Lam. 'Tis well yet that I have the second place
In your affection. — From whence?
Charl. From the lord Amiens, madam.
Lam. 'Tis welcome, though it bear his usual language. [*Reads.*
I thought so much; his love-suit speaks his health.
What's he that brought it?[3]
Charl. A gentleman of good rank, it seems.
Lam. Where is he?
Charl. Receiving entertainment in your house,
Sorting with his degree.
Lam. 'Tis well.
Charl. He waits
Your ladyship's pleasure.
Lam. He shall not wait long. ——
I'll leave you for a while. — Nay, stay you, boy;
Attend the lady.
[*Exeunt* LAMIRA *and* CHARLOTTE.
Ver. Would I might live once
To wait on my poor master!
Duch. That's a good boy!
This thankfulness looks lovely on thy forehead;
And in it, as a book, methinks I read
Instructions for myself, that am his debtor,
And would do much that I might be so happy
To repair that which to our grief is ruin'd.
Ver. It were a work a king might glory in,
If he saw with my eyes. If you please, madam,
(For, sure, to me you seem unapt to walk,)
To sit, although the churlish birds deny
To give us music in this grove, where they
Are prodigal to others, I'll strain my voice
For a sad song; the place is safe and private.
Duch. 'Twas my desire: begin, good Veramour.

VERAMOUR *sings; at the end of the song, enter* MONTAGUE *fainting, his sword drawn.*

Duch. What's he, Veramour?
Ver. A goodly personage.
Mont. Am I yet safe? or is my flight a dream?
My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my fears borne me? no matter where;
Who hath no place to go to, cannot err:
What shall I do? cunning calamity,
That others' gross wits uses to refine,
When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine.
Duch. Is not this Montague's voice?
Ver. My master's! fie!
Mont. What sound was that? pish!
Fear makes the wretch think every leaf o' the jury.[4]
What course to live? beg? better men have done it,
But in another kind: steal? Alexander,
Though styl'd a conqueror, was a proud thief,
Though he robb'd with an army. Fie, how idle
These meditations are! though thou art worse
Than Sorrow's tongue can speak thee, thou art still,
Or shouldst be, honest Montague.
Duch. 'Tis too true.
Ver. 'Tis he!
What villain's hand[5] did this? Oh, that my flesh
Were balm! in faith, sir, I would pluck it off
As readily as this. Pray you, accept
My will to do you service: I have heard
The mouse once sav'd the lion in his need,
As the poor scarab spill'd[6] the eagle's seed.
Duch. How do you?
Mont. As a forsaken man.
Duch. Do not say so; take comfort;
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To cast you on a hospitable shore,
Where dwells a lady ——
Ver. She to whom, good master,
You preferr'd me.
Duch. In whose house, whatsoe'er
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your safety.
Mont. I fear I am[7] pursued; and doubt that I,
In my defence, have kill'd an officer.
Ver. Is that all? There's no law under the sun
But will, I hope, confess, one drop of blood
Shed from this arm is recompence enough,
Though you had cut the throats of all the catchpoles
In France, nay, in the world.
Mont. I would be loath
To be a burden, or feed like a drone
On the industrious labour of the[8] bee;
And baser far I hold it, to owe for
The bread I eat what's not in me to pay,
Than that, since my full fortunes are declin'd,
To their low ebb I fashion my high mind.[9]
It was no shame to Hecuba, to serve
When Troy was fired: if't be in your power

[1] *all*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios. — Seward inserted it on conjecture; and so his successors.

[2] *That, but yourself, if you were pleas'd to love*] So MS. — Both the folios have,

"*That if you were but pleas'd to love;*"

and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Seward printed,

"*That* unless *you* yourself *were pleas'd to love.*"

[3] *His love-suit speaks his health.*
What's he that brought it] MS. has,

"*his loue suite speakes his health.*

'Twolld showe well in a nightcap.
L. Orle. [i. e. *Duch.*] But in him
I hope, as he meanes, appeares honorable.
Lamy. On these termes I receaue it. *What's he that brought it?*"

[4] *leaf o' the jury*] MS. "*leafe a jurye.*"

[5] *hand*] So MS. — Both the folios "hands;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *spill'd*] Altered by Seward to "spoil'd;" and so his successors. — "The fable is, that the scarab, or beetle, threw the eagle's eggs down from her nest, and thereby *spilled her seed.*" HEATH (MS. *Notes*).

[7] *I am*] So MS. — Both the folios "that *I am;*" and so the modern editors.

[8] *the*] So MS. — Both the folios "a;" and so the modern editors.

[9] *And baser far I hold it, to owe for*
The bread I eat what's not in me to pay,

To be a means to make her entertain me,[1] —
And far from that I was, but to supply
My want with habit fit for him that serves, —
I shall owe much to you.
Duch. Leave that care to me.
Ver. Good sir, lean on my shoulder. — Help, good madam. —
Oh, that I were a horse for half an hour,
That I might carry you home on my back!
I hope you will love me still?
Mont. Thou dost deserve it, boy.[2]
That I should live to be thus troublesome!
Duch. Good sir, 'tis none.
Ver. Trouble! most willingly I would be chang'd
Like Apuleius,[3] wear his ass's ears,[4]
Provided I might still this burden bear.
Duch. 'Tis a kind boy!
Mont. I find true proof of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Paris. A Portico*[5] *before the Palace of* ORLEANS.

Enter AMIENS, *and* LONGUEVILLE *with a letter.*

Ami. You'll carry it?
Long. As I live, although my packet

Than that, since my full fortunes are declin'd,
To their low ebb I fashion my high mind]

So MS., and, no doubt, rightly. — Both the folios have,

"*And baser far I hold it to owe for*
The bread I eate, what's not in me to pay;
Then *since my full fortunes are declined,*
To their low ebb He *fashion my high mind:*"

and so the modern editors, — Seward and Weber printing the last line but one thus,

"Then *since my* once *full fortunes are declin'd.*"

[1] *entertain me*] So MS.; and so (from conjecture) Seward and his successors. — Both the folios have "entertainment."

"It has been objected to this passage — How could Montague be personally unknown or want a recommendation to Lamira, when he had expressly recommended to her both the persons he speaks to? Had the poets foreseen the objection, an additional line might have taken it clearly off; since it is very common for persons of remarkable goodness, living at great distances, and personally unknown to each other, to contract great friendships merely from character and the intercourse of mutual friends; or perhaps what is still a greater band of friendship, their concurrence in the same works of charity and benevolence." SEWARD.

"Our poets must certainly plead guilty to this charge of inadvertency, which they might have removed so easily. It possibly arose from their not sufficiently comparing together the acts allotted to each. '*Entertain*' in the text, as in many other old plays, means, engage as a servant." WEBER.

[2] *Thou dost deserve it, boy*, &c.] I may just notice that such is the arrangement of this speech in MS. In both the folios it is regulated thus:

"Thou dost deserve it, boy. That I should live
To be thus troublesome!"

[3] *Like Apuleius*, &c.] "See *Apuleius's Golden Asse*, translated into English by William Adlington, 1571." REED, who seems to have forgotten that Beaumont and Fletcher could read the original Latin.

[4] *ears*] So both the folios, as also MS. — Seward and his successors, for the sake of a rhyme, print "ear."

[5] *A Portico*] Weber marked this scene "*A* Street," &c., which I have altered, in order to avoid, as far as possible, an inconsistency; for Dubois presently says, "Were it not *in a house*," &c. It is plain that when Amiens and Longueville enter they are not *within* the palace of Orleans: and I strongly suspect that (as moveable painted scenery was not then in use,) the writer intended the audience to suppose that at the opening of the scene, the stage represented a street, and that, immediately after the exit of Amiens, it represented an outer apartment in the palace of Orleans.

Were like Bellerophon's.[6] What have you seen
In me or my behaviour, since your favours
So plentifully shower'd upon my wants,
That may beget distrust of my performance?
Ami. Nay, be not angry; if I entertain'd
But the least scruple of your love or courage,
I would make purchase of one with my state[7]
Should do me right in this: nor can you blame me,
If in a matter of such consequence
I am so importunate.
Long. Good my lord,
Let me prevent your further conjurations
To raise my spirit. I know this is a challenge
To be deliver'd unto Orleans' hand;
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I must be your second, and, in that,
Not alone search your enemy, measure weapons,
But stand in all your hazards, as our bloods
Ran in the self-same veins; in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limb
That's putrified and useless cut me off,
And underneath the gallows bury it.
Ami. At full you understand me, and in this
Bind me, and what is mine, to you and yours:
I will not so much wrong you as to add
One syllable more; let it suffice I leave
My honour to your guard, and in that prove
You hold the first place in my heart and love.
[*Exit.*

Long. The first place in a lord's affection! very good: and how long doth that last? perhaps the changing of some three shirts in the tennis-court. Well, it were very necessary that an order were taken (if it were possible) that younger brothers might have more wit or more money; for now, however the fool hath long been put upon him that inherits, his revenue hath bought him a spunge, and wiped off the imputation; and for the understanding of the younger, let him get as much rhetoric as he can, to grace his language, they will see he shall have gloss little enough to set out his bark.

Enter DUBOIS.

Stand, Dubois. Look about: all safe?[8]
Dubois. Approach not near me but with reverence,
Laurel, and adoration![9] I have done
More than deserves a hundred thanks.[10]
Long. How now? what's the matter?

[6] *like Bellerophon's*] "Bellerophon carried a letter from Prœtus, king of Argos, to his father-in-law, in which he enjoined him to put Bellerophon to death." MASON.

[7] *I would make purchase of one with my state*] So MS., in which "*purchase*" is carefully substituted for what was first written — "choice:" here, as elsewhere in these plays, "*state*" means estate. The first folio has,

"*I would make of one* which *my state.*"

The second folio reads,

"*I would make* choyce *of one* which *my* estate;"

and so the Editors of 1778. Seward and Weber printed,

"*I would make* choice *of one with my* estate."

[8] *all safe*] So the first folio and MS. — The second folio "'s *all safe?*" and so the modern editors (printing "is").

[9] *adoration*] So MS. — Both the folios "adorations;" and so the modern editors.

[10] *a hundred thanks*] MS. has "10000 ducketts," — perhaps the preferable reading.

Dubois. With this hand, only aided by this brain,
Without an Orpheus' harp, redeem'd, from hell's
Three-headed porter, our Eurydice.

Long. Nay, prithee, speak sense: this is like the stale braggart in a play.

Dubois. Then, in plain prose, thus, and with as little action as thou canst desire; the three-headed porter was [1] three unexorable [2] catch-poles, out of whose jaws, without the help of Orpheus' harp, bail [3] or bribe, (for those two strings make the music that mollifies those flinty Furies,) I rescued our Eurydice; I mean my old master, Montague.

Long. And is this all? a poor rescue! I thought thou hadst reversed the judgment for his overthrow in his suit; or wrought upon his adversary Orleans, taken the shape of a ghost, frighted his mind into distraction, and, for the appeasing of his conscience, forced him to make restitution of Montague's lands, or such like. Rescued! [4] 'slight, I would have hired a [5] crocheteur [6] for two cardecues [7] to have done so much with his whip.

Dubois. You would, sir? and yet 'tis more than three on their foot-cloths [8] durst do for a sworn brother in a coach.

Long. Besides, what proof [9] of it? for aught I know, this may be a trick; I had rather have him in prison, [10] where I might visit him, and do him service, than not at all, or I know not where.

Dubois. Well, sir, the end will shew it. What's that? a challenge?

Long. Yes; where's Orleans? though we fight in jest, he must meet with Amiens in earnest.

Enter ORLEANS [11] *behind.*

Fall off! we are discovered.

Orl. My horse, *garçon*, ha! [12]

Dubois. Were it not in a house, and in his house [13]
To whom I owe all duty ——

Long. What would it do?
Prate, as it does; but be as far from striking,
As he that owes [14] it, Orleans.

Dubois. How!

Long. I think thou art his porter,
Set here to answer creditors, that his lordship
Is not within, or takes the diet. I am sent,
And will grow here until I have an answer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a strict account for wrong
Done to the honour [15] of a gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-blood shall wash off.

Dubois. Shall I hear this?

Long. And more; that if I may not
Have access to him, I will fix this here,
To his disgrace and thine ——

Dubois. And thy life with it.

Long. Then have the copies of it pasted on posts,
Like pamphlet-titles, that sue to be sold;
Have his disgrace talk for tobacco-shops,
His picture baffled [16] ——

Dubois. All respect away!
Were't in a church ——

Long. This is the book I pray with.

[*They draw their swords.*

Orl. [*coming forward.*] Forbear, upon your lives!

Long. What, are you roused? I hope your lordship can read [*giving letter*], though you stain not your birth with scholarship.[17] — Doth it not please you? now, if you are [18] a right monsieur, muster up the rest of your attendance, which is a page, a cook, a pandar, coachman,[19] and a footman (in these days a great lord's train); pretending I am unworthy to bring you a challenge, instead of answering it, have me kicked.[20]

Dubois. If he does, thou deservest it.

Long. I dare you all [21] to touch me: I'll not stand still.
What answer you?

Orl. That thou hast done to Amiens

[1] *was*] So MS. — both the folios "were;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *unexorable*] So both the folios, as also MS. — Altered by the modern editors to "inexorable."

[3] *bail*] So MS. — The folios have "baite" and "bait;" and so the modern editors.

[4] *Rescued*] So the first folio and MS. — The second folio "Rescue."

[5] *a*] So the second folio and MS. — Omitted in the first folio.

[6] *crocheteur*] i. e. porter. "Why," says Nares (alluding to the present passage), "he has a whip does not appear, but Cotgrave gives him '*Le crochet d'un crocheteur*, the forke or crooked staffe, used by a burthen-bearing porter.'" *Gloss* in v. — Heath observes, "A *crocheteur* is properly a porter; and as goods are often carried in cities upon small carts, it thence may come to signify a carter too, and so our authors, by mentioning his whip, seem to have understood the word." *MS. Notes.*

[7] *cardecues*] It has been already noticed that a *cardecu* was a French coin — *quart d'écu*, the quarter of a crown. — MS. has "crownes."

[8] *foot-cloths*] See note, p. 478.

[9] *proof*] So MS. — The first folio "proofs;" and so the modern editors. The second folio "proof's."

[10] *in prison*] So MS. — Both the folios "n prisoner;" and so the modern editors.

[11] *Enter* ORLEANS] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios, — which afterwards mark the entrance of Orleans, immediately before he exclaims, "Forbear, upon your lives!" — and so the modern editors.

[12] Orl. *My horse, garçon, ha*] So MS. — Both the folios make "*my horse, garçon, ha*" a portion of the preceding speech; and so the modern editors, who appear to have been quite satisfied with the absurdity.

[13] *house*] So MS. — Both the folios "presence;" and so the modern editors: but Dubois is pretending not to see Orleans. The reading of the two folios is the more extraordinary, because they have not yet marked the entrance of Orleans; see note above.

[14] *owes*] i. e. owns, is the master of.

[15] *honour*] So MS. — Both the folios "honors;" and so the modern editors.

[16] *His picture baffled*] See note, p. 324. The following passage of Holinshed may be cited here: "Then he was content that the Scots should *bafful* him, which is a great reproch among the Scots, and is vsed when a man is openlie periured, and then they make of him an image painted, reuersed, with his heeles vpward, with his name, woondering, crieng, and blowing out on him with hornes," &c. *Chron.* iii. 827, ed. 1587.

[17] *though you stain not your birth with scholarship*] So MS. — Both the folios "*though* he *staine not* his *birth with scholler-ship*;" and so the modern editors: but Dubois, to whom only "he" could apply, was not a person of "birth." The meaning is, I hope your lordship can at least read, though you do not profess scholarship, which you would consider a disgrace to your rank.

[18] *Doth it not please you? now, if you are*, &c.] So MS. — Both the folios point the passage, "*Doth it not please you now? if you are*," &c.; and so the modern editors.

[19] *coachman*] Qy. "a *coachman*"? though the article is omitted as well in MS. as in both the folios.

[20] *have me kicked*] MS. "thrust *me* downe the staires."

[21] *all*] MS. has "both:" but "all" includes the "attendance" mentioned in Longueville's preceding speech.

The office of a faithful friend, which I
Would cherish in thee, were he not my foe.
However, since on honourable terms
He calls me forth, say I will meet with him;
And by Dubois, ere sun-set, make him know
The time and place, my sword's length, and whatever
Scruple of circumstance he can expect.

Long. This answer comes unlook'd-for. Fare you well:
Finding your temper thus, would I had said less! [*Exit.*

Orl. Now comes thy love to the test.

Dubois. My lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove itself true gold. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Country. A Hall in* LAMIRA'S *House.*

Enter LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, *and* Servant.

Serv. I will acquaint my lady with your coming:
Please you repose yourselves here.

Mal. There's a tester;[1]
Nay, now I am a wooer, I must be bountiful.

Serv. If you would have two three-pences for it, sir,
To give some of your kindred as you ride,
I'll see if I can get them; we use not,
Though servants, to take bribes.[2] [*Exit.*

Lav. Then thou art unfit
To be in office, either in court or city.

La-P. Indeed, corruption is a tree, whose branches are of an unmeasurable length; they spread every where, and the dew that drops from them[3] hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.

Mal. Ah, captain, lay not all the fault upon officers! you know you can shark, though you be out of action, — witness Montague.

Lav. Hang him! he's safe enough: you had a hand in it too, and have gained by him: but I wonder you citizens, that keep so many books, and take such strict accounts for every farthing due to you from others, reserve not so much as a memorandum for the courtesies you receive.

Mal. Would you have a citizen book those? thankfulness is a thing we are not sworn to in our indentures; you may as well urge conscience.

Lav. Talk no more of such vanities. Montague is irrecoverably sunk: I would we had twenty more to send after him! The snake that would be a dragon, and have wings, must eat a spider;[4] and what implies that, but this, — that in this cannibal age, he that would have the suit of wealth must not care[5] whom he feeds on? And, as I have heard, no flesh battens better than that of a professed friend; and he that would mount to honour must not make dainty to use the head of his mother, back of his father, or neck of his brother, for ladders to his preferment; for but observe, and you shall find, for the most part, cunning Villainy sit at a feast as principal guest, and innocent Honesty wait as a contemned servant with a trencher.

La-P. The ladies!

Enter LAMIRA, DUCHESS, CHARLOTTE, MONTAGUE *bareheaded and dressed as a servant, and* VERAMOUR.

Mont. Do you smell nothing?

Charl. Not I, sir.

Mont. The carrion of three[6] knaves is very strong in my nostrils.

Lav. We came to admire; and find fame was a niggard,
Which we thought prodigal in your[7] report,
Before we saw you.

Lam. Tush, sir! this courtship's old.

La-P. I'll fight for thee, sweet wench;
This is my tongue, and wooes for me.
[*Touching his sword.*

Lam. Good man of war,
Hands off! if you take me, it must be by siege,
Not by an onset: and for your valour, I
Think that I have deserv'd few enemies,
And therefore need it not.

Mal. Thou needest nothing, sweet lady, but an obsequious husband; and where wilt thou find him, if not in the city? we are true Muscovites to our wives, and are never better pleased than when they use us as slaves, bridle and saddle us. Have me, thou shalt command all my wealth as thine own; thou shalt sit like a queen in my warehouse; and my factors, at their[8] return with my ships, shall pay thee tribute of all the rarities of the earth; thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates; the first peascods, strawberries, grapes, cherries, shall ——

Lam. Be mine: I apprehend what you would say.
Those dainties, which the city pays so dear for,
The country yields for nothing, and as early;
And, credit me, your far-fet[9] viands please not
My appetite better than those that are near hand.
Then, for your promis'd service and subjection
To all my humours when I am your wife,
(Which, as it seems, is frequent in the city,)
I cannot find what pleasure they receive

[1] *tester*] i. e. sixpence.

[2] *to take bribes*] MS. adds to this speech, in a different hand, "but I may spare my labour, heares my lady," — the whole of what follows till the entrance of Lamira, &c., being marked for omission in the representation.

[3] *them*] So MS. — Both the folios "thence;" and so the modern editors.

[4] *a spider*] So MS. — These words, to the destruction of the sense, have dropt out from both the folios, and the modern editors were quite unconscious of the omission.

The Greek proverb, Ὄφις ἢν μὴ φάγῃ ὄφιν, ὁ κῶν οὐ γενήσεται, is frequently employed by our early writers; and even in Dryden we find,

"A serpent ne'er becomes a flying dragon
Till he has eat a serpent." *Œdipus*, act iii. sc. 1.

Why the authors of the present play chose to alter the ancient proverb, it would be useless to inquire; but Jonson, a few years before, had taken a similar liberty, saying in his *Catiline*,

"A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
Does eat a *bat*."
Act iii. sc. 3. — *Works* (by Gifford), iv. 269.

[5] *care*] In both the folios (but not MS.), this word has a break after it, perhaps to mark the omission of "a curse."

[6] *three*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[7] *your*] So MS. — Both the folios "our."

[8] *their*] So MS. — Both the folios "the;" and so the modern editors.

[9] *far-fet*] i. e. far fetched. — Seward printed "far-*fetcht*;" and such, indeed, is the reading of MS.: but when this play was written, the older form of the word was still in common use.

In using their fond husbands like their maids:
But of this more hereafter. I accept
Your proffer kindly, — and yours: my house stands open
To entertain you; take your pleasure in it,
And ease after your journey.

Duch. Do you note
The boldness of these[1] fellows?

Lam. Alas, madam!
A virgin must in this be like a lawyer;
And as he takes all fees, she must hear all suitors,
The one for gain, the other for her mirth. —
Stay with the gentlemen [*to* MONTAGUE]: we'll to the orchard.[2]

[*Exeunt* LAMIRA, DUCHESS, CHARLOTTE, *and* VERAMOUR.

La-P. Hum![3] what art thou?

Mont. An honest man, though poor:
[*Puts on his hat.*
And look such[4] like to monsters? are they so rare?

Lav. Rose from the dead?

Mal. Do you hear, monsieur Serviteur? didst thou never hear of one Montague, a prodigal gull, that lives about Paris?

Mont. So, sir!

Lav. One that, after the loss of his ma[illegible]tate in a lawsuit, bought an office in the co[illegible]

La-P. And should have had letters of mart, to have taken the Spanish treasure[5] as it came from the Indies? were not thou and he twins? put off thy hat; let me see thy forehead.

Mont. Though you take privilege to use your tongues,
I pray you, hold your fingers.
'Twas your base cozenage made me as I am;
And, were you somewhere else, I would take off
This proud film from your eyes, that will not let you
Know I am Montague.

Re-enter LAMIRA, *and conceals herself behind the arras.*

Lam. I will observe this better. [*Aside.*

Lav. And art thou he? I will do the grace; give me thy hand; I am glad thou hast taken so good a course: serve God, and please thy mistress; if I prove to be thy master, as I am very likely, I will do for thee.

Mal. Faith, the fellow's well-made for a serving-man, and will no doubt carry a chine of beef with a good grace.

La-P. Prithee, be careful of me in my chamber:
I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can endure, under this roof;
And so much owe I her, whose now I am,
That no wrong shall incense me to molest
Her quiet house: while you continue here,
I will not be asham'd to do you service
More than to her, because such is her pleasure.
But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
Compounded for two shillings in the pound,
Know I dare kick you in your shop! — do you hear? —
If ever I see Paris, though an army
Of musty murrions,[6] rusty brown bills,[7] and clubs,
Stand for your guard — I have heard of your tricks. —
And you that smell of amber[8] at my charge,
And triumph in your cheat — well, I may live
To meet thee; be it among a troop of such
That are upon the fair face of the court
Like running ulcers, and before thy whore,
Trample upon thee!

La-P. Is[9] this a language for a livery?
Take heed; I am a captain.

Mont. A coxcomb, are you not? That thou and I,
To give proof which of us dares most, were now
In midst of a rough sea, upon a piece
Of a split ship, where only one might ride,
I would — but foolish anger makes me talk
Like a player.[10]

Lam. [*coming forward from the arras*] Indeed, you act a part
Doth ill become my servant;[11] is this your duty?

Mont. I crave your pardon,
And will hereafter be more circumspect.

Lav. Oh, the power of a woman's tongue!
It hath done more than we three with our swords
Durst undertake; put a mad man to silence.

Lam. Why, sirrah, these are none of your comrades,
To drink with in the cellar; one of them,[12]
For aught you know, may live to be your master.

La-P. There's some comfort yet. [*Aside.*

Lam. Here's choice of three; a wealthy merchant —

Mal. Hem! she's taken; she hath spied my good calf,
And many ladies choose their husbands by that.
[*Aside.*

Lam. A courtier that's in grace; a valiant captain:
And are these mates for you? away, begone!

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon!
And, to give satisfaction to you, madam,

[1] *these*] So MS. — Both the folios "the;" and so the modern editors.

[2] *orchard*] So MS. — Both the folios "orchards;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *Hum*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which have a break here). The Editors of 1778 supplied "Zounds," Weber, "Pox."

[4] *such*] So MS. (where it is substituted for the originally-written "they.") — Both the folios "they;" and so the modern editors.

[5] *And should have had letters of mart, to have taken the Spanish treasure, &c.*] So MS. — Both the folios read "*And should have letters of mart, to have the Spanish treasure,*" &c. — *Letters of mart* mean — Letters of marque: see Nares's *Gross.*

[6] *musty murrions*] See note, p. 439. The same words occur in *Philaster*, 190.

[7] *bills*] A sort of pikes or halberds with hooked points, — mentioned several times before.

[8] *amber*] i. e. ambergris, which was formerly much used as a perfume.

[9] *Is*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[10] *Like a player*] MS. has "I know not what;" but the common reading seems to be preferable on account of "act a part" in the next speech.

[11] *become my servant*] So MS. — Both the folios "*become* you *my servant;*" and so the modern editors, — Seward excepted, who omitted "you."

[12] *them*] Weber chose to print "those."

Although I break my heart, I will confess
That I have wrong'd them too, and make submission.

Lam. No; I'll spare that. Go bid the cook haste supper. [*Exit* MONTAGUE.

La-P. Oh, brave lady,[1] thou art worthy to have servants,
To be commandress of a family,
That knowest how to use and govern it!

Lav. You shall have many mistresses that will so mistake as to take their horse-keepers and footmen instead of their husbands; thou art none of those.

Mal. But she that can make distinction of men, and know when she hath gallants and fellows of rank and quality in her house.[2]

Lam. Gallants indeed, if it be the gallants' fashion
To triumph in the miseries of a man,
Of which they are the cause; one that transcends
(In spite of all that Fortune hath, or can be, done[3])
A million of such things as you. My doors
Stand open to receive all such as wear
The shape of gentlemen; and my gentlier[4] nature
(I might say weaker) weighs not the expense
Of entertainment: think you I'll forget yet
What's due unto myself? do not I know
That you have dealt with poor Montague but like
Needy commanders, cheating citizens,
And perjur'd courtiers? I am much mov'd, else use not
To say so much: if you will bear yourselves
As fits such you would make me think you are,
You may stay; if not, the way lies before you. [*Exit.*

Mal. What think you of this, captain?

La-P. That this is a bawdy-house, with pinnacles and turrets, in which this disguised Montague goes to rut *gratis;* and that this is a landed pandress, and makes her house a brothel for charity.

Mal. Come, that's no miracle; but from whence derive you the supposition?

Lav. Observe but the circumstance. You all know, that in the height of Montague's prosperity, he did affect, and had his love returned by, this lady Orleans: since her divorcement, and his decay of estate, it is known they have met; not so much as his boy is[5] wanting; and that this can be any thing else than a mere plot for their night-work, is above my imagination to conceive.

Mal. Nay, it carries probability: let us observe it better; but yet with such caution, as our prying be not discovered: here's all things to be had without cost, and therefore good staying here.

La-P. Nay, that's true; I would we might woo her twenty years, like Penelope's suitors! — Come, Laverdine.

Lav. I follow instantly. [*Exeunt* MALLICORN *and* LA-POOP.] Yonder he is. The thought of this boy hath much cooled my affection to his lady; and by all conjectures this is a disguised whore: I will try if I can search this mine. — Page!

Re-enter VERAMOUR.

Ver. Your pleasure, sir?

Lav. Thou art a pretty boy.

Ver. And you a brave man: now I am out of your debt. [*Going.*

Lav. Nay, prithee, stay.

Ver. I am in haste, sir.

Lav. By the faith of a courtier ——

Ver. Take heed what you say; you have taken a strange oath.

Lav. I have not seen a youth that hath pleased me better: I would thou couldst like me, so far as to leave thy lady and wait on me! I would maintain thee in the bravest[6] clothes ——

Ver. Though you took them up on trust, or bought 'em at the broker's.

Lav. Or any way. Then thy employments should be so neat and cleanly — thou shouldst not touch a pair of pantables[7] in a month; and thy lodging —

Ver. Should be in a brothel.

Lav. No; but in mine arms.

Ver. That may be the circle of a bawdy-house, or worse.

Lav. I mean thou shalt lie with me.

Ver. Lie with you! I had rather lie with my lady's monkey: 'twas never a good world since our French lords[8] learned of the Neapolitans to make their pages their bedfellows; it[9] doth more hurt to the suburb ladies[10] than twenty dead vacations. 'Tis supper-time, sir. [*Exit.*

Lav. I thought so: I know by that 'tis a woman; for because peradventure she hath made trial of the monkey, she prefers him before me, as one unknown. Well,
These women are strange creatures,[11] and have strange desires;
And men must use strange means to quench strange fires. [*Exit.*

[1] *Oh, brave lady*] In MS. these words are preceded by "Did she talk of supper?"

[2] *house*] So MS. — Both the folios have "house —," as if the speech were imperfect; and so the modern editors.

[3] *be, done*] These words are omitted in MS.: but whether they be omitted or retained, the line will still read awkwardly. — Seward boldly printed,

"*In spite of all that Fortune hath, or can* do."

[4] *gentlier*] So the first folio and MS. — The second folio "gentler;" and so Seward.

[5] *boy is*] So the first folio and MS. — The second folio has "*boy* but *is*." — Qy. does this speech belong to La-Poop?

[6] *bravest*] i. e. richest, gayest.

[7] *pantables*] i. e. a sort of slippers (perhaps a corruption of *pantofles*).

[8] *French lords*] In MS. these words are drawn through with a pen, and have "gallantes" written over them.

[9] *it*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios.

[10] *suburb ladies*] The *suburbs* being, in all great towns, the resort of harlots.

[11] *These women are strange creatures*] So MS. — Both the folios have, "*These are* standing *creatures*." — The modern editors print "*These are strange creatures*." In couplets at the end of a prose speech, our early dramatists were indifferent about the measure being exact; and here the word "women" seems necessary to the sense.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in* LAMIRA'S *House.*

Enter MONTAGUE.[1]

Mont. Now, Montague, who discerns thy spirit now,
Thy breeding or thy blood? here's a poor cloud
Eclipseth all thy splendour: who can read
In thy pale face, dead eye, or lenten[2] suit,
The liberty thy ever-giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling itself
In gyves of parchment indissoluble?
The greatest-hearted man, supplied with means,
Nobility of birth, and gentlest parts,
Ay, though thy right hand of his sovereign,
If virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
Glitters but like a palace set on fire,
Whose glory, whilst it shines, but ruins him;
And his bright show, each hour to ashes tending,
Shall at the last be rak'd up like a sparkle,
Unless men's lives and fortunes feed the flame.
Not for my own wants, though, blame I my stars,
But suffering others to cast love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful [illegible]
My lady's woman, fair and virtuous,
Young as the present month, solicits me
For love and marriage, now being nothing worth.[3]

Enter VERAMOUR.

Ver. Oh, master, I have sought you a long hour!
Good faith, I never joy[4] out of your sight.
For God's sake, sir, be merry, or else bear
The buffets of your fortune[5] with more scorn!
Do but begin to rail; teach me the way,
And I'll sit down, and help your anger forth.
I have known you wear a suit full worth a lordship;
Give to a man, whose need ne'er frighted you
From calling of him *friend*, five hundred crowns,
Ere sleep had left your senses to consider
Your own important[6] present uses: yet,
Since, I have seen you with a trencher wait,
Void of all scorn; therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. Would Heaven[7] thou wert less honest!

Ver. Would to Heaven
You were less worthy! I am even wi' you, sir.

Mont. Is not thy master strangely faln, when thou
Serv'st for no wages, but for charity?
Thou dost surcharge me with thy plenteous love;
The goodness of thy virtue shewn to me
More opens still my disability
To quit[8] thy pains: credit me, loving boy,
A free and honest nature may be oppress'd,
Tired with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a vice[9] in him that, to that end,
Extends his love or duty.

Mont. Little world
Of virtue, why dost love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you[10] through all countries;
I'll run (fast as I can) by your horse-side,
I'll hold your stirrup when you do alight,
And without grudging wait till you return:
I'll quit assur'd means,[11] and expose myself
To cold and hunger, still to be with you;
Fearless I'll travel through a wilderness;
And when you are weary, I will lay me down,
That in my bosom you may rest your head;
Where, whilst you sleep, I'll watch, that no wild beast
Shall hurt or trouble you: and thus we'll breed
A story to make every hearer weep,
When they discourse our fortunes and our loves.

Mont. Oh, what a scoff might men of women make,
If they did know this boy! — But my desire
Is, that thou wouldst not (as thou usest still,
When, like a servant, I 'mong servants sit)
Wait on my trencher, fill my cups with wine:
Why shouldst thou do this, boy? prithee, consider,
I am not what I was.

Ver. Curs'd be the day
When I forget that Montague was my lord,
Or not remember him my master still!

Mont. Rather curse me, with whom thy youth hath spent
So many hours, and yet untaught to live
By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed,
You never taught me how to handle cards,
To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies;
Those are the worldly qualities to live:
Some of our scarlet gallants teach their boys
These worldly qualities.[12]
Since stumbling Fortune then leaves Virtue thus,
Let me leave Fortune, ere be vicious!

Mont. Oh, lad, thy love will kill me!

Ver. In truth,[13]
I think in conscience I shall die for you.
Good master, weep not: do you want aught, sir?
Will you have any money? here's some silver,
And here's a little gold; 'twill serve to play,

[1] *Enter Montague*] Both the folios and MS. add "*in mean habit;*" and so the modern editors: but he has already appeared in his character of servant.

[2] *lenten*] i. e. plain, mortified.

[3] *For love and marriage, now being nothing worth*] So MS. — Both the folios have a break after "worth," as if the sense were incomplete. The modern editors retain the break, — those of 1778 and Weber absurdly pointing the line thus, —

"*For love and marriage; now, being nothing worth* —"

[4] *joy*] So MS. — Both the folios "joy'd;" and so the modern editors.

[5] *fortune*] So MS. — Both the folios "fortunes;" and so the modern editors.

[6] *important*] "i. e. importunate." WEBER.

[7] *Heaven*] So MS. and second folio here and in the next speech. The first folio in both places, "God;" and so Weber.

[8] *quit*] i. e. requite.

[9] *vice*] So MS. — Both the folios "due" (an undoubted misprint, see note, p. 407); and so the modern editors.

[10] *I will follow you*, &c.] Seward altered the passage thus;

"Sir, *I will follow you through all countries, I*
Will *run*," &c.

[11] *I'll quit assur'd means*] So MS. — Both the folios "*Ile quit* offerd meanes." Seward printed, "*I'll quit* all offer'd *means*," the Editors of 1778 and Weber, "*I* will *quit* offer'd *means*."

[12] *These worldly qualities*] Omitted in MS., which, in the preceding line but one, has no point after "live;" rightly perhaps.

[13] *In truth*] MS. "By my troth," a reading which I should have adopted for the sake of the measure, had not the words occurred afterwards in this speech.

And put more troublesome thoughts out of your mind:
I pray, sir, take it; I'll get more with singing,
And then I'll bring it you: my lady ga't me;
And, by my troth,[1] it was not covetousness,
But I forgot to tell you sooner on't.

Mont. Alas, boy, thou art not bound to tell it me,
And less to give it! buy thee scarfs and garters;
And when I have money, I will give thee a sword:
Nature made thee a beauteous cabinet,[2]
To lock up all the goodness of the earth.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Ver. I have lost my voice with the very sight of this gentlewoman.[3] [*Aside.*] — Good sir, steal away: you were wont to be a curious avoider of women's company.

Mont. Why, boy, thou darest trust me any where, darest thou not?

Ver. I had rather trust you by a roaring lion than a ravening woman.

Mont. Why, boy?

Ver. Why, truly, she devours more man's flesh.

Mont. Ay, but she roars not, boy.

Ver. No, sir? why, she is never silent but when her mouth is full.

Charl. Monsieur Montague!

Mont. My sweet fellow! since you please to call me so.

Ver. O' my conscience, she would be pleased well enough to call you bed-fellow. Oh, master, do not hold her by the hand so! a woman is a lime-bush, that catcheth all she toucheth.

Charl. I do most dangerously suspect this boy to be a wench. Art thou not one? come hither, let me feel thee.

Ver. With all my heart.

Charl. Why dost thou pull off thy glove?

Ver. Why, to feel whether you be a boy or no.

Charl. Fie, boy, go to! I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks any more, if you talk thus.

Ver. Why, I'll sing to you no more, then.

Charl. Fie upon't, how sad you are! a young gentleman that was the very sun of France —

Mont. But I am in the eclipse now.

Charl. Suffer himself to be over-run with a lethargy of melancholy and discontent!
Rouze up thy spirit, man, and shake it off:
A noble soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill[4] and majesty.
I would turn fool,[5] or poet, or any thing, or marry, to make you merry: prithee, let's walk. — Good Veramour, leave thy master and me; I have earnest business with him.

Ver. Pray, do you leave my master and me; we were very merry before you came: he does not covet women's company; what have you to do with him? — Come, sir, will you go? and I'll sing to you again. — I' faith, his mind is stronger than to credit women's vows, and too pure to be capable of their loves.

Charl. The boy is jealous. Sweet lad, leave us; my lady called for you, I swear: that's a good child! there's a piece of gold for thee; go, buy a feather.

Ver. There's two pieces for you; do you go and buy one, or what you will, or nothing, so you go. — Nay, then, I see you would have me go, sir; why, faith, I will, now I perceive you love her better than you do me: but, God bless you, whatever you do, or intend! I know you are a very honest man. [*Exit.*

Charl. Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy tears reply[6]
I cannot, or *I will not marry thee?*
Why hast thou drawn the blood out of my cheeks,
And given a quicker motion to my heart?
Oh, thou hast bred a fever in my veins,
Call'd love, which no physician can cure!
Have mercy on a maid, whose simple youth —— [*Kneels.*
[illegible] How your example, fairest, teacheth me
A[illegible]onious idolatry! [*Kneels.*
By[illegible]he joy of love, I love thee better
Than I or any man can tell another!
And will express the mercy which thou crav'st;
I will forbear to marry thee. Consider,
Thou art Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents'
In fair inheritance:[7] rise with these thoughts; [*Raises her.*
And look on me, but with a woman's eye,
A decay'd fellow, void of means and spirit.

Charl. Of spirit!

Mont. Yes; could I else tamely live,
Forget my father's blood, wait, and make legs,[9]
Stain my best breeches with the servile drops
That fall from others' draughts?

Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldst hide thy spirit
Is perspective,[10] to shew it plainlier:

[1] *by my troth*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "*by my soul.*"

[2] *cabinet*] MS. "caskanet."

[3] *I have lost my voice with the very sight of this gentlewoman*] MS. has "O mr, heres a *gentlewoman.*"

[4] *skill*] MS. "pride."

[5] *turn fool*] So MS.; and so Seward from conjecture. — Both the folios "*turn a fool;*" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[6] *Still shall I woo thee, whilst thy tears reply*] The first folio has,

"*Still shall I woe thee, whilst thy eares reply;*"

and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. The second folio reads,

"*Still* will *I wooe thee, whilst thy* ears *reply;*"

and so Seward. MS. has,

"*Still shall I wooe thee, whilst thy* yeares *reply.*"

That "ears" is nonsense, no one will doubt; nor can I attach any meaning to "years." I have adopted the conjecture of Mason, "tears," — a reading which Heath had long ago proposed, *MS. Notes:* Charlotte has just been chiding Montague for his sadness; and, a little before, Veramour has said to him, "Good master, weep not," p. 543. The Rev. J. Mitford would (rather boldly) alter "*thy* ears" to "I hear."

[7] *inheritance*] So MS.; and so Seward from conjecture. Both the folios "inheritances;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[8] *Yes; could I else tamely live*] So MS. — Both the folios,

"*Yes, could I tamely live.*"

Seward supplied "else" from conjecture, placing it as it stands in MS.; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber inserted it after "*Yes.*"

[9] *legs*] i. e. bows.

[10] *perspective*] There was formerly a great variety of *perspective* glasses; see note, p. 385. Todd, citing the present passage in his ed. of *Johnson's Dict.*, considers "perspective" as an adjective, — rightly perhaps.

This undervalue of thyself[1] is but
Because I should not buy thee. What more speaks
Greatness of man than valiant patience,
That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes?
These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,
Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
Which we erroneously do style the deeds
Of the heroic and magnanimous man,
Was dead-ey'd cowardice, and white-cheek'd fear;
Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
To death, for dread of death: that soul's most stout,
That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.
Will you perform your word, and marry me,
When I shall call you to't?
Mont. I' faith, I will.
Charl. Who's this alights here?

Enter LONGUEVILLE, *with a riding-rod.*

Long. With leave, fair creature,
Are you the lady-mistress of the house?
Charl. Her servant, sir.
Long. I pray, then, favour me,
To inform your lady and duke Orleans' wife
A business of import awaits 'em here,
And craves for speedy answer.
Charl. Are you in post, sir?
Long. No, I am in satin, lady;
I would you would be in post!
Charl. I will return, sweet.[2] [*Exit.*
Long. Honest friend, do you belong to the house?
I pray, be cover'd.
Mont. Yes, sir, I do.
Long. Ha! dream'st thou, Longueville? sure, 'tis not he. — [*Aside.*
Sir, I should know you.
Mont. So should I you, but that I am asham'd:
But, though thou know'st me, prithee, Longueville,
Mock not my poverty; pray, remember yourself:
Shews it not strangely for thy clothes to stand
Without a hat to mine? mock me no more.
Long. The pox[3] embroider me all over, sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet!
The devil[4] on me, why should I wear velvet
And silver lace? heart,[5] I will tear it off!
Mont. Why, madman!
Long. Put on my hat! yes, when I am hang'd I will.
[Death,[6]] I could break my head,
For holding eyes that knew not you at first!
But, Time and Fortune, run your courses with him;
He'll laugh and scorn[7] you, when you shew most hate!

Enter LAMIRA, DUCHESS, LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, VERAMOUR *and* CHARLOTTE.

Lam. Your affair, monsieur?[8]
Long. Do you mock me, lady?
Lam. Your business, sir, I mean?
Duch. Regard yourself, good monsieur Longueville.
Lam. You are too negligent of yourself and place;
Cover your head, sweet monsieur.
Long. Mistake me not, fair ladies;[9]
'Tis not to you, nor you, that I stand bare.
Lav. Nay, sweet dear monsieur, let it not be[10] to us, then.
La-P. A pox[11] o' compliment!
Mal. And a plague[12] of manners!
Pray, hide your head; you[13] gallants use to do't.
Long. And you your foreheads. Why, you needful accessary rascals,
That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a bawd, a pandar, or a whore,
From one another, how dare you suspect
That I stand bare to you? what make you here? —
Shift your house, lady, of 'em; for I know 'em;
They come to steal your[14] napkins and your spoons;
Look to your silver bodkin, gentlewoman,
'Tis a dead utensil; — and, page, 'ware[15] your pockets! —
My reverence is unto this man, my master;
Whom you, with protestations and oaths,
As high as Heaven, as deep as Hell, which would
Deceive the wisest man of honest nature,
Have cozen'd and abus'd: but I may meet you,
And beat you one with t'other.
Mont. Peace, no more!
Long. Not a word, sir.
Lav. I am something thick of hearing;
What said he?
La-P. I hear him, but regard him not.
Mal. Nor I; I am never angry fasting.
Long. My love
Keeps back my duty. Noblest lady, if
Husband or brother merit love from you,

1 *thyself*] So MS. — Both the folios "*thy* life;" and so the modern editors.
2 *sweet*] MS. (in a different hand) "sweet *instantly*."
3 *pox*] So MS.; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break).
4 *devil*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "plague," altering the next word to "*upon*."
5 *heart*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "'sdeath."
6 [*Death*] In both the folios, but not in MS., the omission of a word here is marked by a break. Weber supplied "Pox."
7 *scorn*] So MS.; and so from conjecture Seward and the Editors of 1778. Both the folios "storm," which Weber retained.
8 *Your affair, monsieur*] So MS. — Both the folios have, "You're a fair *Mounsier*;" and so the modern editors, who ought to have seen from Lamira's next speech what was the right reading. Longueville, of course, understands her as if she had really spoken the words which the folios give.
9 *Mistake me not, fair ladies*] To this line MS. adds "by my blood."
10 *not be*] Weber chose to print "*be not*."
11 *A pox*] So MS.; and so, from conjecture, the Editors of 1778 and Weber. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break).
12 *a plague*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "pox."
13 *you*] So MS. — Both the folios "your;" and so the modern editors, — Weber giving this speech to "*Mont.*"!
14 *your*] So MS.; and so, from conjecture, the modern editors. Omitted in both the folios.
15 *'ware*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "beware."

Prevent their dangers! this hour brings to trial
Their hereto-sleeping hates; by this time, each
Within a yard is of the other's heart,
And met to prove their causes and their spirits
With their impartial swords' points: haste and save,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave!
[*Exit.*[1]

Duch. Oh, my distracted heart! that my wreck'd honour
Should for a brother's or a husband's life
Throw the undoing die![2]

Lam. Amiens engag'd?
If he miscarry, all my hopes and joys,
I now confess it loudly, are undone:
Caroch, and haste! one minute may betray
A life more worth than all time can repay.
[*Exeunt* LAMIRA, DUCHESS, CHARLOTTE, *and* MONTAGUE.

Mal. Humph! monsieur Laverdine pursues this boy extremely. [*Aside.*] — Captain, what will you do?

La-P. Any thing but follow to this land-service.[3] I am a sea-captain, you know, and to offer to part 'em without we could do't like watermen with long staves, a quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.

Mal. Why, then, let's retire, and pray for 'em. I am resolved to stay the event:[4] abused more than we have been we cannot be, without they fall to flat beating on's; and that were unkindly done, i' faith.[5]
[*Exeunt* MALLICORN *and* LA-POOP.

Ver. Never stir,[6] but you are the troublesomest ass that e'er I met with! retire: you smell like a woman's chamber, that's[7] newly up, before she have pinched her vapours in with her clothes.

Lav. I will haunt thee like thy grandame's ghost; thou shalt never rest for me.

Ver. Well, I perceive[8] 'tis vain to conceal a secret from you: believe it, sir, indeed I am a woman.

Lav. Why, la, I knew't; this prophetical tongue of mine never failed me: my mother was half a witch; never any thing that she forespake but came to pass. A woman! how happy am I! now we may lawfully come together, without fear of hanging: sweet wench, be gracious! in honourable sort I woo, no otherwise.

Ver. Faith, the truth is, I have loved you long —

Lav. So, so![9]

Ver. But durst not open it.

Lav. By gad,[10] I think so!

Ver. But, briefly, when you bring it to the test, if there be not one gentleman in this house will challenge more interest in me than you can, I am at your disposure.[11]

Lav. Oh, Fortunatus,[12] I envy thee not
For cap or pouch! this day I'll prove my fortune,
In which your lady doth elect her husband,
Who will be Amiens; 'twill save my wedding-dinner.
Pauvre La-Poop and Mallicorn! If all fail,
I will turn citizen: a beauteous wife
Is the horn-book to the richest tradesman's life.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Field in the Neighbourhood of Paris.*

Enter ORLEANS, DUBOIS, AMIENS, LONGUEVILLE, *two* Lacqueys, *and a* Page *with two pistols.*

Dubois. Here's a good even piece of ground, my lord:[13]
Will you fix here?

Orl. Yes; any where. — Lacquey, take off my spurs. —
Upon a bridge, a rail, but my sword's breadth,
Upon a battlement, I'll fight this quarrel!

Dubois. O' the ropes, my lord?

Orl. Upon a line.

Dubois. So all our country duels
Are carried, like a firework on a thread.

Orl. Go, now; stay with the horses; and, do you hear?
Upon your lives, till some of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way.

Dubois. Except you see
Strangers or others, that, by chance or purpose,
Are like to interrupt us.

Orl. Then give warning.
[*Exeunt* Lacqueys *and* Page.

Long. Who takes a sword? the advantage is so small,
As he that doubts hath the free leave to choose.

Orl. Come, give me any, and search me: 'tis not
The ground, weapon, or seconds, that can make
Odds in these[14] fatal trials, but the cause.

[1] *Exit*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[2] *Throw the undoing die*] So MS., except that instead of "*die*" it has "dice." — Both the folios have, "Through thy *undoing die*" (which is stark nonsense); and so the modern editors.

[3] *follow to this land-service*] So the second folio, and MS. (except that it omits "to"). — The first folio has "*follow to this sea-service.*"

[4] *I am resolved to stay the event*] So MS. — Both the folios read "*I am resole'd to* stop your intent." Seward printed "*I am resolved to* stop here; your intent?" and so the Editors of 1778; so too Weber, omitting "here."

[5] *and that were unkindly done, i'faith*] So MS. — Both the folios give these words to Laverdine; and so the modern editors: but it is quite evident, not only from the previous remark of Mallicorn, but also from the next speech, that Laverdine's attention is wholly occupied by Veramour.

[6] *Never stir*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "Curse me"!

[7] *that's*] MS. "she."

[8] *Well, I perceive, &c.*] MS. has "*Well* a pox of your musk tongue for me, *I perceave,*" &c.

[9] *So, so*] So MS. — Both the folios have "See, see" (a misprint occasioned doubtless by the words having been spelt in the copy used by the printer of the first folio, as they are spelt in my MS., — "Soo, soe"); and so the modern editors.

[10] *By gad*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "*By* heaven."

[11] *disposure*] Here both the folios have "Exit;" which was also originally in the MS., but has been drawn through with a pen. It is evident that Veramour is on the stage during the next speech, where mention is made of "*your* lady."

[12] *Oh, Fortunatus, &c.*] Every one is acquainted with the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, which transported him to any place he chose, and with his inexhaustible purse." WEBER. A drama by Dekker, entitled *Old Fortunatus*, was printed in 1600.

[13] *lord*] So MS. — Both the folios "lords;" and so the modern editors.

[14] *these*] So MS. — Both the folios "those;" and so the modern editors.

Ami. Most true; and, but it is no time to wish
When men are come to do, I would desire
The cause 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our swords!
And if my sister have out-liv'd her honour,
I do not pray I may out-live her shame.
Orl. Your sister, Amiens, is a whore, at once.
Ami. You oft have spoke that sense to me before,
But never in this language, Orleans;
And when you spoke it fair, and first, I told you
That it was possible you might be abus'd:
But now,
Since you forget your manners, you shall free me,[1]
If I transgress my custom. You do lie,
And are a villain! which I had rather yet
My sword had prov'd than I been forc'd to speak; —
Nay, give us leave; — and since you stand so haughtily
And highly on your cause, let you and I,
Without engaging these two gentlemen,
Singly determine it.
Long. My lord, you'll pardon us.
Dubois. I trust your lordships
Mean not to do us[2] that affront.
Ami. As how?
Dubois. We kiss your lordship's hand, and come to serve you
Here with our[3] swords.
Long. My lord, we understand ourselves.
Dubois. We have had the honour to be call'd unto
The business, and we must not now quit it[4]
On terms.[5]
Ami. Not terms of reason?
Long. No;
No reason for the quitting of our calling.
Dubois. True;
If I be call'd to't, I must ask no reason.
Long. Nor hear none neither, which is less, nor look for't:[6]
It is a favour, if my throat be cut,
Your lordship does me, which I never can,
Nor must have hope how to requite. — What noise?
[*Voices within*, Down with their swords!]
What cry is that? — My lord, upon your guard!
Some treachery is a-foot.

Enter DUCHESS, LAMIRA, *and* MONTAGUE, *followed by the two* Lacqueys *and* Page.[7]

Duch. Oh, here they are! —
My lord — Dear lady, help me! help me, all! —
I have so woeful interest in both,
I know not which to fear for most; and yet
I must prefer my lord. — Dear brother,
You are too understanding and too noble,
To be offended when I know my duty,
Though scarce my tears will let me see[8] to do it.
Orl. Out, loathèd strumpet!
Duch. Oh, my dearest lord,
If words could on me cast the name of whore,
I then were worthy to be loathèd: but
Know, your unkindness cannot make me wicked;
And therefore should less use that power upon me.
Orl. Was this your art, to have these actors come,
To make this interlude? Withdraw, cold man!
And, if thy spirit be not frozen up,
Give me one stroke yet at thee for my vengeance!
Ami. Thou shalt have strokes and strokes, thou glorious[9] man,[10]
Till thou breath'st[11] thinner air than that thou talk'st.
Lam. My lord! count Amiens!
Duch. Princely husband!
Orl. Whore!
Lam. You wrong her, impudent lord! Oh, that I had
The bulk of those dull men! look, how they stand,
And no man will revenge an innocent lady!
Ami. You hinder it, madam.
Lam. I would hinder you;
Is there none else to kill him?
Duch. Kill him, madam!
Have you learn'd that bad language? Oh, repent,
And be the motive rather both kill me![12]
Orl. Then die, my infamy! [*Runs at her.*
Mont. Hold, bloody man!
Orl. Art thou there, basilisk?
Mont. To strike thee dead,
But that thy fate deserves some weightier hand.
Dubois. My lord![13]
Orl. Oh, here's a plot! You bring your champion[14] with you!
Madam adultress, your adulterer!
Out, howling bitch-wolf![15]
Dubois. Good my lord!
Orl. Are you
Her grace's countenancer, lady, the receiver
To the poor virtuous[16] couple?
Dubois. Sweet my lord!

[1] *free me*] So MS. — Both the folios "finde" (which is not sense); and so the modern editors.
[2] *Mean not to do us*] So MS. — Both the folios "May *not doe us*;" and so the modern editors.
[3] *our*] So MS. — (which, however, omits "Here"). — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors. — According to the French mode of duelling, the seconds frequently fought as well as the principals.
[4] *now quit it*] Qy. "*quit it now*"?
[5] *On terms*] Seward printed "*On any terms.*"
[6] *nor look for't*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.
[7] *two Lacqueys and Page*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors. — They return, in consequence of what Dubois has said to them. p. 546.
[8] *see*] So MS. — Both the folios "so."
[9] *glorious*] "i. e. vain, proud, in the sense of the French *glorieux*." WEBER.
[10] *man*] MS. "voice."
[11] *breath'st*] MS. "beest."
[12] *And be the motive rather both kill me*] "i. e. and rather persuade them both to kill me." SEWARD. MS. has, "Or by *the motive* they will *both kill me*."
[13] *My lord*] So MS. (where "Sweet," which originally preceded these words, is carefully drawn through with a pen). — Both the folios "Sweet *my lord*;" and so the modern editors: but see Dubois' last speech on this page.
[14] *champion*] So MS. — Both the folios "champions;" and so the modern editors: but it is plain that Orleans alludes to Montague alone.
[15] *Madam adultress, your adulterer!*
Out, howling bitch-wolf!] So MS. — Both the folios have, "the *adultresse* with the *adulterer*: *Out howling* ——;" and so the modern editors
[16] *virtuous*] So MS. — Both the folios "vicious;" and so the modern editors.

Orl. Sweet rascal! didst thou not[1] tell me, false fellow,
This Montague here was murder'd?
Dubois. I did so;
But he was falser, and a worthless lord,
Like thy foul self, that would have had it so.
Long. Orleans, 'tis true; and shall be prov'd upon thee.
Mont. Thy malice, duke, and this thy wicked nature,
Are all as visible as thou; but I,
Born to contemn thy injuries, do know,
That though thy greatness may corrupt a jury,
And make a judge afraid, and carry out
A world of evils with thy title, yet
Thou art not quit[2] at home; thou bear'st about thee
That that doth charge thee, and condemn thee too.
The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed
Displease me, is, to think that so much baseness
Stands here to have encounter'd so much honour. —
Pardon me, my lord, what late my passion spake,[3]
When you provok'd my innocence. [*To* AMIENS.
Orl. Yes, do:
Oh, flattery, coarser than[4] the suit he wears!
Give him a new one, Amiens.
Ami. Orleans,
'Tis here nor[5] time nor place to jest or rail
Poorly with you; but I will find a time to
Whisper you forth to this, or some fit place,
As shall not hold a second interruption.
Mont. I hope your lordship's honour and your life
Are destin'd unto higher hazards; this
Is of a meaner arm.[6]
Dubois. Yes, faith, or none.
Long. He is not fit to fall by an honest sword:
A prince, and lie!
Dubois. And slander! and hire men
To publish the false rumours he hath made!
Long. And stick 'em on his friends, and innocents!
Dubois. And practise 'gainst[7] their lives after their fames!
Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdness,
Bawds, thieves, and cheaters, it were monstrous.
Dubois. But in a man of blood how more conspicuous!
Ami. Can this be, Heaven?[8]
Duch. They do slander him.
Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hang-bies![9]
Long. How!
Stand, Orleans! — stay, give me my pistols, boy; — [*Takes pistols from* Page.
Hinder me not! — by that foul life, of which
Thou art no longer master, I will kill thee![10]
Duch. Oh, stay his fury!
Ami. Longueville, my friend!
Long. Not for myself, my lord, but for mankind,
And all that have an interest to virtue,
Or title unto innocence ——
Ami. Why, hear me!
Long. For justice' sake ——
Ami. That cannot be.
Long. To punish
His wife's, your honour's,[11] and my lord's wrongs here,
Whom I must ever call so; for your loves,
I[12] swear I'll sacrifice ——
Ami. Longueville,
I did not think you a murderer before.
Long. I care not what you thought me.
Ami. By my soul,
And what it hopes for,[13] if thou attempt his life,
Thy own is forfeit!
Mont. Foolish frantic man,
The murder will be of us, not him.
Duch. Oh, Heaven![14]
Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would not take
The justice out of fate's —— before my God,[15]
Singe but a hair of him, thou diest!
Long. No matter. [*Shoots.*[16]
Ami. Villain! [*The* DUCHESS *falls.*
Dubois. My lord, your sister is slain.
Ami. Bianca!
Mont. Oh, hapless and most wretched chance!
Lam. Stand'st thou [*To* ORLEANS.
Looking upon the mischief thou hast made,
Thou godless man, feeding thy blood-shot eyes
With the red spectacle, and art not turn'd
To stone with horror? Hence, and take the wings
Of thy black infamy, to carry thee

1 *thou not*] So MS.; and so Weber. Both the folios "*not thou*;" and so the Editors of 1778. Seward remodelled the line thus;

"*Sweet rascal! didst not tell me*, thou *false fellow*."

2 *quit*] i. e. acquitted. So MS. — Both the folios "quiet;" and so the modern editors.

3 *what late my passion spake*, &c.] See p. 527.

4 *coarser than*] So MS. — Both the folios "becomes him better *than*;" and so the modern editors.

5 *nor*] So MS. — Both the folios "no;" and so the modern editors.

6 *Is of a meaner arm*] MS. "*Is of* to [i. e. too] meane an *arme*."

7 *'gainst*] So MS. — Both the folios "against."

8 *Heaven*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

9 *hang-bies*] "i. e. hangers-on." WEBER.

10 *Hinder me not! — by that foul life, of which*
Thou art no longer master, I will kill thee!] So MS. — In both the folios the passage stands thus;

"*Hinder me not, by* ——
I will kill him;"

and so the modern editors, except that after "by" the Editors of 1778 supplied "Heavens," and Weber "Heaven."

11 *honour's*] So MS.; and so, from conjecture, Seward and the Editors of 1778. — Both the folios "honour;" and so Weber.

12 *I*] So MS. — Both the folios "*Ile*;" and so Seward.

13 *By my soul,*
And what it hopes for] So MS. — Both the folios have merely "By ——" (marking the omission by a break, which in the first folio is unusually long); and so the modern editors, except that those of 1778 and Weber supplied "Heaven" after "By."

14 *Heaven*] So MS. and the second folio. — The first folio "God;" and so Weber.

15 *The justice out of fate's —— before my God*] So MS. — Both the folios omit "*before my God*" (marking the omission by a break); and so the modern editors. — In the first part of this speech (as the MS. distinctly proves) the authors intended the sense to be incomplete; Montague, seeing that Longueville is just about to shoot, suddenly breaks off to threaten him with death if he does the slightest injury to Orleans.

16 *Shoots*] So MS. — In both the folios the stage-direction is confounded with the text thus, — "*No matter*, shoot."

Beyond the shoot of looks, or sound of curses,
Which will pursue thee till[1] thou hast outfled
All but thy guilt; — that still be present with thee![2]

Orl. Oh, wish it off again! for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel!
If you could know the mountain I sustain
Of[3] horror, you would each take off your part,
And more, to ease me. I cannot stand: forgive
Where I have wrong'd, I pray! [*Falls.*

Ami. Look to him, Montague.

Long. My lords and gentlemen, the lady's well,
But for her fear;[4] unless that have shot her:
I have the worst on't,[5] that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' cost my guts.
Look to her; she'll be well: it was but powder
I charg'd with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted sooner; but I am glad
He's come at last.

Lam. How! is Bianca well?[6]

Mont. Not hurt?[7]

Ami. Lives she? — See, sister! — Doth she breathe?

Duch. Oh, gentlemen,[8] think you I can breathe,
That am restored to the hateful sense
Of feeling in me my dear husband's death?
Oh, no, I live not! life was that I left,
And what you have call'd me to is death indeed:
I cannot weep so fast as he doth bleed.

Dubois. Pardon me, madam; he is well.

Duch. Ha! my husband!

Orl. I cannot speak whether my joy or shame
Be greater; — but I thank thee, Heaven,[9] for both.
Oh, look not black upon me, all my friends!
To whom I will be reconcil'd, or grow
Unto this earth, till I have wept a trench
That shall be great enough to be my grave;
And I will think them too most manly tears,
If they do move your pities. It is true,
Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.

Lam. My lord, such sorrow cannot be suspected.
Here, take your honour'd wife, and join your hands:
I will be[10] she hath married you again. —
And, gentlemen, I do invite you all
This night to take my house; where on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feast,
I'll make myself a husband and a guest.[11]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Country.* — *A Room in* LAMIRA'S *House.*

Enter MONTAGUE *and* CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Well, now, I am sure you are mine.

Mont. I am sure I am glad
I have one to own me,[12] then: you'll find me honest,
As these days go, enough; poor, without question,
Which beggars hold a virtue; give me meat,
And I shall do my work, else knock my shoes off,
And turn me out again.

Charl. You are merry, fellow.[13]

Mont. I have no great cause.

Charl. Yes, thy love to me.[14]

Mont. That's as we make our game.

Charl. Why, you repent, then?

Mont. Faith, no; worse than I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I shall love you,
And, when you bid me go to bed, obey,
Lie still or move, as you shall minister;
Keep a four-nobles nag[15] and a Jack-merlin,[16]
Learn to love ale, and play at two-hand Irish;[17]
And there's the[18] all I aim at.

Charl. Nay, sweet fellow,
I'll make it something better.

Mont. If you do, you'll make me worse:
Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that course: of all the king's creatures,
I hate his coin; keep me from that, and save me;
For if you chance, out of your housewifery,
To glean[19] a hundred pound or two, bestow it
In plum-broth ere I know on't;[20] else I take it,
Seek out a hundred men that want this money,

1 *till*] So MS.; and so, from conjecture, Seward and his successors. — Both the folios "still."

2 *that still be present with thee*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

3 *Of*] So MS.; and so Seward from conjecture. — Both the folios "With;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

4 ——————— *the lady's well,*
But for her fear] So MS. — Both the folios have, "*the Lady is well, but for feare;*" and so the modern editors.

5 *on't*] Altered by the modern editors to "of it."

6 *How! is Bianca well*] In both the folios these words are wrongly pointed thus, "*How is Byancha? well?*" and so the modern editors.

7 Mont. *Not hurt*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

8 *Oh, gentlemen*] Omitted in MS.

9 *thee, Heaven*] So MS. — Both the folios "the Heavens;" and so the modern editors.

10 *I will be*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break): and by the modern editors. Weber suspected (rather unnecessarily, since the speaker is Lamira) that something had been omitted "on the score of delicacy." The fact evidently is, that the copy of the play used by the editor of the first folio was in various places either imperfect or illegible.

11 *I'll make myself a husband and a guest*] "That is, I will choose one and the other; meaning the same as Mason's proposed variation — 'I'll *take* myself a husband and a guest.'" WEBER.

12 *me*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

13 *You are merry, fellow*] So MS. — Both the folios have "*You are a merry fellow;*" and so the modern editors. By "fellow" she means — fellow-attendant: compare her third speech after this, and Montague's speech, "My sweet fellow," &c. p. 544.

14 *thy love to me*] MS. has "my *loue to* ye."

15 *a four-nobles nag*] i. e. a nag worth four nobles, — a noble being a gold coin, value 6*s.* 8*d.*

16 *a Jack-merlin*] So the second folio and MS. — The first folio has "*a* black *Merling.*" — The merlin is a small species of hawk. "A Jack is the Male of a Merlin, some call him a *Jack-Merlin.*" R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. ii. p. 236. — "Montague does not mean to say that he would turn falconer, as Seward supposes, but that he would keep a hawk of an ordinary kind." MASON.

17 *Irish*] See note, p. 451.

18 *the*] So MS. — Both the folios "then;" and so the modern editors.

19 *glean*] So MS. — Both the folios "leave;" and so Seward. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "save."

20 *on't*] So MS. — Both the folios "it;" and so the modern editors.

Share it among 'em, they[1] cry "noble Montague!"
And so I stand again at livery.
Charl. You have pretty fancies, sir; but, married once,
This charity will fall home to yourself.
Mont. I would it would! I am afraid my looseness
Is yet scarce stopt, though it have nought to work on
But the mere air of what I have had.
Charl. Pretty!
Mont. I wonder, sweetheart, why you'll marry me;
I can see nothing in myself deserves it,
Unless the handsome wearing of a band,
For that's my stock now, or a pair of garters,
Necessity will not let me loose.[2]
Charl. I see, sir,
A great deal more; a handsome man, a husband,
To make a right good woman truly happy.
Mont. Lord, where are my eyes! Either you are foolish,
As wenches once a-year are, or far worse,
Extremely virtuous: can you love a poor man
That relics[3] on cold meat and cast stockings,
One only suit to his back, which now is mewing,[4]
But what will be the next coat will pose Tristrem:
If I should levy from my friends a fortune,
I could not raise ten groats to pay the priest now.
Charl. I'll do that duty: 'tis not means nor money
Makes me pursue your love; were your mind bankrupt,
I would never love you.

Enter LAMIRA.

Mont. Peace, wench! here's my lady.
Lam. Nay, never shrink i' the wetting, for my presence:
D'ye find her willing, Montague?
Mont. Willing, madam!
Lam. How dainty you make of it! do not I know
You two love one another?
Mont. Certain, madam,
I think you've revelations of these matters:
Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her?
Lam. But she can, sir.
Mont. But she will not, madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like fairy money,[5]
They get no more close kisses.
Lam. Thou art wanton.
Mont. God knows I need not; yet I would be lusty;
But, by my troth,[6] my provender scarce pricks me.
Lam. It shall be mended, Montague: I am glad
You are grown so merry.
Mont. So am I too, madam.
Lam. You two will make a pretty handsome consort.
Mont. Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not.[7]
Lam. Your fiddle! why your fiddle? I warrant, thou mean'st madly.
Mont. Can you blame me? alas, I am in love!
Charl. 'Tis very well, sir!
Lam. How long have you been thus?
Mont. How? thus in love?
Lam. You are very quick, sir: no; I mean, thus pleasant.
Mont. By my troth, madam,[8] ever since I was poor.
Lam. A little wealth would change you, then?
Mont. Yes, lady,
Into another suit, but never more
Into another man; I'll bar that mainly.
The wealth I get henceforward shall be charm'd
For ever hurting me; I'll spend it fasting.
As I live, noble lady, there is nothing,
I have found, directly cures the melancholy,
But want and wedlock: when I had store of money,
I simper'd sometime, and spoke wondrous wise,
But never laugh'd outright; now I am empty,
My heart sounds like a bell, and strikes o'[9] both sides.
Lam. You are finely temper'd, Montague.
Mont. Pardon, lady,
If any way my free mirth have offended:
'Twas meant to please you; if it prove too saucy,
Give it a frown, and I am ever silenc'd.
Lam. I like it passing well; pray, follow it.
This is my day of choice, and shall be yours too;
'Twere pity to delay you: call to the steward,
And tell him 'tis my pleasure he should give you
Five hundred crowns; make yourself handsome, Montague;
Let none wear better clothes; 'tis for my credit:
But, pray, be merry still.
Mont. If I be not,
And make a fool of twice as many hundreds,
Clap me in canvass, lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter LA-POOP, LAVERDINE, *and* MALLICORN.

Lav. I am strangely glad I have found the mystery
Of this disguis'd boy out; I ever trusted
It was a woman, and how happily[10]

[1] *they*] So MS. — Both the folios "they'l" (which is less suitable to the context); and so the modern editors.
[2] *loose*] Altered by the modern editors to "lose."
[3] *That relics*] Seward, for the metre, printed "*That* but *relics*."
[4] *mewing*] i. e. becoming bare. It properly means — moulting; and is a term in falconry, — to which there is an allusion also in the next line, the hero of romance, Tristrem, being reputed a great authority in every thing connected with field-sports.
[5] *fairy-money*] "According to the popular creed, favours bestowed by the fairies were discontinued if not kept secret." WEBER. And personal or family misfortune usually befell those who betrayed their confidence: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, iii. 476.
[6] *by my troth*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "*by my* soul."
[7] Lam. *You two will make a pretty handsome consort.*
Mont. *Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not*] "This is one of the innumerable quibbles in old plays upon the usual meaning of the word *consort*, and its ancient sense, — a band of musicians." WEBER.
[8] *By my troth, madam*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). Weber supplied "*By* heaven."
[9] *o'*] Both the folios "at;" and so the modern editors. MS. has "a" (i. e. o').
[10] *how happily*] "I suspect we should adopt Mason's proposal of reading — '*now* happily.'" WEBER. MS. has distinctly "how."

I have found it so! and for myself, I am sure,
One that would offer me a thousand pound now
(And that's a pretty sum to make one stagger)
In ready gold for this concealment,[1] could not
Buy my hope of her. She's a dainty wench,
And such a one, I find, I want extremely,
To bring me into credit: beauty does it. [*Aside.*
Mal. Say we should all meach[2] here, and stay the feast now,
What can the worst be? We have play'd the knaves;
That's without question.
La-P. True; and, as I take it, this is the first truth
We told these ten[3] years, and, for any thing
I know, may be the last: but grant we are knaves,
Both base and beastly knaves ——
Mal. Say so, then.
Lav. Well.
La-P. And likewise let it be consider'd, we have wrong'd,
And most maliciously, this gentlewoman
We cast[4] to stay with, what must we expect now?
Mal. Ay, there's the point; we would expect good eating.
La-P. I know we would, but we may find good beating.
Lav. You say true, gentlemen; and, by my faith,[5]
Though I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if 'a eat a' God's name,[6]
Such crab-sauce to my meat will turn my palate.
Mal. There's all the hazard; for the frozen Montague
Has now got spring again and warmth in him,
And, without doubt, dares beat us terribly:
For, not to mince[7] the matter, we are cowards,
And have and shall be beaten, when men please
To call us into cudgelling.
La-P. I feel
We are very prone that way.
Lav. The sons of Adam.
La-P. Now, here then rests the state o' the question;
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner
To a sound dog-whip (for, I promise ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no less), or quietly
Take a hard egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch? this we may do securely;
For to stay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral mischiefs come in memory.
Mal. But, pray ye, hear me: is not this the day
The virgin lady doth elect her husband?
Lav. The dinner is to that end.
Mal. Very well, then;
Say we all stay, and say we scape[8] this whipping,
And be well entertain'd, and one of us
Carry the lady?
La-P. 'Tis a seemly saying,
I must confess; but if we stay, how fitly
We may apply it to ourselves i' th' end,
Will ask a Christian fear: I cannot see,
If I say true, what special ornaments
Of art or nature (lay aside our lying,
Whoring, and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this lady.
Mal. Yet women go not by the best parts ever;
That I have found directly.
Lav. Why should we fear, then?
They choose men as they feed: sometimes they settle
Upon a white-broth[9] face, a sweet smooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a goose, sometimes a grosser meat;
A rump of beef will serve 'em at some season,
And fill their bellies too, though without doubt
They are great devourers; stock-fish is a dish,
If it be well dress'd, for the toughness sake,
Will make the proudest of 'em long and leap for't;
They'll run mad for a pudding, ere they'll starve.
La-P. For my own part, I care not, come what can come;
If I be whipt, why so be it! if cudgell'd,
I hope I shall out-live it: I am sure
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been serv'd so;
And yet, I thank Heaven,[10] I am here.
Mal. Here's resolution.
La-P. A little patience, and a rotten apple,
Cures twenty worse diseases: what say you, sir?
Lav. Marry, I say, sir, if I had been acquainted
With lamming[11] in my youth, as you have been,
With whipping and such benefits of nature,
I should do better: as I am, I'll venture:
And if it be my luck to have the lady,
I'll use my fortune modestly; if beaten,
You shall not hear a word; one I am sure of,
And if the worst fall, she shall be my physic.
La-P.[12] Let's go, then, and a merry wind be with us!
Mal. Captain, your shoes are old; pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us.[13] Be bold, sirs.
Lav.[14] And howsoever our fortune falls, let's bear

[1] *concealment*] See note, p. 556.
[2] *meach*] "Means *lurk*. Mason, who did not know this common signification, would read, very tamely — '*mess* here.'" WEBER.
[3] *these ten*] MS. "this 7."
[4] *cast*] i. e devise, scheme.
[5] *my faith*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break). The Editors of 1778 and Weber supplied "*my* soul."
[6] *if 'a eat a' God's name*] Was altered to "*if he* beat a' *God's name*" by the Editors of 1778, who, says Mason, "found this passage sense, and amended it into nonsense. The old reading means, 'if he eats *fairly*, without the devil to help him.'"
[7] *mince*] So MS. — Both the folios "mint."
[8] *say we scape*] So MS.; and so Seward from conjecture. Both the folios "*say we* all *scape*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[9] *white-broth*] So MS. — Both the folios "*white*-broth'd;" and so the modern editors.
[10] *Heaven*] So the second folio. The first folio "God;" and so Weber. — MS. gives the line thus, —
"*And yet I thanke* the Fates *I am here* too."
[11] *lamming*] "i. e. beating." MASON.
[12] *La-P.*] So MS. — Both the folios make this line a portion of the preceding speech; and so the modern editors.
[13] *And let one fling 'em after us*] "In order to produce good luck; an idea still prevalent among the vulgar." WEBER.
[14] *Lav.*] So MS. — Both the folios make this speech a portion of the preceding one; and so the modern editors.

An equal burden: if there be an odd lash,
We'll part it afterwards.
La-P. I am arm'd at all points. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter four Servants, *bringing in a banquet.*[1]

First Serv. Then my lady will have a bed-fellow to-night?
Sec. Serv. So she says: Heaven, what a dainty arm-full
Shall he enjoy that has the launching of her!
What a fight she'll make!
Third Serv. Ay, marry, boys,
There will be sport indeed! there will be grappling!
She has a murderer[2] lies in her prow,
I am afraid will fright his main-mast, Robin.
Fourth Serv. Who dost thou think shall have her, of thy conscience?
Thou art a wise man.
Third Serv. If she go the old way,
The way of lot, the longest cut sweeps all
Without question.
First Serv. She has lost a friend of me else.
What think ye of the courtier?
Sec. Serv. Hang him, hedge-hog!
H'as nothing in him but a piece of *Euphues*,[3]
And twenty dozen of twelvepenny ribband, all
About him; he is but one pedlar's shop
Of gloves and garters, pick-teeth and pomander.[4]
Third Serv. The courtier! marry, God bless her, Steven, she is not
Mad yet; she knows that trindle-tail[5] too well;
He's crest-faln, and pin-buttock'd with leaping laundresses.
Fourth Serv. The merchant, — sure, she will not be so base
To have him.
First Serv. I hope so, Robin; he'll sell us all
To the Moors to make mummy: — nor the captain.
Fourth Serv. Who, pot-gun?[6] that's a sweet youth indeed!
Will he stay, think ye?
Third Serv. Yes, without question,
And have half din'd too ere the grace be done.
He's good for nothing in the world but eating,
Lying, and sleeping; what other men devour
In drink, he takes in pottage: they say h'as been
At sea; a herring-fishing, for, without doubt,
He dares not hail an eel-boat i' the way of war.
Sec. Serv. I think so; they would beat him off with butter.
Third Serv. When he brings in a prize, unless it be
Cockles, or Calais sand[7] to scour with,
I'll renounce my five mark a-year,
And all the hidden art I have in carving,
To teach young birds to whistle *Walsingham*:[8]
Leave him to the lime-boats. Now, what think you
Of the brave Amiens?
First Serv. That's a thought, indeed.
Sec. Serv. Ay, marry, there's a person fit to feed
Upon a dish so dainty; and he'll do't,
I warrant him, i' the nick, boys; h'as a body
World without end.
Fourth Serv. And such a one my lady
Will make no little of. But is not Montague
Married to-day?
Third Serv. Yes, faith, honest Montague
Must have his bout too.
Sec. Serv. He's as good a lad
As ever turn'd a trencher: must we leave him?
Third Serv. He's too good for us, Steven. I'll give him health
To his good luck to-night i' the old beaker,
And it shall be sack too.
Fourth Serv. I must have a garter;
And, boys, I have bespoke a posset; somebody
Shall give me thanks for't; 't has a few toys in't
Will raise commotions in a bed, lad.
First Serv. Away! my lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLEANS *and* DUCHESS *arm in arm*, AMIENS, LAMIRA, CHARLOTTE *dressed as a bride*, MONTAGUE *in brave*[9] *apparel*, LONGUEVILLE, DUBOIS, LAVERDINE, LA-POOP, MALLICORN, *and* Attendants.

Lam. Seat[10] yourselves, noble lords and gentlemen;

[1] *Enter four Servants, bringing in a banquet*] MS. has "*A Banquet set out: then Enter Orleance and his Ladye,*" &c., omitting the whole of the dialogue between the four Servants. — A *banquet* means here, as in many other passages of our old writers, what is now called a desert. Immediately after having dined, our ancestors usually removed to another apartment where the *banquet* was set out.

[2] *murderer*] Was the name for a very destructive piece of ordnance.

[3] *Euphues*] *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*, are two prose-works by John Lilly (the dramatist), which display considerable ability, though composed in the most affected and unnatural style. On their first appearance, they were received with the greatest admiration by the court of Elizabeth: "Our nation," says the Editor of Lilly's plays in 1632, "are in his debt for a new English which hee taught them. *Euphues and his England* began first that language: all our ladies were then his schollers; and that beautie in court which could not parley *Euphueisme* was as little regarded as shee which now there speakes not French." Most readers will recollect that one of the characters in Scott's *Monastery*, Sir Piercie Shafton, is a professed *Euphuist*.

[4] *pomander*] i. e. a composition of perfumes, wrought into the shape of a ball or other form, and worn in the pocket or about the neck, sometimes carried in the hand. The composition was occasionally put into a case of silver, or even of gold, constructed for the purpose: see my note on Skelton's *Works*, ii. 324.

[5] *trindle-tail*] A corruption of *trundle tail*

[6] *pot-gun*] See note, p. 494.

[7] *Calais sand*] "This article is still cried about the streets of Bath by ragged boys and girls; and probably no further allusion is intended in the following passage of *Albumazar*, which Mr. Reed [Steevens] has referred to a custom of going over to Calais to fight duels beyond the reach of the English law —

'If we concur in all, write a formal challenge,
And bring thy second: meanwhile I make provision
Of *Calais sand*, to fight upon securely.'" WEBER.

Though we learn from various passages of early writers that duellists were in the habit of going over to Calais to settle their differences upon the sands there, — the speaker of the lines just cited evidently means that he will procure some sand from Calais, and ingeniously evade the law by fighting on *foreign ground*.

[8] *Walsingham*] This popular tune is often noticed by writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. See Chappell's *Nat. Engl. Airs*, ii. 157. A ballad, where mention is made of a pilgrimage to Walsingham, is quoted in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 8. (p. 287).

[9] *brave*] i. e. rich, gay. — MS. "verie *brave*."

[10] *Seat*] So the second folio and MS. — The first folio "Stur."

You know your places. Many royal welcomes
I give your grace: how lovely shews this change!
My house is honour'd in this reconcilement.
Orl. Thus, madam, must you do;
My lady now shall see you made a woman,
And give you some short lessons for your voyage.
Take her instructions, lady; she knows much.
Lam. This becomes you, sir.
Duch. My lord must have his will.
Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, sweetheart. — Fair lady,
This to your happy choice! — Brother Amiens,
You are the man I mean it to.
Ami. I'll pledge you.
Orl. And with my heart.
Ami. With all my love I take it.
Lam. Noble lords,
I am proud ye have done this day so much content,
And me such estimation, that this hour,
In this poor house, shall be[1] a league for ever;
For so, I know, ye mean it.
Ami. I do, lady.
Orl. And I, my lord.
All. You've done a work of honour.
Ami. Give me the cup: where this health stops, let that man
Be either very sick or very simple;
Or I am very angry. — Sir, to you! —
Madam, methinks this gentleman might sit too;
He would become the best on's.
Orl. Pray, sit down, sir:
I know the lady of the feast expects not
This day so much old custom.
Lam. Sit down, Montague;
Nay, never blush for the matter.
Mont. Noble madam,
I have two reasons[2] against it, and I dare not:
Duty to you first, as you are my lady,
And I your poorest servant; next, the custom
Of this day's ceremony.
Lam. As you are my servant,
I may command you, then.
Mont. To my life, lady.
Lam. Sit down, and here; I'll have it so.
Ami. Sit down, man;
Never refuse so fair a lady's offer.
Mont. It is your pleasure, madam, not my pride,
And I obey. — I'll pledge you now, my lord. —
Monsieur Longueville!
Long. I thank you, sir.
Mont. This to my lady,
And her fair choice to-day, and happiness!
Long. 'Tis a fair health; I'll pledge you, though I sink for't.
Lam. Montague, you are too modest: come, I'll add
A little more wine t'ye; 'twill make you merry.
This to the good I wish you![3]
Mont. Honour'd lady,
I shall forget myself with this great bounty.
Lam. You shall not, sir. — Give him[4] some wine.

Ami. By Heaven,[5]
You are a worthy woman; and that man is blest
Can come near such a lady.
Lam. Such a blessing
Wet weather washes off, my lord.
Mont. At all!
I will not go a lip less.[6]
Orl. 'Tis well cast, sir.
Mal. If Montague got more wine, we are like[7] to hear on't.[8]
Lav. I do not like that sitting there.
Mal. Nor I;
Methinks he looks like a judge.[9]
La-P. Now have I
A kind o' grudging of a beating on me;
I fear my hot fit.
Mal. Drink apace; there's nothing
Allays a cudgel like it.
Lam. Montague, now
I'll put my choice to you: who do you hold,
In all this honour'd company, a husband
Fit to enjoy thy lady? speak directly.
Mont. Shall I speak, madam?
Lam. Montague, you shall.
Mont. Then, as I have a soul, I'll speak my conscience. —
Give me more wine: *in vino veritas.* —
Here's to myself, and — Montague, have a care![10] — [*Aside.*
Lam. Speak to the cause.
Mont. Yes, madam?
First, I'll begin at the lower end.[11]
Lav. Have at us!
La-P. Now for a psalm of mercy!
Mont. You, good monsieur, [*To* LAVERDINE.
You that belie the noble name of courtier,
And think your claim good here, hold up your hand:
Your worship is indicted here for a
Vain-glorious fool ——
Lav. Good![12] oh, sir!
Mont. For one whose wit
Lies in a ten-pound waistcoat, yet not warm:
You have travell'd like a fiddler to make faces,

[1] *shall be*] MS. "to knit."
[2] *reasons*] MS. "tyes."
[3] *you*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios.
[4] *him*] Altered by Weber to "me"!

[5] *By Heaven*] MS. "I sweare."
[6] Lam. *Such a blessing*
Wet weather washes off, my lord.
Mont. *At all!*
I will not go a lip less] So MS. — In both the folios these speeches stand thus;

"Lami. *Such a blessing wet weather washes.*
Mont. *At all, I will not go a lip lesse my Lord.*"

(where by an error in the transcript used for the first folio, or by a mistake of the compositor, "off" has dropt out, and "my lord" is thrust down to the end of Montague's speech); and so Weber: Seward altered "*washes*" to "wishes"! and so the Editors of 1778. — "*At all!*" is an expression borrowed from gaming; so is "*go less,*" — see note, p. 387.
[7] *are like*] So the first folio and MS. — The second folio "*are* all *like*:" and so Seward.
[8] *on't*] Altered by the modern editors to "of it."
[9] *like a judge*] MS. "*like* justice" (qy. "*like* a justice"?).
[10] *Montague, have a care*] Not only the two folios, but the MS. also, make this a portion of Montague's speech. Seward assigned it to Lamira; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber justly observes, "It is surely much more delicate that Montague should check himself. Lamira does not seem to have any such intention."
[11] *at the lower end*] So MS. — Both the folios "to thee;" and so the modern editors.
[12] *Good*] Omitted in MS.

And brought home nothing but a case of tooth-picks:[1]
You would be married, and no less than lady,[2]
And of the best sort, can serve you; thou silk-worm,[3]
What hast thou in thee to deserve this woman?
Name but the poorest piece of man, good manners,
There's nothing sound about thee; faith, thou'st none;
It lies pawn'd at thy silk-man's, for so much lace
Thy credit with his wife[4] cannot redeem it;
Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast, for so
Thou sav'st them handsome for the next great tilting,
Let who will take the t'other:[5] thou wert never christen'd,
Upon my conscience, but in barber's water;
Thou art never out o' the basin, thou art rotten,
And, if thou dar'st tell truth, thou wilt confess it,
To kill the noisomeness of itch;[6] thy skin
Looks of a chesnut colour, greas'd with amber:
All women that on earth do dwell thou lovest,
Yet none that understand love thee again,
But those that love the spital. Get thee home,
Poor painted butterfly! thy summer's past:
Go, sweat, and eat dry mutton; thou mayst live
To do so well yet, a bruis'd chambermaid
May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies.
You have your sentence. — Now it follows, captain,
I treat of you.

La-P. Pray Heaven,[7] I may deserve it!

Orl. Beshrow[8] my heart, he speaks plain.

Ami. That's plain dealing.

Mont. You are a rascal, captain!

La-P. A fine calling!

Mont. A water-coward!

Ami. He would make a pretty stuff.[9]

Mont. May I speak freely, madam?

Lam. Here's none ties you.

Mont. Why shouldst thou dare come hither with a thought
To find a wife here fit for thee? are all
Thy single-money whores, that fed on carrots,
And fill'd the high grass with familiars,
Faln off to footmen? Prithee, tell me truly,
(For now I know thou dar'st not lie) couldst thou not
Wish thyself beaten well with all thy heart now,
And out of pain? say that I broke a rib,
Or cut thy nose off, were't not merciful
For this ambition?

La-P. Do your pleasure, sir;
Beggars must not be choosers.

Orl. He longs for beating.

Mont. But that I have nobler thoughts possess my soul,
Than such brown biscuit, such a piece of dog-fish,
Such a most mangy mackerel-eater as thou art,
That dares do nothing that belongs to the sea,
But spew, and catch rats, and fear men-of-war,
Though thou hast nothing in the world to lose
Aboard thee, but one piece of beef, one musket
Without a cock for peace-sake, and a pitch-barrel, —
I'll tell thee, if my time were not more precious
Than thus to lose it, I would rattle[10] thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pew-fellow,[11]
The merchant there of cat-skins,[12] till my words,
Or blows, or both, made ye two branded wretches
To all the world hereafter! — You would fain too
Venture your bills of lading for this lady:
[*To* MALLICORN.
What would you give now for her? some five frail[13]
Of rotten figs, good godson, would you not, sir?
And half a pint of olives,[14] or a parrot
That speaks High-Dutch? Can all thou ever saw'st
Of thine own fraughts from sea, or cozenage
(At which thou art as expert as the devil),
Nay, sell thy soul for wealth too, as thou wilt do,
Forfeit thy friends, and raise a mint of money,
Make thee dream all these double could procure
One[15] kiss from this good lady? canst thou hope
She would lie with such a nook of hell as thou art,
And hatch young merchant-furies? — Oh, ye dog-bolts,[16]
That fear no hell but Dunkirk![17] I shall see you
Serve in a lousy lime-boat, ere I die,
For mouldy[18] cheese and butter Billingsgate
Would not endure, or bring in rotten pippins
To cure blue eyes, and swear they came from China.

[1] *toothpicks*] The use of toothpicks was formerly regarded as an affectation of gentility: they are supposed to have been invented in Italy; and those persons who had visited that country were fond of displaying them in public.

[2] *lady*] So MS. — Both the folios "ladies;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *thou silk-worm*] Here Weber inserted a stage-direction, "*To Mallicorn*," though the whole of this speech is evidently levelled at Laverdine: nor did he perceive that in a subsequent speech Montague really addresses Mallicorn.

[4] *with his wife*] So the second folio and MS. — The first folio has "which is worse."

[5] *the t'other*] See note, p. 247. — Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*the* other."

[6] *To kill the noisomeness of itch*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios (which mark the omission by a break); and by the modern editors.

[7] *Pray Heaven*] So the second folio. — MS. "I wish." The first folio "*Pray* God;" and so Weber.

[8] Orl. *Beshrow*, &c.] MS. omits this and the next speech.

[9] *pretty stuff*] "Amiens puns upon such stuffs as camblets, silks, &c. being watered." WEBER.

[10] *would rattle*] MS. "*wolld so rattle.*"

[11] *pew-fellow*] i. e. companion (companion in the same pew or enclosed seat). So MS., where it is written "pue *fellow*." Both the folios "pure *fellow*;" and so the modern editors, — even Weber retaining this absurd misprint, though Mason had pointed out the right reading.

[12] *cat-skins*] MS. "eele *skins*."

[13] *frail*] "A sort of slight basket, of rushes, or matting, particularly those wherein raisins, figs, &c. are packed. . . . Coles, in his *English Dict.*, sets down a frail as a certain weight of raisins, viz. about 70 pounds." Nares's *Gloss.*

[14] *And half a pint of olives*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[15] *One*] So MS. — Both the folios "A;" and so the modern editors.

[16] *dog bolts*] See note, p. 462.

[17] *no hell but Dunkirk*] So the second folio. — The first folio and MS. have "*no* God *but* Dunkirks." — The privateers of Dunkirk (often mentioned by our early writers) were very formidable.

[18] *mouldy*] MS. "walkinge."

Lam. Vex 'em no more; alas, they shake!
Mont. Down quickly
On[1] your marrow-bones, and thank this lady!
I would not leave you thus else; there are blankets,
And such delights for such knaves: but fear still;
'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage,[2] ha' ye?
La-P. Surely,
No great mind now.
Mont. Nor you?
Mal. Nor I, I take it.
Mont. Two eager suitors!
Lav. Troth, 'tis[3] wondrous hot;
Heaven bless us from him!
Lam. You have told me, Montague,
Who are not fit to have me; let me know
The man you would 'point for me.[4]
Mont. There he sits;
My lord of Amiens, madam, is my choice:
He's noble every way, and worth a wife
With all the dowers of virtue.[5]
Ami. Do you speak, sir,
Out of your friendship to me?
Mont. Yes, my lord,
And out of truth; for I could never flatter.
Ami. I will[6] not say how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a promise; but I'll think[7] you,
As now I find you, in despite of fortune,
A fair and noble gentleman.
Lam. My lords,
I must confess the choice this man hath made
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be slighted: yet, because
We love to have our own eyes sometimes, now[8]
Give me a little liberty to see
How I could fit myself, if I were put to't.
Ami. Madam, we must.
Lam. Are ye all agreed?
All. All, lady.[9]
Lam. Then, as I am a maid, I shall[10] choose here!
Montague, I must have thee.
Mont. Oh,[11] madam, I have learn'd to suffer more
Than you can, out of pity, mock me with,
This way especially.
Lam. Thou think'st I jest now;
But, by the love I bear thee, I will have thee!
Mont. If you could be so weak to love a faln man,
He must deserve more than I ever can,
Or ever shall. Dear lady, look but this way
Upon that lord, and you will tell me then,
Your eyes are no true choosers of good men.
Ami. Do you love him truly, lady?[12]
Lam. Yes, my lord,
And[13] will obey him truly, for I'll marry him;
And justly think he that has so well serv'd me
With his obedience, being born to greatness,
Must use me nobly of necessity,
When I shall serve him.
Ami. 'Twere a deep sin to cross you. — Noble Montague,
I wish you all content, and am as happy
In my friend's good as it were merely[14] mine.
Mont. Your lordship does ill to give up your right:
I am not capable of this great goodness;
There sits my wife, that holds my troth.
Charl. I'll end all.
I woo'd you for my lady, for her won you,[15]
And now give up my title: alas, poor wench,
My aims are lower far!
Mont. How's this, sweetheart?
Lam. Sweetheart, 'tis so; the drift was mine, to hide
My purpose till it struck home.
All. Give you joy![16]
Lam. Prithee, leave wondering; by this kiss, I'll have thee!
Mont. Then, by this kiss, and this, I'll serve you!
Long. This gentleman and I, sir, must needs hope
Once more to follow you.
Mont. As friends and fellows;
Never as servants more.
Long. Dub. You make us happy.
Orl. Friend Montague, you have taught me so much honour,
I have found a fault in myself; but thus
I'll purge my conscience of it. The late land
I took by false play from you, with as much
Contrition and[17] entireness of affection
To this most happy day again I render:
Be master of your own; forget my malice,
And make me worthy of your love, lord Montague.
Mont. You have won me, and honour to your name.

1 *On*] Altered by the modern editors to "Upon;" and so perhaps the author wrote (though MS. has "a").
2 *of marriage*] MS. "to marrie."
3 *'tis*] Heath would read "he's;" but the meaning is — that Montague's words have thrown Laverdine into a perspiration.
4 *'point for me*] i. e. appoint for me. — So MS. — Both the folios "*point* out *for me*;" and so the modern editors.
5 *worth a wife*
With all the dowers of virtue] So MS. — Both the folios have,
"worthy *a wife*
With all the dowries *of* —— ;"
and so the modern editors.
6 *will*] So MS. — Both the folios "would;" and so the modern editors.
7 *think*] So MS. — Both the folios "thank;" and so the modern editors.
8 *now*] So the first folio. — The second folio "new." MS. "n't."
9 *All, lady*] So MS. (where the words are carefully substituted for those originally written, — "Wee bee"). Both the folios "We be;" and so the modern editors.
10 *shall*] MS. "should."
11 *Oh*] So MS. — Both the folios "Why;" and so the modern editors.
12 *lady*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.
13 *And*] So MS. — Both the folios "I;" and so the modern editors.
14 *merely*] i. e. absolutely.
15 *for her won you*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.
16 *Give you joy*] So the second folio and MS. — The first folio has "God *give you joy*;" but in such expressions the word "God" used frequently to be omitted.
17 *and*] Altered by Seward to "as with;" and so the Editors of 1778. They did not perceive (neither did Mason nor Weber) that the meaning is — with *as much* contrition and entireness of affection *as I used false play*, &c. In both the folios this speech stands as prose: I have followed the arrangement of the MS.

Mal. Since your lordship has begun good deeds, we'll follow.
Good sir, forgive us! We are now those men
Fear you for goodness' sake: those sums of money
Unjustly we detain from you, on your pardon
Shall be restor'd again, and we your servants.
La-P. You are very forward, sir: it seems you have money;
I pray you, lay out; I'll pay you, or pray for you,
As the sea works.
Lav. Their penance, sir, I'll undertake, so please you
To grant me one concealment.[1]
Long. A right courtier,[2]
Still a-begging.
Mont. What is it, sir?
Lav. A gentlewoman.
Mont. In my gift?
Lav. Yes, sir, in yours.
Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her.
[*Exit* LAVERDINE.
Lam. What wench would he have?
Mont. Any wench, I think.

Re-enter LAVERDINE, *with* VERAMOUR *in woman's clothes.*

Lav. This is the gentlewoman.
Mont. This![3] 'tis my page, sir.
Ver. No, sir; I am a poor disguised lady,
That like a page have follow'd you full long,
For love, God wot.
All. A lady!
Lav. Yes, yes; 'tis a lady.
Mont. It may be so; and yet we have lain together,
But, by my troth, I never found her lady.
Duch. Why wore you boy's clothes?
Ver. I'll tell you, madam;
I took example by two or three plays, that methought
Concern'd me.[4]
Mont. Why made you not me acquainted with it?
Ver. Indeed, sir, I knew it not myself,
Until this gentleman open'd my dull eyes,
And by persuasion[5] made me see it.
Ami. Could his power in words make such a change?
Ver. Yes;
As truly woman as yourself, my lord.
Lav. Why, but, hark you; are not you a woman, then?[6]
Ver. If hands and face make it not evident,
You shall see more.
Mal. Breeches, breeches, Laverdine!
La-P. 'Tis not enough; women may wear those cases;
Search further, courtier.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
La-P. Oh, thou fresh-water gudgeon, wouldst thou come
To point of marriage with an ignoramus?
Thou shouldst have had her urine to the doctor's;
The foolishest physician could have made plain
The liquid epicene; a blind man by the hand
Could have discover'd the ring from the stone. —
But, come to sea with me; I'll teach thee to climb,
And come down by the rope, nay, to eat rats.
Ver. I shall devour my master before the prison, then:[7]
Sir, I have began my trade.

[1] *concealment*] "Alluding to the practice in Queen Elizabeth's time of begging lands, which had formerly been appropriated to superstitious uses. These were then called *concealed lands*. Commissions for discovery being much abused, were called in by proclamation in the year 1572. See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 209. ['This year a command from the queen went forth, for the withdrawing her commissions for *concealments* from all to whom she had granted them; which gave a great quieting to her subjects, who were excessively plagued with these commissioners. When monasteries were dissolved and the lands thereof, and afterwards colleges, chantries, and fraternities were all given to the crown, some demeans here and there pertaining thereunto were still privily retained, and possessed by certain private persons or corporations, or churches. This caused the queen, when she understood it, to grant commissions to some persons to search after these *concealments*, and to retrieve them to the crown: but it was a world to consider what unjust oppressions of the people and the poor this occasioned by some griping men that were concerned therein.'] There was a second proclamation to the same purpose in the year 1579 (ibid. p. 602). Fresh commissions were granted for the discovery of them in the diocese of Lincoln, in 1582, with queries from the commissioners to the clergy and churchwardens. *Annals*, vol. iii. p. 112, &c." GREY (note on B. Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, act iv. sc. 1.)

[2] *A right courtier*] So the second folio. — The first folio omits "A." MS. omits all the words.

[3] *This*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

[4] *I took example by two or three plays, that methought Concern'd me*] MS has,

"*I tooke example*
by two or three playes, that methought concearn'd me madame
I tooke that habit."

I give the arrangement of the folios. In this speech, and in some others which follow, the verse halts wofully, but they do not appear to have been intended for prose.

[5] *persuasion*] MS. "perswasions."

[6] *then*] So MS. — Omitted in both the folios; and by the modern editors.

From this place to the concluding speech of the play, the MS. differs materially from the printed copies, as follows:

"*Lauer. why but harke you, are not you a woeman* then?
Vir. yes, as much as you are, but since I am heere
amidst so faire a presence, Ile open all,
[*torn off*] I am no other then that I seem'd
at first to bee, a boy, only as poore suspected
innocentes sometimes, to quit their vexed bodies
from the plague of tortors, by force'd paines
confesse those thinges they never did, so forced
was I to this exchange.
Lauer. I am gulld, I am gulld.
Vir. for trust me gent. never did the ghost
of a deceased churle haunt the place where
hee had hid his gold with more insatiate greedines,
then this blinde conceited youth did me, no place
could free me from [him], till at last I agreed
to say as hee would haue me, & by that meanes got
some rest, & now I dare be my selfe againe.
Mont. I'st ene so, how doe you like your masculine ladye?
Lauer. so well, that yf it please you to change,
I shall be much thankfull.
Lami. O keepe your first choice.
Lauer. ha! crost in my first loue, I'me ene ashame'd of my selfe.
Mont. come, chere up, wee are all frendes. I haue
not receiud more wronges then I am willing to forgiue,
but you shall not hence vntill the marriage feast be past.
Amie. Montaigue, much joye attend thy marriage bed," &c.

[7] *I shall devour my master before the prison, then*] "i. e. I shall devour my master then, before the prison devours him, intimating that it was his destiny to die in a jail." HEATH (*MS. Notes*). The same explanation suggested itself to Weber; and it is probably the true one.

Mal. Trade! to the city, child;
A flat-cap will become thee.
Mont. Gentlemen,
I beseech you molest yourselves no further
For his preferment; it is determined.
Lav. I am much asham'd;[1] and if my cheek
Gives not satisfaction, break my head.

[1] *I am much asham'd, &c.*] Altered by Seward to —
"*I'm much ashamed*, sirs, *and if my cheek*
Giveth *not satisfaction, break my head.*"
The Editors of 1778 threw out Seward's "sirs," but retained his "Giveth."

Mont. Your shame's enough, sir.
Ami. Montague, much joy
Attend thy marriage-bed! by thy example
Of true goodness,[2] envy[3] is exiled;
And to all honest men, that truth intend,
I wish good luck! fair Fate be still thy[4] friend!
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *by thy example*
Of true goodness] Seward printed,
"*by* th' *example*
Of thy true goodness."
[3] *envy*] i. e. ill-will, hatred.
[4] *thy*] Altered by Seward to "their."

UPON AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.[1]

BY MASTER JOHN FLETCHER.

You that can look through heaven, and tell the stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions and their wars;
Find out new lights, and give them where you please,
To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease;
You that are God's surveyors, and can shew
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under;
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me?
Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar angel and his way;[2]
Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houses, and new-line your schemes,[3]
Then say your worst: or have I none at all?
Or is it burnt out lately? or did fall?
Or am I poor, not able? no full flame?
My star, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it, your art can only work on those
That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes?
With love, or new opinions? You all lie;
A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I;
But far above your finding: He that gives,
Out of his providence, to all that lives,
And no man knows his treasure, no, not you;
He that made Egypt blind, from whence you grew
Scabby and lousy, that the world might see
Your calculations are as blind as ye;
He that made all the stars you daily read,
And from thence filch a knowledge how to feed,
Hath hid this from you; your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall.
Man is his own star, and the soul, that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late:
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still;
And when the stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For stubborn ignorance; all things that are
Made for our general uses are at war,
Even we among ourselves; and from the strife
Your first unlike opinions got a life.
Oh, man, thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
Who made the morning, and who placed the light
Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee, like sweet showers,
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers;
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree;
Must he then be distrusted? shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call:
Oh, canst thou be so stupid, then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose him?
Can stars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?
He is my star; in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate; and when my mind
Is furnished with his fulness, my poor story
Shall out-live all their age and all their glory.
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
When I know what, and in whose power it is;
Nor want, the curse[4] of man, shall make me groan;
A holy hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us, all we can,
To work ourselves into a glorious man?
Love's but an exhalation to best eyes,
The matter spent, and then the fool's fire dies:
Were I in love, and could that bright star bring
Increase to wealth, honour, and every thing;
Were she as perfect good as we can aim,
The first was so, and yet she lost the game.
My mistress, then, be Knowledge and fair Truth!
So I enjoy all beauty and all youth;
And though to Time her lights and laws she lends,
She knows no age that to corruption bends:
Friends' promises may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend, knows to live;
Affliction, when I know it is but this,
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and, the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his will;
Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And death, at longest, but another night:
Man is his own star, and that soul, that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

[1] *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*, &c.] "These verses are in all former editions printed at the end of the comedy of *The Honest Man's Fortune*: as they have not the least reference to that play, we have chose to print them here." *Ed.* 1778.

"As the title evidently refers to this comedy, and as the poem seems to be a moralization on the subject of it, I have replaced these lines in the same situation they occupied before the last edition, in which they were transferred to the end of the commendatory poems in vol. i." WEBER.

[2] *way*] "i. e. way, or course of life." WEBER.

[3] *schemes*] Happening to be spelt "sceames" in both the folios, Weber printed "seams"!—"Houses" and "schemes" are, of course, astrological terms.

[4] *curse*] Seward's correction. Both the folios "cause."

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

The Little French Lawyer.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

It is impossible to determine at what date this comedy was originally produced. The Prologue mentions "the writers," and the Epilogue "our poets;" and in all probability it was the joint composition of Beaumont and Fletcher Both Seward and Weber are inclined to ascribe the character of La-Writ to Beaumont's pen.

"'The plot,' says Langbaine, 'is borrowed from Guzman [d'Alfarache], or The Spanish Rogue, part ii. chap. iv.: the story of Dinant, Cleremont, and Lamira, being borrowed from Don Lewis de Castro, and Don Rodrigo de Montalva. The like story is in other novels; as in Scarron's Novel, called The Fruitless Precaution; and in The Complaisant Companion, 8vo. p. 263, which is copied from the above-mentioned original.' The story in Guzman (which occurs in the Antwerp edition of 1681, vol. ii. p. 41.) is however taken from another, written about a century before, in the Novellino of Massuccio Salernitano (Ed. s. d. p. 280,) very little differing from the Spanish copy. That the reader may judge with what consummate skill our dramatists have built their superstructure upon so slender a foundation, the following abstract of the Italian original is given: —

'Duke Regnier, of Anjou, having been driven by King Alfonso from Naples, retired to Florence. Two French noblemen, Philippo de Licurto and Carlo d'Amboia, frequently accompanied him when he rode through the city, and on one of these occasions the former fell in love with the beautiful wife of a citizen, and soon found means of paying his addresses, which the lady did not reject; but the jealousy of the husband prevented the accomplishment of their desires. In the mean time Carlo happened to fall in love with the sister of the lady, who dwelt in the same house. The husband at last was about to proceed to Pisa, when Duke Regnier was forced to return to France, and the two lovers to accompany him. Philippo gradually forgot his *innamorata*; but the lady's affections remained unaltered; and, in order to make him sensible of his faithlessness, she caused a false diamond to be set in a ring of fine gold, which she sent by a trusty messenger to Paris. Philippo having, by applying to other friends, solved the mysterious meaning of the ring, immediately set out for Florence, and persuaded his friend to accompany him. On their arrival, they were received with transport by the lady, who promised to fulfil the wishes of Philippo that night, if his companion would consent to occupy her place in the nuptial bed by the side of the old husband. Carlo long refused to take such a perilous situation, but the tears of his friend at last prevailed, on the promise of his being soon released. Having undressed himself, and taken a sword in his hand, he was silently led to a chamber, and left by the amorous lady, who rejoined Philippo. When Carlo had lain in the greatest trepidation for two hours, he began to curse his fate; when four hours were past, he became distracted; but when the morning-sun illumined the windows, and the servants were lighting the fires and scouring the passages, he grasped his sword, and endeavoured to force the door, which suddenly opened from without, and his friend, with the lady, entered, to the great astonishment of Carlo. The lady began to mock him on his want of instinct, and, opening the curtains of the bed, shewed him that he had all night lain with her sister, whom he so ardently loved. She then quitted the room, laughing, with Philippo, and left the happy Carlo to excuse himself for his nocturnal want of discernment.'" Weber.

"The greatest applause," say the Editors of 1778, "was always bestowed on this play, and it used to be frequently performed, till modern refinement banished it from the theatres. In 1749, some of the scenes were selected for a farce, and acted under the title of this comedy." In the *Biographia Dramatica* is mentioned, "*The Little French Lawyer.* Com. of two acts, from Beaumont and Fletcher. Acted at Covent Garden, April 27, 1778, at Mr. Quick's benefit. The alteration is said to have been made by Mrs. Booth of Covent-Garden Theatre."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dinant.
Cleremont, his friend.
Champernel, a veteran naval warrior, husband to Lamira.
Vertaigne, a judge.
Beaupre, his son.
Verdone, nephew to Champernel.
La-Writ, an advocate.
Sampson, an advocate, nephew to Vertaigne.

Provost.
Gentlemen.
Clients.
Servants, Musicians.

Lamira, wife to Champernel, and daughter to Vertaigne.
Annabell, niece to Champernel.
Nurse to Lamira.
Charlotte, waiting-woman to Lamira.

SCENE, — Paris, *and the adjacent Country.*

The principal actors were —

Joseph Taylor,	Nicholas Toolie,
John Lowin,	William Egleston,
John Underwood,	Richard Sharpe,
Robert Benfield,	Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

PROLOGUE.

To promise much before a play begin,
And when 'tis done ask pardon, were a sin
We'll not be guilty of; and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and ourselves; for I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a play,
And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp[1] Time's dull wings, and make you merry too:
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it;
And we have our wish'd ends, if you commend it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Paris. A Street.*

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Din. Dissuade me not.
Cler. It will breed a brawl.
Din. I care not;
I wear a sword.
Cler. And wear discretion with it,
Or cast it off; let that direct your arm;
'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.
Din. Why, would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?
We are not stoics, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in lacqueys,
Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank
And quality as I am.
Cler. Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,
Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,
For the honour of our country and our prince,
Pours itself out with prodigal expense
Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,
For every trifle: and these private duels,
Which had their first original from the French,
And for which, to this day, we are justly censur'd,
Are banish'd from all civil governments;
Scarce three in Venice in as many years;
In Florence they are rarer; and in all
The fair dominions of the Spanish king
They are never heard of; nay, those neighbour countries,
Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to detest them.
Din. Will you end yet?
Cler. And I have heard that some of our late kings,[2]
For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour,
A cheat at cards or dice, and such like causes,
Have lost as many gallant gentlemen
As might have met the Great Turk in the field
With confidence of a glorious victory:
And shall we, then ——
Din. No more, for shame, no more!
Are you become a patron[3] too? 'Tis a new one;
No more on't, burn't; give it to some orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise:
With such a one it might do well, and profit
The curate of the parish; but for Cleremont,
The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,
And mere apocrypha.
Cler. Why, what know you of me?
Din. Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll tell thee,
And not look back to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.
Cler. Well, sir, well!
Din. But yesterday thou wast the common second
Of all that only knew thee; thou hadst bills
Set up on every post,[4] to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were parties:
And as, to save the charges of the law,
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels;
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That, if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,
Or be engag'd thyself. This goodly calling
Thou hast followed five-and-twenty years, and studied

[1] *Imp*] See note, p. 154.

[2] *And I have heard that some of our late kings, &c.*] Gifford has noticed the similarity of this passage to the following one in Massinger's *Parliament of Love;*

"Nay, I dare go further,
And justify your majesty hath lost
More resolute and brave courageous spirits
In this same dull and languishing fight of love
Than e'er your wars took from you."
Act i. sc. 5. — *Works*, ii. 249. ed. 1813.

On a later passage of that play, act iv. sc. 2, which resembles one in act ii. sc. 1, of the present comedy, he remarks, "It is observable that several of the names which occur in *The Parliament of Love* are found also in Fletcher's play; though their plots have nothing in common." Massinger's drama was undoubtedly posterior to *The Little French Lawyer.*

[3] *patron*] "Here," says Seward, "has its Latin meaning, i. e. a pleader, or advocate," &c. The Editors of 1778 propose to read "pattern," and Mason conjectures "parson." Coleridge (who was a very indifferent verbal critic) offers two emendations of the line, which are not worth citing, *Remains*, ii. 307. It appears to me very doubtful if any corruption has taken place; and Seward's explanation is perhaps the true one, — there being an ellipsis of "speech" or "discourse."

[4] *thou hadst bills*
Set up on every post] "This practice of challengers the readers of Ben Jonson must be well acquainted with," &c. WEBER. But Dinant is not talking of the bills of "*challengers.*"

The criticisms of contentions; and art thou
In so few hours transform'd? certain, this night
Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.
Cler. Yes, sir;
I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,
And the fighters had the upper hand, and whipp'd first,
The poor sots laughing at 'em. What I have been,
It skills not;[1] what I will be, is resolv'd on.
Din. Why, then, you'll fight no more?
Cler. Such is my purpose.
Din. On no occasion?
Cler. There you stagger me:
Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and blood
Cannot endure.
Din. Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?
Cler. Words are but words.
Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow?
Cler. Not from my friend, though drunk; and from an enemy,
I think, much less.
Din. There's some hope of thee left, then.
Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgrac'd?
Cler. Do you think I am a rogue? they that should do it
Had better been born dumb.
Din. Or in thy presence
See me o'ercharg'd with odds?
Cler. I'd fall myself first.
Din. Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be taken from thee,
And thou sit quiet?
Cler. There you touch my honour;
No Frenchman can endure that.
Din. Plague[2] upon thee!
Why dost thou talk of peace, then, that dar'st suffer
Nothing, or in thyself or in thy friend,
That is unmanly?
Cler. That, I grant, I cannot:
But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman
For wearing stammel breeches;[3] or this gamester
For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me nothing;
For this man's taking up a common wench
In rags and lousy, then maintaining her,
Caroch'd,[4] in clothes of tissue; nor five hundred
Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me.
Marry, where my honour or my friend['s] is question'd,
I have a sword, and I think I may use it
To the cutting of a rascal's throat or so,
Like a good christian.
Din. Thou art of a fine religion;
And, rather than we'll make a schism in friendship,
I will be of it. But, to be serious;
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair Lamira?
Cler. Too well, sir, and remember
Your presents, courtship — that's too good a name —
Your slave-like services; your morning music,
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight
To see her at her window, sometimes laughed at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers;
How then you triumph'd! Here was love, forsooth.
Din. These follies I deny not;
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me:
But my reward for this ——
Cler. As you deserv'd;
For he that makes a goddess of a puppet
Merits no other recompense.
Din. This day, friend,
For thou art so ——
Cler. I am no flatterer.
Din. This proud ingrateful she is married to Lame Champernel.
Cler. I know him; he has been
As tall[5] a seaman, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loss of a leg and an arm deducted, as any
That ever put from Marseilles. You are tame;
Plague[6] on't, it mads me! if it were my case,
I should kill all the family.
Din. Yet, but now
You did preach patience.
Cler. I then came from confession;
And 'twas enjoin'd me three hours for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one;
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new tally. 'Foot, do any thing,
I'll second you.
Din. I would not willingly
Make red my yet-white conscience; yet I purpose,
In the open street, as they come from the temple,
(For this way they must pass,) to speak my wrongs,
And do it boldly. [*Music within.*
Cler. Were thy tongue a cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy. They come; upon 'em!
Din. Observe a little first.
Cler. This is fine[7] fiddling.

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, Nurse, BEAUPRE, *and* VERDONE, *with* Musicians,

SONG.[8]

Come away; bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side.
You fair troop of maids attend her;
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.
Chorus. Hymen, fill the house with joy;
All thy sacred fires employ;
Bless the bed with holy love:
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.

Din. Stand by, for I'll[9] be heard!

1 *It skills not*] "i. e. it matters not." WEBER.
2 *Plague*] Both the folios "Pl——."
3 *stammel breeches*] *Stammel* (which has aleady occurred, see p. 115.) was a sort of red coarser and cheaper than scarlet. The meaning of the passage is (as Nares observes, *Gloss.* in v.) — '*for wearing stammel breeches* instead of scarlet ones, which were the high fashion.'
4 *Caroch'd*] Equivalent to — with a carriage. Concerning the word *caroch*, see Nares's *Gloss.*
5 *tall*] "i. e. stout, brave." WEBER.
6 *Plague*] Both the folios "Pl——."
7 *is fine*] Weber chose to print "*is a fine.*"
8 *Song*] The folios have "*An Epithalamin* (and *Epithalamium*) *Song at the Wedding.*"
9 *I'll*] So the second folio. — The first folio "'twill."

Vert. Sir, you teach me
The language I should use: I am most happy
In being so near you.
[*Exeunt* VERDONE *and* BEAUPRE.
Lam. Oh, my fears! — Good nurse,
Follow my brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.
Nurse. I will be careful, madam. [*Exit.*
Champ. Between us compliments are superfluous.
On, gentlemen! Th' affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to ourselves or to our nuptial feast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Apartments of* DINANT.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Cler. We shall have sport, ne'er fear't.
Din. What sport, I prithee?
Cler. Why, we must fight; I know it, and I[1] long for't;
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdone; Beaupré look'd pale and shook too,
Familiar signs of anger. They are both brave fellows,
Tried and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With men from whom no honour can be lost;
They will play up to a man, and set him off.
Whene'er I go to the field, Heaven keep me from
The meeting of an unflesh'd youth or coward!
The first, to get a name, comes on too hot;
The coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting nag, well breath'd too.
Din. All this while,
You ne'er think on the danger.
Cler. Why, 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper,
And drinking hard; mischief comes there unlook'd for,
I am sure as sudden, and strikes home as often:
For this we are prepar'd.
Din. Lamira loves
Her brother Beaupré dearly.
Cler. What of that?
Din. And should he call me to account for what
But now I spake, (nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words,) that little hope is left me,
E'er to enjoy what, next to Heaven, I long for,
Is taken from me.
Cler. Why, what can you hope for,
She being now married?
Din. Oh, my Cleremont,
To you all secrets of my heart lie open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoe'er
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no farther wrong me! I am a Frenchman,
And for the greater part we are born courtiers;
She is a woman, and however yet
No heat of service had the power to melt
Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends; I confess, ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em. Now, her marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.
Cler. Sits the wind there? pray you, tell me
How far off dwells your love from lust?
Din. Too near;
But, prithee, chide me not.
Cler. Not I; go on, boy;
I have faults myself, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from. For her marriage,
I do esteem it (and most bachelors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loss of honour.
Din. Would she make use[1] of't so, I were most happy.
Cler. No more of this. Judge now, whether I have
The gift of prophecy.

Enter BEAUPRE *and* VERDONE.

Beau. Monsieur Dinant,
I am glad to find you, sir.
Din. I am at your service.
Verdone. Good monsieur Cleremont, I have long wish'd
To be known better to you.
Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes, sir.
Beau. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud to have had the honour
To call you brother, but my father's pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know, no man lives
That can command his passions; and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
You were pleas'd to use to my father and my sister:
He's old, and she a woman; I most sorry
My honour does compel me to entreat you
To do me the favour, with your sword, to meet me,
A mile without the city.
Din. You much honour me
In the demand; I'll gladly wait upon you.
Beau. Oh, sir, you teach me what to say. The time?
Din. With the next sun, if you think fit.
Beau. The place?
Din. Near to the vineyard, eastward from the city.
Beau. I like it well. This gentleman, if you please,
Will keep me company.
Cler. That is agreed on;
And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.
Verdone. You shall not miss my service.
Beau. Good day, gentlemen.
Din. At your commandment.
Cler. Proud to be your servants.
[*Exeunt* BEAUPRE *and* VERDONE.
I think there is no nation under heaven
That cut their enemies' throats with compliment,
And such fine tricks, as we do. If you have
Any few prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind, and use 'em; for myself,

[1] *I*] Omitted by Weber.

[1] *use*] So the second folio. — The first folio "rise."

As I have little to lose, my care is less;
So, till to-morrow morning, I bequeathe you
To your devotions; and, those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight as in a castle.
Din. Thou art all honour;
Thy resolution would steel a coward,
And I most fortunate in such a friend.
All tenderness and nice respect of woman
Be now far from me! Reputation, take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second love!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* CHAMPERNEL.

Enter LAMIRA *and* CHARLOTTE.[1]

Lam. Sleeps my lord still, Charlotte?
Char. Not to be wak'd.
By your ladyship's cheerful looks I well perceive
That this night[2] the good lord hath been
At an unusual service; and no wonder
If he rest[3] after it.
Lam. You are very bold.
Char. Your creature, madam, and, when you are pleas'd,
Sadness to me's a stranger. Your good pardon,
If I speak like a fool; I could have wish'd
To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinant,
Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted
Those delicates, which, by his lethargy,
As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.
Lam. No more!
Char. I am silenc'd, madam.
Lam. Saw you my nurse this morning?
Char. No, madam.
Lam. I am full of fears. Who's that?
[*Knocking within.*
Char. [*going to the door.*] She you inquir'd for.
Lam. Bring her in, and leave me.
[*Exit* CHARLOTTE.

Enter Nurse.

Now, nurse, what news?
Nurse. Oh, lady, dreadful ones!
They are to fight this morning; there's no remedy.
I saw my lord your brother, and Verdone,
Take horse as I came by.
Lam. Where's Cleremont?
Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.
Lam. Where's Dinant?
Nurse. There's all the hope; I have staid him with a trick;
If I have done well, so.
Lam. What trick?
Nurse. I told him,
Your ladyship laid your command upon him
To attend you presently; and, to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestow'd on me. He waits without
Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.
Lam. Have you learnt the place
Where they are to encounter?
Nurse. Yes, 'tis where
The duke of Burgundy met Louis th' Eleventh.[4]
Lam. Enough; I will reward thee liberally.
Go, bring him in. [*Exit* Nurse.
Full dear I lov'd Dinant,
While it was lawful; but those fires are quench'd,
I being now another's. Truth, forgive me,
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety!

Enter DINANT, *disguised.*

Din. Now, your pleasure?
Though ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.
Lam. You speak as if
You did repent it; and 'tis not worth my thanks, then:
But there has been a time in which you would
Receive this as a favour.
Din. Hope was left then
Of recompence.
Lam. Why, I am still Lamira,
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power
(I dare not say I'll put it into act)
To reward your love and service.
Din. There's some comfort.
Lam. But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it, or with danger, or[5] performance
Of what I shall enjoin him.
Din. Name that danger,
Be it of what horrid shape soever, lady,
Which I will shrink at; only, at this instant,
Be speedy in't.
Lam. I'll put you to the trial:
You shall not fight to-day, — do you start at that? —
Not with my brother: I have heard your difference.
Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended: if you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience;
There's no way else to gain 'em.
Din. You command
What with mine honour I can not obey,
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend,
Equally dear as that or life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.
Lam. Why, foolish man,
Dare you solicit me to serve your lust,

[1] *Enter* LAMIRA *and* CHARLOTTE.] "I think it very clear, that this is the beginning of the second act; for a whole night is past since the last scene, and the players seem to have divided the acts at the end of the next scene, only to make them of a more equal length." SEWARD.

"As old authors were never attentive to the shortness or length of the time supposed to pass between the scenes and acts, and as there can be no doubt that the division in the folios was Fletcher's, I have restored the old regulation of the acts." WEBER.

[2] *That this night*, &c.] One of the many lines in these plays which seem to have been mutilated either by the transcriber or the printer.

[3] *rest*] Altered by the modern editors to "rests."

[4] *th' Eleventh*] Weber chose to print "*Eleventh*."

[5] *or*] So the first folio. — The second has "of;" and so the modern editors, who put a break at the end of the speech, as if it were incomplete.

In which not only I abuse my lord,
My father, and my family, but write whore,
Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honour?
Yours suffers[1] but in circumstance; mine in substance.
If you obey me, you part with some credit;
From whom? the giddy multitude: but mankind
Will censure me, and justly.
Din. I will lose
What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write myself a coward:
'Tis better be no man.
Lam. This will not do. — [*Aside.*
Why, I desire not you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours;
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly:
Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.
Din. Suffer for me!
Lam. For you; my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpet's name.
Din. Oh, that I knew the wretch!
Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any character to know him:
But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth
At the west port of the city, and defend there
My reputation against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinant,
To satisfy, though sure I think I shall,
Whatever you desire. If you deny this,
Be desperate; for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.
Din. Two hours, do you say?
Lam. Only two hours.
Din. I were no gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it. This favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. [*Exit.*
Lam. I am glad on't:
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot at.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Field near the East Port of the City.*

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. I am first i' the field, that honour's gain'd of our side;
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably![2]
The hour is past; I wonder Dinant comes not:
This is the place; I cannot see him yet:
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his[3] honour
A firm and worthy friend; yet I see nothing,
Nor horse nor man: 'twould vex me to be left here
To the mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones:
I never knew him last.

Enter BEAUPRE *and* VERDONE.

Beau. You are well met, Cleremont.
Verdone. You are a fair gentleman, and love your friend, sir.
What, are you ready? the time has overta'en us.
Beau. And this, you know, the place.
Cler. No Dinant yet! [*Aside.*
Beau. We come not now to argue, but to do:
We wait you, sir.
Cler. There's no time past yet, gentlemen;
We have day enough. — Is't possible he comes not? — [*Aside.*
You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my friend come: walk but a turn or two;
'Twill not be long.
Verdone. We came to fight.
Cler. Ye shall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough: but a short turn or two!
I think I see him; set up your watch, we'll fight by it.
Beau. This is not he; we will not be deluded.
Cler. Am I bobb'd[4] thus? [*Aside.*] — Pray, take a pipe of tobacco,
Or sing some new air; by that time, gentlemen ——
Verdone. Come, draw your sword; you know the custom here, sir,
First come first serv'd.
Cler. Though it be held a custom,
And practis'd so,[5] I do not hold it honest:
What honour can you both win on me single?
Beau. Yield up your sword, then.
Cler. Yield my sword! that's Hebrew;
I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes.

Enter an old Gentleman.

You are an old gentleman —
Gent. Yes, indeed am I, sir.
Cler. And wear no sword?
Gent. I need none, sir.
Cler. I would you did, and had one!

1 ——— *your honour?*
Yours suffers, &c.] So the second folio. — The first folio has,
"*your* honours?
Yours suffer," &c.
Weber printed "honours," and yet gave "suffers" in the next line.

2 *I am first i' the field, that honour's gain'd of our side*
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably] "The resemblance of these lines to the following in Massinger's *Parliament of Love*, has been pointed out by Mr. Gifford:
'The honour to have enter'd first the field,
However we come off, is ours.'
[Act iv. sc. 2, — *Works*, ii. 289. ed. 1813]" WEBER. See note, p. 560.

3 *his*] So the second folio. — The first folio "this."

4 *bobb'd*] "i. e. fooled, cheated." WEBER. "To *bob* (mock) Illudo." Coles's *Dict.*

5 *Though it be held a custom,*
And practis'd so] "In the French system of duelling, which prevailed at the time, the seconds, in numerous instances, were engaged, as well as the principals in the quarrel. Sometimes two seconds were engaged on both sides. The celebrated Marshal Biron, in his youth, fought a duel with the Sieur de Carancy, having provided two seconds each. These, seeing the principals engaged, *pour servir leur amy, ou par gayeté de cœur, s'en voulurent faire de feste, et s'entrebattre bien qu'aucuns fussent amis, et parlassent souvent ensemble.* Biron and his seconds had the good fortune to kill their opponents, and, according to some, after having killed Carancy, he came to the assistance of his friends, and helped them to despatch the seconds of the latter. For this conduct he is highly praised by Brantome, as a foretoken of the great generalship he afterwards displayed. — *Œuvres de Brantome*, Paris, 1787, viii 79." WEBER. [qy. Sir W. SCOTT?]

I want now such a foolish courtesy:
You see these gentlemen?
Gent. You want a second?
In good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it:
I would you had my son! but he's in Italy! —
A proper gentleman![1] — You may do well, gallants,
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy;
The gentleman may do his country ——
Cler. Now, I beseech you, sir,
If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon:
There lies your way.
Gent. Good morrow, gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Verdone. You see your fortune;
You had better yield your sword.
Cler. Pray ye, stay a little;
Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Well, Dinant, well! — These wear swords, and seem brave fellows. — [*Aside.*
As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me:
I want a second now, to meet these gallants;
You know what honour is.
First Gent. Sir, you must pardon us;
We go about the same work you are ready for,
And must fight presently; else we were your servants.
Sec. Gent. God speed you, and good day!
[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Cler. Am I thus colted?[2] [*Aside.*
Beau. Come, either yield ——
Cler. As you are honest gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune;
And if I fight not like a man —— Fie, Dinant!
Cold now and treacherous! [*Aside.*
La-Writ. [*within.*] I understand your causes;
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses —
Will you make me mad? have I not all the parcels?[3]
And his petition too, about bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses. — What will you have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are melted! —
And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first. — Commend me to your mistress,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her —— I shall despatch you too,
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales. ——
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation! — Bid my wife send me some puddings;
I have a cause to run through requires puddings;
Puddings enough. — Farewell.

Enter La-Writ *with a bag.*

Cler. God speed you, sir!
Beau. Would he would take this fellow!
Verdone. A rare youth.
Cler. If you be not hasty, sir ——
La-Writ. Yes, I am hasty,
Exceeding hasty, sir; I am going to the parliament;
You understand this bag: if you have any business
Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.
Cler. Faith, sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.
La-Writ. I have no skill in't, then.
Cler. I must desire you;
'Tis a sword matter, sir.
La-Writ. I am no cutler;
I am an advocate, sir.
Beau. How the thing looks!
Verdone. When he brings him to fight ——
Cler. Be not so hasty;
You wear a good sword.
La-Writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword ——
Cler. I must entreat you try, sir, and bear a part
Against these gentlemen; I want a second:
You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.
La-Writ. I am a lawyer, sir; I am no fighter.
Cler. You that breed quarrels, sir, know best to satisfy.
Beau. This is some sport yet.
Verdone. If this fellow should fight!
La-Writ. And, for any thing I know, I am an arrant coward;
Do not trust me; I think I am a coward.
Cler. Try, try; you are mistaken. — Walk on, gentlemen,
The man shall follow presently.
La-Writ. Are you mad, gentleman?
My business is within this half hour.
Cler. That's all one;
We'll despatch within this quarter. — There in that bottom;
'Tis most convenient, gentlemen.
Beau. Well, we'll wait, sir.
Verdone. Why, this will be a comic fight. — You'll follow?
La-Writ. As I am a true[4] man, I cannot fight.
Cler. Away, away! —
[*Exeunt* Beaupre *and* Verdone.
I know you can: I like your modesty;
I know you will fight, and so fight with such mettle,
And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury —
I see it in your eye, sir.
La-Writ. I'll be hang'd, then;
And I charge you in the king's name, name no more fighting.
Cler. I charge you in the king's name, play the man;
Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you;

[1] *A proper gentleman*] Both the folios, by placing a comma at the end of the preceding line, make these words apply to the "son" of the speaker. But the punctuation of the modern editors, which I have adopted, appears to be right: "A proper gentleman!" is the exclamation of the veteran, who is looking at Cleremont, and who immediately observes to Beaupré and Verdone that they would do well to abandon their intention of fighting with him, as "The gentleman [Cleremont] may do his country [service]." Weber.

[2] *colted*] "Another term for *fooled* (or *tricked*)." Weber.

[3] *parcels*] "This is a law term, and means that part of a deed in which land, or other things to be conveyed, are described." Reed.

[4] *true*] i. e. honest.

I'll make you dance: do you see your fiddlestick?
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.
La-Writ. Stand farther, gentleman,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' the chaps ——
Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thyself, a noble advocate!
Come, to thy tools.
La-Writ. I do not say I'll fight.
Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.
La-Writ. If I do fight —
I say, *if* I do, but do not depend upon't —
And yet I have a foolish itch upon me —
What shall become of my writings?
Cler. Let 'em lie by;
They will not run away, man.
La-Writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my causes then? my business?
I will not fight; I cannot fight: my causes ——
Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes;
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.
La-Writ. Hum! say you so? If I should
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now!
Cler. I know thou art most valiant.
La-Writ. Do you think so?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my honest friend, for ever;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay; I have business.
Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.
La-Writ. Here will I hang my bag, then; it may save my belly;
[*Hangs his bag before him.*
I never loved cold iron there.
Cler. You do wisely.
La-Writ. Help me to pluck my sword out, then; quickly, quickly!
'Tis not seen sun these ten years.
Cler. How it grumbles!
This sword is vengeance angry.
La-Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy!
If I be kill'd, remember the little lawyer.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the same.*

Enter BEAUPRE.

Beau. They are both come on: that may be a subborn rascal.
Take you that ground; I'll stay here. Fight bravely! [*To* VERDONE *within.*

Enter LA-WRIT.

La-Writ. To't cheerfully, my boys! You'll let's have fair play;
None of your foining[1] tricks.
Beau. Come forward, monsieur.
What hast thou there? a pudding in thy belly?
I shall see what it holds.
La-Writ. Put your spoon home, then.
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, sir!
[*They fight:* BEAUPRE *hits him on the bag.*
God-a-mercy, bag!
Beau. Nothing but bombast[2] in you?
The rogue winks and fights.
La-Writ. Now your fine fencing, sir!
[BEAUPRE *loses his sword;* LA-WRIT *treads on it.*
Stand off; thou diest on point else! — I have it, I have it! — [*To* CLEREMONT *within.*
Yet further off! — I have his sword!
Cler. [*within.*] Then keep it;
Be sure you keep it.
La-Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else. —
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you!
Is this all? I'll undertake within these two days
To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.
Beau. Pox, what a fortune's this! disarm'd by a puppy!
A snail! a dog!
La-Writ. No more o' these words, gentleman;
Sweet gentleman, no more; do not provoke me:
Go walk i' the horse-fair; whistle, gentleman. —
What must I do now? [*To* CLEREMONT *within.*

Enter CLEREMONT *pursued by* VERDONE.

Cler. Help me; I am almost breathless.
La-Writ. With all my heart: there's a cold pie for you, sir! [*Strikes* CLEREMONT.
Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool!
La-Writ. Thou fool, stand further off, then. —
[*Strikes up* VERDONE'S *heels, and takes his sword.*
Deliver, deliver!
Cler. Hold fast.
La-Writ. I never fail in't. —
There's twelve-pence; go, buy you two leaden daggers. —
Have I done well?
Cler. Most like a gentleman.
Beau. And we two basely lost!
Verdone. 'Tis but a fortune:
We shall yet find an hour.
Cler. I shall be glad on't.
[*Exeunt* BEAUPRE *and* VERDONE, *sad.*[3]
La-Writ. Where's my cloak and my trinkets? Or will you fight any longer,
For a crash or two?
Cler. I am your noble friend, sir.
La-Writ. It may be so.
Cler. What honour shall I do you
For this great courtesy?
La-Writ. All I desire of you, is to take
The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more on't;
I have no liking to't; 'tis a foolish matter;
And help me to put up my sword.
Cler. Most willingly:
But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not leave you.
La-Writ. I tell you, I will not be gratified;
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the swords too;
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposure;
And so, and so —— [*Exit.*
Cler. This is a most rare lawyer;

[1] *foining*] "[i. e. thrusting] a technical term in the noble science of defence." WEBER.

[2] *bombast*] i. e. stuffing.

[3] *sad*] So both the folios.

I am sure, most valiant. Well, Dinant, as you satisfy me —
I say no more. I am loaden like an armourer. [*Exit with the swords.*

SCENE III. — *Before the West Port of the City.*

Enter DINANT.

Din. To be despatch'd upon a sleeveless errand!
To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted!
These are trim things. I am set here, like a perdu,[1]
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress,
A scurvy fellow that must pass this way;
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be William or John,
Or Anthony or Dick, or any thing, I know not;
A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at;
And there's the office of an ass flung on me.
Sure, Cleremont has fought; but how come off,
And what the world shall think of me hereafter!
Well, woman, woman, I must look[2] your rascals,
And lose my reputation! ye have a fine power over us.
These two long hours I have trotted here, and curiously
Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,
Nor any face to quarrel with.
[LA-WRIT *sings within.*
What's that?
This is a rascally voice; sure, it comes this way.

Enter LA-WRIT.

La-Writ. [*singing.*]

He strook so hard, the bason broke,
And Tarquin heard the sound.[3]

Din. What mister thing is this?[4] let me survey it. [*Aside.*

La-Writ. [*singing.*]

And then he strook his neck in two.[5]

Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal:
What an alphabet of faces he puts on!
Hey, how it fences! If this should be the rogue,
As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day —— [*Aside.*

La-Writ. [*singing*]

Was ever man for lady's sake? Down, down!

Din. And what are you, good sir? *Down, down, down, down!*

La-Writ. What's that to you, good sir? — [*singing.*]

Down, down.

Din. A pox on you, good sir! *Down, down, down!*
You with your buckram bag, what make you here?
And from whence come you? — I could fight with my shadow now. [*Aside.*

La-Writ. [*singing.*]

Thou fierce man,[7] that like
Sir Lancelot dost appear,
I need not tell thee what I am,
Nor eke what I make here.

Din. This is a precious knave. [*Aside.*] — Stay, stay, good Tristrem,
And let me ask thy mightiness a question;
Did you never abuse a lady?

La-Writ. Not —— to abuse a lady[8] is very hard, sir.

Din. Say you so, sir? didst thou never abuse her honour?

La-Writ. Not —— to abuse her honour is impossible.

Din. Certain, this is the rascal. [*Aside.*] — What's thy name?

La-Writ. My name is Cock-a'-two; use me respectively,[9]
I will be cock of three else.

Din. What's all this?
You say, you did abuse a lady.

La-Writ. You lie.

Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.

La-Writ. That's two lies.
Speak suddenly, for I am full of business.

Din. What art thou, or what canst thou be, thou peagoose,[10]

[1] *perdu*] "It has been before observed, that this is equivalent to our forlorn hope." WEBER. It means here — one placed in ambush, or on the watch. See p. 308, and note.

[2] *look*] "i. e. look after." WEBER.

[3] *He strook so hard, the bason broke,*
And Tarquin heard the sound] From the ballad entitled, *The noble Acts of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table; with the valiant Atchievements of Sir Lancelot du Lake*, — Evans's *Old Ballads*, vol. ii. ed. 1810, where (p. 7) the stanza runs thus;

"*He struck so hard, the bason broke.*
When *Tarquin heard the sound*,
He drove a horse before him straight,
Whereon a knight lay bound."

The same ballad is printed, with a different text, and under the title of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, in Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.*, vol. i. ed. 1794, where (p. 216) the corresponding stanza is;

"*He struck soe hard, the bason broke;*
And Tarquin soon he spyed:
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tyed."

[4] *What mister thing is this*] i. e. What kind of thing is this? (*mister* is supposed to be from the Fr. *mestier*: and see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.) — So the second folio. — The first folio has "*What* master *thing is this?*"

[5] *And then he strook his neck in two*] From the ballad above mentioned: Evans gives the line (wrongly) thus;

"*And* when *he struck his neck in two:*"

the text of Percy is;

"Forthwith *he strucke his necke in two.*"

[6] *Was ever man for lady's sake*] "This is [varied] from the beginning of an old ballad printed by Percy, and by him entitled *The Legend of Sir Guy*," &c. WEBER. See note, p. 287.

[7] *Thou fierce man*, &c.] "These four lines are not at present to be found in the ballad of *The Noble Acts of King Arthur*, &c., quoted above . . . though it is possible they may have existed somewhere between the twenty-second and twenty-third stanzas. They are, however, more likely to have been added by the poets, as adapted by La-Writ to the occasion." WEBER. Perhaps so.

[8] *Not —— to abuse a lady*, &c.] Here the punctuation of both the folios is, "*Not; to abuse a lady*," &c., and in the next speech of La-Writ, "*Not; to abuse her honour*," &c. Weber printed, "*Not to abuse a lady*," &c., and "*Not to abuse her honour*," &c.; not perceiving that the facetious lawyer intends his answers to be ambiguous.

[9] *respectively*] Means here, as it does in many other passages of our early dramatists, — respectfully: and so it had been rightly explained by the modern editors, till Weber, taxing them with "absurdity" (which was all his own) informed the reader that it meant — *accordingly!*

[10] *peagoose*] Though this form is found in other writers, the word is properly *peakgoose* (peaking goose), — silly fellow.

That dar'st[1] give me the lie thus? thou mak'st me wonder.
La-Writ. "And wonder on, till time make all things plain."[2]
Din. You must not part so, sir. Art thou a gentleman?
La-Writ. As [illegible]ose upon whose ruins I am mounted.
Din. This is some cavaliero Knight o' the Sun.[3]
La-Writ. I tell thee I am as good a gentleman as the duke:
I have atchiev'd —— Go, follow thy business!
Din. But for this lady, sir ——
La-Writ. Why, hang this lady, sir!
And the lady-mother too, sir! what have I to do with ladies?

Enter CLEREMONT *behind.*

Cler. 'Tis the little lawyer's voice: has he got my way?
It should be hereabouts.
Din. You dry biscuit rogue,
I will so swinge you for this blasphemy!
Have I found you out? [*Draws.*
Cler. That should be Dinant's tongue too.
La-Writ. [*singing.*]

And I defy thee; do thy worst!
Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot tho:[4]

And that thou shalt know I am a true gentleman,
And speak according to the phrase triumphant,
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten lady,
And, though I never heard of her, a debosh'd[5] lady,
And thou a squire of low degree![6] Will that content thee?
Dost thou way-lay me with ladies? — A pretty sword, sir,
A very pretty sword; I have a great mind to't.
Din. You shall not lose your longing, rogue!
Cler. [*coming forward.*] Hold, hold!
Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman!
La-Writ. As much as you will; my hand is in now.
Cler. I am your friend, sir. — Dinant, you draw your sword
Upon the gentleman preserv'd your honour;
This was my second, and did back me nobly:
For shame, forbear!
Din. I ask your mercy, sir,
And am your servant now.
La-Writ. May we not fight, then?
Cler. I am sure you shall not now.
La-Writ. I am sorry for't:
I am sure I'll stay no longer, then, not a jot longer.
Are there any more on[7] ye afore? I will sing still, sir. [*Exit singing.*
Din. I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger,
I have deserv'd: yet, when you know ——
Cler. I thank you!
Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong ——
Din. I do confess ——
Cler. That boyish sleight ——
Din. Not so, sir.
Cler. That poor and base renouncing of your honour,
Can be allay'd with words? ——
Din. I give you way still.
Cler. Colour'd with smooth excuses? Was it a friend's part,
A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then when his honour call'd him,
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?
To halt, and slip the collar? By my life,
I would have given my life, I had never known thee:
Thou hast eaten canker-like into my judgment
With this disgrace, thy[8] whole life cannot heal again.
Din. This I can suffer too; I find it honest.
Cler. Can you pretend an excuse now may absolve you,
Or any thing like honest, to bring you off?
Engage me, like an ass!
Din. Will you but hear me?
Cler. Expose me like a jade to tug and hale through
(Laugh'd at, and almost hooted) your disgraces!
Invite men's swords and angers to despatch me!
Din. If you will be patient ——
Cler. And be abus'd still! But that I have call'd thee friend,
And to that name allow a sanctuary,
You should hear further from me; I would not talk thus:
But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, sir,
And bear your own abuses; I scorn my sword
Should travail in so poor and empty quarrels.
Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole swing of anger;
I'll bear all with content.

[1] *dar'st*] Altered by the modern editors to "durst."
[2] *And wonder on, till time make all things plain*] So the second folio; and so Seward. The first folio has,

"*And wonder on, till time* makes *all* this *plaine;*"

and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. — I have adopted the reading of the second folio, because it comes nearest to the following line of Shakespeare, — which line none of the editors appear to have known that La-Writ here parodies, —

"But *wonder on, till* truth *make all things plain.*"
Midsummer-night's Dream, act v. sc. 1.

[3] *Knight o' the Sun*] See note, p. 190.
[4] *And I defy thee; do thy worst!*
Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot tho] In *The noble Acts of King Arthur*, &c. (see note, p. 569) we find (according to the text both of Evans and Percy);

"*And I* desire *thee do thy worst.*
Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin *tho,*
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go;"

and earlier in the same ballad;

"Both *thee* and all thy fellowship
I utterly *defy.*
That's overmuch, *quoth Lancelot tho,*" &c.

I ought to add that "*tho*" (which was printed by the Editors of 1778 "tho'", and by Weber "though") means — then: the word is very common in our earliest poetry.
[5] *debosh'd*] i. e. debauched.
[6] *a squire of low degree*] "A term used frequently by old dramatists, derived from the popular metrical romance so called, printed by Ritson (*Metr. Rom.* vol. iii. p. 145.)" WEBER.
[7] *on*] i. e. of.
[8] *thy*] So the second folio. — The first folio "my."

Cler. Why were you absent?
Din. You know I am no coward, you have seen that,
And therefore out of fear forsook you not:
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend; I have fought for you too:
You know no business, that concern'd my state,[1]
My kindred, or my life——
Cler. Where was the fault, then?
Din. The honour of that lady I adore,
Her credit, and her name: you know she sent for me,
And with what haste.
Cler. What was he that traduc'd?
Din. The man i' the moon, I think; hither I was sent,
But to what end——

Enter Nurse.[2]

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam!
Nurse. I am glad I have met you, sir; I have been seeking
And seeking every where.
Cler. And now you have found him,
Declare what[3] business, our ambassador.
Nurse. What's that to you, goodman flouter? — Oh, sir, my lady——
Din. Prithee, no more of thy lady; I have too much on't.
Cler. Let me have a little; speak to me.
Nurse. To you, sir!
'Tis more than time! — All occasions set aside, sir,
Or whatsoever may be thought a business——
Din. What then?
Nurse. Repair to me within this hour.
Cler. Where?
Nurse. What's that to you? come you, sir, when you're sent for.
Cler. God-a-mercy, Mumpsimus! —
You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,
Till you have lost yourself, your friends, your credit,
And honey out[4] your youth in rare adventures:
I can but grieve I have known you.
Nurse. Will you go, sir?
I come not often to you with these blessings:
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing!
Cler. Peace, Touchwood!
Din. I will not go.
Go, bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd puppy to make sport with;
I have been her mirth too long. Thus I shake from me
The fetters she put on, thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind: no more her beauty——
Nurse. Take heed, sir, what you say.
Cler. Go forward, Dinant.
Din. The charms shot from her eyes——
Nurse. Be wise.
Cler. Be valiant.
Din. That tongue, that tells fair tales to men's destructions,
Shall never wreck[5] me more.
Nurse. Stay there.
Cler. Go forward.
Din. I will now hear her, see her, as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd her,[6]
As I would do the course of common things,
Unmov'd, unstruck.
Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.
Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud
Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her;
To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,
A sun-burnt Ethiop's lip's as soft as hers.
Go, bid her stick some other triumph up,
And take into her favour some dull fool,
That has no precious time to lose, no friends,
No honour, nor no life: like a bold merchant,
A bold and bankrupt man, I have ventur'd all these,
And split my bottom. Return this answer to her;
I am awake again, and see her mischiefs,
And am not now, on every idle errand
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried,[7]
And then despis'd again; I have forgot her.
Cler. If this be true——
Nurse. I am sorry I have troubled you;
More sorry that my lady has adventur'd
So great a favour in so weak a mind.
This hour you have refused that, when you come to know it,
Will run you mad, and make you curse that fellow.
She is not fair, nor handsome! so I leave you.
Cler. Stay, lady, stay; but is there such a business?
Nurse. You would break your neck, 'twere yours.
Cler. My back, you would say.
Nurse. But play the friend's part still, sir, and undo him;
'Tis a fair office.
Din. I have spoke too liberally.[8]
Nurse. I shall deliver what you say. [*Going.*
Cler. You shall be hang'd first;
You would fain be prating now! Take the man with you.
Nurse. Not I; I have no power.
Cler. You may go, Dinant.
Nurse. 'Tis in's own will; I had no further charge, sir,
Than to tell him what I did; which, if I had thought
It should have been receiv'd so——
Cler. Faith, you may;

[1] *state*] "i. e. estate." WEBER.
[2] *Nurse*] Both the folios "old Lady;" and so Seward.
[3] *what*] So the second folio. — The first folio "that." — In this line Seward printed "old *ambassador*," — a wretched *correction* by Sympson.
[4] *honey out*] The second folio has "hunt away."
[5] *wreck*] Both the folios "rack" — a typographical error for "wrack," i. e. *wreck*. Seward and the Editors of 1778 gave "rack." Weber printed "wrack;" but there appears to be no necessity for retaining the old spelling, except in passages where the rhyme requires it: besides, our early writers used "wrack" and "wreck" indifferently.
[6] *allow'd her*] Both the folios have "*allowed*, sir."
[7] *hurried*] Qy. "*hurried* to her"?
[8] *liberally*] i. e. licentiously free.

You do not know how far it may concern you.
If I perceiv'd any trick in't ——
Din. 'Twill end there.
Cler. 'Tis my fault, then. There is an hour in fortune,[1]
That must be still observ'd: you think I'll chide you
When things must be. Nay, see an he will hold his head up!
Would such a lady send, with such a charge too?
Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great fool, the greater[2] still the better. —
He shall go with you, woman.
Nurse. As it please him;
I know the way alone else.
Din. Where is your lady?
Nurse. I shall direct you quickly.
Din. Well, I'll go;
But what her wrongs will give me leave to say ——
Cler. We'll leave that to yourselves. I shall hear from you?
Din. As soon as I come off.
Cler. Come on, then, bravely.
Farewell till then, and play the man!
Din. You are merry;
All I expect is scorn. — I'll lead you, lady.
[*Exeunt on one side* DINANT *and* Nurse, *on the other* CLEREMONT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in the House of* CHAMPERNEL.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Beau. We'll venture on him.
Champ. Out of my doors! I charge thee,
See me no more.
Lam. Your nephew!
Champ. I disclaim him;
He has no part in me, nor in my blood:
My brother, that kept fortune bound, and left
Conquest hereditary to his issue,
Could not beget a coward.
Verdone. I fought, sir,
Like a good fellow, and a soldier too;
But men are men, and cannot make their fates:
Ascribe you to my father what you please,
I am born to suffer.
Champ. All disgraces, wretch!
Lam. Good sir, be patient.
Champ. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemy's sword
A coward is unworthy,) nor no river,
To force thy life out backward, or to drown it,[3]
But that thou must survive thy infamy,
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?
Beau. Sir, his misfortune
Deserves not this reproof.
Champ. In your opinion;
'Tis fit you two should be of one belief:
You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely
I' the city with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do;
Your swords are all lead there.
Beau. I know no duty
(However you may wreak your spleen on him)
That binds me to endure this.
Champ. From Dinant
You'll suffer more. That ever cursèd I
Should give my honour up to the defence
Of such a thing as he is! or my lady,
That is all innocent, for whom a dove would
Assume the courage of a daring eagle,
Repose her confidence in one that can
No better guard her! In contempt of you,
I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay admire him;
His valour claims it from me, and with justice:
He that could fight thus in a cause not honest,
His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed too,
And kill as deadly.
Verdone. You are as far from justice
In him you praise as equity in the censure
You look me with.
Beau. Dinant! he durst not meet us.
Lam. How! durst not, brother!
Beau. Durst not; I repeat it.
Verdone. Nor was it Cleremont's valour that disarm'd us;
I had the better of him. For Dinant,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a coward upon every post,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.
Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake, you'd lose it, nephew.
Champ. Came he not, say you?
Verdone. No; but in his room
There was a devil, hir'd from some magician,
I' the shape of an attorney.
Beau. 'Twas he did it.
Verdone. And his the honour.
Beau. I could wish Dinant ——
But what talk I of one that stepp'd aside,
And durst not come?
Lam. I am such a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this. Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely)
From one of such approv'd worth?
Champ. Ha! how's this?
Lam. From one so excellent in all that's noble,

[1] *There is an hour in fortune*, &c.] Here the Editors of 1778 refer to the well-known passage in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," &c.

[2] *the greater*] Seward printed, for the metre, "and *the greater*."

[3] *To force thy life out backward, or to drown it*] "The first part of this line refers to *tree*, and the latter part to *river*. But Seward rejects the disjunctive *or*, and substitutes *and* in its place; because, he says, that forcing life out backwards is only a very droll description of drowning. I believe, however, that few of his readers will be able to discover either the drollery, or the justness of that description In truth, the disjunctive, which he discards, is absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage. *To force thy life out backward* is no description of drowning, nor is it intended as such, but of hanging. Champernel ludicrously supposes that the pressure of the rope must prevent life from issuing forwards, and of course force it backwards; and means to say, in other words — Could you find no tree to hang yourself on, nor any river to drown you?" MASON

Whose only weakness is excess of courage?
That knows no enemies that he cannot master,
But his affections, and in them, the worst,
His love to me?
Champ. To you!
Lam. Yes, sir, to me:
I dare (for what is that which innocence dares not?)
To you profess it; and he shunn'd the combat
For fear nor doubt of these.[1] — Blush, and repent,
That you in thought e'er did that wrong to valour.
Beau. Why, this is rare!
Champ. 'Fore Heaven, exceeding rare! —
Why, modest lady, you that sing such encomiums
Of your first suitor ——
Verdone. How can you convince us
In our reports?[2]
Lam. With what you cannot answer:
'Twas my command that stay'd him.
Champ. Your command!
Lam. Mine, sir; and had my will rank'd with my power
And his obedience, I could have sent him,
With more ease, weaponless to you and bound,
Than have kept him back; so well he loves his honour
Beyond his life.
Champ. Better and better still!
Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your assur'd destruction, had he met you.
Champ. In private!
Lam. Yes, and us'd all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herself the absolute mistress
Of all his faculties.
Champ. Gave all rewards too
His service could deserve?[3] did not he take
The measure of my sheets?
Lam. Do not look yellow;
I have cause to speak; frowns cannot fright me.[4]
But all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me ——
Champ. What then?
Lam. I'll not alone abuse your bed, — that's nothing, —
But, to your more vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me.
Champ. Impudent!
Verdone. And on the sudd[illegible] ——
Beau. How are you transf[illegible]d
From what you were!
Lam. I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly swear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by husband, and will die so,
Let me live unsuspected: I am no servant,
Nor will be us'd like one. If you desire
To keep me constant, as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it:
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores
Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.
Beau. There's no contesting with her: from a child,
Once mov'd, she hardly was to be appeas'd;
Yet I dare swear her honest.
Champ. So I think too,
On better judgment. I am no Italian,
To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my wife my sovereign, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way; but, if that fail,
Believe it, sir, there's nothing but extremes
Which she must feel from me.
Beau. That as you please, sir.
Char. You have won the breeches, madam: look up sweetly;
My lord limps towards you.
Lam. You will learn more manners!
[*Strikes her.*
Char. This is a fee for counsel that's unask'd for.
Champ. Come, I mistook thee, sweet; prithee, forgive me:
I never will be jealous; ere I cherish
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing:
I'll say, Dinant is all that thou wouldst have him;
Will that suffice?
Lam. 'Tis well, sir.
Champ. Use thy freedom,
Uncheck'd, and unobserv'd: if thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs;
We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward,
If I dissemble!
Lam. And that hell take me,
If I affect him! He's a lustful villain,
(But yet no coward,) and solicits me
To my dishonour; that's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge
As I shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers.
Champ. Use thine own ways;
I give up all to thee.
Beau. Oh, women, women!
When you are pleas'd, you are the least of evils.
Verd. I'll rhyme to't — But provok'd, the worst of devils. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Before the Hall of Justice.*

Enter SAMPSON *and three* Clients.

Samp. I know monsieur La-Writ.
First Client. Would he knew himself, sir!

[1] *and he shunn'd the combat For fear nor doubt of these*] The first folio has,

"*and he shun'd the combat For feare, or doubt of these;*"

and so Weber, who put a sign of admiration after the words. The second folio reads,

"*and he shun'd* not *the combat For fear* or *doubt of these;*"

and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. The "or" of the first folio is evidently a misprint for "*nor.*" In the first branch of a negative proposition our old writers frequently omit "neither:" so in another passage of the present play, act iv. sc. 6,

"that Ovid's Afternoon
Nor his Corinna should again be mention'd."

[2] *convince us In our reports*] Here *convince* means, as the Editors of 1778 observe, "confute, or convict of falsehood." — The second folio has "your *reports*:" and so Seward.

[3] *deserve*] Weber printed "desire"!

[4] *fright me*] Altered by Seward to "*fright me*, sir;" and so the Editors of 1778.

Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.
Sec. Client. A fine lawyer, sir,
And would have firk'd you up a business,
And out of this court into that.
Samp. Ye are too forward;
Not so fine, friends; something he could have done,
But short, short.
First Client. I know your worship's favour;
You are nephew[1] to the judge, sir.
Samp. It may be so,
And something may be done, without trotting i' the dirt, friends:
It may be I can take him in his chamber,
And have an hour's talk; it may be so;
And tell him that in's ear — there are such courtesies;
I will not say, I can.
Third Client. We know you can, sir.
Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no. But where's La-Writ?
Where's your sufficient lawyer?
First Client. He's blown up, sir.
Sec. Client. Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets:
He is no lawyer of this world now.
Samp. Your reason?
Is he defunct? is he dead?
Sec. Client. No, he's not dead yet, sir;
But I would be loath to take a lease on's life for two hours:
Alas, he is possess'd, sir, with the spirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people! but how he came to it ——
Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.
Third Client. We all know it, sir.
Samp. I think he does, sir. I have business too, much business,
Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week:
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends; a little does well;
I would be loath to learn to fight.[2]
First Client. But, an't please you, sir,
His fighting has neglected all our business:
We are undone, our causes cast away, sir;
His not appearance ——
Samp. There he fought too long;
A little, and fight well; he fought too long, indeed, friends:
But, ne'ertheless, things must be as they may,
And there be ways ——
First Client. We know, sir, if you please ——
Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up your causes.

Enter LA-WRIT *dressed as a gallant, and a* Gentleman.[3]

Sec. Client. Now you may behold, sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no.
La-Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary, sweet gentlemen;
And if there be a wench or two ——
Gent. We'll have 'em.
La-Writ. No handling any duels before I come;
We'll have no going less;[4] I hate a coward.
Gent. There shall be nothing done.
La-Writ. Make all the quarrels
You can devise before I come, and let's all fight;
There is no sport else.
Gent. We'll see what may be done, sir. [*Exit.*
First Client. Ha! monsieur La-Writ!
La-Writ. Baffled in way of business,
My causes cast away, judgment against us!
Why, there it goes!
Sec. Client. What shall we do the whilst, sir?
La-Writ. Breed new dissensions; go, hang yourselves!
'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.
First Client. Do you hear what he says, sir?
Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.
La-Writ. Will any of you fight? fighting's my occupation:
If you find yourselves aggriev'd ——
Samp. A complete gentleman!
La-Writ. Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions! [*Throws away his bag of papers.*
Thou spital[5] of lame causes! I lament for thee;
And, till revenge be taken ——
Samp. 'Tis most excellent.
La-Writ. There, every man choose his paper and his place:
I'll answer ye all; I will neglect no man's business,
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.
The judge may do and not do; he's but a monsieur.
Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, sir!
La-Writ. I know not, sir:
But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.
Samp. It is sufficient; you may hear hereafter.
La-Writ. I rest your servant, sir.
Samp. No more words, gentlemen,
But follow me; no more words, as you love me:
The gentleman's a noble gentleman:
I shall do what I can, and then ——
Clients. We thank you, sir.
Samp. Not a word to disturb him; he's a gentleman. [*Exeunt* SAMPSON *and* Clients.
La-Writ. No cause go o' my side! the judge cast all!
And, because I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce! 'Tis very well;
'Tis well, faith; 'tis well, judge!

Enter CLEREMONT.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious lawyer! [*Aside.*

[1] *are nephew*] Weber chose to print "*are a nephew.*"
[2] *I would be loath to learn to fight*] "i. e. I should be sorry to have it now to learn." MASON.
[3] *a Gentleman*] Both the folios add "at the dore." There are other Gentlemen within; see La-Writ's first speech.
[4] *going less*] An expression borrowed from gaming: see notes, pp. 387 and 553. — So the first folio. — The second folio "*going* else;" and so Seward.
[5] *spital*] i. e. hospital. — Seward, puzzled by the "spittle" of the old eds., and being able to assign no meaning to that word except — saliva, altered it to "splitter"! — The distinction made by Gifford (note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 53. ed. 1813) between *spittle* and *spital* is an imaginary one: see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

La-Writ. I say, 'tis well;
But mark the end!
Cler. How he is metamorphos'd!
Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now; this is no simple conversion! — [*Aside.*
Your servant, sir, and friend.
La-Writ. You come in time, sir.
Cler. The happier man, to be at your command, then.
La-Writ. You may wonder to see me thus; but that's all one;
Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a lawyer,
But I have mew'd [1] that coat; I hate a lawyer:
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man.
Cler. I must confess it.
La-Writ. And budg'd not; no, I budg'd not.
Cler. No, you did not.
La-Writ. There's it, then; one good turn requires another.
Cler. Most willing, sir; I am ready at your service.
La-Writ. [*giving a letter.*] There, read, and understand, and then deliver it.
Cler. This is a challenge, sir.
La-Writ. 'Tis very like, sir;
I seldom now write sonnets.
Cler. *O admirantis!* [2] —
To Monsieur Vertaigne, the President. [*Reads.*
La-Writ. I choose no fool, sir.
Cler. Why, he's no swordman, sir.
La-Writ. Let him learn, let him learn;
Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.
Cler. Why, he's a judge, an old man.
La-Writ. Never too old
To be a gentleman; and he that is a judge
Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour.
[*Points to the scattered papers.*
There are my griefs; he has cast away my causes,
In which he has bow'd my reputation:
And therefore, judge or no judge ——
Cler. Pray, be rul'd, sir;
This is the maddest thing ——
La-Writ. You will not carry it?
Cler. I do not tell you so; but, if you may be persuaded ——
La-Writ. You know how you us'd me when I would not fight;
Do you remember, gentleman?
Cler. The devil's in him! [*Aside.*
La-Writ. I see it in your eyes, that you dare do it;
You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it.
Cler. The least is banishment.
La-Writ. Be banish'd, then;
'Tis a friend's part: we'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner [3] of the earth.

[1] *mew'd*] i. e. cast: see note, p. 550.
[2] *O admirantis*] "The exclamation *O!* was used to express joy, grief, surprise, and other sensations, and is distinguished by the grammarians according to the passion it was intended to express; as, *O admirantis, O dolentis*, &c. To this Clerémont alludes." MASON.
Seward, at the suggestion of "an ingenious friend," threw out "*admirantis*"! The Editors of 1778 retained it, without, however, understanding the expression.
[3] *corner*] So the first folio. — The second folio "part;" and so Seward.

Cler. Say, he will not fight?
La-Writ. I know then what to say; take you no care, sir.
Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre;
Till when, my service.
La-Writ. A judge or no judge? no judge! [*Exit.*
Cler. This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I read of;
None to provoke to the field but the old president!
What face shall I put on? if I come in earnest,
I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets.[4]
This may make some sport yet; I will deliver it.
Here comes the president.

Enter VERTAIGNE *with two* Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, gentlemen,
To do your causes good. — Is not that Clerémont?
First Gent. 'Tis he, my lord.
Vert. Why does he smile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous? — Has your fortune, sir,
Upon my son, made you contemn his father?
The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.
Cler. Mistake me not, my lord; you shall not find that:
I come with no blown spirit to abuse you;
I know your place, and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your silver age and virtue.
Vert. Your face is merry still.
Cler. So is my business;
And I beseech your honour mistake me not.
I have brought you, from a wild, or rather mad, man,
As mad a piece of —— You were wont to love mirth
In your young days; I have known your honour woo it:
This may be made no little one; 'tis a challenge, sir —
Nay, start not, I beseech you; it means you no harm,
Nor any man of honour or understanding;
'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laughter,
I am bold to bring it to your lordship.
Vert. 'Tis to me, indeed.
Do they take me for a swordman at these years?
Cler. 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's all, sir;
It had been in me else a saucy rudeness.
Vert. From one La-Writ; a very punctual challenge.
Cler. But, if your lordship mark it, no great matter.
Vert. I have known such a wrangling advocate,
Such a little figent [5] thing: oh, I remember him;
A notable talking knave! Now, out upon him,
H'as challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally!
I do remember too, I cast his causes.

[4] *I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets*] "That is, my wrists will be decorated with chains." WEBER.
[5] *figent*] i. e. fidgetty, restless, busy.

Cler. Why, there's the quarrel, sir, the mortal quarrel.
Vert. Why, what a knave is this! As you're a gentleman,
Is there no further purpose but mere mirth?
What a bold man of war! he invites me roundly.
Cler. If there should be, I were no gentleman,
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred:
And, though I am sure your lordship hates my person,
Which time may bring again into your favour,
Yet, for my manners ——
Vert. I am satisfied:
You see, sir, I have out-liv'd those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him myself;
But I have a kinsman much of his ability,
His wit and carriage,[1] (for this calls[2] him fool,)
One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow.
Cler. And such a man to undertake, my lord?
Vert. Nay, he's too forward; these two pitch-barrels together ——
Cler. Upon my soul, no harm.
Vert. It makes me smile:
Why, what a stinking smother will they utter!
Yes, he shall undertake, sir, as my champion,
(Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it,)
And shall defend my cause: but, as your're honest,
Sport not with blood!
Cler. Think not so basely, good sir.
Vert. A squire shall wait upon you from my kinsman
To-morrow morning; make your[3] sport at full,
You want no subject: but, no wounds!
Cler. That's my care.
Vert. And so, good day.
Cler. Many unto your honour! —
[*Exeunt* VERTAIGNE *and* Gentlemen.
This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit.
Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they shall go.

Enter DINANT.

Din. Oh, Cleremont,
I am glad I have found thee!
Cler. I can tell thee rare things.
Din. Oh, I can tell thee rarer!
Dost thou love me?
Cler. Love thee!
Din. Dost thou love me dearly?
Dar'st thou for my sake ——
Cler. Any thing that's honest.
Din. Though it be dangerous?
Cler. Pox o' dangerous!
Din. Nay, wondrous dangerous?
Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?
Din. Along with me, then.
Cler. I must part to-morrow.
Din. You shall, you shall. Be faithful for this night,
And thou hast made thy friend.[4]
Cler. Away, and talk not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* CHAMPERNEL'S *House, with a gallery.*

Enter LAMIRA *and* Nurse.

Lam. Oh, nurse, welcome! where's Dinant?
Nurse. He's at my back.
'Tis the most liberal gentleman! this gold
He gave me for my pains; nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the fort.
Lam. How! yield it up!
Nurse. I know not; he that loves, and gives so largely,
And a young lord to boot, or I am cozen'd,
May enter every where.
Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.
Nurse. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will please you;

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Look on him with my eyes. — Good luck go with you!
Were I young for your sake ——
Din. I thank thee, nurse.
Nurse. I would be tractable; and, as I am ——
Lam. Leave the room, —
So old, and so immodest? — and be careful,
Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,
That none disturb my lord. [*Exit* Nurse.
Cler. Will you despatch?
Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.
Walk in, walk in: I am your scout for once;
You owe me the like service.
Din. And will pay it.
Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not so loud.
Cler. Why, to it in dumb show, then; I am silenc'd.
Lam. Be not so hasty, sir: the golden apples
Had a fell dragon for their guard; your pleasures
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten.
Din. Speak the means.
Lam. Thus briefly: my lord sleeps now — and, alas,
Each night he only sleeps!
Cler. Go, keep her stirring.
Lam. Now, if he wake, as sometimes he does,
He only stretches out his hand, and feels
Whether I am a-bed, which being assur'd of,
He sleeps again; but, should he miss me, valour
Could not defend our lives.
Din. What's to be done, then?
Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have I any
That I dare trust; on noble Cleremont
We safely may rely.
Cler. What man can do,
Command, and boldly.
Lam. Thus, then; in my place
You must lie with my lord.

[1] *carriage*] So the first folio. — The second folio "courage;" and so Seward.
[2] *calls*] So the first folio. — The second folio "call;" and so the modern editors, — with the exception of Weber, who rightly explains "calls" as equivalent to — proves.
[3] *your*] So the first folio. — The second folio "you;" and so Seward.
[4] *made thy friend*] i. e. made thy friend's fortune.

Cler. With an old man!
Two beards together! that's preposterous.
Lam. There is no other way; and, though 'tis dangerous,
He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fee'd[1] to act all that his jealousy
And rage commands them, yet a true friend should not
Check at the hazard of a life.
Cler. I thank you!
I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate myself: to be a kind of pandar,
You see I am willing;
But to betray mine own throat, you must pardon.
Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated;
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, Cleremont ——
Cler. You shall not out-do me;
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.
Din. But, for his beard ——
Lam. To cover that, you shall have my night-linen:
And, you dispos'd of, my Dinant and I
Will have some private conference.
Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.
Lam. That's as we agree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Room in the same, with a gallery.*

Nurse *and* CHARLOTTE *pass over the stage with pillows, night-clothes, and such things.*[2]

Enter CHAMPERNEL.[3]

Champ. What can this woman do, preserving her honour?
I have given her all the liberty that may be.
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
Nor trust too much: I think she is virtuous;
Yet, when I hold her best, she's but a womon,
As full of frailty as of faith, a poor slight woman,
And her best thoughts but weak fortifications;
There may be a mine[4] wrought. Well, let 'em work, then;
I shall meet with it; till the signs be monstrous,
And stick upon my head, I will not believe it;
She may be, and she may not. Now to my observation. [*Retires.*

Enter LAMIRA *and* DINANT.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? if you love me ——
Lam. You are too hot and violent.
Din. Why do you shift thus
From one chamber to another?
Lam. A little delay, sir,
Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water,
Makes the desires burn clear and ten times hotter.
Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray ye, go in;
Sweet mistress, I am mad; time steals away,
And when we would enjoy ——
Lam. Now, fie, fie, servant!
Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures?
Din. Pray, do but[5] kiss me, then.
Lam. Why, that I will, [*Kisses him.*
And you shall find anon, servant ——
Din. Softly, for heaven's sake!
You know my friend's engag'd; a little, now, now!
Will you go in again?
Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Din. Why do you laugh so loud? precious!
Will you betray me? ha' my friend's throat cut?
Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee again.
Champ. Will you so? you are liberal!
If you do cozen me —— [*Aside.*

Enter Nurse, *with wine.*

Din. What's this?
Lam. Wine, wine;
A draught or two.
Din. What does this woman here?
Lam. She shall not hinder you.
Din. This might have been spar'd;
'Tis but delay, and time lost. Pray, send her softly off.
Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with wine; 'twill[6] make you
Another Hercules.
Din. I dare not drink;
Fie, what delays you make! I dare not;
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then.
Lam. Not drink a cup with your mistress! Oh, the pleasure!
Din. Lady, why this? [*Music.*[7]
Lam. We must have mirth to our wine, man.
Din. Plague[8] o' the music!
Champ. God-a-mercy, wench!
If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee. [*Aside.*
Din. The house will all rise now; this will disturb all.
Did you do this?
Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool!
You love me; come, sit down, and drink.

Enter CLEREMONT *above.*

Cler. What a devil ail you? —
How cold I sweat! — A hog's pox stop your pipes! [*Music.*

[1] *fee'd*] So the first folio. — The second folio "fed;" and so the modern editors.
[2] *such things*] So both the folios.
[3] *Enter Champernel*] Both the folios add "*privately.*" They also mark his entrance before Lamira, Dinant, and Cleremont have quitted the stage; but merely for the sake of warning the actor who represented Champernel to be in readiness for coming on. Such premature directions (copied of course from the prompter's book) are common in early plays: opposite the third speech of Lamira in this scene the first folio has "*Wine,*" — to warn the property man to have wine ready against the entrance of the Nurse.
[4] *mine*] So the second folio. — The first folio "meane."
[5] *but*] So the first folio. — The second folio having, by a common misprint, "not," Seward gave the speech thus, "*Pray do* not; *kiss me then,*" with a note of prodigious absurdity.
[6] *'twill*] Both the folios "I *will;*" and so the modern editors, — even Weber, though Mason had pointed out the obvious correction.
[7] *Music*] "The nature of this music is explained by a marginal annotation in the original folio, three lines higher up, viz., '*Recorders.*' These instruments have been proved by Sir J. Hawkins to have been similar to our flageletts; and his explanation is well supported in Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 248." WEBER.
[8] *Plague*] Both the folios "Pl——."

The thing will wake: now, now, methinks I find
His sword just gliding through my throat! —
What's that? —
A vengeance choke your pipes! — Are you there, lady?
Stop, stop those rascals! — Do you bring me hither
To be cut into minc'd meat? why, Dinant!
Din. I cannot do withal;[1]
I have spoke, and spoke; I am betray'd and lost too.
Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand me? —
Plague damn your whistles! [*Music ceases.*
Lam. 'Twas but an oversight;
They have done; lie down.
Cler. Would you had done too! you know not
In what a misery and fear I lie:
You have a lady in your arms.
Din. I would have. [*Music again.*
Champ. I'll watch you, goodman Would-have. [*Aside.*
Cler. Remove, for Heaven's sake,
And fall to that you come for.
Lam. Lie you down;
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.
Cler. I dare not;
Softly, sweet lady! —— heart![2]
Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear; he sleeps still soundly:
Lie gently down.
Cler. Pray, make an end. [*Exit above.*
Din. Come, madam.
Lam. These chambers are too near.
[*Exeunt* LAMIRA, DINANT, *and* Nurse.
Champ. I shall be nearer.
Well, go thy ways; I'll trust thee through the world,
Deal how thou wilt: that, that I never feel,
I'll never fear yet: by the honour of a soldier,[3]
I hold thee truly noble. How these things will look,
And how their bloods will curdle! Play on, children;
You shall have pap anon. Oh, thou grand fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune! [*Exit. Music ceases.*

Re-enter CLEREMONT *above.*

Cler. Peace, good madam! —
Stop her mouth, Dinant. It sleeps yet; pray, be wary;
Despatch; I cannot endure this misery.
I can hear nothing more; I'll say my prayers,
And down again. [*Whistle within.*
A thousand larums fall upon my quarters![4]
Heaven send me off! When I lie keeping corses[5] —
Plague[6] o' your fumbling, Dinant! How I shake!
'Tis still again. Would I were in the Indies! [*Exit above.*

SCENE V. — *Another Room in the same, with a gallery.*

Enter LAMIRA *with a light, and* DINANT.

Din. Why do you use me thus? thus poorly, basely?
Work me into a hope, and then destroy me?
Why did you send for me? this new way train me?
Lam. Madman, and[7] fool, and false man, now I'll shew thee!
Din. Pray, put your light out.
Lam. No, I'll hold it thus,
That all chaste eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it.
Tell me but this; when you first doted on me,
And made suit to enjoy me as your wife,
Did you not hold me honest?
Din. Yes, most virtuous.
Lam. And did not that appear the only lustre
That made me worth your love and admiration?
Din. I must confess.
Lam. Why would you deal so basely?
So like a thief, a villain?
Din. Peace, good madam!
Lam. I'll speak aloud too: — thus maliciously,
Thus breaking all the rules of honesty,
Of honour and of truth, (for which I lov'd you,
For which I call'd you servant,[8] and admir'd you,)
To steal that jewel purchas'd by another,
Piously set in wedlock, even that jewel,
Because it had no flaw,[9] you held unvaluable?
Can he that has lov'd good dote on the devil,
(For he that seeks a whore seeks but his agent)?
Or am I of so vild[10] and low a blood,
So nurs'd in infamies ——
Din. I do not think so,
And I repent.
Lam. That will not serve your turn, sir.
Din. It was your treaty drew me on.
Lam. But it was your villany
Made you pursue it. I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly, you durst stand,
How well you had deserv'd the name of virtuous:
But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beastly and base affections, came floating on,
Swelling your poison'd billows ——
Din. Will you betray me?

[1] *I cannot do withal*] i. e. I cannot help it: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, iii. 470.
[2] —— *heart*] So both the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "God's *heart*."
[3] *that, that I never feel,*
I'll never fear yet: by the honour of a soldier, &c.] Pointed in both the folios thus;
"*that that I never feele,*
I'le never feare. Yet by the honour of a souldiour," &c.; and so the modern editors.
[4] *quarters*] So the second folio. — The first folio "quarter."
[5] *corses*] Both the folios "courses."
[6] *Plague*] Both the folios "Pl——."
[7] *and*] So the second folio. — The first folio "a."
[8] *servant*] See note, p. 162.
[9] *flaw*] So the second folio. — The first folio "flame."
[10] *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, p. 201. Both the folios "wild." — "I strongly suspect the original was *vild*, the common way in old plays of spelling *vile*. The epithet agrees far better with *low* and *infamies*, which words occur immediately after, than that in the text." WEBER. We have had the same misprint several times before: see notes, pp. 213, 262, 431.

Lam. To all the miseries a vex'd woman may.
Din. Let me but out,
Give me but room to toss my sword about me,
And I will tell you, you're a treacherous woman!
Oh, that I had but words ——
Lam They will not serve you.
Din. But two-edg'd words, to cut thee! a lady-traitor!
Perish by a proud puppet! I did you too much honour,
To tender you my love; too much respected you,
To think you worthy of my worst embraces.
Go, take your groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greasy groom! I scorn to imp[1] your lame stock:
You are not fair nor handsome; I lied loudly,
This tongue abus'd you, when it spoke you beauteous.
Lam. 'Tis very well; 'tis brave!
Din. Put out your light;
Your lascivious eyes[2] are flames enough
For fools to find you out. A lady-plotter!
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?
I and my friend the first-fruits of that blood
You and your honourable husband aim at?
Crooked and wretched you are both.
Lam. To you, sir;
Yet to the eye of Justice straight as truth.
Din. Is this a woman's love? a woman's mercy?
Do you profess this seriously? do you laugh at me?
Lam. Ha, ha!
Din. Plague[3] light upon your scorns, upon your flatteries!
Upon your tempting faces all destructions!
A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast those buds of pride that paint you!
Death in your eyes, to fright men from these dangers,
Raise up your trophy! — Cleremont!

Enter CLEREMONT *above.*

Cler. What a vengeance ail you?
What dismal noise is there? no honour in you!
Din. Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a woman!
Deal bravely for thyself.[4]

Cler. This comes of rutting!
Are we made stales[5] to one another?
Din. Yes;
We are undone, lost.
Cler. You shall pay for't, greybeard!
Up, up! you sleep your last else!

Enter, above, ANNABELL, *and two* Servants *with lights.*

First Serv. No, not yet, sir. —
Lady, look up. — Would you have wrong'd this beauty?
Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms?
You wear a sword; we must entreat you leave it.
Sec. Serv. Fie, sir! so sweet a lady!
Cler. Was this my bedfellow?
Pray, give me leave to look: I am not mad yet;
I may be by and by. Did this lie by me?
Did I fear this? is this a cause to shake at?
Away with me, for shame! I am a rascal.
[*Exeunt, above,* ANNABELL, CLEREMONT, *and two* Servants.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, ANNABELL, CLEREMONT, *and two* Servants.

Din. I am amaz'd too.
Beau. We'll recover you.
Verdone. You walk, like Robin Good-fellow, all the house over,
And every man afraid of you.
Din. 'Tis well, lady!
The honour of this deed will be your own;
The world shall know your bounty.
Beau. What shall we do with 'em?
Cler. Geld me;
For 'tis not fit I should be a man again;
I am an ass, a dog.
Lam. Take your revenges;
You know my husband's wrongs and your own losses.
Anna. A brave man, an admirable brave man!
Well, well, I would not be so tried again:
A very handsome proper gentleman! [*Aside.*
Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one hour more,
And then hang me?
Din. We wait your malice; put your swords home bravely;
You have reason to seek blood.
Lam. Not, as you are noble!
Champ. Hands off, and give them liberty; only disarm 'em.
Beau. We have done that already.
Champ. You are welcome, gentlemen;
I am glad my house has any pleasure for you:
I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,
And you are young and handsome gentlemen;
Have you any more mind to wenches?
Cler. To be abus'd too! — Lady, you might have help'd this.
Anna. Sir, now 'tis past; but 't may be I may stand
Your friend hereafter in a greater matter.
Cler. Never whilst you live.

[1] *imp*] See note, p. 154.
[2] *Your lascivious eyes*] Qy. "*Your* own *lascivious eyes*"? —Seward printed "For *your lascivious eyes.*"
[3] *Plague*] Both the folios "Pl——."
[4] Cler. *What a vengeance ail you?*
What dismal noise is there? no honour in you!
Din. *Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a woman!*
Deal bravely for thyself] In both the folios these speeches are distributed thus: —
"Cler. *What a vengeance ayle you?*
Din. *What dismall noise is there, no honour in you?*
[Sec. fol. *What dismal noise! is there no honour in you?*]
Cleremont, we are betraied, betraied, sold by a woman,
Deale bravely for thy selfe."
and so the modern editors. On the words, "*What dismal noise,*" Seward observed, "Either this is a continuation of Cleremont's speech, or some marginal direction as *Noises within* is left out; the latter seems most probable to me, the former to Mr. Sympson." The Editors of 1778 agreed with Seward, and accordingly inserted a stage-direction "*Noise within;*" and so Weber.
Heath rightly remarks that "the line,
'What dismal noise is there? no honour in you!'
belongs to Cleremont, affrighted at the loudness of his friend's calling upon him." *MS. Notes.*
[5] *stales*] i. e. lures, decoys.

Anna. You cannot tell.[1]
Now, sir, a parting hand.
Cler. Down and roses!
Well, I may live to see you again. — A dull rogue!
No revelation in thee!
Lam. Were you well frighted!
Were your fits from the heart? of all colds and colours?
That's all your punishment.
Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.
Champ. Your swords you must leave to these gentlemen.
Verdone. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even ice again.
Din. 'Tis well.
To be a mistress,[2] is to be a monster:
And so I leave your house and you for ever.
Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are a master.
Champ. You may depart too.
Cler. I had rather stay here.
Champ. Faith, we shall fright you worse.
Cler. Not in that manner;
There's five hundred crowns, fright me but so again.
Din. Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.
Cler. Wiser the next shall be, or we'll to school.
[*Exeunt* DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.
Champ. How coolly these hot gallants are departed!
Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To lie so still, and so long.
Anna. 'Twas your pleasure;
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.
Champ. Oh, my best wife,
Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life!
Lam. The more trust you commit, the more care still;
Goodness and virtue shall attend my will.
Champ. Let's laugh this night out now, and count our gains:
We have our honours home, and they their pains. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter CLEREMONT *and* DINANT.

Din. It holds, they will go thither.
Cler. To their summer-house?
Din. Thither i' th' evening; and, which is the most infliction,
Only to insult upon our miseries.
Cler. Are you provided?
Din. Yes, yes.
Cler. Throughly?
Din. Throughly.
Cler. Basta, enough;[3] I have your mind; I will not fail you.
Din. At such an hour.
Cler. Have I a memory?
A cause, and will to do? thou art so sullen!
Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation.
Cler. I have more reason, for I scap'd a fortune,
Which if I come so near again — I say nothing;
But, if I sweat not in another fashion ——
Oh, a delicate wench!
Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.
Cler. And, methought, the thing was angry with itself too,
It lay so long conceal'd. But I must part with you;
I have a scene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.
Din. Miss not your time.
Cler. I dare not. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *Without the City.*

Enter SAMPSON *and a* Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, sir, you now need no instruction,
But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman:
You bear your uncle's cause.
Samp. Do not disturb me;
I understand my cause and the right carriage.
Gent. Be not too bloody.
Samp. As I find my enemy; if his sword bite,
If it bite, sir, you must pardon me.
Gent. No doubt he is valiant;
He durst not undertake else.
Samp. He's most welcome,
As he is most valiant; he were no man for me else.
Gent. But say, he should relent?
Samp. He dies relenting,
(I cannot help it) he must die relenting;
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto* praying,
(Your honourable way admits no prayer);
And if he fight, he falls; there's his *quietus*.
Gent. You're nobly punctual. Let's retire, and meet 'em;
But still I say, have mercy!
Samp. I say, honour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* CHAMPERNEL'S *House.*

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, *and a* Servant.

Lam. Will not you go, sweetheart?
Champ. Go! I'll fly with thee:
I stay behind!
Lam. My father will be there too,
And all our best friends.
Beau. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, lady.
Verdone. Faith, let's have a kind of play.
Champ. What shall it be?
Verdone. The story of Dinant.

[1] *You cannot tell*] In both the folios, after these words is a break, as if something were omitted.
[2] *To be a mistress*] Altered by Seward to, "*To* have *a mistress.*" Sympson wished to read "*To be a* mistress's."
[3] *Basta, enough*] "Seward, at the suggestion of Sympson, omits the word '*enough*' as 'a marginal explanation of the Italian word *basta*.'" WEBER. *Basta* is frequently used, as here, by our early dramatists.

Lam. With the merry conceits of Cleremont,
His fits and fevers.
Anna. But I'll lie still no more.
Lam. That, as you make the play. 'Twill be rare sport;
And[1] how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it! ——
Have you given order for the coach?
Char. Yes, madam.
Champ. My easy nag and pad?
Serv. 'Tis making ready.
Champ. Where are your horses?
Beau. Ready at an hour, sir:
We'll not be last.
Champ. Fie,[2] what a night shall we have!
A roaring merry night!
Lam. We'll fly at all, sir.
Champ. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee!
I'll try your art upon a country pallet.
Lam. Brag not too much, for I fear I should expect it;
Then, if you fail ——
Champ. Thou say'st too true; we all talk.
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.
Lam. He that's sad,
A crab-fac'd mistress cleave to him for this year! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Field without the City.*

Enter CLEREMONT *and* LA-WRIT.

La-Writ. Since it cannot be the judge ——
Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.
La-Writ. You are sure he is his kinsman? a gentleman?
Cler. As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And so near to his blood ——
La-Writ. It shall suffice:
I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred; I'll lop him.
Cler. Will you kill him?
La-Writ. An there were no more cousins in the world, I kill him:
I do mean, sir, to kill all my lord's kindred;
For every cause a cousin.
Cler. How if he have no more cousins?
La-Writ. The next a-kin, then, to his lordship's favour;
The man he smiles upon.
Cler. Why, this is vengeance,
Horrid and dire!
La-Writ. I love a dire revenge:
"Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last himself."[3]
Cler You stole that resolution.
La-Writ. I had it in a play; but that's all one;
I would see it done.

[1] *And*] Weber printed "Any"!

[2] *Fie*] Was altered by Seward to "Hey." He also conjectured in a note "Fly;" which was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. The last-mentioned commentator, who lived so long in the north, ought to have recollected the celebrated Scottish ballad, "*Fy*, let us all to the bridal," &c.

[3] "*Give me the man that will all others kill,*
And last himself"] From what play this quotation is taken, has not been discovered.

Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.
La-Writ. To no lord's cousins in the world;
I hate 'em:
A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice;
If I see him first, he dies.
Cler. A strange antipathy!
What think you of their nieces?[4]
La-Writ. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply. — 'Tis a cold morning.
Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed. You have broke your fast?
La-Writ. No, verily.
Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.
La-Writ. Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.
Cler. Here they come.
Bear yourself in your language smooth and gently;
When your swords argue ——
La-Writ. Pray, sir, spare your precepts.

Enter SAMPSON *and a* Gentleman.

Gent. I have brought you, sir ——
La-Writ. 'Tis very well; no words. ——
You are welcome, sir.
Samp. I thank you, sir; few words.
La-Writ. I'll kill you for your uncle's sake.
Samp. I love you;
I'll cut your throat for your own sake.
La-Writ. I esteem of[5] you.
Cler. Let's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen:
Search my friend, I'll search yours.
Gent. That's quickly done.
Cler. You come with no spells nor witchcrafts?
Samp. I come fairly,
To kill him honestly.
La-Writ. Hang spells and witchcrafts!
I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman;
And so I kiss his hand.
Gent. This doublet is too stiff.
La-Writ. Off wi't; I hate it,
And all such fortifications: feel my skin;[6]
If that be stiff, flay that off too.
Gent. 'Tis no soft one.
La-writ. Off wi't, I say!
I'll fight with him like a flay'd cat.
Gent. You are well, you are well.
Cler. You must uncase too.
Samp. Yes, sir.

[4] *If I see him first, he dies.*
Cler. A strange antipathy!
What think you of their nieces] Both the folios have,
"*If I see him first, he dies.*
A strange antipathy.
Cler. *What think you of their neeces?*"

[5] *of*] Was thrown out by Seward.

[6] *feel my skin*] "The practice of fighting duels, stript to the shirt, was very common, and is not entirely obsolete upon the continent at this day, being still practised in some of the universities. La-Writ, directing the second to feel his skin, refers possibly to some story, like one related by Brantome of the celebrated duellist Baron de Vitaux, who fought with Millaud stript to the shirt. The latter opened his breast, and showed what to all appearance seemed to be his bare skin. He, however, wore a thin cuirass, painted like the skin, which prevented the sword of Vitaux from penetrating, and enabled his treacherous adversary to kill him. — *Œuvres de Brantome*, viii. 89." WEBER (qy. Sir W. Scott?)

But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour
With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in's shirt?
Gent. That's a main point; my friend has two.
Cler. That's true, sir.
La-Writ. Base and degenerate cousin, dost not thou know,
An old and tatter'd colours to the enemy
Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?
This shirt five times victorious I have fought under,
And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-works,[1]
As I will do through thine. Shake, and be satisfied!
Cler. This is unanswerable.
Samp. But may I fight
With a foul shirt?
Gent. Most certain, so it be
A fighting shirt, let it be ne'er so foul, or lousy;
Cæsar wore such a one.
Samp. Saint Denis, then!
I accept your shirt.
Cler. Not so forward; first, you must talk
(It is a main point of the French method),
Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic.
Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor no anger.
Cler. When you have done, then stir your resolutions;
Take to your weapons bravely.
La-Writ. 'Tis too cold:
This for a summer fight.
Cler. Not for a world
You should transgress the rules.[2]
Samp. 'Tis peevish weather;
I had rather fight without.
Gent. An 'twere in a river ——
Cler. Where both stood up to the chins.
La-Writ. Then let's talk quickly:
Plague[3] o' this circumstance!
Cler. Are the horses come yet?
Gent. Yes, certain. — Give your swords to us; now civilly.
Cler. We'll stand a while off. — Take the things, and leave 'em —
[*Aside to the* Gentleman.
You know when — and let the children play:
This is a dainty time of year[4] for puppies.
Would the old lord were here!
Gent. He would die with laughter.
Cler. I am sorry I have no time to see this game out;
Away, away!
Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight. —
Call when ye're fit.
[*Exeunt* CLEREMONT *and* Gentleman *with the dresses and swords.*

La-Writ. Why, look you, sir, you seem to be a gentleman,
And you come in honour of your uncle — Boh, boh, 'tis very cold! —
Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,
Past flesh and blood to bear. — Boh, boh, wondrous cold!
Samp. My lord, mine uncle, is an honourable man,
And what he offers — Boh, boh, cold indeed! —
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman;
Yet take me with you[5] — Boh, boh, pestilence cold! —
Not altogether ——
La-Writ. Boh, boh, —I say altogether.
Samp. You say you know not what, then — Boh, boh — sir.
La-Writ. Sir me with your sword in your hand. You have
A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are — Boh, boh!
Samp. Boh, boh — What?
La-Writ. A shitten scurvy cousin!
Samp. Our swords, our swords! —
Thou art a dog; and, like a dog — our swords!
La-Writ. Our weapons, gentlemen! — Ha! where's your second?
Samp. Where's yours?
La-Writ. So ho! our weapons!
Samp. Wa, ha, ho! our weapons!
Our doublets and our weapons! — I am dead.
La-Writ. Firsts, seconds, thirds![6] a plague[7] be wi' you, gentlemen!
Samp. Are these the rules of honour? I am starv'd.
La-Writ. They are gone, and we are here. What shall we do?
Samp. Oh, for a couple of faggots!
La-Writ. Hang a couple of faggots!
Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?
Samp. I have it already.
La-Writ. Rogues, thieves — Boh, boh — Run away with our doublets!
To fight at buffets now, 'twere such a May-games!
Samp. There were no honour in't; pox[8] on't, 'tis scurvy!
La-Writ. Or to revenge my wrongs at fisty-cuffs!
Samp. My lord mine uncle's cause depend on boxes!
La-Writ. Let's go in quest. If ever we recover 'em —
Samp. Ay, come, our colds together and our doublets.
La-Writ. Give me thy hand; thou art a valiant gentleman:
I say, if ever we recover 'em —
Samp. Let's get into a house, and warm our hearts.
La-Writ. There's ne'er a house within this mile. Beat me,

[1] *curious cut-works*] We have already had mention of "*smocks* seam'd thorough with *cut-works*," see *The Triumph of Time*, p. 412, and note; and here La-Writ alludes to shirts adorned in the same manner: see also *The Custom of the Country*, act ii. sc. 3, where an "historical shirt" is mentioned.

[2] *the rules*] "The highest authority among duellists, were the rules of the celebrated Caranza, who is so frequently alluded to in the old plays. . . . See *Love's Pilgrimage* [act v. sc. 4] for an account of this personage." WEBER.

[3] *Plague*] Both the follos "Pl——."

[4] *year*] Weber printed "fear"!

[5] *take me with you*] i. e. hear me out, understand me fully Weber erroneously explains the words, "you must consider."

[6] *Firsts, seconds, thirds*] So the first folio. — The second folio "First, second, third;" and so the modern editors.

[7] *plague*] Both the follos "pl——."

[8] *pox*] The first folio "p—;" the second "pl——."

Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,
To keep us warm. If ever we recover 'em —— [*They kick one another.*
Kick hard; I am frozen. So, so; now I feel it.
Samp. I am dull yet.
La-Writ. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee. — Gentlemen!
Rogues, thieves, thieves! — Run now; I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Field adjoining to a Wood.*

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, *and* Nurse.

Vert. Use legs, and have legs.
Champ. You that have legs say so;
I put my one to too much stress.
Verdone. Your horse, sir,
Will meet you within half a mile.
Lam. I like
The walk so well, I should not miss my coach,
Though it were further. — Annabell, thou art sad:
What ails my niece?
Beau. She's still devising,[1] sister,
How quietly her late bedfellow lay by her.
Nurse. Old as I am, he would have startled me;
Nor can you blame her.
Char. Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear I should ha' shriek'd,
Though he had never offer'd ——
Anna. Out upon thee!
Thou wouldst have taught him.
Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had.
Anna. I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth.
Vert. Nay, be not angry; [*Music within.*[2]
There's no ill meant. — Ha! music! and choice music!
Champ. 'Tis near us in the grove: what courteous bounty
Bestows it on us? My dancing days are done;
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.
Verdone. 'Tis, questionless, some one of your own village,
That, hearing of your purpos'd journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my lady.
Lam. I think rather,
Some of your lordship's clients.
Beau. What say you, cousin,
If they should prove your suitors?
Verdone. That's most likely.
Nurse. I say, if you are noble, be't who will,
Go presently, and thank 'em. I can jump yet,
Or tread a measure.
Lam. Like a miller's mare.
Nurse. I warrant you, well enough to serve the country.
I'll make one, and lead the way. [*Exit.*
Char. Do you note
How zealous the old crone is?
Lam. And you titter
As eagerly as she. — Come, sweet, we'll follow;
No ill can be intended. [*Music ceases.*
Champ. I ne'er fear'd yet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *A Wood.*

SONG [*within*].

This way, this way come, and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear;
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen ground.

This way come; make haste, oh, fair!
Let your clear eyes gild the air;
Come, and bless us with your sight;
This way, this way, seek delight!

Enter Gentlemen, *disguised as ruffians.*

First Gent. They are ours; but draw them on a little further
From the footpath into the neighbouring thicket,
And we may do't as safe as in a castle.
Sec. Gent. They follow still; the president Vertaigne
Comes on apace, and Champernel limps after;
The women, as if they had wings, and walk'd
Upon the air, fly to us.
First Gent. They are welcome;
We'll make 'em sport. Make a stand here. All know
How we are to proceed?
Sec. Gent. We are instructed.
First Gent. One strain or two more. [*Music within.*
Excellent; they are come. [*They retire.*

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, *and* Nurse.

Nurse. We cannot miss; in such a business, yet
Mine ear ne'er fail'd me.
Char. Would we were at it once!
I do not walk, but dance.
First Gent. You shall have dancing:
Begin! — and when I give the word[3] ——
Sec. Gent. No more;
We are instructed.
[*Dance; after which, the disguised* Gentlemen *rush on the company, and seize them.*
First Gent. Now![4]
Beau. But win us fairly!
First Gent. Oh, sir, we do not come to try your valour,
But to possess you; yet we use you kindly,
In that, like English thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the spoil.
Vert. Oh, Heaven!
How hath mine age deserv'd this?
Champ. Hell confound it!
This comes of walking! Had I kept my legs

[1] *devising*] So the first folio. — The second folio "musing;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.
[2] *Music within*] Both the folios,
"Cornet.
Musicks within."

[3] *Begin! — and when I give the word*] "In the first folio, this is given erroneously to Lamira." WEBER.
[4] *Now*] In the first folio this word is printed in Italics opposite to Beaupré's speech. In the second folio it is omitted; and so Seward. The Editors of 1778 made it a portion of the Second Gentleman's speech. Weber gave it, and rightly, to the First Gentleman.

On my good horse, my armour on,[1]
My staff in my rest, and this good sword to friend,
How I would break and scatter these!
All the Gent. Ha, ha, ha!
Champ. Do you scorn me, rogues?
Nurse. Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods, but hear me;
Be not so rough! If you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private;
You shall not find me squeamish.
Char. Do not kill me!
And do your worst; I'll suffer.
Lam. Peace, vile creatures!
Vert. Do you know me or my place, that you presume not
To touch my person?
First Gent. If you are well, rest so;
Provoke not angry wasps.
Vert. You are wasps indeed,
Never created to yield wax or honey,
But for your country's torment. Yet, if you are men
(As you seem such in shape), if true-born Frenchmen,
However want compels you to these courses,
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us;
These ladies' honours and our liberties safe,
We freely give it.
First Gent. You give but our own.
Vert. Look on these grey hairs, as you would be old!
Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy
When justice shall o'ertake you!
Champ. Look on me,
Look on me, rascals, and learn of me too,
That have been in some part of your profession,
Before that most of you e'er suck'd; I know it;
I have rode hard, and late too.
Vert. Take heed, sir.
Champ. Then use me like a brother of the trade,
For I have been at sea, as you on land are:
Restore my matrimony[2] undefil'd,
Wrong not my niece, and, for our gold or silver,
If I pursue you, hang me!
Nurse. 'Tis well offer'd;
And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with sour faces,
If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
(As, living without action here, you may do,)
Forbear their tender gristles; they are meat
Will wash away, there is no substance in it;
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
Will hold you play.
First Gent. This hen longs to be trodden.

Enter DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.

Din. Lacquey, my horse!
Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of distress'd women.
Sec. Gent. Stand upon your guard!
Din. Who's here? my witty, scornful lady-plot
In the hands of ruffians!
Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was insensible of man and woman!
Din. Justice too,
Without a sword to guard itself!
Cler. And valour
With its hands bound!
Din. And the great soldier dull!
Why, this is strange.
Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble ——
Anna. As thou art valiant, Cleremont ——
Lam. As ever
I appear'd lovely ——
Anna. As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly ——
Cler. Pretty conjurations!
Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you ——
Anna. Shew yourselves men, and help us!
Din. Though your many
And gross abuses of me should more move me
To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,
Yet, that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despis'd Dinant, know what does
Belong to honour, thus —— [*Draws his sword.*
Cler. I will say little;
Speak thou for me!
[*Draws his sword.* — DINANT *and* CLEREMONT *fight with the disguised* Gentlemen.
Champ. 'Tis bravely fought.
Vert. Brave tempers,
To do thus for their enemies!
Champ. They are lost yet.
First Gent. You, that would rescue others, shall now feel
What they were born to.
Sec. Gent. Hurry them away!
[*Exeunt all except* VERTAIGNE *and* CHAMPERNEL.
Champ. That I could follow them!
Vert. I only can
Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven
A little life for my revenge.
Champ. The provost
Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out:
No cave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them from
My searching vengeance!

Enter LA-WRIT *and* SAMPSON.

La-Writ. Oh, cold! oh, fearful cold! Plague of all seconds!
Samp. Oh, for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of aquafortis!
Champ. The rogues have met with these two,
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.
La-Writ. As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants ——
Samp. My lord mine uncle, as I live!
La-Writ. Pox take him!
How that word has warm'd my mouth!
Vert. Why, how now, cousin?
Why, why— and where, man, have you been? at a poulter's,[3]

[1] *This comes of walking! Had I kept my legs On my good horse, my armour on*] The first folio has,
"*This comes of walking; had I kept my legs,* My legs in *my good* house, *my armour on.*"
The second folio reads,
"*This comes of walking; had I kept my legs,* Or *my good horse, my armour on;*"
and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

[2] *matrimony*] i. e. wife (as *matrimonium* is occasionally used in Latin for *uxor*).

[3] *poulter's*] i. e. poulterer's.

That you are cas'd[1] thus like a rabbit? I could laugh now,
And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my children,
Laugh monstrously.
Champ. What are they?
Vert. Give me leave, sir, ——
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing.
Champ. Why, sir?
Vert. Why, 'tis such a thing, — I smell it, sir, I smell it, —
Such a ridiculous thing!
La-Writ. Do you laugh at me, my lord?
I am very cold, but that should not be laugh'd at.
Champ. What art thou?
La-Writ. What art thou?
Samp. If he had his doublet,
And his sword by his side, as a gentleman ought to have ——
Vert. Peace, monsieur Sampson!
Champ. Come hither, little gentleman.
La-Writ. "Base is the slave commanded:"[2] come to me.
Vert. This is the little advocate.
Champ. What advocate?
Vert. The little advocate that sent me a challenge.
I told you that my nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: now you see the issue.
Champ. Is this the little lawyer?
La-Writ. You have a sword, sir,
And I have none; you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.
Samp. If your lordship knew
The nature and the nobleness of the gentleman,
Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of danger[3]
His manhood has arriv'd, but that men's fates are foolish,
And often headlong over-run their fortunes ——
La-Writ. That little lawyer would so prick his ears up,
And bite your honour by the nose ——
Champ. Say you so, sir?
La-Writ. So niggle about your grave shins, lord Vertaigne, too ——
Samp. No more, sweet gentleman; no more of that, sir.
La-Writ. I will have more, I must have more.
Vert. Out with it.
Samp. Nay, he is as brave a fellow ——
Champ. Have I caught you? [*Strikes down* LA-WRIT.
Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.
Champ. No, no, no, I will not.[4] ——
Do you peep again? down, down, proud heart!
Samp. Oh, valour!
Look up, brave friend. I have no means to rescue thee:
"My kingdom for a sword!"[5]
Champ. I'll sword you presently;
I'll claw your skin-coat too.
Vert. Away, good Sampson;
You go to grass else instantly.
Samp. But do not murder my brave friend.
Vert. Not one word.
Champ. If you do, sirrah ——
Samp. Must I go off dishonour'd?
Adversity tries valour; so I leave thee. [*Exit.*
Champ. Are you a lawyer, sir?
La-Writ. I was, I was, sir.
Champ. Nay, never look; your lawyer's pate is broken,
And your litigious blood about your ears, sirrah.
Why do you fight and snarl?
La-Writ. I was possess'd.
Champ. I'll dispossess you. [*Beats him.*
Vert. Ha, ha, ha!
La-Writ. *Et tu, Brute?*
Vert. Beat him no more.
Champ. Alas, sir, I must beat him,
Beat him into his business again! he will be lost else.
Vert. Then take your way.
Champ. Lie still, and do not struggle.
La-Writ. I am patient.
I never saw my blood before; it jades me:
I have no more heart now than a goose.
Champ. Why, sirrah,
Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living,
And send your challenges, like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?
La-Writ. I understand, sir;
I never understood before your beating.
Champ. Does this work on you?
La-Writ. Yes.
Champ. Do you thank me for't?
La-Writ. As well as a beaten man can.
Champ. And do you promise me
To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?
La-Writ. If you will give me leave and life.
Champ. And ask
This nobleman forgiveness?
La-Writ. Heartily.
Champ. Rise, then, and get you gone; and let me hear of you
As of an advocate new-vamp'd: no more words;
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs;
I shall pursue you else.
La-Writ. I have done, sweet gentleman.[6] [*Exit.*
Vert. But we forget ourselves, our friends, and children.
Champ. We'll raise the country first, then take our fortunes. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *cas'd*] i. e. skinned, flayed.

[2] "*Base is the slave commanded*"] A parody on Pistol's exclamation, "*Base is the slave* that pays!" Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act ii. sc. 1.

[3] *Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of danger*, &c.] So the second folio. — The first folio has;

"*Though he shew sleight here, & at what gusts of danger*
His manhood has arrived.
La-wr. Bee't then.
Mens fates are foolish,
And often head long, over run their fortunes.
Sam. *That little Lawyer would so pricke his eares up,*
And bite your honour by the nose.
Cham. *Say you so Sir?*"

In the first of these speeches Seward altered "*gusts*" to "*justs*"!

[4] Champ. *No, no, no, I will not*] So the second folio. — In the first folio these words are given to Vertaigne.

[5] *My kingdom for a sword*] Another parody on Shakespeare;

"*My kingdom for a* horse!"
Richard III. act v. sc. 4.

[6] *gentleman*] Both the folios "gentlemen;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.

SCENE VII. — *Another Part of the same, with a cave in the background.*

Enter First disguised Gentleman *and* LAMIRA.

First Gent. Shall I entreat for what I may command?
Lam. Think on my birth.
First Gent. Here I am only noble,
A king; and thou in my dominions, fool,
A subject and a slave.
Lam. Be not a tyrant,
A ravisher of honour, gentle sir,
And I will think you such; and on my knees,
[*Kneeling.*
As to my sovereign, pay a subject's duty,
With prayers and tears.
First Gent. I like this humble carriage:
I will walk by; but kneel you still, and weep too,
(It shews well,) while I meditate on the prey,
Before I seize it.
Lam. Is there no mercy, Heaven?

Enter Second disguised Gentleman *and* ANNABELL.

Sec. Gent. Not kiss you? I will kiss, and kiss again.
Anna. Savage villain!
My innocence be my strength! I do defy thee,
Thus scorn and spit at thee. Will you come on, sir?
You are hot; there is a cooler.
[*Draws out a knife.*
Sec. Gent. A virago!
Anna. No, loathsome goat, more, more; I am that goddess
That here with whips of steel, in hell hereafter,
Scourge rape and theft.
Sec. Gent. I'll try your deity.
Anna. My chastity, and this knife held by a virgin,
Against thy lust, thy sword, and thee a beast,
Call on for the encounter.
[*He throws her down and takes her knife.*
Sec. Gent. Now what think you?
Are you a goddess?
Anna. In me their power suffers
That should protect the innocent.
First Gent. I am all fire,
And thou shalt quench it, and serve my pleasures. ——
Come, partner in the spoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchase.[1]
Lam. Oh, Dinant!
Oh, Heaven! oh, husband!
Anna. Oh, my Cleremont!
First Gent. Two are our slaves they call on; bring 'em forth,
As they are, chain'd together; let them see,
And suffer in the object.
Sec. Gent. While we sit,
And without pity hear 'em.

Enter other disguised Gentlemen *bringing in* DINANT *and* CLEREMONT *bound.*

Cler. By my life,
I suffer more for thee[2] than for myself.
Din. Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em
As such that not alone abus'd our service,
Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
But, when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief,
The baits they laid for us were our own honours,
Which thus hath made us slaves to worse than slaves.[3]
Sec. Gent. He dies.
First Gent. Pray, hold; give him a little respite.
Din. I see you now beyond expression wretched,
The wit you bragg'd of fool'd, that boasted honour
(As you believ'd, compass'd with walls of brass,
To guard it sure) subject to be o'er-thrown
With the least blast of lust.
Lam. A most sad truth!
Din. That confidence, which was not to be shaken,
In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
Which with so strong and ceremonious duty
Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you yield up
To a licentious villain, that will hardly
Allow you thanks for't.
Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you, pretty one, though crying one.
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers please,
(Though I know not their faces that condemn me,)
A little startles me; but a man is nothing,
A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at.
Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart too,
When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by you,
(Those fears you and your good aunt put upon me,
To make you sport,) you had given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman?
Anna. Pray you, no more!
Cler. If I had loos'd that virgin zone, observe me,
I would have hir'd the best of all our poets
To have sung so much, and so well, in the honour
Of that night's joy, that Ovid's Afternoon,
Nor his Corinna, should again be mention'd.
Anna. I do repent, and wish I had.
Cler. That's comfort:
But now ——
Sec. Gent. Another, that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it.
Cler. A rogue, a ruffian!
Sec. Gent. As you love your throat ——
First Gent. Away with them.
Anna. Oh, Cleremont!
Lam. Oh, Dinant!
Din. I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
Your fears to my fears.
Cler. To your wishes mine,

1 *purchase*] i. e. booty.
2 *thee*] If the right reading, means, of course, Annabell: but qy. "these"? see "'em" in the next line.

3 *slaves to worse than slaves*] The correction of Heath *MS. Notes.* — Both the folios "*slaves* too, *worse than slaves*;" and so the modern editors. — Compare an earlier passage of this play, p. 502.

This slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the task that I was born for.
Anna. Amen, amen.
First Gent. Drag the slaves hence.
[*Exeunt the other disguised* Gentlemen *with* DINANT *and* CLEREMONT.
For you,
A while I'll lock you up here: study all ways
You can to please me, or, the deed being done,
You are but dead.
Sec. Gent. This strong vault shall contain you:
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With penitence.
First Gent. No human help can save you.
Lam. Anna. Help, help!
Sec. Gent. You cry in vain; rocks cannot hear you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Interior of the Cave.*

A horrid noise of music within. Enter one,[1] *and opens the door of the chamber in which* LAMIRA *and* ANNABELL *are shut up; then exit. Enter* LAMIRA *and* ANNABELL.

Lam. Oh, cousin, how I shake! all this long night,
What frights and noises we have heard! Still they increase:
The villains put on shapes to torture us,
And, to their devil's form,[2] such preparations
As if they were a-hatching new dishonours
And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention.
Go not too far, and pray, good cousin Annabell!
[*A strange music within.*[3]
Hark, a new noise!
Anna. They are exquisite in mischief.
I will go on; this room gives no protection,
More than the next. — What's that? how sad and hollow,
The sound comes to us! [*Louder music within.*
Lam. Groaning, or singing, is it?
Anna. The wind, I think, murmuring amongst old rooms.
Lam. Now it grows louder; sure, some sad presage [*Disguised* Gentlemen *peep.*
Of our foul loss. Look, now they peep!
Anna. Pox peep 'em!
Lam. Oh, give them gentle language!
Anna. Give 'em rats-bane.
[*Disguised* Gentlemen *peep above.*
Lam. Now they are above.
Anna. I would they were i' the centre!
Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.
Anna. Since we must lose.
Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.
Anna. Call 'em rogues,
Rogues as they are; rude rogues, uncivil villains.
Lam. Look, an thou woo't beware; dost thou feel the danger?
Anna. Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk still,
And worse when that comes too; they cannot eat me.
This is a punishment upon our own prides
Most justly laid: we must abuse brave gentlemen,
Make 'em tame fools and hobby-horses; laugh and jeer at
Such men too, and so handsome and so noble,
That, howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it ——
Would 'twere to do again!
Lam. I do confess, cousin,
It was too harsh, too foolish.
Anna. Do you feel it?
Do you find it now? take heed o' the punishment.
We might have had two gallant gentlemen,
Proper [and] young; oh, how it tortures me!
Two devils now, two rascals, two and twenty ——
Lam. Oh, think not so!
Anna. Nay, an we scape so modestly ——
Lam. May we be worthy any eyes or knowledge,
When we are us'd thus?
Anna. Why not? why do you cry?
Are we not women still? what were we made for?
Lam. But, thus, thus basely ——
Anna. 'Tis against our wills;
And if there come a thousand, so.
Lam. Out on thee!
Anna. You are a fool: what we can not resist,
Why should we grieve and blush for? There be women,
And they that bear the name of excellent women,
Would give their whole estates to meet this fortune.
Lam. Hark, a new noise! [*New sound within.*
Anna. Let 'em go on; I fear not.
If wrangling, fighting, and scratching, cannot preserve me,
Why, so be it, cousin: if I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues ——
Lam. They come.
Anna. Be firm;
They are welcome.

Enter four disguised Gentlemen, *with* BEAUPRE *and* VERDONE *bound and halters about their necks.*

Lam. What masque of death is this? Oh, my dear brother!
Anna. My coz too! — Why, now ye are glorious villains!
Lam. Oh, shall we lose our honours?
Anna. Let 'em go;
When death prepares the way, they are but pageants.
Why must these die?
Beau. Lament your own misfortunes;
We perish happily before your ruins.
Anna. Has mischief ne'er a tongue?
First Gent. Yes, foolish woman,
Our captain's will is death.
Anna. You dare not do it.
Tell thy base boisterous captain what I say,

[1] *Enter one, &c.*] The first folio thus, "*Enter one and opens the Chamber doore, in which Lamira and Annabell were shut, they in all feare;*" and so the second folio, except that it omits the word "*Chamber.*"

[2] *to their devil's form*] i. e. in addition to their devil's form.

[3] *A strange music within*] Both the folios add "*Sackbut and Troup* [*sec.* folio '*Troop*'] *musick.*"

Thy lawless captain, that he dares not! [1]
Do you laugh, you rogue? you pamper'd rogue?
Lam. Good sir, ——
Good cousin, gently! — as you're a gentleman —
Anna. A gentleman? a slave, a dog, the devil's harbinger!
Lam. Sir, as you had a mother ——
Anna. He a mother?
Shame not the name of mother: a she-bear,
A bloody old wolf-bitch! a woman-mother?
Looks that rude lump as if he had a mother?
Intreat him? hang him! — Do thy worst; thou dar'st not,
Thou dar'st not wrong their lives; thy captain dares not;
They are persons of more price.
Verdone. Whate'er we suffer,
Let not your angers wrong you.
Anna. You cannot suffer;
The men that do this deed must live i' the moon,
Free from the gripe of justice.
Lam. Is it not better ——
Anna. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like rascals,
And put false faces on! they dare not do it:
Flatter such scabs of nature?
Sec. Gent. Woman, woman,
The next work is with you.
Anna. Unbind those gentlemen,
And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.
Lam. As you have mercy, do!
Anna. As you are monsters!
Lam. Fright us no more with shipwreck of our honours;
Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger those.
Anna. I say, they dare not. ——
There be a thousand gallowses, ye rogues!
Tortures, ye bloody rogues! wheels!
Sec. Gent. Away!
Lam. Stay.
Anna. Stay;
Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good sweet-fac'd gentlemen,
You excellent in honesty! — Oh, kinsmen!
Oh, noble kinsmen!
First Gent. Away with 'em!
Anna. Stay yet.
[*Exeunt all the disguised* Gentlemen *with* BEAUPRE *and* VERDONE.
The devil and his lovely dam walk with you! —
Come, fortify yourself; if they do die,
(Which all their [2] ruggedness cannot rack into me,)
They cannot find an hour more innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter CLEREMONT *disguised.*

Lam. Now stand constant;
For now our trial's come.
Cler. This beauty's mine: —
[*Seizes* ANNABELL, *who falls.*
Your minute moves not yet.
Lam. She sinks!

[1] *dares not*] Seward printed "*dares not* do it;" and so the Editors of 1778.
[2] *their*] Altered by Weber to "that."

Anna. If Christian,
If any spark of noble heat [3] ——
Cler. [*raising her*] Rise, lady,
And fearless rise; there's no dishonour meant you:
Do you know my tongue?
Anna. I have heard it.
Cler. Mark it better:
I am one that loves you; fairly, nobly loves you.
Look on my face.
Anna. Oh, sir!
Cler. No more words, softly;
Hark, but hark wisely now, [4] understand well,
Suspect not, fear not.
Anna. You have brought me comfort.
Cler. If you think me [5] worthy of your husband,
I am no rogue nor beggar; if you dare do thus —
Anna. You are monsieur Cleremont?
Cler. I am the same.
If you dare venture, speak; if not, I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of these villains,
That will not woo you much.
Anna. Save my reputation,
And free me from these slaves!
Cler. By this kiss, I'll do it,
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you.
I have a priest too shall be ready.
Anna. You are forward.
Lam. Is this my constant cousin? how she whispers,
Kisses, and hugs the thief!
Anna. You'll offer nothing?
Cler. Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman.
Anna. Can you relieve my aunt too?
Cler. Not yet, mistress:
But fear nothing; all shall be well. Away quickly;
It must be done i' the moment, or ——
Anna. I am with you.
Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me. — Keep your standing.
[*Exeunt* CLEREMONT *and* ANNABELL.
Lam. Well, go thy ways, and thine own shame dwell with thee!
Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery?
The dear love and the life she ow'd her kinsmen?
Oh, brave tongue-valiant, glorious woman! [6]
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at?
Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you rail'd at?
The scabs and scums of nature? Oh, fair modesty,

[3] *If Christian,*
If any spark of noble heat —] These words are given to Lamira in both the folios; and so the modern editors. "It is evident from the reply of Cleremont that they belong to Annabell, who is kneeling and supplicating." HEATH (*MS. Notes*).
[4] *now*] Heath's correction, *MS. Notes.* — Both the folios "how;" and so the modern editors.
[5] *If you think me*, &c.] Seward printed "*If you* dare *think me*," &c.; and so the Editors of 1778.
[6] *Oh, brave tongue-valiant, glorious woman*] stands in both the folios thus:
"*O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman.*"
Seward printed,
"*O brave tongue-valiant*, and vain-*glorious woman*;"
and so the Editors of 1778: they forgot that "*glorious*" was formerly used in the sense of vain-glorious.

Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?
What hand of Heaven[1] is over us, when strong virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes?
Never belief come near me more! Farewell, wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
My turn is next; I am resolv'd. It comes;
But in a nobler shape: ha!

Enter DINANT.

Din. Bless you, lady!
Lam. Indeed, sir, I had need of many blessings;
For all the hours I have had since I came here
Have been so many curses. How got you liberty?
For I presume you come to comfort me.
Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most true;
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,
And every hour my death.
Lam. Heaven was your comfort.
Din. Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fortunes
(Mine own I had the least care of), round about me
The captain and the company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my love
To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow
Follow'd each point, that even from those rude eyes,
That never knew what pity meant or mercy,
There stole down soft relentings: (take heed, mistress,
And let not such unholy hearts out-do you!
The soft-plum'd god will see again.) Thus taken,
As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
They stood amaz'd; then bid me rise and live,
Take liberty and means to see your person,
And wish'd me prosperous in your love: wish you so;
Be wise and loving, lady; shew but you so!
Lam. Oh, sir, are these fit hours to talk of love in?
Shall we make fools of our afflictions?
Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,
Where all the noise of bloody horror is?[2]
My brother and my cousin, they are dead, sir,
Dead, basely dead; — is this an age to fool in? —
And I myself, I know not what I shall be:
Yet I must thank you; and if happily
You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,
And my fears less, I might have hearken'd to you.
Din. Peace to your grief! I bind you to your word.

Enter CLEREMONT, ANNABELL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, Nurse, *and two* Gentlemen.

Lam. How! do you conjure?
Din. Not to raise dreadful apparitions, madam,
But such as you would gladly see.
Lam. My brother
And nephew living!
Beau. And both owe their lives
To the favour of these gentlemen.
Verdone. Who deserve
Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks.
Lam. Which I give freely, and become a suitor,
To be hereafter more familiar
With such great worth and virtue.
[*The two* Gentlemen *kiss* LAMIRA.
First Gent. Ever think us
Your servants, madam.
Cler. Why, if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will discover it,
And with laconic brevity. These gentlemen,
This night encountering with those outlaws that
Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we were,
Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
(I am sure with better fortune,) not alone
Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody thieves,
Being got between them and this hellish cave,
For safety of their lives to fly up higher
Into the woods, all left to their possession:
This sav'd your brother and your nephew from
The gibbet; this redeem'd me from my chains,
And gave my friend his liberty; this preserv'd
Your honour, ready to be lost.
Din. But that
I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
And gentlemen are the same men, by my practice[3]
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With such a constant brow, that I am doubtful
I should believe him too. [*Aside.*
First Gent. If we did well,
We are rewarded.
Sec. Gent. Thanks but takes[4] away
From what was freely purpos'd.
Cler. Now, by this hand,
[*Aside to the* Gentlemen.
You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts,
That, while we live, rest confident you shall
Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor Beaupré
Nor Verdone scents it; for the ladies, they
Were easy to be gull'd.
First Gent. 'Twas but a jest:
And yet the jest may chance to break our necks,
Should it be known.
Cler. Fear nothing.
Din. Cleremont,
Say what success?
Cler. As thou wouldst wish; 'tis done, lad:
The grove will witness with me that this night
I lay not like a block. But how speed you?
Din. I yet am in suspense; devise some means
To get these off, and speedily.
Cler. I have it. —
Come, we are dull; I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.

[1] *of Heaven*] So the first folio. — The second folio "O *heaven*," (the *f* in the first folio being printed with a letter almost worn out, and scarcely visible); and so Seward. That Mason should have thought the reading of the second folio "clearly the better," is not a little strange.

[2] *is*] "This monosyllable was properly added in [the folio of] 1679." WEBER.

[3] *practice*] i. e. artful contrivance, stratagem.

[4] *takes*] Altered to "take" by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

First Gent. Let's ransack it;
'Tis ours now by the law.
Cler. How say you, sweet one,
Have you an appetite?
Anna. To walk again
I' the woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.
Cler. A little respite, prithee: nay, blush not;
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable. —
Monsieur Beauprè, Verdone,
What think you of the motion?
Verdone. Lead the way.
Beau. We follow willingly.
Cler. When you shall think fit,
We will expect you.
[*Exeunt all except* DINANT *and* LAMIRA.
Din. Now be mistress of
Your promise, lady.
Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.
Din. But that word hearing did include a grant,
And you must make it good.
Lam. Must!
Din. Must and shall;
I will be fool'd no more: you had your tricks,
Made properties of me and of my friend,
Presum'd upon your power, and whipped me with
The rod of mine own dotage: do not flatter
Yourself with hope that any human help
Can free you; and, for aid by miracle,
A base unthankful woman is unworthy.
Lam. You will not force me?
Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your consent: because I will torment you,
I'll make you feel th' effects of abus'd love,
And glory in your torture.
Lam. Brother! nephew!
Help, help, for Heaven's sake!
Din. Tear your throat, cry louder;
Though every leaf these trees bear were an echo,
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless. 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value those delights you prize so high,
That I'll enjoy you; a French crown will buy
More sport, and a companion to whom
You in your best trim are an Ethiop.
Lam. Forbear me, then.
Din. Not so; I'll do't in spite,
And break that stubborn disobedient will,
That hath so long held out; that boasted honour
I will make equal with a common whore's;
The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vain-glory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,
And make it loathsome even to goats.
Lam. Oh, Heaven!
No pity, sir?
Din. You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of mercy? I'll tell thee, fool;
Those that surpris'd thee were my instruments:
I can plot too, good madam, — you shall find it; —
And in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling, and whining like a boy new-breech'd,[1]
To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with authority
Command what I would have.
Lam. I am lost for ever! — [*Kneels.*
Good sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield myself up miserable guilty!
Thus kneeling, I confess, you cannot study
Sufficient punishments to load me with;
I am in your power, and I confess again,
You cannot be too cruel: if there be,
Besides the loss of my long-guarded honour,
Any thing else to make the balance even,
Pray, put it in; all hopes, all helps have left me;
I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,
And ravishment the least that I can look for:
Do what you please.
Din. [*raising her.*] Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch, nor hurt you, lady, nor had never
Such a lewd purpose.
Lam. Can there be such goodness,
And in a man so injur'd?
Din. Be confirm'd in't; [*Kisses her.*
I seal it thus. I must confess, you vex'd me
In fooling me so often, and those fears
You threw upon me call for a requital,
Which now I have return'd. All unchaste love
Dinant thus throws away! Live to mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.
Lam. All I possess comes short of satisfaction.
Din. No compliments. The terrors of this night
Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
With ease forget it; for Dinant, that labour'd
To blast your honour, is a champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.
Lam. 'Tis as safe, then,
As if a complete army undertook it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Paris. A Street.*

Enter LA-WRIT, SAMPSON, *and* Clients.

La-Writ. Do not persuade me, gentle monsieur Sampson;
I am a mortal man again, a lawyer;
My martial[2] part I have put off.
Samp. Sweet monsieur,
Let but our honours teach us.
La-Writ. Monsieur Sampson,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be but so beaten — Forward, my brave clients;
I am yours, and you are mine again — Be but so thresh'd,
Receive that castigation with a cudgel ——
Samp. Which calls upon us for a reparation.
La-Writ. I have; it cost me[3] half-a-crown, I bear it,
All over me I bear it, monsieur Sampson;
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body.
Samp. It concerns you,
You have been swinge'd.
La-Writ. Let it concern thee too;
Go, and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as I did;
Speak to that Don-lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do;

[1] *new-breech'd*] i. e. newly whipped.

[2] *martial*] So the second folio. — The first folio "mortall."

[3] *I have: it cost me*, &c.] Weber chose to print, "*I have it, it cost me*," &c.

Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out, do, Sampson,
Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices,
Do, silly Sampson, do.
First Client. You wrong the gentleman,
To put him [1] out of his right mind thus; you wrong
Us and our causes.
La-Writ. Down with him, gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace.—
Then when thou hast been lam'd,[2] thy small guts perish'd,
Then talk to me; before, I scorn thy counsel:
Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee.
Samp. And can the brave La-Writ ——
Sec. Client. Tempt him no further;
Be warn'd, and say no more.
La-Writ. If thou dost, Sampson,
Thou seest my myrmidons (I'll let 'em loose),
That in a moment ——
Samp. I say nothing, sir;
But I could wish ——
La-Writ. They shall destroy thee wishing;
There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten causes,
Dearer than ten men's lives; tempt, and thou diest.
Go home, and smile upon my lord, thine uncle,
Take money of the men thou mean'st to cozen,
Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly;
Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating;
Keep thy hand from thy sword and from thy laundress' placket,
And thou wilt live long.
First Client. Give ear, and be instructed.
La-Writ. I find I am wiser than a justice of peace now:
Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man!
That sticks still by him. — Art thou a new man?
Samp. Yes, yes,
Thy learnèd precepts have enchanted me.
La-Writ. Go, my son Sampson, I have now begot thee;
I'll send thee causes; speak to thy lord, and live,
And lay my share by; go, and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place:
That man neglects his living is an ass.
Farewell. [*Exit* SAMPSON.
Come, cheerly, boys, about our business!
Now, welcome tongue again; hang swords!
First Client. Sweet advocate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the Country-house of* CHAMPERNEL.

Enter Nurse *and* CHARLOTTE.

Nurse. I know not, wench; they may call 'em what they will,
Outlaws or thieves, but, I am sure, to me
One was an honest man; he us'd me well:
What I did, 'tis no matter; he complain'd not.
Char. I must confess, there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no matter;
I was to pay a waiting-woman's ransom,
And I have done't; and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'en to-morrow.
Nurse. Alas, there was no hurt!
If't be a sin for such as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent in the woods, as they do,
To taste a little flesh ——
Char. God help the courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger!
Nurse. I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live;
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed-penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years.
Char. Peace, nurse;
Fare well, and cry not roast meat. Methinks Cleremont
And my lady Annabell are in one night
Familiarly acquainted.
Nurse. I observe it:
If she have got a penny too!
Char. No more:
My lord, monsieur Vertaigne, the provost too.
Haste, and acquaint my lady.
[*Exeunt* Nurse *and* CHARLOTTE.

Enter CHAMPERNEL, VERTAIGNE, *and* PROVOST.

Pro. Wondrous strange!
Vert. 'Tis true, sir, on my credit.
Champ. On mine honour.
Pro. I have been provost-marshal twenty years,
And have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals;
But so near Paris yet I never met with
One of that brotherhood.
Champ. We to our cost have.
But will you search the wood?
Pro. It is beset;
They cannot scape us. Nothing makes me wonder
So much as, having you within their power,
They let you go; it was a courtesy
That French thieves use not often. I much pity
The gentle ladies; yet, I know not how,
I rather hope than fear.

Enter DINANT, CLEREMONT, VERDONE, BEAUPRE, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, *and* Nurse.

Are these the prisoners?
Din. We were such.
Vert. Kill me not, excess of joy!
Champ. I see thou liv'st; but hast thou had no foul play?
Lam. No, on my soul; my usage hath been noble,
Far from all violence.
Champ. How were you freed?
But kiss me first; we'll talk of that at leisure;
I am glad I have thee. — Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not!
Anna. Sir, I am where
I owe most duty.
Cler. 'Tis indeed most true, sir:
The man that should have been your bedfellow,
Your lordship's bedfellow, that could not smell out
A virgin of sixteen, that was your fool,

[1] *To put him*] Seward printed "To try *to put him;*" and so his successors, — without mentioning the deviation from the folios!
[2] *lam'd*] Qy. "lamm'd" (i. e. beaten)?

To make you merry; this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man.
Champ. How! is she dishonour'd?
Cler. Not unless marriage be dishonourable:
Heaven is a witness of our happy contract,
And the next priest we meet shall warrant it
To all the world. I lay with her in jest;
'Tis turn'd to earnest now.
Champ. Is this true, niece?
Din. Her blushing silence grants it. Nay, sir, storm not:
He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal hers; your lordship
Might have sought out a worse; we are all friends too,
All differences end thus. Now, sir, unless
You would raise new dissensions, make perfect
What is so well begun.
Vert. That were not manly.
Lam. Let me persuade you.
Champ. Well, God give you joy!
She shall not come a beggar to you, sir.—
For you, monsieur Dinant, ere long I'll shew you
Another niece, to this not much inferior;
As you shall like, proceed.
Din. I thank you, sir.
Champ. Back, then, to Paris. Well that travel ends,
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,
I am sent forth to inquire what you decree
Of us and of our poets; they will be
This night exceeding merry, so will we,
If you approve their labours. They profess
You are their patrons, and we say no less:
Resolve[1] us, then; for you can only tell,
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

[1] *Resolve*] i. e. Satisfy, inform.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

Wit at severall Weapons.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The date of this comedy is altogether uncertain; but, if the Epilogue spoken at a revival may be trusted, it was originally "well received." According to the same authority, it was the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. "Possibly," says Langbaine, "it was the Model on which the Characters of the Elder Pallatine and Sr. Morglay Thwack were built by Sr. William D'Avenant in his Comedy called *The Wits*."—*Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 216. An alteration of it by Colley Cibber, entitled *The Rival Fools*, was brought out, unsuccessfully, in 1709.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, a knight.
Wittypate Oldcraft, son to Sir Perfidious.
Credulous Oldcraft, nephew to Sir Perfidious.
Sir Gregory Fop, a rich knight.
Sir Ruinous Gentry, a decayed knight.
Cunningham, a gentleman.
Priscian, a poor scholar.
Pompey Doodle, servant to Sir Gregory Fop.
Page, Fiddlers' Boy, Servants.

Niece to Sir Perfidious Oldcraft.
Lady Ruinous Gentry, wife to Sir Ruinous.
Guardianess to Sir Perfidious Oldcraft's Niece.
Mirabell, niece to the Guardianess.

SCENE, — London.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of* Sir Perfidious Oldcraft.

Enter Sir Perfidious Oldcraft *and* Wittypate.

Witty. Sir, I'm no boy; I'm deep in one and twenty;
The second year's approaching.
Sir Perf. A fine time
For a youth to live by his wits then, I should think,
If e'er he mean to make account of any.
Witty. Wits, sir!
Sir Perf. Ay, wits, sir; if it be so strange to thee,
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a fool,
I might have employ'd my pains a great deal better:
Thou know'st all that I have I ha' got by my wits;
And yet to see how urgent thou art too!
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for means; I never offer'd it
My parents from a school-boy; past nineteen once,
(See what these times are grown to!) before twenty
I rush'd into the world, which is indeed much like
The art of swimming, he that will attain to't
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and adventurous;
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;
Well he may make a paddler i' the world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave swimmer,
Borne up by the chin, as I bore up myself
With my strong industry that never fail'd me;
For he that lies borne up with patrimonies
Looks like a long great ass that swims with bladders:
Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him,
He sinks, because he never tried to swim,
When wit plays with the billows that chok'd him.
Witty. Why, is it not a fashion for a father, sir,
Out of his yearly thousands to allow
His only son a competent brace of hundreds,
Or such a toy?
Sir Perf. Yes; if he mean to spoil him,
Or mar his wits, he may; but never I.
This is my humour, sir, which you'll find constant;
I love wit so well, because I liv'd by't, that I'll
Give no man power out of my means to hurt it;
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,
Which great ones oft forget. I admire much
This age's dulness: when I scarce writ man,
The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
I lay intelligencer close for wenching,
Could give this lord or knight a true certificate
Of all the maidenheads extant; how many lay

[1] *Dramatis Personæ*] Found only in the folio 1679, where Sir Perfidious is described as "a great admirer of wit," Pompey Doodle as "a piece of puff-paste, like his master," &c. &c. — descriptions, most probably added by the editor of that folio, not by the authors of the play.

'Mongst chambermaids, how many 'mongst Exchange-wenches
(Though never many there, I must confess,
They have a trick to utter[1] ware so fast);
I knew which lady had a mind to fall,
Which gentlewoman new divorc'd, which tradesman breaking,
The price of every sinner to a hair,
And where to raise each price; which were the termers[2]
That would give velvet petticoats, tissue gowns,
Which pieces, angels,[3] suppers, and half-crowns:
I knew how[4] to match, and make my market;
Could give intelligence where the pox lay lieger,[5] —
And then to see the lechers shift a point,
'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun
Their ador'd mistress' chambers, and run fearfully,
Like rats from burning houses: so brought I
My clients o' the game still safe together,
And noble gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it:
Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
And's never left a groat! there's the true gallant.
When I grew somewhat pursy, I grew then
In men's opinions too and confidences;
They put things call'd executorships upon me,
The charge of orphans, little senseless creatures,
Whom in their childhoods I bound forth to felt-makers,
To make 'em lose and work away their gentry,
Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,
So wrought 'em out in time: there I riss[6] ungently;
Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee;
I'm arm'd at all points[7] against treachery.
I hold my humour firm: if I can see thee thrive by
Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more courage
To trust thee with my lands when I die; if not,
The next best wit I can hear of carries 'em;
For since in my time and knowledge so many rich children
Of the city conclude in beggary, I'd rather
Make a wise stranger my executor
Than a foolish son my heir, and to[8] have my lands call'd after
My wit than after my name; and that's my nature.

Witty. 'Tis a strange harsh one: must I still shift, then? —
I come, brave cheats! once to my trade again!
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't. — [*Aside.*
You'll part with nothing, then, sir?

Sir Perf. Not a jot, sir.

Witty. If I should ask you[9] blessing ere I go, sir,
I think you would not give't me.

Sir Perf. Let me but hear thou livest by thy wits once,
Thou shalt have any thing: thou'rt none of mine else;
Then why should I take care for thee?

Witty. Thank your bounty! [*Exit.*

Sir Perf. So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,
As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes so near my nature! I'm grown old now,
And even arriv'd at my last cheat, I fear me;
But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,
And discharge all my legacies, 'tis so wealthy,
And never trouble any interest-money.
I've yet a niece to wed, over whose steps
I have plac'd a trusty watchful guardianess,
For fear some poor earl steal her ('t has been threaten'd),
To redeem mortgag'd land, but he shall miss on't;
To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,[10]
Fop of Fop-Hall he writes himself, (I take it,
The ancient's Fop in England,) with whom I've[11] privately
Compounded for the third part of her portion,
And she seems pleas'd; so two parts rest with me.
He's come.

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP *and* CUNNINGHAM.

Sir Gregory, welcome! What's he, sir?

Sir Greg. Young Cunningham, a Norfolk gentleman,
One that has liv'd upon the Fops, my kindred,
Ever since my remembrance: he's a wit indeed,
And we all strive to have him; nay, 'tis certain
Some of our name has gone to law for him.

---

1 *utter*] i. e. vend, sell.

2 *termers*] i. e. persons resorting to the capital during term-time: the word is generally applied to those who came to London at that season for the sake of carrying on intrigues, &c.

3 *angels*] i. e. gold coins, worth about 10*s.* each.

4 *I knew how*] Sympson, for the metre, printed, "*I knew* too *how*," — a trifling addition when compared with his bold insertions in many other lines of this play.

5 *lay lieger*] i. e. had taken up its residence, — a *lieger* meaning a resident ambassador. — The Editors of 1778 chose to print "*lay* lege."

6 *riss*] i. e. rose. — The first folio has "rizze;" the second "rise," — and so Sympson. The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "rose."

7 *I'm arm'd at all points*, &c.] "It would be very easy to restore all this passage to metre, by supplying a sentence of four syllables, which the reasoning almost demands, and by correcting the grammar. Read thus: —

'Arm'd at all points 'gainst treachery, I hold
My humour firm. If, living, I can see thee
Thrive by thy wits, I shall have the more courage,
Dying, to trust thee with my lands. If not,
The best wit, I can hear of, carries them.
For since so many in my time and knowledge,
Rich children of the city, have concluded
For lack of wit in beggary, I'd rather
Make a wise stranger my executor,
Than a fool son my heir, and have my lands call'd
After my wit than name: and that's my nature!'"
Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 319.

The text is perhaps corrupted: but in their comic dialogue, Beaumont and Fletcher are frequently very careless writers, and often crowd into the verse more than the legitimate number of syllables.

8 *to*] Omitted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

9 *you*] Altered by Weber to "your," — rightly perhaps.

10 *To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her*] "Read,
'Which to prevent I've sought a match out for her.'"
Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 319.

A very unnecessary alteration.

11 *I've*] Weber gave "I'm," because the first folio has "i'me" (a misprint for "I'ue").

Now 'tis my turn to keep him; and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are:
But I will give him over when I list;
I ha' us'd wits so before.
Sir Perf. I hope when you're married, sir,
You'll shake him off.
Sir Greg. Why, what do you take me to be,
Old father-i'-law[1] that shall be? do you think[2]
I'll have any of the wits hang upon me after I am married once?
None of my kindred ever had before me.
But where's this niece? is it a fashion in
London, to marry a woman, and never see her?
Sir Perf. Excuse the niceness, sir; that care's your friend;
Perhaps, had she been seen, you had never seen her:
There's many a spent thing, call'd *An't like your honour*,
That lies in wait for her: at first snap she's a countess,
Drawn with six mares through Fleet-street, and a coachman
Sitting bareheaded to their Flanders buttocks. —
This whets him on. [*Aside.*
Sir Greg. Pray, let's clap up the business, sir;
I long to see her. Are you sure you have her?
Is she not there already? hark, oh, hark!
Sir Perf. How now! what's that, sir?
Sir Greg. Every caroch goes by
Goes even to th' heart of me.
Sir Perf. I'll have that doubt eas'd, sir,
Instantly eas'd, Sir Gregory: and, now I think on't,
A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there;
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her; I love wit preciously:
You shall not be seen yet; we'll stale your friend first,
If't please but him to stand for th' anti-masque.[3]
Sir Greg. Puh, he shall stand for any thing: why, his supper
Lies i' my breeches here; I'll make him fast else.
Sir Perf. Then come you forth more unexpectedly,
The masque itself, a thousand a-year jointure:
The cloud, your friend, will be then drawn away,
And only you the beauty of the play.
Sir Greg. For red and black, I'll put down all your fullers;
Let but your niece bring white, and we have three colours. [*Exit.*
Sir Perf. I'm given to understand you are a wit, sir.
Cunn. I'm one that fortune shews small favour to, sir.
Sir Perf. Why, there you conclude it, whether you will or no, sir.
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a wit.
Cunn. Fowlers catch woodcocks so; let not them know so much!
Sir Perf. A pestilence mazzard![4] a Duke Humphrey spark,[5]
H'ad rather lose his dinner than his jest! —
[*Aside.*
I say, I love a wit the best of all things.
Cunn. Always except yourself.
Sir Perf. H'as gi'n't me twice now,
All with a breath, I thank him! but that I love a wit,
I should be heartily angry. [*Aside.*

Enter Niece *and* Guardianess.

Cuds, my niece!
You know the business with her?
Cunn. With a woman?
'Tis even the very same it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.
Sir Perf. This is the gentleman I promis'd, niece,
To present to your affection.
Cunn. 'Ware that arrow! [*Aside.*
Sir Perf. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.
Cunn. I'm spoil'd already: that such poor lean game
Should be found out as I am! [*Aside.*
Sir Perf. Go, set to her, sir. — Ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*
Cunn. How noble is this virtue in you, lady!
Your eye may seem to commit thousand slaughters
On your dull servants, which, truly tasted,
Conclude all in comforts.
Sir Perf. Puh!
Niece. It rather shews what a true worth can make,
Such as yours is.
Sir Perf. And that's not worth a groat. —
[*Aside.*
How like you him, niece?
Niece. It shall appear how well, sir:
I humbly thank you for him.
Sir Perf. Ha, ha! good gullery! he does it well, i'faith;
'Light, as if he meant to purchase lip-land there! — [*Aside.*

[1] *father-i'-law*] Was supposed by Sympson to be a mistake of the editor of the first folio for "uncle-in-law." Weber observes that "the different terms of relationship were applied with great uncertainty," — at least, not so precisely as we now apply them.

[2] *do you think, &c.*] "Read it thus: —

'Do you think
That I'll have any of the wits to hang
Upon me after I am married once?'

and afterwards —

'Is it a fashion in London
To marry a woman, and to never see her?'

The superfluous 'to' gives it the Sir Andrew Ague-cheek character." Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 378.

[3] *anti-masque*] See note, p. 378.

[4] *mazzard*] i. e. head.

[5] *a Duke Humphrey spark*] "The phrase of dining with Duke Humphrey, which is still current, originated in the following manner. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, though really buried at St. Alban's, was supposed to have a monument in old St. Paul's, from which one part of the church was termed *Duke Humphrey's Walk*. In this, as the church was then a place of the most public resort, they who had no means of procuring a dinner, frequently loitered about, probably in hopes of meeting with an invitation, but under pretence of looking at the monuments." Nares's *Gloss.* in v., where afterwards Stow is quoted, to shew that the monument, vulgarly called Duke Humphrey's, was in reality Sir John Beauchamp's.

Hold, hold! bear off, I say! 'slid, your part hangs too long.
Cunn. My joys are mockeries. [*Aside.*
Niece. You've both express'd a worthy care and love, sir:
Had mine own eye been set at liberty
To make a public choice, (believe my truth, sir,)
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.
Sir Perf. You will say so, then:
Alas, sweet niece, all this is but the scabbard!
Now I draw forth the weapon.
Niece. How!
Sir Perf. Sir Gregory!
Approach, thou lad of thousands!

Re-enter Sir Gregory Fop.

Sir Greg. Who calls me?
Niece. What motion's this? the model of Nineveh?[1]
Sir Perf. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee.
Sir Greg. I was advis'd to bestow dainty cost on you.
Niece. You were ill advis'd; back, and take better counsel!
You may have good for an angel: the least cost
You can bestow upon a woman, sir,
Trebles ten counsellors' fees; in lady-ware
You're over head and ears, ere you be aware.
Faith, keep a bachelor still, and go to bowls, sir,
Follow your mistress there,[2] and prick and save, sir;
For other mistresses will make you a slave, sir.
Sir Greg. So, so! I have my lerrepoop already.[3]
Sir Perf. Why, how now, niece! this is the man, I tell you.
Niece. He? hang him! sir, I know you do but mock;
This is the man, you would say.
Sir Perf. The devil rides, I think!
Cunn. I must use cunning here. [*Aside.*
Sir Perf. Make me not mad: use him with all respect;
This is the man, I swear.
Niece. Would you could persuade me to that!
Alas, you cannot go beyond me, uncle!
You carry a jest well, I must confess,
For a man of your years; but ——
Sir Perf. I'm wrought beside myself!
Cunn. [*to the* Guardianess.] I never beheld comeliness till this minute.
Guard. Oh, good sweet sir, pray, offer not these words
To an old gentlewoman!
Niece. Sir!
Cunn. Away, fifteen!
Here's fifty-one exceeds thee.
Niece. What's the business?
Cunn. Give me these motherly creatures! Come, ne'er smother it;
I know you are a teeming woman yet.
Guard. Troth, a young gentleman might do much, I think, sir.
Cunn. Go to, then!
Guard. And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.
Niece. Can you so soon neglect me?
Cunn. Hence! I'm busy.
[*Whispers with the* Guardianess.
Sir Perf. This cross-point came in luckily. [*Aside.*] — Impudent baggage,
Hang from the gentleman! art thou not asham'd
To be a widow's hindrance?
Cunn. Are you angry, sir?
Sir Perf. You're welcome; pray, court on: I shall desire
Your honest wise acquaintance. — Vex me not,
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,
Like a consuming light in her own socket,
And not allow'd a male creature about thee:
A very monkey thy necessity
Shall prize at a thousand pound, a chimney-sweeper
At fifteen hundred.
Niece. But are you serious, uncle?
Sir Perf. Serious.
Niece. Pray, let me look upon the gentleman
With more heed; then I did but hum him over,
In haste, good faith, as lawyers chancery-sheets. —
Beshrew my blood, a tolerable man,
Now I distinctly read him!
Sir Greg. Hum, hum, hum!
Niece. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch;
Well-ankled; two good confident calves, they look
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;
The redness i' the face — why, that's in fashion,
Most of your high bloods have it; sign[4] of greatness, marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with May-butter:
I'll send to my lady Spend-tail for her medicine.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum! [*Hums.*
Niece. He's qualified, too, believe me.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum! [*Hums.*
Niece. Where was my judgment?
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum! [*Hums.*
Niece. Perfection's cover'd mess.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum! [*Hums.*

[1] *What motion's this? the model of Nineveh*] The very popular *motion* or puppet-show of Nineveh has been already mentioned: see note, p. 291.

[2] *and go to bowls, sir,*
Follow your mistress there] At the game of bowls, *mistress* meant the small ball, now termed the *jack*, at which the players aim.

[3] *So, so! I have my lerrepoop already*] *Liripoop* meant properly, a part of the old clerical dress; in early times, apparently a tippet; latterly, a scarf: see the *Gloss.* of Nares, who also remarks that the word, variously spelt, was sometimes used without any definite meaning (from its droll and burlesque sound, he presumes), as in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, act ii. sc. 1, where a girl is called a "young *lirry-poop;*" and that Cotgrave (under "*Roulet.* A list, roll, inuentorie, catalogue, scrowle; also, a set speech") has "Qui sçait bien son roulet. That knowes his *liripoope*, thats throughly prouided to speake."

[4] *have it; sign*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 printed "*have it; 'tis a sign.*" Weber gave, "*have it;* [a] *sign.*"

Niece. It smokes apparently [*Aside*]. — Pardon, sweet sir,
The error of my sex!
Sir Perf. Why, well said, niece! ——
Upon submission, you must pardon her now, sir.
Sir Greg. I'll do't by course: do you think I'm an ass, knight?
Here's first my hand; now't goes to the seal-office. [*Kisses her.*
Sir Perf. Formally finish'd! — How goes this suit forward?
Cunn. I'm taking measure of the widow's mind, sir;
I hope to fit her heart.
Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young morsel now? things come in minutes. [*Aside.*
Sir Greg. Trust him not, widow; he's a younger brother;
He'll swear and lie; believe me, he's worth nothing.
Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that nothing
Than he that brings his thousands without any thing:
We have precedents for that amongst great ladies.
Sir Perf. Come, come; no language now shall be in fashion
But your love-phrase, the bell to procreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, WITTYPATE, *and* PRISCIAN, *disguised.*

Witty. Pax,[1] there's nothing puts me besides my wits, but this fourth, this lay illiterate share; there's no conscience in't.
Sir Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so where I have practised, and must be still where I am; nor has it been undeserved at the year's end, and shuffle the almanack together, vacations and term-times, one with another: though I say't, my wife is a woman of a good spirit; then it is no lay share.
Pris. Faith, for this five year, *ego possum probare,* I have had a hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as much as I always.
Witty. Present, or not present?
Pris. *Residens, aut non residens, per fidem.*
Witty. And what precedent's this for me? because your *hic et hæc turpis* and *qui mihi discipulus*[2] brains (that never got any thing but by accidence and uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded conclusions of wit, hereditary rules from my father, to get by?
Sir Ruin. Sir, be compendious; either take or refuse: I will bate no token of my wife's share; make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.
Pris. A good resolution *profecto:* let every man beg his own way, and happy man be his dole![3]
Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single brains; *pol, ædepol,* here's toward a *castor ecastor* for you.[4] I will endure it a fortnight longer, but, by these just five ends[5] ——
Pris. Take heed, five's odd; put both hands together, or severally they are all odd unjust ends.
Witty. Medius fidius, hold your tongue! I depose you from half a share presently else; I will make you a participle, and decline you;[6] now you understand me: be you a quiet conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your Latin ends shall go shift, *solus cum solo,* together else; and then, if ever they get ends of gold and silver,[7] enough to serve that gerundine maw of yours, that without *do* will end in *di et dum* instantly —
Sir Ruin. Enough, enough; here comes company;
We lose five shares in wrangling about one.

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT *and* SIR GREGORY FOP.

Witty. My father! Put on Priscian:[8] he has Latin fragments too; but I fear him not. I'll case my face with a little more hair, and relieve. [*Retires, and puts on a false beard.*
Sir Perf. Tush, nephew; — I'll call you so; — for if there be
No other obstacles than those you speak of,
They are but powder-charges without pellets;
You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own danger.
Sir Greg. No other that I can perceive, i' faith, sir; for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could; and the strongest repulse was, she said she would have a little soldier in me, that, if need were, I should defend her reputation.
Sir Perf. And surely, sir, that is a principle
Amongst your principal ladies: they require
Valour either in a friend or a husband.
Sir Greg. And I allow their requests, i' faith, as well as any woman's heart can desire: if I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.
Sir Perf. Breathes, breathes, sir; that's the sweeter phrase.

1 *Pax*] So the first folio. The second folio has "pox;" and so the modern editors. *Pax,* perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing *pox,* is frequently found in our early dramas: see my notes on Webster's *Works,* iii. 195, and on Middleton's *Works,* ii. 94.

2 *qui mihi discipulus*] The commencement of W. Lily's *Ad discipulos carmen de moribus,* —

"*Qui mihi discipulus,* puer, es, cupis atque doceri,
Huc ades," &c.

3 *happy man be his dole*] "A proverbial expression enumerated in Ray's Collection, and occurring in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and many other old plays." WEBER. Equivalent to — May the title of *happy man* be his share or part!

4 *here's toward a castor ecastor for you*] A friend observes to me, "*castor* (or *caster,* — and so the first folio spells the word) meant, in the canting language of rogues and vagabonds, a cloak; and hence the present pun." I doubt this explanation, though some quibble is evidently intended here.

5 *five ends*] "His fingers." WEBER.

6 *I will make you a participle, and decline you*] "To *decline* means, in a grammatical sense, to modify by various terminations; it also means to degrade. Wittypate uses it in both these senses." MASON.

7 *ends of gold and silver*] i. e. broken pieces of gold and silver: see *The Beggars' Bush,* act iii. sc. 1.

8 *Put on Priscian*] i. e. incite, prompt Priscian, — the words being addressed to Sir Ruinous. — The modern editors, utterly misunderstanding the passage, point it thus, "Put on, Pris[illegible]!"

Sir Greg. Blows for a soldier, i' faith, sir; and I'm in practice that way.

Sir Perf. For a soldier, I grant it.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little soldier in me.

Sir Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hanged? [*Aside to* PRISCIAN.

Sir Greg. And some scholar she would have me besides.

Sir Perf.[1] Tush, that shall be no bar; 'tis a quality in a gentleman, but of the least question.

Pris. [*coming forward.*] *Salvete, domini benignissimi, munificentissimi!*

Sir Perf. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvere!* nay, sir, we have Latin, and other metal in us too. — Sir, you shall see me talk with this fellow now.

Sir Greg. I could find in my heart to talk with him too, if I could understand him.

Pris. *Charissimi doctissimique domini, ex abundantiâ charitatis vestræ estote propitii in me juvenem*[2] *miserum, pauperem, et omni consolatione exulem!*

Sir Perf. A pretty scholar, by my faith, sir: but I'll to him again.

Sir Greg. Does he beg or steal in this language, can you tell, sir? he may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er the wiser.

Sir Perf. He begs, he begs, sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen! in ore fames sitisque; ignis in vultu, pudor et impudentia;*[3] *in omni parte necessitas et indigentia.*

Sir Perf. *Audi tu, bonus socius; tu es scholasticus, sic intelligo; ego faciam argumentum.* — Mark now, sir, now I fetch him up.

Sir Greg. I have been fetched up a hundred times for this; yet I could never learn half so much.

Sir Perf. *Audi, et responde; hoc est argumentum: nomen est nomen; ergo, quod est tibi nomen? responde nunc, responde argumentum meum.* — Have I not put him to't, sir?

Sir Greg. Yes, sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in; the rascal is put out of his penned speech, and he can go no farther.

[*Aside to* SIR RUINOUS.

Sir Perf. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *O domine, tanta mea est miseria* ——

Witty. So; he's almost in again.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctet egestas, luce quotidie paupertas habitet.*[4]

Sir Perf. *Sed quod est tibi nomen? et quis dedit? responde argumentum.*

Pris. Hem, hem!

Witty. He's dry; he hems: on quickly!

Sir Ruin. [*coming forward.*] Courteous gentlemen, if the brow of a military face may not be offensive to your generous eye-balls, let his wounds speak better than his words, for some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren soil of a soldier.

Sir Perf. How now! what, arms and arts both go a-begging!

Sir Ruin. Such is the post-progress of cold charity now-a-days, who, for heat to her frigid limbs, passes in so swift a motion, that two at the least had need be to stay her.

Sir Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em, I pray you, and be gone. If any quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them; his iron and steel tongue is as hard as the t'other's[5] Latin one.

Sir Perf. Stay, stay, sir; I will talk a little with him first: let me alone with both; I will try whether they live by their wits or no; for such a man I love. — And what, you both beg together, then?

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus profecto, domine.*

Sir Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal distribution; there's not the breadth of a sword's point uneven in our division.

Sir Greg. What two qualities are here cast away upon two poor fellows! if a man had 'em that could maintain 'em, what a double man were that! if these two fellows might be bought, and sodden, and boiled to a jelly, and eaten fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.

Sir Perf. Come, sir, join your charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of pence betwixt us.

Sir Greg. If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.

Witty [*coming forward.*] Save you, gentlemen! How now! what, are you encountered here? what fellows are these?

Sir Perf. Faith, sir, here's Mars and Mercury, a pair of poor planets, it seems, that Jupiter has turned out to live by their wits; and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle 'em a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you, stay, sir; you may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice: so many deceivers walk in these snadows now-a-days, that certainly your bounties were better spilt than reserved to so lewd and vicious uses. — Which is he that professes the soldier?

Sir Ruin. He that professes his own profession, sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it this pair of half-score years.

Witty. In what services have you been, sir?

Sir Ruin. The first that fleshed me a soldier, sir, was that great battle at Alcazar in Barbary, where the noble English Stukeley fell, and where that royal Portugal Sebastian[6] ended his untimely days.

[1] *Sir Perf.*] The prefix here is wanting in both the folios.

[2] *juvenem*] The first folio has "junenem," the second "jejunum."

[3] *impudentia*] Mason conjectured "impotentia;" but the whole passage seems to be corrupted, and, as the Revd. J. Mitford observes, ought probably to stand thus; "—— in ore fames sitisque ingens; in vultu pudor; in omni parte necessitas et indigentia."

[4] *pernoctet . . . habitet*] Both the folios "pernoctat . . . habitat."

[5] *as the t'other's*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*as t'other's*." See notes, pp. 247, 554.

[6] *that great battle at Alcazar in Barbary, where the noble English Stukeley fell, and where that royal Portugal Sebastian*, &c.] "The battle of Alcazar was fought in August, 1578. Don Sebastian, one of the kings who fell in that engagement, being not found after the battle, was for a long time supposed to have escaped, and reported to be living in several different countries. — Of Stukeley, who appears to have been a dissolute Englishman, born in Devonshire, a

Witty. Are you sure Sebastian died there?

Sir Ruin. Faith, sir, there was some other rumour hopped[1] amongst us, that he, wounded, escaped, and touched on his native shore again; where finding his country at home more distressed by the invasion of the Spaniard than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate life, which where he ended is yet uncertain.

Witty. By by faith, sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

Sir Ruin. Since, sir, I served in France, the Low Countries, lastly at that memorable skirmish at Newport,[2] where the forward and bold Scot there spent his life so freely, that from every single heart that there fell came home from his resolution a double honour to his country.

Witty. This should be no counterfeit, sir.

Sir Perf. I do not think he is, sir.

Witty. But, sir, methinks you do not shew the marks of a soldier: could you so freely scape, that you brought home no scars to be your chronicle?

Sir Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many; but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.

Witty. A good soldier cannot want those badges.

Sir Greg. Now am not I of your mind in that; for I hold him the best soldier that scapes best: always at a cock fencing[3] I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your scholar too. — To ask you why you should be poor, yet richly learned, were no question, at least you can easily answer it; but whether you have learning enough to deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is commonly the meed of learning), is yet to be tried: you have the languages? I mean the chief, as the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, &c.

Pris. *Aliquantulum, non totaliter, domine.*

Sir Perf. The Latin I have sufficiently tried him in, and I promise you, sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest. — *Tois miois fatherois iste cockscomboy?*

Pris. *Kay yonkeron niggitton oy fouleroi asinisoy.*

Witty. *Cheateron ton biton?*

Pris. *Tous pollous strikerous, angelo to peeso.*

Witty. Certainly, sir, a very excellent scholar in the Greek.

Sir Perf. I do note a wondrous readiness in him.

Sir Greg. I do wonder how the Trojans could hold out ten years' siege, as 'tis reported, against the Greeks: if Achilles spoke but this tongue, I do not think but he might have shaken down the walls in a sevennight, and ne'er troubled the wooden horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the Syriac. — *Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.*

Pris. *Hashagath rabgabash shobos onoriadka.*

Witty. *Colpack rubasca, gnaicerthem shigshag.*

Pris. *Napshamothem ribshe bongomosh lashemech nagothi.*

Witty. Gentlemen, I have done: any man, that can, go further! I confess myself at a nonplus.

Sir Greg. Faith, not I, sir; I was at my farthest in my natural language; I was never double-tongued, I thank my hard fortune.

Witty. Well, gentlemen, 'tis pity, — walk further off a little, my friends, — I say, 'tis pity such fellows, so endowed, so qualified with the gifts of nature and arts, yet should have such a scarcity of Fortune's benefits: we must blame our iron-hearted age for it.

Sir Perf. 'Tis pity, indeed; and our pity shall speak a little for 'em: come, sir; here's my groat.

Witty. A groat, sir! — oh fie! give nothing rather; 'twere better you railed on 'em for begging, and so quit yourself. I am a poor gentleman, that have little but my wits to live on ——

Sir Perf. Troth, and I love you the better, sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better example than so. — Here, fellows, there's between you; take purse and all; and I would it were heavier for your sakes! there's a pair of angels[4] to guide you to your lodgings, a poor gentleman's good will.

Pris. *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime domine!*

Sir Perf. This is an ill example for us, sir: I would this bountiful gentleman had not come this way to-day!

Sir Greg. Pox, we must not shame ourselves now, sir! I'll give as much as that gentleman, though I never be soldier or scholar while I live. — Here, friends; there's a piece, that, if he were divided, would make a pair of angels for me too, in the love I bear to the sword and the tongues.

Sir Perf. My largess shall be equal too, and much good do you! — This bounty is a little abatement of my wit though, I feel that. [*Aside.*

Sir Ruin. May soldiers ever defend such charities!

Pris. And scholars pray for their increase!

Sir Perf. Fare you well, sir: these fellows may pray for you; you have made the scholar's commons exceed to-day: and a word with you, sir — you said you lived by your wits; if you use this bounty, you'll beggar your wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, sir, I hope to increase 'em by it; this seed never wants his harvest. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

volunteer in that battle, after having dissipated his property, an account may be seen in an old ballad published in Evans's Collection, 1777, vol. ii. p. 103. See also an old play, entitled *The Battell of Alcazar, with the death of captaine Stukeley*, 4to. 1594." REED. The play just mentioned was written by George Peele, and may be found in his *Works*, ii. 82. ed. 1829, where I have collected notices of Stukeley by various writers.

[1] *hopped*] Both the folios "hop't." The modern editors print "hop'd" (and "hoped"), which is stark nonsense.

[2] *that memorable skirmish at Newport*, &c.] "This *memorable skirmish at Newport* happened on the 22d of July 1600, between Prince Albert and Prince Maurice de Nassau; the former commander of the Spaniards, and the latter of the forces of the States-General. The Spaniards were worsted, and sustained the loss of 200 men killed, besides a great number taken prisoners. This battle is mentioned in several contemporary writers," &c. REED, — who oddly enough supposed that the expression, "*the* forward and bold Scot," alluded to some individual, while of course (as Weber remarks) it applies to all the Scotch troops employed in the battle.

[3] *cock-fencing*] Altered by Sympson to "mock-*fencing*;" and so his successors!

[4] *angels*] See note, p. 594.

Sir Greg. I think a man were as good meat with a reasonable thief as an unreasonable beggar sometimes: I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again. [*Aside.*] — Can you change my piece, my friends?

Pris. *Tempora mutantur,*[1] *et nos mutamur in illis.*

Sir Greg. My gold is turned into Latin.

Re-enter WITTYPATE.

Witty. Look you, good fellows; here's one round shilling more, that lay concealed.

Sir Perf. Sir, away! we shall be drawn farther into damage else.

Sir Greg. A pox of the fool! he live by his wits! if his wits leave him any money, but what he begs or steals, very shortly, I'll be hanged for him.

[*Exit with* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT.

Sir Ruin. This breakfast-parcel was well fetched off, i' faith.

Witty. Tush, a bye-blow for mirth; we must have better purchase:[2] we want a fourth for another project that I have ripened.

Sir Ruin. My wife; she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her shape, and be masculine?

Sir Ruin. 'Tis one of the freest conditions:[3] she fears not the crack of a pistol; she dares say "stand!" to a grazier.

Pris. *Probatum fuit profecto, domine.*

Witty. Good: then you, sir Bacchus Apollo,[4] shall be despatched with her share and some counters,[5] to meet us to-morrow, at a certain place and time appointed, in the masculine gender. My father has a nephew, and I an own cousin, coming up from the university, whom he loves most indulgently, — easy master Credulous Oldcraft (for you know what your mere academic is); your carrier never misses his hour: he must not be robbed, because he has but little to lose; but he must join with us in a device that I have, that shall rob my father of a hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't; for there's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his professed wit, that has turned me out to live by my wits.

Pris. *Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.*

Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hundred weight, though it be counters (for my alchemy shall turn 'em into gold of my father's); the hour, the place, the action shall be at large set down: and, father, you shall know that I put my portion to use, that you have given me to live by;
And, to confirm yourself in me renate,
I hope you'll find my wit's legitimate. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Tempora mutantur, &c.*] An often-cited line of modern Latinity, the author of which, I believe, is not known.

[2] *purchase*] i. e. booty.

[3] *conditions*] i. e. dispositions.

[4] *Sir Bacchus Apollo*] An allusion to the second line of W Lily's *Carmen de nominum generibus,* —

"Ut sunt divorum, Mars, *Bacchus, Apollo*; virorum,
Ut Cato, Virgilius," &c.

[5] *counters*] Mason's correction: compare Wittypate's next speech. — Both the folios "contents."

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY.

Enter LADY RUINOUS GENTRY *and* Servant.

Serv. Nay, lady —

L. Ruin. Put me not in mind on't, prithee;
You cannot do a greater wrong to women;
For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction
To have that name remember'd; 'tis a title
That misery mocks us by, and the world's malice:
Scorn and contempt have[6] not wherewith to work
On humble callings; they are safe, and lie
Level with pity still, and pale distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when Fortune
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
We find affliction work, and envy pastime,
And our worst enemy then, that most abuses us,
Is that we are call'd by, "Lady." [*Exit* Servant.] Oh, my spirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well, methinks,
And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
Until I look into the world again:
Then I begin to rave at my stars' bitterness,
To see how many muckhills plac'd above me;
Peasants and droils,[7] caroches full of dunghills,
Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
Glistering by night like glow-worms through the high-streets,
Hurried by torch-light in the footmen's[8] hands,
That shew like running fire-drakes through the city;
And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
Nay, sometimes danger too, on foot, on horseback,
And earn my supper manfully, ere I get it;
Many a meal I have purchas'd at that rate,
Fed with a wound upon me, stampt at midnight.

Enter PRISCIAN.

Ha! what are you?

Pris. [*pulling off his false beard*] Now you may tell yourself,
Lady.

L. Ruin. Oh, master Priscian! what's the project?
For you ne'er come without one.

Pris. First, your husband,
Sir Ruinous Gentry, greets you with best wishes.
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five cheats and two robberies.

L. Ruin. And what comes it to?

Pris. Near upon thirteen pound.

L. Ruin. A goodly share!
'Twill put a lady scarce in Philip-and-cheyney,[9]

[6] *have*] Both the folios "has."

[7] *droils*] "i. e. drudges." SYMPSON.

[8] *footmen's*] Both the folios "foot-mans."

[9] *Philip-and-cheyney*] "Sympson reads [proposed to read] *Philippine cheyney*, which, he says, now goes by the name of *harrateen*; but the text is right, *Philip-and-cheyney* being mentioned in the following curious list of then fashionable stuffs in Taylor's *Praise of Hempseed*:

'Alasse, what would our silken mercers be?
What could they doe, sweet hempseed, but for thee?

Los

With three small bugle-laces, like a chamber-maid :
Here's precious lifting !
Pris. 'Las, you must consider, lady,
'Tis but young term ! attornies ha' small doings yet ;
Then highway-lawyers, they must needs ha' little.
We've had no great good luck, to speak troth, beauty,
Since your stout ladyship parted from's at Highgate ;
But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred :
Here's man's apparel ; your horse stands at door.
L. Ruin. And what's the virtuous plot now ?
Pris. Marry, lady,
You, like a brave young gallant, must be robb'd.
L. Ruin. I robb'd !
Pris. Nay, then ——
L. Ruin. Well, well, go on ; let's hear, sir.
Pris. Here's a seal'd bag of a hundred ; which indeed
Are counters all, only some sixteen groats
Of white money [1] i' the mouth on't.
L. Ruin. So : what saddle have I ?
Pris. Monsieur Laroon's the Frenchman's.
L. Ruin. That again !
You know so well it is not for my stride ;
How oft have I complain'd on't !
Pris. You may have Jockey's, then, the little Scotch one ;
You must despatch.
L. Ruin. I'll soon be ready, sir,
Before you ha' shifted saddles. [*Exit* PRISCIAN.] — Many women
Have their wealth flow to 'em ; I was made, I see,
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT'S *House.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Cunn. My ways are goblin-led, and the night-elf
Still draws me from my home ; yet I follow :
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such hags do get dominion of our tongues ;
So soon as we speak, the enchantment binds.
I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
As my best wits can hardly clear again,
Piping through this old reed, the guardianess,
With purpose that my harmony shall reach,
And please the lady's ear ; she stops below,
And echoes back my love unto my lips,
Persuaded by most violent arguments
Or self-love in herself, I am so self-fool,
To dote upon her hundred-wrinkled face.
I could beggar her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me ; it were charity ;
But for pity's sake I will be a niggard,
And undo her, refusing to take from her.
I'm haunted again : if it take not now,
I'll break the spell.

Enter GUARDIANESS.

Guard. Sweet Cunningham, welcome.
What, a whole day absent ! birds that build nests
Have care to keep 'em.
Cunn. That's granted ;
But not continually to sit upon 'em,
'Less in the youngling season : else [2] they desire
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours ;
Then they return with fresher appetite
To work again.
Guard. Well, well, you have built a nest
That will stand all storms ; you need not mistrust
A weather-wreck : and one day it may be
The youngling season too ; then, I hope,
You'll ne'er fly out of sight.
Cunn. There will be pains,
I see, to shake this bur off. [*Aside.*]—And, sweetest,
Prithee, how fares thy charge ? has my good friend
Sir Gregory the countenance of a lover ?
Guard. No, by my troth, not in my mind ; methinks,
Setting his worship aside, he looks like a fool.
Cunn. Nay, i' faith, ne'er divide his worship from him
For that small matter ; fool and worship are
No such strangers now-a-days. But my meaning is,
Has he thy lady's countenance of love ?
Looks she like a welcome on him ? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another
As, Cupid bless us, we have ?
Guard. Troth, I know not ;
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge :
But I protest I wish the knight better
For your sake, bird.
Cunn. Why, thanks, sweet bird ! and with my heart I wish
That he had as strong and likely hope of her
As thou hast of me.
Guard. Well, he's like to speed
Ne'er the worse for that good wish : and I'll tell you, bird,
(For secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two,)
My charge thinks well of you.
Cunn. Of me ! for what ?
Guard. For my sake ; I mean so : I have heard her
A hundred times [say], since her uncle gave her
The first bob [3] about you, that she'd do somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together :
We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things, and things —
Go to ! I'll [not] tell you all ; but you'll find some
Advancement, for my sake, I do believe.
Cunn. Faith, be not sparing ; tell me.
Guard. By my lady,

Rash, taffata, paropa, and nouato,
Shagge, fillizetta, damaske, and mockado,
No velucts piles, two piles, pile and halfe pile,
No plush or grograines could adorne this ile,
No cloth of silver, gold, or tissue here ;
Philip and Cheiny never would appeare
Within our bounds.' [p. 64, *Workes*, 1630]." WEBBER.

In *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c., 1635, we find, "*Philip and Cheneyes* the piece — l. s . . . xvi. s. viii. d." Sig. G 4.

[1] *white money*] A cant term for silver specie.

[2] *else*] "Means here, at other times." MASON.

[3] *bob*] To *give one the bob* means — to pass a jest or trick on one.

You shall pardon me for that! it were a shame
If men should hear all that women speak behind
Their backs sometimes.

Cunn. You must give me leave yet
At least to give her thanks.

Guard. Nor that neither;
She must not take a notice of my blabbing.
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks;
For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful:
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

Cunn. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my dearest duty?

Guard. Ay, but you must not know it; if you tell
All that I open to you, you'll shame us both:
Afar off, you may kiss your hand, blush, or so,
But I'll allow no nearer conference.

Cunn. Whoop! you'll be jealous, I perceive now.

Guard. Jealous!
Why, there is no true love without it, bird;
I must be jealous of thee: but for her,
(Were it within my duty to my master,)
I durst trust her with the strongest tempter,
And I dare swear her now as pure a virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage-bed:
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.

Cunn. And where's the cause of your fear, then?

Guard. Well, well;
When things are past, and the wedding-torches
Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.

Cunn. Come, come, I see further,
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.

Guard. I protest, I should a little, but not of her:
It is the married woman, (if you mark it,)
And not the maid, that longs; the appetite
Follows the first taste; when we have relish'd,
We wish cloying; the taste once pleas'd before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more.
But I reveal too much to you, i' faith, bird

Cunn. Not a whit, faith, bird, betwixt you and I;
I am beholding[1] for bettering of my knowledge.

Guard. Nay, you shall know more of me, if you'll be rul'd;
But make not things common.

Cunn. Ud' so, your lady!

Guard. Ay, 'tis no matter; she'll like well of this;
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter NIECE *and* POMPEY.

Niece. This present from Sir Gregory?

Pompey. From my master, the worshipful right Sir Gregory Fop.

Niece. A ruff! and what might be his high conceit
In sending of a ruff?

Pompey. I think he had two conceits in it, forsooth, to high, to low;[2] ruff-high, because as the ruff does embrace your neck all day, so does he desire to throw his knightly arms; ——

Niece. But, then, I leave him off a-nights.

Pompey. Why, then he is ruff-low, a ruffian; a bold adventurous errant to do any rough service for his lady.

Niece. A witty and unhappy[3] conceit! — Does he mean
As he seems to say unto that reverence?
He does woo her, sure. [*Aside.*[4]

Pompey. To tell you truth, lady, his conceit was far better than I have blazed it yet.

Niece. Do you think so, sir?

Pompey. Nay, I know it, forsooth; for it was two days ere he compassed it, to find a fitting present for your ladyship: he was sending once a very fine puppy to you.

Niece. And that he would have brought himself.

Pompey. So he would, indeed; but then he altered his device, and sent this ruff, requesting withal, that whensoever it is foul, you with your own hands would bestow the starching of it.

Niece. Else she wooes him: now his eyes shoot[5] this way. — [*Aside.*
And what was the reason for that, sir?

Pompey. There lies his main conceit, lady; "For," says he, "in so doing, she cannot choose but in the starching to clap it often between her hands, and so she gives a great liking and applause to my present; whereas, if I should send a puppy, she ever calls it to her with *hist, hiss, hiss,* which is a fearful disgrace:" he drew the device from a play at the Bull,[6] t'other day.

Niece. Ay, marry, sir, this was a rich conceit, indeed.

Pompey. And far-fetched; therefore good for you, lady.[7]

Guard. How now! which way look you, bird?

Cunn. At the fool, bird; shall I not look at the fool?

Guard. At the fool, and I here! what need that? pray, look this way.

Niece. I'll fit him aptly:[8] either I'll awake
His wits (if he have any) or force him
To appear (as yet I cannot think him)
Without any. [*Aside.*] — Sirrah, tell me one thing true
That I shall ask you now: was this device
Your master's own? I doubt his wit in it;
He's not so ingenious.

[1] *beholding*] i. e. beholden, — as frequently before.

[2] *to high, to low*] Both the folios "too *high*, too *low*;" and so Sympson, — who in a note proposed reading "t'one *high*, t'one *low*." Mason preferred "one *high*, one *low*."

[3] *unhappy*] i. e. mischievous, waggish.

[4] [*Aside*] Here and afterwards, both the folios have a rather unnecessary stage-direction, "*Toward Cunning.*"

[5] *shoot*] Both the folios "shoots."

[6] *the Bull*] i. e. the Red Bull Theatre: see note, p. 296.

[7] *And far-fetched: therefore good for you, lady*] An allusion to the proverb, — Far-fetched and dear bought is good for ladies.

[8] *I'll fit him aptly*, &c.] I give here the arrangement of the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber regulate the passage thus:

"I'll fit him aptly: either I'll awake
His wits (if he have any) or force him to appear
(As yet I cannot think him) without any. —
Sirrah, tell me one thing true,
That I shall ask you now: was this device
Your master's own?" &c., —

which regulation, if it improves the three first lines, makes the fourth one awkwardly defective. That this play is greatly injured by the dropping out of words, there can be no doubt. In the present speech, Sympson, as usual, tampered with the text.

Pompey. His own, I assure you, madam.
Niece. Nay, you must not lie.
Pompey. Not with a lady? I'd rather lie with you than lie with my master, by your leave, in such a case as this.
Guard. Yet again your eye?
Cunn. The fool makes mirth, i' faith;
I would hear some.
Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.
Niece. Come hither, friend; nay, come nearer me: did
Thy master send thee to me? He may be wise;
But did not shew it much in that: men sometimes
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think on't:
Was Vulcan ever so unwise to send Mars
To be his spokesman, when he went a-wooing?
Send thee! heigh-ho! a pretty rolling eye!
Pompey. I can turn up the white and the black too, an need be, forsooth.
Niece. Why, here's an amorous nose!
Pompey. You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.
Niece. A cheek!
How could I pat[1] it now in dalliance!
A pair of lips! oh, that we were uney'd!
I could suck sugar from 'em; what a beard's here!
When will the knight thy-master have such a stamp
Of manhood on his face? Nay, do not blush.
Pompey. 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.
Cunn. Death, she courts the fool!
Guard. Away, away! 'tis sport; do not mind it.
Niece. Give me thy hand; come, be familiar:
Ay, here's a promising palm; what a soft
Handful of pleasure's here! here's down compar'd
With flocks and quilted straw; thy knight's fingers
Are lean mattrice-rubbers to these feathers:
I prithee, let me lean my cheek upon't;
What a soft pillow's here!
Pompey. Hum, umh, hu, hum!
Niece. Why, there's a courage in that lively passion!
Measure thee all o'er, there is not a limb
But has his full proportion: it is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the knight and thee;
The goodlier man by half, at once, now I
See thee all over.
Pompey. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back, you would have said you had seen: there was two chamber-maids that saw me, and my legs by chance were tangled in the flags, and when they saw how I was hanged, they cried out, "Oh, help the man, for fear he be drowned!"
Niece. They could do no less[2] in pity. Come, thine arm;
We'll walk together.
Cunn. Blindness of love and women! why, she dotes
Upon the fool.
Guard. What's that to you? mind her not.

[1] *pat*] Sympson's correction. Both the folios "put."
[2] *do no less*] Weber chose to print "not *do less*."

Cunn. Away, you bur!
Guard. How's that?
Cunn. Hang off, flesh-hook! fasten thine itchy clasp
On some dry toad-stool, that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.
Guard. Oh, abominable!
Why, do you not love me?
Cunn. No; never did:
I took thee down a little way to enforce
A vomit from my offended stomach; now
Thou'rt up again, I loathe thee filthily.
Guard. Oh, villain!
Cunn. Why, dost thou not see a sight
Would make a man abjure the sight of women?
Niece. Ha, ha, ha! — he's vex'd! [*Aside.*] — ha, ha, ha!
Pompey. Ha, ha, ha!
Niece. Why dost thou laugh?
Pompey. Because thou laughest; nothing else, i' faith.
Cunn. She has but mock'd my folly; else she finds not
The bosom of my purpose: some other way
Must make me know. I'll try her; and may chance quit[3]
The fine dexterity of her lady-wit.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Niece. Yes, in troth, I laugh'd to think of thy master now,
What he would think if he knew this.
Pompey. By my troth, I laugh at him too: faith, sirrah,[4] he's but a fool, to say the truth, though I say't that should not say't.
Niece. Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee.
Well, for this time we'll part: you perceive something;
Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakness;
But, pray, be silent.
Pompey. As mouse in cheese, or goose in hay, i' faith.
Niece. Look, we are cut off: there's my hand where my lips would be.
Pompey. I'll wink, and think 'em thy lips. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Niece. Now, guardianess, I need not ask where you have been.
Guard. Oh, lady, never was woman so abus'd!

Re-enter POMPEY.

Pompey. Dost thou hear, lady sweetheart? I had forgot to tell thee, — if you will, I will come back in the evening.
Niece. By no means; come not till I send for you.
Pompey. If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone. I may be conveyed into your chamber; I'll lie under the bed while[5] midnight, or so; or you shall put me up in one of your little boxes; I can creep in at a small hole.

[3] *quit*] i. e. requite.
[4] *sirrah*] Instances of this word being applied to women have before occurred; and in act iii. sc. 1, Sir Gregory says "Ah, *sirrah* mistress," &c.
[5] *while*] i. e. until.

Niece. These are things I dare not venture: I
charge you, on my love, never come till I send
for you.

Pompey. *Verbum insapienti*;[1] 'tis enough to
the wise: nor I think it is not fit the knight
should know any thing yet.

Niece. By no means: pray you, go now; we
are suspected.

Pompey. For the things that are past, let us
use our secrets.

Niece. Now I'll make a firm trial of your love;
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a syllable; 'tis the seal of love; take heed.

Pompey. Hum, hum, hum, hum!
[*Exit, humming* "*Loath to depart.*"[2]

Niece. So, this pleasant trouble's gone. — Now,
guardianess;
What, your eyes easing your heart! the cause,
woman?

Guard. The cause is false man, madam: oh,
lady,
I have been gull'd in a shining carbuncle,
A very glow-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as ice.

Niece. And justly serv'd;
Wouldst thou once think that such an erring[3]
spring
Would dote upon thine autumn?

Guard. Oh, had you heard
Him but protest!

Niece. I would not have believ'd him.
Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy
folly,
In wanton imitation with the fool.
Go, weep the sin of thy credulity,
Not of thy loss; for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miss it. Wert thou so dull?
Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and uncapable:
Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not
The prey; the stale[4] to catch another bird with.

Guard. Indeed, he call'd me bird.

Niece. Yet thou perceiv'st not:
It is your niece he loves; wouldst thou be made
A stalking jade? 'tis she, examine it. ——
I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path
Over unbeaten grounds,[5] go level to the mark,
But[6] by circular bouts: rare things are pleasing;
And rare's but seldom in the simple sense,
But has her emphasis with eminence.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Guard. My niece! she the rival of my abuse!
My flesh and blood wrong me! I'll aunt her for't.

Enter MIRABELL.

Oh, opportunity, thou blessest me! —
Now, gentlewoman, are you parted so soon?
Where is your friend, I pray? your Cunningham?

Mir. What say you, aunt?

Guard. Come, come, your Cunningham!
I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you are not. [*Aside.*] —
What ail you, aunt?
Are you not well?

Guard. No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my wits;
nor sleeping,
Nor waking; nor nothing, nor any thing:
I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. Mercy cover us! what do you mean, aunt?

Guard. I mean to be reveng'd.

Mir. On whom?

Guard. On thee, baggage!

Mir. Revenge should follow injury,
Which never reach'd so far as thought in me
Towards you, aunt.

Guard. Your cunning, minion,
Nor your Cunningham, can either blind me:
The gentle beggar loves you.

Mir. Beseech you,
Let me stay your error! I begin to hear,
And shake off my amazement: if you think
That ever any passage treating love
Hath been betwixt us yet commencèd; any
Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,
So much as brother and sister might meet with;
The lip-salute, so much as strangers might
Take a farewell with; the commixèd hands;
Nay, but the least thought of the least of these,
In troth, you wrong your bosom: by that truth
Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me
If it were offer'd you, I am as free
As all this protestation.

Guard. May I believe this?

Mir. If ever you'll believe truth. Why, I
thought
He had spoke love to you; and if his heart
Prompted his tongue, sure I did hear so much.

Guard. Oh, falsest man! Ixion's plague fell
on me:
Never by woman such a masculine cloud,
So airy and so subtle, was embrac'd.

Mir. By no cause in me, by my life, dear aunt.

Guard. I believe you: then help in[7] my revenge,
And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever;
I'll have him quitted[8] at his equal weapon.
Thou art young; follow him, bait his desires
With all the engines of a woman's wit,
Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch;
He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty;
And when thou hast him by the amorous gills,
Think on my vengeance, choke up his desires,
Then let his banquetings be Tantalism:
Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out.
Or, I should climb the[9] stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to ashes in his love!

[1] *insapienti*] The modern editors, correcting Pompey's Latinity, print "insipienti."

[2] Pompey. *Hum, hum, hum, hum!*
[Exit, humming "Loath to depart."]
The folios have;
"*Clow.* Hum, hum, hum, hum —
Hum's [*sec. fol.* He humhs] loath to depart. *Exit Clown.*"
Sympson gave to the Niece the words "He hums loath to depart;" and so the Editors of 1778. Mason was the first to discover (what was obvious enough) that here the stage-direction had been confounded with the text. *Loath to depart* is a tune mentioned by several of our early writers.

[3] *erring*] "i. e. wandering, capricious and uncertain." MASON. — So the first folio. The second folio has "early." — Sympson printed (at Seward's suggestion) "earing," i. e. ploughing, tilling!

[4] *stale*] i. e. decoy. Sometimes the fowler used to shoot at his game under cover of either a real or an artificial horse, called a *stalking horse*; hence in the next speech, the expression "stalking jade."

[5] *grounds*] Altered by Weber to "ground."

[6] *But*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios "Not," — the misprint of the latter word for the former being very common. The Editors of 1778 gave, and vainly endeavored to explain, the original reading.

[7] *help in*] Weber printed "*help* me *in*."

[8] *quitted*] i. e. requited.

[9] *the*] Both the folios "my."

Mir. This will be a strange task,[1] aunt, and an
Unwilling labour; yet, in your injunction,
I am a servant to't.

Guard. Thou'lt undertake 't?

Mir. Yes; let the success commend itself hereafter.

Guard. Effect it, girl, my substance is thy store:
Nothing but want of will makes woman poor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — SIR GREGORY FOP'S *Lodging.*

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP *and* POMPEY.

Sir Greg. Why, Pompey, thou art not stark mad, art thou?
Wilt thou not tell me how my lady does?

Pompey. Your lady!

Sir Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly, or no?

Pompey. The thing that you sent her, knight, by the thing that you sent, was, for the thing's sake that was sent to carry the thing that you sent, very kindly received. First, there is your indenture (now go seek you a servant!); secondly, you are a knight; thirdly and lastly, I am mine own man; and fourthly, fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why, Pompey! prithee, let me speak with thee. — I'll lay my life some hare has crossed him.[2] [*Aside.*

Pompey. Knight, if you be a knight, so keep you: as for the lady, — who shall say that she is not a fair lady, a sweet lady, an honest and a[3] virtuous lady, I will say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these fingers' ends.

Sir Greg. Why, here's nobody says so, Pompey.

Pompey. Whatsoever things have passed between the lady and the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I say she is virtuous and honest, and I will maintain it, as long as I can maintain myself with bread and water.

Sir Greg. Why, I know nobody thinks otherwise.

Pompey. Any man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't while he has a thought in his bosom. Shall we say that kindnesses from ladies are common? or that favours and protestations are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the lady and the party which I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does, by day or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and long tail.[4]

Sir Greg. Why, I say she is honest.

Pompey. Is she honest? in what sense do you say she is honest, knight?

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an ass, and no gentleman!

Pompey. Throw your dagger at me! do not, knight; I give you fair warning, 'tis but cast away if you do; for you shall have no other words of me: the lady is an honest lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name. This I give you to understand, that another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a nose, as fair a stampt beard, and be as proper a man, as a knight (I name no parties); a servingman may be as good as a sir, a Pompey as a Gregory, a Doodle as a Fop: so servingman Pompey Doodle may be respected as well with ladies (though I name no parties) as Sir Gregory Fop. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live! Either the sight of the lady has gastered[5] him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his sleep; or else he's a fool, or a knave, or both; one of the three I'm sure 'tis. Yet, now I think on't, she has not used me so kindly as her uncle promised me she should: but that's all one; he says I shall have her, and I dare take his word for the best horse I have, and that's a weightier thing than a lady, I'm sure on't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Outskirts of London.*

Enter LADY RUINOUS GENTRY, *disguised as a man,* WITTYPATE, SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, PRISCIAN, *and* CREDULOUS, *with scarfs over their faces,*[6] *binding and robbing her.* CREDULOUS *finds the bag.*

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own; 'tis in your pleasure
How you'll deal with me: yet I would entreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,
When it can render you no second profit:
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,
All my store I vow (and it weighs a hundred);
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.

Witty. You may pursue.

L. Ruin. As I am a gentleman, I never will.

Witty. Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour
Till you call out for bail, and on the other
Side of the hedge leave you: but keep the peace
Till we be out of hearing, for by that
We shall be out of danger; if we come back,
We come with a mischief.

L. Ruin. You need not fear me.

Pris. Come, we'll bestow you, then.
[*Exeunt* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, *and* PRISCIAN, *with* LADY RUINOUS.

Witty. Why, la you, sir, is not this a swifter revenue than *Sic probos, ergos, et igitur,* can bring in? why, is not this one of your syllogisms in Barbara, *Omne utile est honestum?*

Cred. Well, sir, a little more of this acquaintance
Will make me know you fully: I protest
You have, at first sight, made me conscious

[1] *task*] Both the folios "taste."

[2] *I'll lay my life some hare has crossed him*] A hare crossing a person's way was supposed to disorder his senses.

[3] *a*] Omitted by Weber.

[4] *with cut and long tail*] i. e. with dogs of all kinds, — with persons of every description.

[5] *gastered*] i. e. scared.

[6] *with scarfs over their faces*] The *scarfs* were, of course, crape. The old stage-direction has merely "*in scarfs*," which Weber erroneously supposed to mean "in long mantles to disguise themselves."

Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted. Yet
I could almost have wish'd rather you had robb'd
Me of my cloak (for my purse, 'tis a scholar's)
Than to have made me a robber. I had rather
Have answer'd three difficult questions than this one,
As easy as yet it seems.
Witty. Tush, you shall never come to further answer for't.
Can you confess your penurious uncle,
In his full face of love, to be so strict
A niggard to your commons, that you are fain
To size your belly out with shoulder-fees,
With rumps and kidneys, and cues[1] of single beer,
And yet make dainty to feed more daintily,
At this easier rate? Fie, master Credulous!
I blush for you.
Cred. This is a truth undeniable.
Witty. Why, go to, then! I hope I know your uncle:
How does he use his son, nearer than you?
Cred. Faith, like his jade, upon the bare commons
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it.
Witty. He would have been glad[2] to have shar'd in such a purchase,[3]
And thank'd his good fortune too. But, mum, no more.

Re-enter SIR RUINOUS GENTRY *and* PRISCIAN.

Is all safe, bullies?
Sir Ruin. Secure;
The gentleman thinks him most happy in his loss,
With his safe life and limbs,[4] and redoubles
His first vow, as he is a gentleman,
Never to pursue us.
Witty. Well, away, then,
Disperse; you with master Credulous, who still
Shall bear the purchase; Priscian and I
Will take some other course. You know our meeting,
At the Three Cups in St. Giles';[5] with this proviso
(For 'tis a law with us), that nothing be open'd
Till all be present: the loser says a hundred,
And it can weigh no less.
Sir Ruin. Come, sir, we'll be your guide.
Cred. My honesty,[6] which till now was never forfeited,
All shall be close till our meeting.

[1] *cues*] "i. e. dregs. The derivation is self-evident." WEBER. What could he be thinking of? "*cues*" (a University term) means — small portions: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[2] *He would have been glad*, &c.] The prefix to this speech is omitted in both the folios; nor did the modern editors insert it!

[3] *purchase*] i. e. booty.

[4] *With his safe life and limbs*] Altered by the modern editors to "*With his life and limbs safe.*"

[5] *the Three Cups in St. Giles'*] "This tavern is enumerated, with many others, in a black-letter ballad, called London's Ordinary, or Every Man in his Humour (Evans's Ballads, 1810, I. 166): —

'The goldsmiths to the *Three Cups*,
Their money they count as dross,
Your puritan to the Pewter-can,
And your papists to the Cross.'" WEBER.

[6] *My honesty*] i. e. By my honesty.

Witty. Tush, I believe't;
[*Exit* CREDULOUS *with* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY.
And then all shall out. — Where's the thief that's robb'd?

Re-enter LADY RUINOUS GENTRY.

L. Ruin. Here, Master Oldcraft: all follows now.
Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench. Now to turn that bag
Of counterfeits to current prices, *et actum est.*
L. Ruin. You are the chemist; we'll blow the fire still,
If you can mingle the ingredients.
Witty. I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a dram.
You know the place.
Pris. I have told her that, sir.
Witty. Good: turn Ruinous to be a constable
(I'm sure we want not beards of all sorts, from
The worshipful magistrate to the under-watchman,)
Because we must have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat; attach Credulous:
The cause is plain, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in, [in] his own cousin's shape,
By mere accident, where, finding him distress'd,
I with some difficulty must fetch him off,
With promise that his uncle shall shut up all
With double restitution: master constable Ruinous
His mouth shall be stopt; you, mistress Robthief, shall
Have your share of what we can gull my father of.
Is't plain enough?
L. Ruin. As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.
Witty. Father, I come again; and again, when this is
Past too, father; one will beget another;
I'd be loath to leave your posterity barren:
You were best to come to composition, father;
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be cheaper, father, than my wit;
For I will cheat none[7] but you, dear father.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Before* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT'S *House.*

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT *and* SIR GREGORY FOP.

Sir Perf. Why, now you take the course, Sir Gregory Fop:
I could enforce her, an I list; but love
That's gently won is a man's own for ever.
Have you prepar'd good music?
Sir Greg. As fine a noise,[8] uncle,
As heart can wish.

[7] *none*] Qy. "no one"? — Sympson gave the line thus (and I cite his alteration as a specimen of the liberties which he took with the text);

"For I will cheat, dear father, none but you."

[8] *noise*] i. e. company, band of musicians.

Sir Perf. Why, that's done like a suitor;
They must be woo'd a hundred several ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a woman:
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings,
The serpent has not more; for sh 'as all his,
And then her own beside came in by her mother.
Sir Greg. A fearful portion for a man to venture on!
Sir Perf. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lies so tame again.
Sir Greg. I promise you, not a house-rabbit, sir.
Sir Perf. No sucker on 'em all.[1]
Sir Greg. What a thing's that!
They're pretty fools, I warrant, when they're tame,
As a man can lay his lips to.
Sir Perf. How were you bred, sir?
Did you never make a fool of a tenant's daughter?
Sir Greg. Never, i' faith; they ha' made some fools[2] for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.
Sir Perf. They could not shew you the way plainlier, I think,
To make a fool again.
Sir Greg. There's fools enough, sir,
'Less they were wiser.
Sir Perf. This is wondrous rare!
Come you to London with a maidenhead, knight?
A gentleman of your rank ride with a cloak-bag?
Never an hostess by the way to leave it with?
Nor tapster's sister? nor head-ostler's wife?
What, nobody?
Sir Greg. Well mock'd, old wit-monger!
I keep it for your niece.
Sir Perf. Do not say so, for shame! she'll laugh at thee:
A wife ne'er looks for't; 'tis a bachelor's penny;
He may give't to a beggar-wench, i' the progress-time,[3]
And never call'd to account for't. [*Exit.*
Sir Greg. Would I'd known so much!
I could ha' stopt a beggar's mouth by the way,
That rail'd upon me 'cause I'd give her nothing.

Enter Page *and* Fiddlers' Boy.

What, are they come?
Page. And plac'd directly, sir,
Under her window.
Sir Greg. What may I call you, gentleman?
Boy. A poor servant to the viol; I'm the voice, sir.
Sir Greg. In good time, master Voice.
Boy Indeed, good time does get the mastery.
Sir Greg. What countryman, master Voice?
Boy. Sir, born at Ely; we all set up in e-la,[4]
But our house commonly breaks in Rutlandshire.
Sir Greg. A shrewd place, by my faith: it may well break your voice;
It breaks many a man's back. Come, set to your business. [*Music within.*

Song by the Boy.

Fain would I wake you, sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse cheer;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than music; no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasure makes a child;
Your day-delights so well compact,
That what you think turns all to act:
I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake,
Part softly from your dreams!
The morning flies
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams.

Sir Greg. I hear her up. Here, master Voice,
Pay you the instruments; save what you can,
To keep you when your're crack'd.
[*Exeunt* Fiddlers' Boy *and* Page.

NIECE *appears at the window.*

Niece. Who should this be,
That I'm so much beholding[5] to for sweetness?
Pray Heaven, it happens right!
Sir Greg. Good morrow, mistress!
Niece. An ill day, and a thousand, come upon thee!
Sir Greg. 'Light, that's six hundred more than any almanack has!
Niece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest music
That ever woman heard.
Sir Greg. Nay, say not so, lady;
There's not an itch about 'em.
Niece. I could curse
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't:
There is no boldness like the impudence
That's lock'd in a fool's blood. How durst you do this?
In conscience, I abus'd you as sufficiently
As woman could a man; insatiate coxcomb,
The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee
Would, o' my life, ha' serv'd ten reasonable men,
And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends!
Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied,
I am persuaded thou devour'st more flouts
Than all thy body's worth, and still a-hungred!
A mischief of that maw! prithee, seek elsewhere;
In troth, I am weary of abusing thee;
Get thee a fresh mistress; thou't[6] make work enough:
I do not think there's scorn enough in town
To serve thy turn, take the court-ladies in,
And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em.
Sir Greg. Is this in earnest, lady?
Niece. Oh, unsatiable!
Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum, trust me;

[1] *No sucker on 'em all*] i. e. No sucking rabbit of them all. (*Rabbit-sucker*, meaning a sucking, or young, rabbit, occurs very frequently in our early writers).
[2] *fools*] i. e. gooseberry-fools.
[3] *the progress-time*] i. e. the time when the sovereign travels to visit different parts of his dominions.
[4] *e-la*] i. e. the highest note in the scale of music.
[5] *beholding*] See note, p. 602.
[6] *thou't*] So the first folio. The second has "thou'st." Sympson printed "thou'dst," and Weber "thou'lt."—"I cannot guess," says Mason, "what the Editors [of 1778] mean to imply by the contraction 'thou't.'" Strange that he should not have known that our early writers very frequently use *thou't* for *thou'lt*; see p. 476.

Thou't beggar my derision utterly,
If thou stay'st longer; I shall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd thou shouldst then:
But thou'st no conscience now to extort hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee;
Must I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I have rid thee twice? faith, 'tis unreasonable.

Sir Greg. Say you so? I'll know that presently. [*Exit.*

Niece. Now he runs
To fetch my uncle to this musty bargain;
But I have better ware always at hand,
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Cunn. I met the music now; yet cannot learn
What entertainment he receiv'd from her.

Niece. There's somebody set[1] already; I must to't, I see. — [*Aside.*
Well, well, Sir Gregory!

Cunn. Ha! Sir Gregory!

Niece. Where'er you come, you may well boast your conquest.

Cunn. She's lost, i' faith; enough: has Fortune, then,
Remember'd her great boy? she seldom fails 'em. [*Aside.*

Niece. He was the unlikeliest man at first methought
To have my love; we never met but wrangled.

Cunn. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still!
I never knew it fail yet, where'er 't came;
It never comes, but, like a storm of hail,
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't;
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it;
It fights i' the tongue, but sure[2] to agree i' the haunches. [*Aside.*

Niece. That man that should ha' told me, when time was,
I should ha' had him, had been laugh'd at piteously:
But see how things will change!

Cunn. Here's a heart feels it:
Oh, the deceitful promises of love!
What trust should a man put i' the lip of woman?
She kiss'd me with that strength, as if sh 'ad meant
To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me. [*Aside.*

Niece. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a match once.

Cunn. I'll hear no more; I'm mad to hear so much:
Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger brothers have? that's a maid with nothing,
Or some old soap-boiler's widow without teeth:
There waits my fortune for me; seek no farther. [*Aside, and exit.*

[1] *set*] "i. e. posted, stationed." *Ed.* 1778.
[2] *but sure*] The modern editors print, unnecessarily, "*but's sure.*"

Re-enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT *and* SIR GREGORY FOP.

Sir. Perf. You tell me things, Sir Gregory, that cannot be:
She will not, nor she dares[3] not.

Sir Greg. Would I were whipt, then!

Niece. I'll make as little show of love, Sir Gregory,
As ever woman did; you shall not know
You have my heart a good while.

Sir Perf. Heard you that?

Niece. Man will insult so soon; 'tis his condition;[4]
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can:
I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end
Will have his course: let maids do what they can,
They are but frail things till they end in man.

Sir Perf. What say you to this, sir?

Sir Greg. This is somewhat handsome.

Niece. And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,
Now I shall try how constant his love is,
Although't went sore against my heart to chide him.

Sir Greg. Alas, poor gentlewoman!

Sir Perf. Now you're sure of truth;
You hear her own thoughts speak.

Sir Greg. They speak, indeed.

Sir Perf. Go, you're a brainless cox,[5] a toy, a Fop;
I'll go no farther than your name, Sir Gregory,
I'll right myself there: were you from this place,
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you:
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my niece and I! ——
Good morrow, niece, good morrow.

Niece. Many fair ones to you, sir.

Sir Perf. Go, you're a coxcomb. — How dost, niece, this morning? —
An idle shallow fool. — Slept'st thou well, girl? —
Fortune may very well provide thee lordships,
For honesty has left thee little manners.

Sir Greg. How am I bang'd o' both sides!

Sir Perf. Abuse kindness! —
Wilt take the air to-day, niece?

Niece. When you please, sir:
There stands the heir behind you I must take —
Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear.[6] [*Aside.*

Sir Perf. La you, do you hear't continu'd to your teeth now?
A pox of all such Gregories! what a hand
Have I with you! [NIECE *lets fall her scarf.*

Sir Greg. No more, i' feck; I ha' done, sir. —
Lady, your scarf's faln down.

Niece. 'Tis but your luck, sir,

[3] *dares*] Altered by the modern editors to "dare."
[4] *condition*] i. e. quality, disposition, habit.
[5] *cox*] i. e. simpleton, easy gull. — The second folio has "coax;" and we frequently find the word written *cokes*.
[6] *Wilt take the air to-day, niece?*
Niece. *When you please, sir:*
There stands the heir behind you I must take —
Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear] "The Niece quibbles on the words *air* and *heir*, connected with the word *behind*. She means to say, she would prefer the *air* behind him to the *heir* behind him." MASON.

And does presage the mistress must fall shortly;
You may wear it, an you please.
Sir Perf. There's a trick for you!
You're parlously[1] belov'd; you should complain!
Sir Greg. Yes, when I complain, sir,
Then do your worst; there I'll deceive you, sir.
Sir Perf. You are a dolt, and so I leave you, sir. [*Exit.*
Sir Greg. Ah, sirrah mistress,[2] were you caught, i' faith?
We overheard you all; "I must not know
I have your heart;" take heed o' that, I pray:
I knew some scarf would come.
Niece. He's quite gone, sure. — [*Aside.*
Ah, you base coxcomb, couldst thou come again,
And so abus'd as thou wast?
Sir Greg. How!
Niece. 'Twould ha' kill'd
A sensible man; he would ha' gone to his chamber,
And broke his heart, by this time.
Sir Greg. Thank you heartily!
Niece. Or fix'd a naked rapier in a wall,
Like him that earn'd his knighthood ere he had it,
And then, refus'd, upon't ran up to th' hilts.
Sir Greg. Yes, let him run for me: I was never brought up to't,
I never profess'd running i' my life.
Niece. What art thou made on, thou tough villanous vermin?
Will nothing destroy thee?
Sir Greg. Yes, yes, assure yourself
Unkind words may do much.
Niece. Why, dost thou want 'em?
I've e'en consum'd my spleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee,
I'll see what I can do yet.
Sir Greg. I'm much beholding to you:
You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.
Niece. I should account nothing too much to rid thee.
Sir Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,
All the while your uncle was here.
Niece. Why, there thou
Betray'st thy house; we of the Oldcrafts were
Born to more wit than so.
Sir Greg. I wear your favour here.
Niece. Would it might rot thy arm off! if thou knew'st
With what contempt thou hast it, what heart's bitterness,
How many cunning curses came along with it,
Thou'dst quake to handle it.
Sir Greg. A pox, take't again, then!
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands?
Niece. No, wear't still;
But long, I hope, thou shalt not; 'tis but cast
Upon thee purposely to serve another,
That has more right to't; as in some countries they convey
Their treasure upon asses to their friends:
If mine be but so wise and apprehensive
As my opinion gives him to my heart,
It stays not long on thy desertless arm.
I'll make thee, ere I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely:
Kiss it you may, and make what show you can,
But sure you carry't to a worthier man:
And so good morrow to you. [*Exit above.*
Sir Greg. Hu hum, ha hum!
I ha'n't the spirit now to dash my brains out,
Nor the audacity to kill myself:
But I could cry my heart out; that's as good,
For so't be out, no matter which way it comes.
If I can die with a fillip, or depart
At hot-cockles, what's that to any man,
If there be so much death that serves my turn there?
Every one knows the state of his own body:
No carrion kills a kite; but then again
There's cheese will choke a daw. Time I were dead, i' faith,
If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.
I am a maiden-knight, and cannot look
Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,
Else 'twould go hard with me; and to complain
To Sir Perfidious the old knight again,
Were to be more abus'd: perhaps he would beat me well,
But ne'er believe me;
And few men die o' beating, — that were lost too.

Re-enter CUNNINGHAM.

Oh, here's my friend! I'll make my moan to him.
Cunn. I cannot tear her memory from my heart,
That treads mine down: was ever man so fool'd
That profess'd wit?
Sir Greg. Oh, Cunningham!
Cunn. Sir Gregory!
The choice, the victor, the town's happy man!
Sir Greg. 'Snigs, what dost mean? come I to thee for comfort,
And dost abuse me too?
Cunn. Abuse you! how, sir?
With justifying your fortune and your joys?
Sir Greg. Pray, hold your hand, sir; I've been bobb'd[3] enough:
You come with a new way now, strike me merrily;
But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already,
Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him.
Wilt ha' the truth? I'm made the rankest ass
That e'er was born to lordships.
Cunn. What! no, sir?
Sir Greg. I had not thought my body could 'a yielded
All those foul scurvy names that she has call'd me;
I wonder whence she fetch'd 'em.
Cunn. Is this credible?
Sir Greg. She pinn'd[4] this scarf upon me, afore her uncle;
But, his back turn'd, she curs'd me so for wearing on't,

[1] *parlously*] i. e. *perilously*, amazingly.
[2] *sirrah mistress*] See note, p. 603.

[3] *bobb'd*] i. e. cheated, fooled.
[4] *pinn'd*] Is used, as the Editors of 1778 observe, metaphorically for *fastened*. Sympson thought the old reading "a manifest untruth," and proposed "palm'd"!

The very brawn of mine arm has ach'd ever since:
Yet in a manner forc'd me to wear't still,
But hop'd I should not long; if good luck serve,
I should meet one that has more wit and worth
Should take it from me; 'twas but lent to me,
And sent to him for a token.
Cunn. I conceit it. [*Aside.*] — I know the man
That lies in wait for't: part with't, by all means,
In any case; you are way-laid about it.
Sir Greg. Hew, sir! way-laid?
Cunn. Pox of a scarf, say I!
I prize my friend's life 'bove a million on[1] 'em:
You shall be rul'd, sir; I know more than you.
Sir Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't:
'Las, 'tis not for my wearing! so she told me.
Cunn. No, no, give me't; the knave shall miss his purpose,
And you shall live.
Sir Greg. I would as long as I could, sir.
Cunn. No more replies; you shall: I'll prevent this;
Pompey shall march without it.
Sir Greg. What, is't he?
My man that was?
Cunn. Call him your deadly enemy;
You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly;
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, sir;
I care not if he heard me.
Sir Greg. But, do you hear, sir?
Can it sound with reason she should affect him?
Cunn. Do you talk of reason? I never thought to have heard
Such a word come from you; reason in love?
Would you give that no doctor could e'er give?
Has not a deputy married his cook-maid?
An alderman's widow one that was her turn-broach?[2]
Nay, has not a great lady brought her stable
Into her chamber, lay with her horse-keeper?
Sir Greg. Did ever love play such jade's tricks, sir?
Cunn. Oh, thousands, thousands!
Beware a sturdy clown, e'er while you live, sir:
'Tis like a huswifery in most shires about us;
You shall ha' farmers' widows wed thin gentlemen
Much like yourself, but put 'em to no stress;
What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs?
They keep clowns to stop gaps and drive in pegs,
A drudgery fit for hinds. E'en back again, sir;
You're safest at returning.
Sir Greg. Think you so, sir?
Cunn. But how came this clown to be call'd Pompey first?
Sir Greg. Push,[3] one goodman Cæsar, a pump-maker, kersen'd[4] him;
Pompey he writes himself, but his right name's Pumpey,
And stunk too when I had him; now he's crank.[5]
Cunn. I'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, sir.
Walk you still that way. — I'll make use of this
To resolve all my doubts, and place this favour
On some new mistress, only for a try;
And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Sir Greg. Is Pompey grown so malapert, so frampel?[6]
The only cutter[7] about ladies' honours,
And his blade soonest out?

Re-enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT.

Sir Perf. Now, what's the news, sir?
Sir Greg. I dare not say but good. [*Aside.*] — Oh, excellent good, sir!
Sir Perf. I hope now you're resolv'd[8] she loves you, knight?
Sir Greg. Cuds me, what else, sir? that's not to do now.
Sir Perf. You would not think how desperately you anger'd me,
When you belied her goodness: oh, you vex'd me
Even to a palsey!
Sir Greg. What a thing was that, sir!

Enter NIECE.

Niece. 'Tis, that 'tis;
As I have hope of sweetness, the scarf's gone!
Worthy wise friend, I dote upon thy cunning:
We two shall be well match'd; our issue male, sure,
Will be born counsellors: is't possible?
Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;
Nay, since the way's found, pity thou shouldst want, i'faith. — [*Aside.*
Oh, my best joy and dearest!
Sir Perf. Well said, niece!
So violent 'fore your uncle! what will you do
In secret, then?
Sir Greg. Marry, call me slave and rascal.
[*Aside.*
Niece. Your scarf — the scarf I gave you ——
Sir Perf. Mass, that's true, niece;
I ne'er thought upon that. — The scarf she gave you, sir!
What, dumb? no answer from you? the scarf!
Sir Greg. I was way-laid about it, my life threaten'd;
Life's life, scarf's but a scarf, and so I parted from't.
Niece. Unfortunate woman! my first favour too!
Sir Perf. Will you be still an ass? no reconcilement
'Twixt you and wit? are you so far faln out,
You'll never come together? I tell you true,
I'm very lousily asham'd on you;
That's the worst shame that can be. —
Thus baiting on him, now his heart's hook'd in,
I'll make him, ere I ha' done, take her with nothing:

[1] *on*] i. e. of. Altered by the modern editors to "of."
[2] *turn-broach*] i. e. turn-spit.
[3] *Push*] See note, p. 211. — Altered by the modern editors to "Pish."
[4] *kersen'd*] "A vulgar corruption of *christened*." WEBER.
[5] *crank*] i. e. brisk, pert.
[6] *frampel*] A word which our early writers spell in various ways, and employ with various shades of meaning: in the present passage it is equivalent to — saucy.
[7] *cutter*] i. e. swaggerer, ruffler.
[8] *resolv'd*] "i. e. convinced." WEBER.

I love a man that lives by his wits a'-life![1] — [*Aside.*
Nay, leave, sweet niece; 'tis but a scarf; let it go.
Niece. The going of it never grieves me, sir;
It is the manner, the manner ——
Sir Greg. Oh, dissembling marmoset![2]
If I durst speak, or could be believ'd when I speak,
What a tale could I tell, to make hair stand upright now! [*Aside.*
Niece. Nay, sir, at your request you shall perceive, uncle,
With what renewing love I forgive this. —
Here's a fair diamond, sir; I'll try how long
You can keep that.
Sir Greg. Not very long; you know't too,
Like a cunning witch as you are. [*Aside.*
Niece. You're best let him ha' that too.
Sir Greg. So I were, I think; there were no living else,
I thank you, as you have handled the matter. [*Aside.*
Sir Perf. Why, this is musical now, and Tuesday next
Shall tune your instruments; that's the day set.
Niece. A match, good uncle!
Sir Perf. Sir, you hear me too?
Sir Greg. Oh, very well; I'm for you.
Niece. Whate'er you hear, you know my mind.
[*Exeunt* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT *and* NIECE.

Sir Greg. Ay, a [pox] on't, too well! If I do not wonder how we two shall come together, I'm a bear-whelp. He talks of Tuesday next as familiarly as if we loved one another; but 'tis as unlikely to me as 'twas seven year before I saw her. I shall try his cunning; it may be, he has a way was never yet thought on; and it had need to be such a one, for all that I can think on will never do't. I look to have this diamond taken from me very speedily; therefore I'll take it off o' my finger, for, if it be seen, I shall be way-laid for that too. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Room in* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT'S *House.*

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT *and* WITTYPATE.

Sir Perf. Oh, torture, torture! thou carriest a sting i' thy tail:
Thou never brought'st good news i' thy life yet;
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.
Witty. Why, you receive a blessing the wrong way, sir.
Call you not this good news, to save at once, sir,
Your credit and your kinsman's life together?
Would it not vex your peace, and gall your worth,
T' have one of your name hang'd?
Sir Perf. Peace; no such words, boy!
Witty. Be thankful for the blessing[3] of prevention, then.
Sir Perf. Le'[4] me see:
There was none hang'd out of our house since Brute;
I ha' search'd both Stow and Hollinshed.
Witty. Oh, sir!
Sir Perf. I'll see what Polychronicon[5] says anon too.
Witty. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't.
Sir Perf. I would thou'dst never heard on't!
Witty. That's true too,
So it had ne'er been done. To see the luck on't!
He was even brought to justice Aurum's threshold;
There had flewn forth a mittimus straight for Newgate:
And note the fortune too! sessions o' Thursday,
Jury call'd out o' Friday, judgment o' Saturday,
Dungeon o' Sunday, Tyburn o' Monday:
Misery's quotidian ague, when't begins once,
Every day pulls him, till he pull his last.
Sir Perf. No more, I say! 'tis an ill theme. Where left you him?
Witty. He's i' the constable's hands below i' th' hall, sir,
Poor gentleman, and his accuser with him.
Sir Perf. What's he?
Witty. A judge's son, 'tis thought; so much the worse too;
He'll hang his enemy, and't shall cost him nothing;
That's a great privilege.
Sir Perf. Within there!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir?
Sir Perf. Call up the folks i' th' hall. [*Exit* Servant.] — I had such hope on him,
For a scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for;
Therefore erected all my joys in him,
Got a Welch benefice in reversion for him,
Dean of Cardigan; h'as his grace already,
He can marry and bury,
Yet ne'er a hair on's face, like a French vicar;
And does he bring such fruits to town with him?
A thief at his first lighting?

Enter CREDULOUS, SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, *disguised as a constable, and* LADY RUINOUS *as a man.*

Oh, good den[6] to you!
Witty. Nay, sweet sir, you're so vex'd now, you will grieve him,
And hurt yourself.
Sir Perf. Away! I'll hear no counsel. —
Come you but once in seven year to your uncle,
And at that time must you be brought home too?
And by a constable?
Witty. Oh, speak low, sir;
Remember your own credit! You profess
You love a man o' wit; begin at home, sir;
Express it i' yourself.

[1] *a'-life*] i. e. as my life, excessively. Altered by Sympson to "*as life*;" and so the Editors of 1778.
[2] *marmoset*] i. e. ape, monkey.
[3] *blessing*] Weber chose to print "blessings."
[4] *Le'*] i. e. Let. — The modern editors print "Let."
[5] *Polychronicon*] Written in Latin by Ranulph Higden. The English translation of this work, in seven books, by John de Trevisa, was printed by Caxton, who added an eighth book.
[6] *good den*] A corruption of *good e'en*, good evening.

L. Ruin. Nay, master constable,
Shew yourself a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.
Sir Ruin. Sir, no dish-porridgement, we have brought home
As good men as ye.
Sir Perf. Out! a North-Britain constable! that tongue
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already. —
Are you the gentleman?
L. Ruin. The unfortunate one, sir,
That fell into the power of merciless thieves,
Whereof this fellow (whom I'd call your kinsman
As little as I could, for the fair reverence
I owe to fame and years,) was the prime villain.
Sir Perf. A wicked prime!
Witty. Nay, not so loud, sweet father!
L. Ruin. The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em;
Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' swore it;
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.
Sir Perf. A Cambridge man for this? these your degrees, sir?
Nine years at university for this fellowship?
Witty. Take your voice lower, dear sir!
Sir Perf. What's your loss, sir?
L. Ruin. That which offends me to repeat; the money's whole, sir,
'Tis i' the constable's hands there, a seal'd hundred;
But I will not receive it.
Sir Perf. No? not the money, sir,
Having confess'd 'tis all?
L. Ruin. 'Tis all the money, sir,
But 'tis not all I lost; for when they bound me,
They took a diamond hung at my shirt-string,
Which fear of life made me forget to hide;
It being the sparkling witness of a contract
'Twixt a great lawyer's daughter and myself.
Witty. I told you what he was. — What does the diamond
Concern my cousin, sir?
L. Ruin. No more did the money;
But he shall answer all now.
Witty. There's your conscience!
It shews from whence you sprung.
L. Ruin. Sprung! I had leapt a thief,
Had I leapt some of your alliance.
Witty. Slave!
L. Ruin. You prevent[1] me still.
Sir Perf. 'Slid, son, are you mad?
L. Ruin. Come, come, I'll take a legal course.
Sir Perf. Will you undo us all? — What's your demand, sir? —
Now we're in's danger too.
L. Ruin. A hundred mark, sir;
I will not bate a doit.
Witty. A hundred rascals!
L. Ruin. Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.
Witty. Go, take your course; follow the law, and spare not.
Sir Perf. Does fury make you drunk? know you what you say?
Witty. A hundred dogs'-dungs! do your worst.
Sir Perf. You do, I'm sure: who's loud now?
Witty. What, his own asking!

[1] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

Sir Perf. Not in such a case?
Witty. You shall have but threescore pound, spite o' your teeth;
I'll see you hang'd first.
Sir Perf. And what's seven pound more, man,
That all this coil's about? — Stay. — I say he shall ha't.
Witty. It is your own, you may do what you please with it;
Pardon my zeal; I would ha' sav'd you money.
Give him all his own asking!
Sir Perf. What's that to you, sir?
Be sparing of your own: teach me to pinch
In such a case as this! go, go; live by your wits, go.
Witty. I practise all I can.
Sir Perf. Follow you me, sir; —
And, master constable, come from the knave,
And be a witness of a full recompense.
Witty. Pray, stop the constable's mouth, what-e'er you do, sir.
Sir Perf. Yet again?
As if I meant not to do that myself,
Without your counsel? — As for you, precious kinsman,
Your first year's fruits in Wales shall go to rack for this:
You lie not in my house; I'll pack you out,
And pay for your lodging rather.
[*Exeunt* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT, SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, *and* LADY RUINOUS.
Witty. Oh, fie, cousin!
These are ill courses; you a scholar too!
Cred. I was drawn into't most unfortunately
By filthy deboist[2] company.
Witty. Ay, ay, ay;
'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in England.
What were they? gentlemen?
Cred. Faith, so like, some on[3] 'em,
They were even the worse again.
Witty. Hum!
Cred. Great tobacco-whiffers;
They would go near to rob with a pipe in their mouths.
Witty. What! no?
Cred. Faith, leave it, cousin, because my rascals[4] use it.
Witty. So they do meat and drink; must worthy gentlemen
Refrain their food for that? an honest man
May eat of the same pig some parson dines with;
A lawyer and a fool feed of one woodcock,[5]
Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser;
'Tis not meat, drink, or smoke, dish, cup, or pipe,
Co-operates to the making of a knave;
'Tis the condition[6] makes a slave a slave:
There's London philosophy for you! I tell you, cousin,
You cannot be too cautelous,[7] nice,[8] or dainty,
In your society here, especially

[2] *deboist*] i. e. debauched; as before, p. 404. Altered by the modern editors to "debosht" and "debosh'd."
[3] *on*] i. e. of. The modern editors print "of."
[4] *my rascals*] If the right reading, must mean, as Weber explains the words, — the rascals who robbed me. Sympson omitted "my."
[5] *woodcock*] Was proverbially a silly bird: see note, p 356.
[6] *condition*] See note, p. 608.
[7] *cautelous*] i. e. artfully cautious.
[8] *nice*] i. e. scrupulous.

When you come raw from the university,
Before the world has harden'd you a little;
For as a butter'd loaf is a scholar's breakfast there,
So a poach'd scholar is a cheater's dinner here;
I ha' known seven of 'em supp'd up at a meal.
Cred. Why a poach'd scholar?
Witty. 'Cause he pours himself forth,
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance;
Never so crafty to be eaten i' the shell,
But is out-stripp'd of all he has at first,
And goes down glib; he's swallow'd with sharp wit,
'Stead of wine-vinegar.
Cred. I shall think, cousin,
O' your poach'd scholar, while I live.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master Credulous,
Your uncle wills you to forbear the house;
You must with me; I'm charg'd to see you plac'd
In some new lodging about Thieving-Lane:
What the conceit's I know not; but commands[1] you
To be seen here no more, till you hear further.
Cred. Here's a strange welcome, sir.
Witty. This is the world, cousin,
When a man's fame's once poison'd. Fare thee well, lad.
[*Exeunt* CREDULOUS *and Servant.*
This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in;
It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coin,
And puts him out of grace that stood between me,
My father's Cambridge jewel, much suspected
To be his heir; now there's a bar in's hopes.

Re-enter SIR RUINOUS GENTRY *with a purse, and Lady* RUINOUS.

Sir Ruin. It chinks; make haste.
L. Ruin. The Goat at Smithfield-Pens.
Witty. Zo, zo, zufficient.
[*Exeunt* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY *and* LADY RUINOUS.

Enter CUNNINGHAM.

Master Cunningham?
I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.
Cunn. A wit's better to meet than to follow, then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;
But commonly men unfortunate to themselves
Are luckiest to their friends; and so may I be.
Witty. I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste from you,
All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.
Cunn. 'Tis but to shew that you can place sometimes
Your modesty a-top of all your virtues.
[*Exit* WITTYPATE.
This gentleman may pleasure me yet again.

Enter MIRABELL.

I am so haunted with this broad-brimm'd hat
Of the last progress block,[2] with the young hat-band,
Made for a sucking devil of two year old,
I know not where to turn myself. [*Aside.*
Mir. Sir!
Cunn. More torture? [*Aside.*
Mir. 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.
Cunn. O' my troth, gentlewoman,
Rumour's as false a knave as ever piss'd, then;
Pray, tell him so from me: I cannot feign
With a sweet gentlewoman, I must deal downright.
Mir. I heard, though, you dissembled with my aunt, sir;
And that makes me more confident.
Cunn. There's no falsehood
But pays us our own some way. [*Aside.*] — I confess
I feign'd with her ('twas for a weightier purpose),
But not with thee, I swear.
Mir. Nor I with you, then,
Although my aunt enjoin'd me to dissemble,
To right her spleen: I love you faithfully.
Cunn. 'Light, this is worse than 'twas. [*Aside.*
Mir. I find such worth in you,
I cannot, nay, I dare not, dally with you,
For fear the flame consume me.
Cunn. Here's fresh trouble:
This drives me to my conscience; for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me. [*Aside.*
Mir. I crave but such a truth from your love, sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.
Cunn. A good geometrician, 'shrew my heart! — [*Aside.*
Why, are you out o' your wits, pretty plump gentlewoman,
You talk so desperately? 'tis a great happiness
Love has made one on's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else.
Yet I love gratitude; I must requite you,
I shall be sick else: but to give you me, —
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For, o' my troth, I hardly can myself, —
No wise physician will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your state is weak! you had need of cordials,
Some rich electuary, made of a son and heir,
An elder brother, in a cullis,[3] whole;
'T must be some wealthy Gregory, boil'd to a jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new gowns,
French ruffs, and mutable head-tires.
Mir. But where is he, sir?
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.
Cunn. Then see thy conscience, and thy wit together!
Wouldst thou have me, then, that has[4] nothing neither?
What say you to Fop Gregory the First yonder?
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompens'd,
Full satisfaction upon love's record,
Without any more suit, if I combine you?
Mir. Yes, by this honest kiss.
Cunn. You're a wise client,
To pay your fee before-hand; but all do so:
You know the worst already, that's the best too.

[1] *but commands*] The modern editors print "*but* he *commands.*"

[2] *this broad-brimm'd hat*
Of the last progress block] "The *block* of a hat is the form [mould] upon which it is made, and hence the fashion of it in general. From the text it would seem that new fashions were frequently invented and sported at a progress of the monarch through the kingdom." WEBER.

[3] *a cullis*] "i. e. a restorative broth." WEBER.

[4] *has*] Altered by the modern editors to "have."

Mir. I know he is a fool.
Cunn. You're shrewdly hurt, then!
This is your comfort; your great, wisest women
Pick their first husband still out of that house,
And some will have 'em to choose, if they bury twenty.
Mir. I'm of their minds that like him for a first husband;
To run youth's race with him, 'tis very pleasant;
But when I'm old, I'd always wish a wiser.
Cunn. You may have me by that time. For this first business,
Rest upon my performance.
Mir. With all thankfulness.
Cunn. I have a project you must aid me in too.
Mir. You bind me to all lawful action, sir.
Cunn. Pray, wear this scarf about you.
Mir. I conjecture now ——
Cunn. There's a court principle for't, one office must help another;
As, for example, for your cast o' manchets[1] out o' the pantry
I'll allow you a goose out o' the kitchen.
Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, sir: farewell, Performance;[2]
I shall be bold to call you so.
Cunn. Do, sweet Confidence. [*Exit* MIRABELL.

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP.

If I can match my two broad-brimm'd hats —
'Tis he; I know the maggot by his head;
Now shall I learn news of him. [*Aside.*] — My precious chief!
Sir Greg. I have been seeking for you 'i the bowling-green,
Inquir'd at Nettleton's and Anthony's ordinary;
'T has vex'd me to the heart: look, I've a diamond here,
And it cannot find a master.
Cunn. No? that's hard, i'faith.
Sir Greg. It does belong to somebody: a [pox] on him,
I would he had it! does but trouble me;
And she that sent it is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her till't be gone.
Cunn. Oh, ho! [*Aside.*] — Ah, sirrah, are you come?
Sir Greg. What's that, friend?
Cunn. Do you note that corner sparkle?
Sir Greg. Which? which? which, sir?
Cunn. At the west end o' the collet.[3]
Sir Greg. Oh, I see't now.
Cunn. 'Tis an apparent mark: this is the stone, sir,
That so much blood is threaten'd to be shed for.
Sir Greg. I pray ——
Cunn. A tun at least.
Sir Greg. They must not find it
I' me, then; they must go where 'tis to be had.
Cunn. 'Tis well it came to my hands first, Sir Gregory;
I know where this must go.
Sir Greg. Am I discharg'd on't?
Cunn. My life for yours now! [*Draws.*
Sir Greg. What now?
Cunn. 'Tis discretion, sir;
I'll stand upon my guard all the while I ha't.
Sir Greg. Troth, thou tak'st too much danger on thee still,
To preserve me alive.
Cunn. 'Tis a friend's duty, sir:
Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,
I'll undertake to get your mistress for you.
Sir Greg. Thou wilt not, wilt?
Cunn. Contract her by a trick, sir,
When she least thinks on't.
Sir Greg. There's the right way to't;
For, if she think on't once, she'll never do't.
Cunn. She does abuse you still, then?
Sir Greg. A [pox!] damnably,
Every time worse than other; yet her uncle
Thinks the day holds o' Tuesday: say it did, sir,
She's so familiarly us'd to call me *rascal*,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name;
And then that marriage cannot hold in law, you know.
Cunn. Will you leave all to me?
Sir Greg. Who should I leave it to?
Cunn. 'Tis our luck to love nieces; I love a niece too.
Sir Greg. I would you did, i' faith!
Cunn. But mine's a kind wretch.
Sir Greg. Ay, marry, sir; I would mine were so too!
Cunn. No *rascal* comes in her mouth.
Sir Greg. Troth, and mine
Has little else in hers.
Cunn. Mine sends me tokens,
All the world knows not on.
Sir Greg. Mine gives me tokens too,
Very fine tokens; but I dare not wear 'em.
Cunn. Mine's kind in secret.
Sir Greg. And there mine's a hell-cat.
Cunn. We have a day set too.
Sir Greg. 'Slid, so have we, man;
But there's no sign of ever coming together.
Cunn. I'll tell thee who 'tis; the old woman's niece.
Sir Greg. Is't she?
Cunn. I would your luck had been no worse for mildness!
But, mum; no more words on't to your lady.
Sir Greg. Foh!
Cunn. No blabbing, as you love me.
Sir Greg. None of our blood
Were ever blabbers.
Cunn. [*giving letter.*] Prithee, convey this letter to her;
But at any hand let not your mistress see't.
Sir Greg. Yet again, sir?
Cunn. There is a jewel in't:
The very art would make her dote upon't.
Sir Greg. Say you so?
And she shall see it for that trick only. [*Aside.*

[1] *cast o' manchets*] So in Middleton's *Michaelmas Term* we find, "and not be carried away with *a cast of manchets*, a bottle of wine, or a custard," act ii. sc. 3, — *Works*, i. 444, where I have explained "cast" to mean "couple;" but (though "cast" is common in that sense, see the present work, pp. 421, 451) I now suspect that "a *cast* of manchets" is equivalent to — a *batch* of manchets, — small loaves, or rolls, of the finest white bread. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.), citing the passage of our text, understands "*cast*" as "a share or allotment."

[2] *farewell, Performance*, &c.] Here Weber cites a long passage from *Every Man out of his Humour* (see Jonson's *Works*, ii. 148, ed. Gifford), where the custom of interchanging such appellations is very happily ridiculed.

[3] *collet*] i. e. the setting which surrounds the stone of a ring. — Sympson's correction. Both the folios "coller."

Cunn. Remember but your mistress, and all's well.
Sir Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me!
Cunn. I believe you. [*Exit* SIR GREGORY.
This is the only way to return a token;
I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to the contrary:
He's the nearest kin to a woman, of a thing
Made without substance, that a man can find again.
Some petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,
Engendring with an old pair of pan'd hose,[1]
Lying in some hot chamber o'er the kitchen;
Very steam bred him;
He never grew where *rem in re* e'er came:[2]
The generation of a hundred such
Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,
For 'tis no act in law; nor can a constable
Pick out a bawdy business for Bridewell in't, —
A lamentable case!
He's got with a man's urine, like a mandrake.

Enter POMPEY, *dressed as a gallant.*

How now! ha! what prodigious bravery's[3] this?
A most preposterous gallant! the doublet sits
As if it mock'd the breeches. [*Aside.*
Pompey. Save you, sir!
Cunn. H'as put his tongue in the fine suit of words too. [*Aside.*
Pompey. How does the party?
Cunn. Takes me for a scrivener. — [*Aside.*
Which of the parties?
Pompey. Hum! Simplicity betide thee! —
I would fain hear of the party; I would be loath to go
Further with her; honour is not a thing
To be dallied withal, no more is reputation,
No, nor fame, I take it; I must not have her wrong'd
When I'm abroad; my party is not to be compell'd
With any party in an oblique way;
'Tis very dangerous to deal with women;
May prove a lady too, but shall be nameless;
I'll bite my tongue out, ere it prove a traitor.
Cunn. Upon my life, I know her.
Pompey. Not by me;
Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,
You're ne'er the wiser; she comes not from these lips.
Cunn. The old knight's niece.
Pompey. 'Slid, he has got her! pox of his heart that told him!
Can nothing be kept secret? [*Aside.*] — Let me entreat you
To use her name as little as you can, though.
Cunn. 'Twill be small pleasure, sir, to use her name.
Pompey. I had intelligence, in my solemn walks
'Twixt Paddington and Pancridge, of a scarf
Sent for a token, and a jewel follow'd;
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any:
Howe'er 'tis carried, believe me, sir,
Upon my reputation, I receiv'd none.
Cunn. What, neither scarf nor jewel?
Pompey. 'Twould be seen
Somewhere about me, you may well think that;
I have an arm for a scarf, as others have,
An ear to hang a jewel too,[4] and that's more
Than some men have, my betters a great deal.
I must have restitution, where'er it lights.
Cunn. And reason good.
Pompey. For all these tokens, sir,
Pass i' my name.
Cunn. It cannot otherwise be.
Pompey. Sent to a worthy friend.
Cunn. Ay, that's to thee.
Pompey. I'm wrong'd under that title.
Cunn. I dare swear thou art:
'Tis nothing but Sir Gregory's circumvention,
His envious spite; when thou'rt at Paddington,
He meets the gifts at Pancridge.
Pompey. Ah, false knight,
False both to honour and the law of arms!
Cunn. What wilt thou say, if I be reveng'd for thee,
Thou sit as witness?
Pompey. I should laugh in state, then.
Cunn. I'll fob him; here's my hand.
Pompey. I should be as glad as any man alive to see him well fobbed, sir. But, now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the lady sends not for me according to promise: I ha' kept out o' town these two days, o' purpose to be sent for; I am almost starved with walking.
Cunn. Walking gets men a stomach.
Pompey. 'Tis most true, sir; I may speak it by experience, for I ha' got a stomach six times, and lost it again, as often as a traveller from Chelsea shall lose the sight of Paul's, and get it again.
Cunn. Go to her, man.
Pompey. Not for a million: infringe my oath! there's a toy call'd a vow has passed between us, a poor trifle, sir. Pray, do me the part and office of a gentleman: if you chance to meet a footman by the way, in orange-tawny ribbands, running before an empty coach, with a buzzard i' the poop on't, direct him and his horses toward the New-River by Islington; there they shall have me looking upon the pipes and whistling.
Cunn. A very good note. [*Exit* POMPEY.
This love makes us all monkeys.
But to my work: scarf first! and now a diamond!
These should be sure signs of her affection's truth;
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter NIECE *and* SIR GREGORY FOP.

Niece. Is't possible?
Sir Greg. Nay, here's his letter too;
There's a fine jewel in't, therefore I brought it to you.
Niece. You tedious mongrel! is it not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too?

[1] *pan'd hose*] See note, p. 98. — The first folio has "pawnde *hose*;" the second, "paund *hose*."
[2] *He never grew where rem in re e'er came*] Both the folios have;
"He never came where *rem in re* e'er grew."
[3] *bravery's*] i. e. finery's.
[4] *An ear to hang a jewel too*] So the sec. folio. The first folio has "And dare *to hang*," &c. — See note, p. 312.

Sir Greg. I ha' done.
Niece. Fall back;
Yet backer, backer yet: you unmannerly puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?
Sir Greg. Nay, these are golden days, now I stay by't;[1]
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all;
The world mends, I see that. [*Aside.*
Niece. What an ambiguous superscription's here, —
To the best of nieces!
Why, that title may be mine, and more than hers:
Sure, I much wrong the neatness of his art;
'Tis certain sent to me; and, to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my tokens,
Us'd the same fop for his. [*Aside.*
Sir Greg. She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time. [*Aside.*
Niece. What's here? an entire ruby, cut into a heart,
And this the word,[2] *Istud amoris opus?*
Sir Greg. Yes, yes;
I have heard him say, that love is the best stone-cutter.
Niece. Why, thou saucy issue of some travelling sow-gelder,
What makes love in thy mouth? is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't: hast thou ever hope
To come i' the same room where lovers are,
And scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?
Sir Greg. Love-tricks break out, I see. [*Aside.*] — An you talk of slippers once,
'Tis not far off to bed-time.
Niece. Is it possible
Thou canst laugh yet? I would ha' undertook
To ha' kill'd a spider with less venom far
Than I have spit at thee.
Sir Greg. You must conceive
A knight's another manner o' piece of flesh.
Niece. Back, owl's face!
Sir Perf. [*within*] Do, do.
Niece. 'Tis my uncle's voice, that. — [*Aside.*
Why keep you so far off, Sir Gregory?
Are you afraid, sir, to come near your mistress?
Sir Greg. Is the proud heart come down? I look'd for this still. [*Aside.*
Niece. He comes not this way yet. [*Aside.*] — Away, you dog-whelp!
Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?
I'll make you understand my mind in time:
You're running greedily,[3] like a hound to his breakfast,
That chops in head and all, to beguile his fellows;
I'm to be eaten, sir, with grace and leisure,
Behaviour and discourse,[4] things that ne'er trouble you:
After I have pelted you sufficiently,
I trow you will learn more manners.
Sir Greg. I'm wondering still
When we two shall come together. Tuesday's at hand,
But I'm as far off as I was at first, I swear. [*Aside.*

Enter GUARDIANESS.

Guard. Now, Cunningham, I'll be reveng'd at large. — [*Aside.*
Lady, what was but all this while suspicion
Is truth full blown now; my niece wears your scarf.
Niece. Ha!
Guard. Do but follow me; I'll place you instantly
Where you shall see her courted by Cunningham.
Niece. I go with greediness: we long for things
That break our hearts sometimes; there's pleasure's misery.
[*Exeunt* Guardianess *and* Niece.
Sir Greg. Where are those gad-flies going? to some junket now:
That same[5] old bumble-bee[6] toles the young one forth
To sweetmeats after kind. Let 'em look to't,
The thing you wot on be not miss'd or gone:
I bring a maidenhead, and I look for one. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter CUNNINGHAM, *seemingly in discourse with a masked Gentlewoman, which is a puppet, in a broad hat, and wearing the* Niece's *scarf; enter* Niece *behind, who conceals herself.*

Cunn. Yes, yes.
Niece. Too manifest now; the scarf and all! [*Aside.*
Cunn. It cannot be; you're such a fearful soul.
Niece. I'll give her cause of fear ere I part from her. [*Aside.*
Cunn. Will you say so? is't not your aunt's desire too?
Niece. What a dissembling crone's that! she'll forswear't now. [*Aside.*
Cunn. I see my project takes; yonder's the grace on't. [*Aside.*
Niece. Who would put confidence in wit again?
I'm plagu'd for my ambition, to desire
A wise man for a husband: and I see
Fate will not have us go beyond our stint;
We are allowed but one dish, and that's woodcock:[7]
It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of;
And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands.
Oh, that whore's hat o' thine, o' the riding block,[8]
A shade for lecherous kisses! [*Aside.*
Cunn. Make you doubt on't?
Is not my love of force?
Niece. [*coming forward.*] Yes; me it forces
To tear that sorcerous strumpet from thy embraces.
Cunn. Lady!
Niece. Oh, thou hast wrong'd the exquisitest love —

1 *by't*] Qy. "hy'r" (by her)?
2 *word*] i. e. motto.
3 *You're running greedily*] The first folio has "Your *running greedily*;" the second reads "You run in *greedily*." Sympson and the Editors of 1778 printed "*You're running* in *greedily*."
4 *discourse*] See note, p. 162.
5 *same*] Both the folios "some."
6 *bumble-bee*] So the second folio. — The first folio "humble-bee;" and so the modern editors.
7 *woodcock*] i. e. simpleton, fool: see note, p. 612.
8 *block*] See note, p. 613.

Cunn. What mean you, lady?
Niece. Mine; you'll answer for't.
Cunn. Alas, what seek you?
Niece. Sir, mine own, with loss.
Cunn. You shall.
Niece. I never made so hard a bargain.
Cunn. Sweet lady!
Niece. Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,
As you owe virtue duty! [CUNNINGHAM *falls on purpose.*][1] Your cause trips you. —
Now, minion, you shall feel what love's rage is,
Before you taste the pleasure. — Smile you, false sir?
Cunn. How can I choose, to see what pains you take
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?
Niece. How!
Cunn. See what things you women be, lady,
When clothes are taken for the best part of you!
This was to shew you, when you think I love you not,
How you're deceiv'd still; there the moral lies:
'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait
To take a lady nibbling is fine clothes:
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love;
I'm pretty well resolv'd[2] in't by this fit,
For a jealous ague always ushers it.
Niece. Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine!
And I've[3] an excellent fortune coming in thee:
Bring nothing else, I charge thee.
Cunn. Not a groat, I warrant you.
Niece. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for't;
Next opportunity shall make us [one].[4]
Cunn. The old gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge sweetly.
Niece. 'Las, 'tis her part; she knows her place so well yonder!
Always when women jump upon threescore,
Love shoves 'em from the chamber to the door.
Cunn. Thou art a precious she-wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Room in a Tavern.*

Enter on one side CUNNINGHAM, *on the other* WITTYPATE, SIR RUINOUS GENTRY, LADY RUINOUS, *and* PRISCIAN.

Cunn. Friend, met in the harvest of our designs!
Not a thought but's busy.
Witty. I knew it, man;
And that made me provide these needful reapers,
Hooks, rakers, gleaners: we will sing it home
With a melodious hornpipe. This is the bond;
That, as we further in your great affair,
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs,[5]
And, if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,
You will not look a churl on's.
Cunn. Friend, we'll share
The sheaves of gold; only the love-acre
Shall be peculiar.
Witty. Much good do you, sir!
Away! you know your way and your stay: get you
The music ready, while we prepare the dancers.
Sir Ruin. We are a consort[6] of ourselves.
Pris. And can strike up lustily.
Witty. You must bring Sir Fop.
Cunn. That's perfect enough.
Sir Ruin. Bring all the fops you can, the more the better fare;
So the proverb runs backwards.[7]
[*Exeunt* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY *and* PRISCIAN.
L. Ruin. I'll bring the ladies.
Witty. Do so first, and then the fops will follow.
[*Exit* LADY RUINOUS.
I must to my father: he must make one.
Cunn. While I despatch a business with the knight,
And I go with you. [*Exit* WITTYPATE.

Enter two Servants, *with a banquet.*[8]

Well said![9] I thank you:
This small banquet will furnish our few guests
With taste and state enough. One reach my gown;
The action craves it, rather than the weather.
[*Exit Second* Servant.
First Serv. There's one stays to speak with you, sir.
Cunn. What is he?
First Serv. Faith, I know not what, sir; a fool, I think,
That some broker's shop has made half a gentleman:
H'as the name of a worthy too.
Cunn. Pompey? is't not?
First Serv. That's he, sir.
Cunn. Alas, poor fellow! prithee, enter him:
[*Exit First* Servant.
He will need[10] too; he shall serve for a witness.

Re-enter Second Servant *with a gown.*

Oh, gramercy! If my friend Sir Gregory comes,
(You know him,) entertain him kindly.
[*Exit Second* Servant.

Enter POMPEY.

Oh, master Pompey! how is't, man?
Pompey. 'Snails,[11] I'm almost starved with

[1] *Cunningham falls on purpose*] So the second folio. — The first folio has no stage-direction here.
[2] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.
[3] *I've*] The first folio "I'me" (a misprint for "I'ue"); the second folio "I have."
[4] *one*] Was added by Sympson at the suggestion of Seward, and is absolutely necessary for the sense: had the verse only been defective, I should not have inserted it, because this play abounds with halting lines. — The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave the imperfect reading of the folios.
[5] *for crumbs*] Altered by Sympson to "few corns"! — Qy. "few *crumbs*"?
[6] *consort*] i. e. company, band of musicians.
[7] *So the proverb runs backwards*] "The proverb alluded to is — The more the merrier, the fewer the better fare." MASON.
[8] *banquet*] i. e. dessert: see note, p. 552. Pompey, soon after his entrance, says, "I'll make a little bold with your *sweetmeats*."
[9] *Well said*] Equivalent to — Well done! see note, p. 200.
[10] *He will need*] i. e. He will be necessary. Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*He will* sted."
[11] *'Snails*] "An oath, abbreviated from — *by God's nails.*" WEBER. It is a contraction of *His nails*, — the nails by which our Saviour was fastened to the cross.

love, and cold, and one thing or other. Has not my lady sent for me yet?

Cunn. Not that I hear: sure, some unfriendly messenger is employed betwixt you.

Pompey. I was ne'er so cold in my life: in my conscience, I have been seven mile[1] in length along the New-River; I have seen a hundred stickle-bags;[2] I do not think but there's gudgeons too: 'twill ne'er be a true water.

Cunn. Why think you so?

Pompey. I warrant you, I told[3] a thousand miller's-thumbs in it. I'll make a little bold with your sweetmeats.

Cunn. And welcome, Pompey.

Pompey. 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

Cunn. Oh, that's love; that distastes any thing but itself.

Pompey. 'Tis worse than cheese in that point. May not a man break his word with a lady? I could find in my heart and my hose[4] too.

Cunn. By no means, sir; that breaks all the laws of love.

Pompey. Well, I'll ne'er pass my word, without my deed, to lady, while I live, again. I would fain recover my taste.

Cunn. Well, I have news to tell you.

Pompey. Good news, sir?

Cunn. Happy news: I help you away with a rival; your master['s] bestowed ——

Pompey. Where, for this plum's sake?

Cunn. Nay, listen me.

Pompey. I warrant you, sir; I have two ears to one mouth, I hear more than I eat; I'd ne'er row by Queen-Hive[5] while I lived else.

Cunn. I have a wife for him, and thou shalt witness the contract.

Pompey. The old one, I hope;[6] 'tis not the lady?

Cunn. Choke him first! 'Tis one which thou shalt see; see him, see him deceived, see the deceit, only the injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.

Pompey. I'll simper, i' faith, as cold as I am yet. The old one, I hope.

Re-enter Second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory. [*Exit.*

Cunn. Udso, shelter, shelter! if you be seen, all's ravelled out again: stand there private, and you'll find the very opportunity to call you forth, and place you at the table. [POMPEY *retires.*

Enter SIR GREGORY FOP.

You are welcome, sir: this banquet will serve, when it is crowned with such a dainty as you expect, and must have.

Sir Greg. Tush, these sweetmeats are but sauce to that. Well, if there be any honesty or true word in a dream, she's mine own, nay, and changed extremely, not the same woman.

Cunn. Who? not the lady?

Sir Greg. No, not to me; the edge of her tongue is taken off, gives me very good words; turned upside down to me; and we live as quietly as two tortoises, if she hold on as she began in my dream.

Cunn. Nay, if love send forth such predictions, you are bound to believe 'em. [*Soft music.*] There's the watchword of her coming. To your practised part now! if you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

Sir Greg. I will warrant you, sir, I will give arms to your gentry. Look you forward to your business, I am an eye behind you; place her in that chair, and let me alone to grope her out.

[*They both sit down, and cover themselves with the gown.* POMPEY *comes forward, and seats himself at the table.*

Cunn. Silence!

Enter MIRABELL.

Lady, your sweet presence illustrates
This homely roof, and as coarse entertainment;
But where affections are both host and guest,
They cannot meet unkindly. Please you sit:
Your something long stay made me unmannerly
To place before you (you know him[7]) this friend here,
(He is my guest,) and more especially
That this our meeting might not be too single,
Without a witness to't.

Mir. I came not unresolv'd, sir:
And when our hands are clasp'd in that firm faith
Which I expect from you, fame shall be bold
To speak the loudest on it. Oh, you grasp me
Somewhat too hard, friend!

[SIR GREGORY *grasps her.*

Cunn. That's love's eager will;
I'll touch it gentlier. [*Kisses her hand.*

Mir. That's too low in you,
'Less it be doubly recompens'd in me.

[*Kisses his hand.*

Pompey. Puh! I must stop my mouth; I shall be chok'd else. [*Aside.*

Cunn. Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays;
We met to join these hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it till[8] confirmation.

Mir. One word first: how does your friend, kind Sir Gregory?

Cunn. Why do you mention him? you love him not?

Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, sir;
In troth, I love him: but 'tis you deceive him;
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you steal his right from him; and I know
I shall have hate for it, his hate extremely.

Cunn. Why, I thought you had not come so weakly arm'd;

1 *mile*] Altered by the modern editors to "miles."

2 *stickle-bags*] Properly — stickle-backs. "There is also a little fish called a *Sticklebag*, a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles," &c. Walton's *Compleat Angler*, P. i. c. 18. p. 246. ed. 1676.

3 *told*] i. e. counted.

4 *hose*] i. e. breeches.

5 *Queen-Hive*] A not uncommon corruption of the name, which the modern editors alter to "Queen Hithe."

6 *The old one, I hope*] "By this expression here and a little below, the Clown hopes that the old Guardianess was the wife intended by Cunningham for Sir Gregory." SYMPSON.

7 *him*] This word is wanting in both the folios. The Editors of 1778 and Weber give the line thus: —

"To place before you (know him!) this friend here."

8 *till*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 print "until."

Upon my life, the knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.
Mir. Ay, you'll persuade me so.
Cunn. Why, he's my friend,
And wishes me a fortune equal with him;
I know and dare speak it for him.
Mir. Oh, this hand
Betrays him! You might remember him in some
Courtesy yet at least.
Cunn. I thank your help in't:
Here's to his health, where'er he be! [*Drinks.*
Mir. I'll pledge it,
Were it against my health. [*Drinks.*
Pompey. Oh, oh, my heart hops after twelve mile a-day, upon a good return![1] now could I walk three hundred mile a-foot, and laugh forwards and backwards. [*Aside.*
Mir. You'll take the knight's health, sir?
Pompey. Yes, yes, forsooth [*drinks*]. — Oh, my sides! such a banquet once a-week would make me grow fat in a fortnight. [*Aside.*
Cunn. Well; now to close our meeting with the close
[SIR GREGORY *puts forth his hand.*
Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin:
Here, in Heaven's eye and all Love's sacred powers,
(Which in my prayers stand propitious,)
I knit this holy handfast,[2] and with this hand
The heart that owes[3] this hand, ever binding
By force of this initiating contract
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all
The dues, rights, and honours of a faithful husband;
And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand!
Mir. Which thus I second: but, oh, Sir Gregory!
Cunn. Again? this interposition's ill, believe me.
Mir. Here, in Heaven's eye and all Love's sacred powers,
I knit this holy handfast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all
The dues, rights, and duties of a true faithful wife;
And this firm vow, henceforth till death to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand!
Sir Greg. A full agreement on both parts.
Cunn. Ay, here's witness of that.
Sir Greg. [*discovering himself.*] Nay, I have over-reached you, lady: and that's much, for any knight in England to over-reach a lady.
Mir. I rejoice in my deceit; I am a lady now, I thank you, sir.
Pompey. Good morrow, Lady Fop!

Sir Greg. 'Snails, I'm gull'd! made a worshipful ass! this is not my lady.
Cunn. But it is, sir; and true as your dream told you,
That your lady was become another woman.
Sir Greg. I'll have another lady, sir, if there were no more ladies in London; blindman-buff is an unlawful game.
Cunn. Come, down on your knees first, and thank your stars.
Sir Greg. A fire of my stars! I may thank you, I think.
Cunn. So you may pray for me, and honour me,
That have preserv'd you from a lasting torment,
For a perpetual comfort. Did you call me friend? —
Sir Greg. I pray, pardon me for that; I did miscall you, I confess.
Cunn. And should I, receiving such a thankful name,
Abuse it in the act? should I see my friend
Baffled, disgraced, without any reverence
To your title, to be call'd *slave, rascal?* nay,
Curs'd to your face, fool'd, scornèd, beaten down
With a woman's peevish hate, yet I should stand
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?
I would have seen you buried quick[4] first,
Your spurs of knighthood to have wanted rowels,
And to be hack'd[5] from your heels: *slave, rascal?*
Hear this tongue.
Mir. My dearest love, sweet knight, my lord, my husband!
Cunn. So: this is not *slave* and *rascal*, then.
Mir. What shall your eye command, but shall be done
In all the duties of a loyal wife?
Cunn. Good, good:
Are not curses fitter for you? were't not better
Your head were broke with the handle of a fan,[6]
Or your nose bored with a silver bodkin?
Mir. Why, I will be a servant in your lady.
Cunn. Pox, but you shall not! — she's too good for you —
This contract shall be a nullity; I'll break't off,
And see you better bestow'd.
Sir Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, sir! she's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one another's lawfully, and let me see him that will take her away by the civil law! If you be my friend, keep you so; if you have done me a good turn, do not hit me i' the teeth with't; that's not the part of a friend.
Cunn. If you be content ——
Sir Greg. Content! I was never in better contention in my life: I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the Old. — Come, kiss me boldly.
Pompey. Give you joy, sir!

[1] *my heart hops after twelve mile a-day, upon a good return*] "That is, it hops, as if hopping twelve miles a-day upon a wager. Our forefathers, as well as we, dealt in extravagant feat: upon odds given, which was called doing them upon return," &c. WEBER.

[2] *handfast*] i. e. betrothment, contract (the word has occurred before, p. 1 6). But the folios, here as well as in the next speech but one of Mirabell, have "*hand fast;*" and so the modern editors.

[3] *owes*] i. e. owns.

[4] *quick*] i. e. alive.

[5] *hack'd*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios "kickt."

[6] *the handle of a fan*] "In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff speaks of Mistress Bridget having lost *the handle of her fan*: upon which Steevens says, 'It should be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, or others of equal length and flexibility, which were stuck into handles, the richer sort of which were composed of gold, silver, or ivory, of curious workmanship,' &c." — REED.

Sir Greg. Oh, sir, I thank you as much as though I did! you are beloved of ladies; you see we are glad of under-women.

Pompey. Ladies! let not ladies be disgraced. You are, as it were, a married man, and have a family; and for the party's sake that was unnamed before, being peas-cod time, I am appeased; yet I would wish you make a ruler of your tongue.

Cunn. Nay, no dissension here! I must bar that.
And this, friend, I entreat you, and be advis'd;
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming face of love
Unto the lady; mark how it avails you,
And quits[1] all her scorns: her uncle is now hot
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer
Herself to you, which when you have flouted,
And laugh'd your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her;
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

Sir Greg. Good, i' faith; I'll continue it: I'd fain laugh at the old fellow too, for he has abused me as scurvily as his niece. — My knighthood's upon the spur: we'll go to bed, and then to church as fast as we can. [*Exit with* MIRABELL.

Pompey. I do wonder I do not hear of the lady yet.

Cunn. The good minute may come sooner than you are aware of; I do not think but 'twill ere night yet, as near as 'tis.

Pompey. Well, I will go walk by the New-River in that meditation; I am o'er shoes, I'm sure, upon the dry bank. This gullery of my master will keep me company this two hours too: if love were not an enemy to laughter, I should drive away the time well enough. You know my walk, sir; if she sends, I shall be found angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake; I will fish fair for't.
Oh, knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so, ha, ha! it does me good at heart!
But, oh, lady, thou tak'st down my merry part!
[*Exit.*

Enter WITTYPATE.

Witty. Friend!

Cunn. Here, friend.

Witty. All is a-foot, and will go smooth away:[2]
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone;
Which I have already complain'd to my father,
Suggesting that Sir Gregory is faln off
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On Gentry's wife (whom I have call'd a widow),
And that without most sudden prevention
He will be married to her.

Cunn. 'Foot, all this is wrong!
This wings his pursuit, and will[3] be before me:
I am lost for ever!

Witty. No; stay; you shall not go
But with my father: on my wit let it lie;
You shall appear a friendly assistant,
To help in all affairs, and in execution.
Help yourself only.

Cunn. Would my belief were strong
In this assurance!

Witty. You shall credit it,
And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive you: —

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT.

My father!

Sir Perf. Oh, sir, you are well met! where's the knight, your friend?

Cunn. Sir, I think your son has told you.

Witty. Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you he loves,
But not my kinswoman; her base usage, and
Your slack performance, which he accuses most
Indeed, has turn'd the knight's heart upside down.

Sir Perf. I'll curb her for't: can he be but recover'd,
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a wife too.

Witty. With that condition, sir,
I dare recal him, were he enter'd the church,
So much interest of love I assure in him.

Sir Perf. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

Witty. Ay, but these are words still; will not the deeds be wanting
At the recovery, if it should be again?

Sir Perf. Why, here, fool, I am provided; five hundred in earnest
Of the thousands in her[4] dower; but were they married once,
I'd cut him short enough: that's my agreement.

Witty. Ay, now I perceive some purpose in you, father.

Sir Perf. But wherefore is she then stoln out of doors
To him?

Witty. To him! oh, fie upon your error!
She has another object, believe it, sir.

Sir Perf. I never could perceive it.

Cunn. I did, sir; and to her shame I should speak it,
To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance,
Nay, dotage, with a very clown, a fool.

Sir Perf. Wit and wantonness;[5] nothing else, nothing else:
She love a fool? she'll sooner make a fool
Of a wise man.

Cunn. Ay, my friend complains so;
Sir Gregory says flatly she makes a fool of him,
And those bold circumstances are approv'd:
Favours have been sent by him, yet he, ignorant
Whither to carry 'em, they have been understood,
And taken from him: certain, sir, there is
An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd,
What or where'er he is; these slight neglects
Could not be of a knight else.

[1] *quits*] i. e. requites.

[2] *All is a-foot, and will go smooth away*, &c.] The text of this play, corrupted throughout, becomes still worse towards the close: in not a few speeches of the present and the next scene the metre is so incurably injured, that I should have reduced them to prose, had they not been evidently intended for verse by the writers, and distinctly printed as such in both the folios.

[3] *will*] Mason would read "he'll:" but here (as in other passages) *he* is understood.

[4] *her*] Weber chose to print "the."

[5] *wantonness*] Both the folios "wantons."

Sir Perf. Well, sir, you
Have promis'd (if we recover him unmarried)
To salve all these old bruises?
Cunn. I'll do my best, sir.
Sir Perf. I shall thank you costly, sir, and kindly too.
Witty. Will you talk away the time here, sir, and come
Behind all your purposes?
Sir Perf. Away, good sir!
Witty. Then stay a little, good sir, for my advice.
Why, father, are you broke? your wit beggar'd?
Or are you at your wit's end? or out of[1]
Love with wit? no trick of wit to surprise
Those designs, but with open hue and cry,
For all the world to talk on? This is strange:
You were not wont to slubber a project so.
Sir Perf. Can you help at a pinch now? shew yourself
My son? go to! I leave this to your wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.
Witty. 'This thus, then:
I have had late intelligence, they are now
Buxom as Bacchus' froes,[2] revelling, dancing,
Telling the music's numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of premonish'd friends,
That's questionless, little dreading you;
Now, sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden
And sufficient, were well, to enter on 'em
As something like the abstract of a masque;
What though few persons? if best for our purpose,
That commends the project.
Sir Perf. This takes up time.
Witty. Not at all; I can presently furnish
With loose disguises that shall fit that scene.
Sir Perf. Why, what wants, then?
Witty. Nothing but charge of music;
That must be paid, you know.
Sir Perf. That shall be my charges; I'll[3] pay the music,
Whatc'er it cost.
Witty. And that shall be all your charge.
Now, on! I like it; there will be wit in't, father.
[*Exeunt* SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT *and* WITTYPATE.
Cunn. I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship;
Yet if his master-brain should be o'erthrown,
My resolution now shall seize mine own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of* SIR RUINOUS GENTRY.

Enter NIECE, LADY RUINOUS GENTRY, GUARDIANESS, SIR RUINOUS, *and* PRISCIAN, *with instruments, and masked.*

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have music; let that sweet breath at least
Give us her airy welcome: 'twill be the best,
I fear, this ruin'd receptacle will yield;
But that most freely.
Niece. My welcome follows me,
Else I am ill come hither: you assure me still
Master Cunningham will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.
L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto my sex,
That all belief may fly 'em.
Niece. Continue still
The knight's name unto my guardianess;
She expects no other.
L. Ruin. He will, he will; assure you,
Lady, Sir Gregory will be here, and suddenly;
This music fore-ran him; is't not so, consorts?
Sir Ruin. Yes, lady; he stays on some device to bring along; such a labour he was busy in, some witty device.
Niece. 'Twill be long ere he comes, then, for wit's a great labour to him.
Guard. Well, well, you'll agree better one day.
Niece. Scarce two, I think.
Guard. Such a mock-beggar suit of clothes as led me
Into the fool's pair of dice, with deuce ace,[4]
He that would make me mistress Cun, Cun, Cunnie, —
He's quite out of my mind; but I shall ne'er
Forget him while I have a hole in my head;
Such a one I think would please you better, though
He did abuse you.
Sir Ruin. Fie! speak well of him now,
Your niece has quitted[5] him.
Guard. I hope she has,
Else she loses me for ever. But, for Sir Gregory,
Would he were come! I shall ill answer this
Unto your uncle else.
Niece. You know 'tis his pleasure
I should keep him company.
Guard. Ay, and should be your own,
If you did well too. Lord, I do wonder
At the niceness of you[r] ladies now-a-days,
They must have husbands with so much wit, forsooth!
Worship and wealth were both wont to be in
Better request, I'm sure: I cannot tell;
But they get ne'er the wiser children that I see.
L. Ruin. La, la, la, la, sol! this music breathes in vain:
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone;
Let's have a female motion; 'tis in private,
And we'll grace't ourselves, however it deserves.
Niece. What say you, guardianess?
Guard. 'Las, I'm weary with the walk!
My jaunting days are done.
L. Ruin. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the music.
Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my money, then.
[*They dance. A cornet is winded within.*
L. Ruin. Hark! upon my life, the knight! 'tis your friend;
This was the warning-piece of his approach.

[1] *Or are you at your wit's end? or out of, &c.*] So this passage (evidently somewhat corrupted, — see note, p. 620) is arranged in both the folios. Weber tried to improve the metre by the following regulation: —

"Or are you at your wits' end? or out of love with wit?
No trick of wit to surprise those designs,
But with open hue and cry,
For all the world to talk on? this is strange," &c.

[2] *froes*] Or *frows*, — i. e. women, wenches.

[3] *charges: I'll*] Altered by the modern editors to "charge; I will."

[4] *Into the fool's pair of dice, with deuce ace*] It may be necessary to observe that here the Guardianess is making a wretched quibble — "*pair of dice*," — paradise.

[5] *quitted*] i. e. requited.

Enter SIR PERFIDIOUS OLDCRAFT, WITTYPATE, *and* CUNNINGHAM, *masked: they join the dance.*

Ha! no words but mum? well, then, we shall need
No counsel-keeping.
Niece. Cunningham?
Cunn. Yes; fear nothing.
Niece. Fear! why do you tell me of it?
Cunn. Your uncle's here.
Niece. Aye me!
Cunn. Peace.
Sir Perf. We have caught 'em.
Witty. Thank my wit, father.
Guard. Which is the knight, think you?
Niece. I know not; he will be found when he speaks;
No mask can disguise his tongue.
Witty. Are you charg'd?
Sir Perf. Are you awake?
Witty. I'm answer'd in a question.
Cunn. Next change we meet, we loose our hands no more.
Niece. Are you prepar'd to tie 'em?
Cunn. Yes. — You must go with me.
Guard. Whither, sir? not from my charge, believe me.
Cunn. She goes along.
Niece. Will you venture, and my uncle here?
Cunn. His stay's prepar'd for.
Guard. 'Tis the knight, sure; I'll follow.
[*Exeunt* CUNNINGHAM, Niece, *and* Guardianess.
Sir Perf. How now! the music tir'd before us?
Sir Ruin. Yes, sir; we must be paid now.
Witty. Oh, that's my charge, father.
Sir Perf. But stay: where are our wanton ladies gone?
Son, where are they?
Witty. Only chang'd the room in a change; that's all, sure.
Sir Perf. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.
Sir Ruin. You must pay for your music first, sir.
Sir Perf. Must!
Are there musty fiddlers? are beggars choosers now?
Ha! why, Wittypate! son! where am I?
Witty. You were dancing e'en now, in good measure, sir:
Is your health miscarried since? what ail you, sir?
Sir Perf. 'Death, I may be gull'd to my face! Where's my niece?
What are you?
L. Ruin. None of your niece, sir.
Sir Perf. How now! have you loud instruments too? I'll hear
No more, I thank you. What have I done, trow,
To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I?
Witty. Not where you should be, sir; you should be paying
For your music, and you are in a maze.
Sir Perf. Oh, is't so? Put up, put up, I pray you;
Here's a crown for you.
L. Ruin. Pish, a crown!
Sir Ruin. Pris. Ha, ha, ha! a crown!
Sir Perf. Which way[1] do you laugh? I have seen a crown
Has made a consort[2] laugh heartily.
Witty. Father,
To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
Musicians; they expect a bounty above
Their punctual desert.
Sir Perf. A [pox] on your punks, and their deserts too!
Am I not cheated all this while, think you?
Is not your pate in this?
Witty. If you be cheated,
You are not to be indicted for your own goods:
Here you trifle time, to market your bounty,
And make it base, when it must needs be free,
For aught I can perceive.
Sir Perf. Will you know the lowest price, sir?
Witty. That I will, sir, with all my heart.
[*Talks apart to them.*
Sir Perf. Unless
I was discover'd, and they now fled home
Again for fear, I am absolutely beguil'd;
That's the best can be hop'd for. [*Aside.*
Witty. Faith, 'tis somewhat too dear yet, gentlemen.
Sir Ruin. There's not a denier to be bated, sir.
Sir Perf. Now, sir, how dear is it?
Witty. Bate but the t'other[3] ten pound.
Pris. Not a baubee,[4] sir.
Sir Perf. How! bate ten pound! what is the whole sum, then!
Witty. Faith, sir, a hundred pound; with much ado,
I got fifty bated; and, faith, father, to say truth,
'Tis reasonable for men of their fashion.
Sir Perf. La, la, la, down! a hundred pound! la, la, la!
You are a consort of thieves, are you not?
Witty. No; musicians, sir; I told you before.
Sir Perf. Fiddle faddle!
Is it not a robbery? a plain robbery?
Witty. No;
No, no, by no means, father; you have receiv'd
For your money, nay, and that you cannot give back:
'Tis somewhat dear, I confess; but who can help it?
If they had been agreed with beforehand —
'Twas ill forgotten.
Sir Perf. And how many shares have you in this? I see
My force: case up your instruments: I yield;
Here, as robb'd and taken from me, I deliver it.
[*Gives money.*
Witty. No, sir, you have perform'd your promise now,
Which was to pay the charge of music, that's all.
Sir Perf. I have heard no music, I have receiv'd none, sir,
There's none to be found in me nor about me.
Witty. Why, sir, here's witness against you; you have danced, and he that dances acknowledges a receipt of music.

1 *Which way*] "i. e. Whether in jest or earnest." SYMPSON.
2 *consort*] See note, p. 617.
3 *the t'other*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*the other:*" see note, p. 598.
4 *baubee*] i. e. half-penny.

Sir Perf. I deny that, sir. Look you; I can dance without music; do you see, sir? and I can sing without it too. You are a consort of thieves! do you hear what I do?

Witty. Pray you, take heed, sir;[1] if you do move the music again, it may cost you as much more.

Sir Perf. Hold, hold! I'll depart quietly. I need not bid you farewell, I think, now, so long as that hundred pound lasts with you. — Ha, ha! am I snapt, i' faith? [*Aside.*

As he is going out, re-enter GUARDIANESS.

Guard. Oh, Sir Perfidious ——

Sir Perf. Ay, ay; some howling another while; music's too damnable dear.

Guard. Oh, sir, my heart-strings are broke! if I can but live to tell you the tale, I care not: your niece, my charge, is ——

Sir Perf. What? is she sick?

Guard. No, no, sir; she's lustily well married.

Sir Perf. To whom?

Guard. Oh, to that cunning dissembler, Cunningham!

Sir Perf. I'll hang the priest first: what was he?

Guard. Your kinsman, sir, that has the Welch benefice.

Sir Perf. I sav'd him from the gallows to that end!

Good: is there any more?

Guard. And Sir Gregory is married too.

Sir Perf. To my niece too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Guard. No, sir; to my niece, thank Cupid! and that's all that's likely to recover me; she's Lady Fop now, and I am one of her aunts, I thank my promotion.

Enter CREDULOUS, *with* CUNNINGHAM, NIECE, SIR GREGORY FOP, *and* MIRABELL.

Cred. I have perform'd your behest, sir.

Sir Perf. What have you perform'd, sir?

Witty. Faith, sir, I must excuse my cousin in this act,
If you can excuse yourself for making him
A priest; there's the most difficult answer.
I put this practice[2] on him, as from your desire:
A truth, a truth, father.

Cred. I protest, sir, he tells you truth;
He mov'd me to't in your name.

Sir Perf. I protest, sir,
He told you a lie in my name; and were you
So easy, master Credulous, to believe him?

Cred. If a man should not believe his cousin, sir,
Whom should he believe?

Sir Perf. Good e'en to you, good master cousin Cunningham!
And your fair bride, my cousin Cunningham too!
And how do you, Sir Gregory, with your fair lady?

Sir Greg. A little better than you would have had me, I thank you, sir: the days of *puppy* and *slave* and *rascal* are pretty well blown over now; I know crabs from verjuice, I have tried both: an thou'dst give me thy niece for nothing, I'd not have her.

Cunn. I think so, Sir Gregory; for my sake you would not.

Sir Greg. I would thou hadst scaped her too! and then she had died of the green-sickness. Know this, that I did marry in spite, and I will kiss my lady in spite, and love her in spite, and beget children of her in spite, and when I die, they shall have my lands in spite: this was my resolution, and now 'tis out.

Niece. How spiteful are you now, Sir Gregory!
Why, look you, I can love my dearest husband,
With all the honours, duties, sweet embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving man.

Sir Greg. [Pox], this is afore your uncle's face; but behind his back, in private, you'll shew him another tale.

Cunn. You see, sir, now, the irrecoverable state of all these things before you. Come out of your muse: they have been but wit-weapons; you were wont to love the play.

Sir Perf. Let me alone in my muse a little, sir; I will wake to you anon.

Enter POMPEY.

Cunn. Udso, your friend Pompey! how will you answer him?

Niece. Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

Pompey. I do hear strange stories: are ladies things obnoxious?

Niece. Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch is come!

Cunn. How now, lady!

Niece. Let me come to him; and instead of love
Let me have revenge!

Witty. Pray you now, will you first examine whether
He be guilty or no?

Niece. He cannot be excus'd. —
How many messengers, thou perjur'd man,
Hast thou return'd with vows and oaths that thou
Wouldst follow, and never till this unhappy hour
Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye
Drew my heart to it? Oh, I could tear thee now,
Instead of soft embraces! — Pray, give me leave ——

Witty. Faith, this was ill done of you, sir, if you promis'd otherwise.

Pompey. By this hand, never any messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her company. That a man should be wronged thus!

Niece. Did not I send thee scarfs and diamonds?
And thou return'dst me letters, one with a false heart in't.

Witty. Oh, fie! to receive favours, return falsehoods,
And hold a lady in hand![3]

Pompey. Will you believe me, sir? if ever I received diamonds or scarf[s], or sent any letter to her, would this sword might ne'er go through me!

[1] *Pray you, take heed, sir*] The modern editors print "*Pray, take you heed, sir.*"

[2] *practice*] i. e. artful contrivance, stratagem.

[3] *hold a lady in hand*] i. e. keep a lady in expectation, flatter her hopes.

Fort

Witty. Some bad messengers have gone between you, then.

Niece. Take him from my sight, if I shall see to-morrow!

Witty. Pray you, forbear the place; this discontent
May impair her health much.

Pompey. 'Foot, if a man had been in any fault, 'twould ne'er have grieved him: sir, if you'll believe ——

Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more; I do believe you:
But you see how the lady is wrong'd by't;
She has cast away herself, it is to be fear'd,
Against her uncle's will, nay, any consent,
But out of a mere neglect, and spite to herself,
Married suddenly without any advice.

Pompey. Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank herself: she might have gone further and fared worse. I could do no more than I could do: 'twas her own pleasure to command me that I should not come till I was sent for; I had been with her every minute of an hour else.

Witty. Truly, I believe you.

Pompey. Night and day she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough; I said as much to her between her and I: yet I protest, she's as honest a lady for my part; that I'd say, if she would see me hanged. If she be cast away, I cannot help it; she might have stayed to have spoke with a man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard miss on both parts.

Pompey. So 'twas; I was within one of her, for all this cross luck; I was sure I was between the knight and home.

Niece. Not gone yet? Oh, my heart! none regard my health?

Witty. Good sir, forbear her sight a while; you hear
How ill she brooks it.

Pompey. Foolish woman, to overthrow her fortunes so! I shall think the worse of a lady's wit, while I live, for't: [pox,] I could almost cry for anger. If she should miscarry now, 'twould touch my conscience a little; and who knows what love and conceit may do? what would people say as I go along? 'There goes he that the lady died for love on!' I am sure to hear on't i' the streets; I shall weep beforehand. Foolish woman! I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before. Well, go thy ways: wouldst thou spare thy husband's head, and break thine own heart, if thou hadst any wit? I would some other had been the cause of thy undoing! I shall be twitted i' the teeth with't, I'm sure of that: foolish lady! [*Exit.*

Niece. So, so, this trouble's well shook off. —
Uncle, how d'ye? there is a dowry due, sir.

Cunn. We have agreed it, sweetest, and find your uncle
Fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest, I hope.

Sir Perf. Never to thee, — nor thee, easy cousin Credulous:
Was your wit so raw?

Cred. Faith, yours, sir, so long season'd,
Has been faulty too and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, uncle.

Sir Greg. Yes, faith, sir, you have paid as dear for your time as any man here.

Witty. Ay, sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, the first preface-cheat of a pair of pieces to the beggars; you remember that; I was the example to your bounty there, I spake Greek and Syriac, sir; you understand me now. Next, the robbery put upon your indulgent cousin; which indeed was no robbery, no constable, no justice, no thief, but all cheaters; there was a hundred mark, mark you that. Lastly, this memorable hundred pounds' worth of music; this was both cheat[1] and wit too. And for the assistance of this gentleman to my cousin (for which I am to have a fee), that was a little practice of my wit too, father. Will you come to composition yet, father?

Cunn. Yes, faith, sir, do: two hundred a-year will be easier than so much weekly: I do not think he's barren, if he should be put to't again.

Sir Perf. Why, this was the day I look'd for: thou shalt have't;
And the next cheat makes it up three hundred. —
Live thou upon thy ten-pound vicarage;
Thou get'st not a penny more; here's thy full hire now.

Cred. I thank you, sir.

Witty. Why, there was the sum of all my wit, father,
To shove him out of your favour, which I fear'd
Would have disinherited me.

Sir Perf. Most certain it had,
Had not thy wit recover'd it. Is there any here
That had a hand with thee?

Witty. Yes, all these, sir.

Sir Perf. Nephew, part a hundred pound amongst 'em; I'll repay it.
Wealth love me as I love wit, when I die,
I'll build an almshouse for decayèd wits!

Sir Greg. I'll entertain one in my lifetime. — Scholar, you shall be my chaplain; I have the gift of twenty benefices, simple as I am here.

Pris. Thanks, my great patron.

Cunn. Sir, your gentry and your name shall both be raised as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friend's sake.

Witty. Something will be in my present power, the future more; you shall share with me.

Sir Ruin. and *L. Ruin.* Thanks, worthy gentlemen.

Niece. Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

Sir Greg. You can beg nothing of me.

Witty. Oh, sir, if she begs, there's your power over her.

Sir Greg. She has begged me for a fool already;[2] but 'tis no matter: I have begged her for a lady, that she might have been; that's one for another.

Witty. Nay, but if she beg ——

Sir Greg. Let her beg again, then.

[1] *both cheat*] The first folio has "but cheats;" the second "*both* cheats;" which the modern editors give.

[2] *She has begged me for a fool already*] An allusion to the applications made for the guardianship of fools: under a writ in the old common law, if a man is proved *purus idiota*, the custody of his person and the profits of his lands may be granted by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them. These wardships were sometimes sold.

Niece. That your man Pompey's coat may come over his ears back again; I would not he should be lost for my sake.

Sir Greg. Well, 'tis granted for mine own sake.

Mir. I'll entreat it, sir.

Sir Greg. Why, then, 'tis granted for your sake.

Sir Perf. Come, come,
Down with all weapons now! 'tis music time,
So it be purchas'd at an easy rate:
Some have receiv'd the knocks, some given the hits,
And all concludes in love; there's happy wits!
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

AT THE REVIVING OF THIS PLAY.

We need not tell you, gallants, that this night
The wits have jump'd, or that the scenes hit right:
'Twould be but labour lost for to excuse
What Fletcher had to do in; his brisk Muse
Was so mercurial, that, if he but writ
An act or two, the whole play riss [1] up wit.
We'll not appeal unto those gentlemen
Judge by their clothes, if they sit right, nor when
The ladies smile, and with their fans delight
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right:
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar play.

1 *riss*] i. e. rose (see p. 594 and note). — The first folio has "rise." The second folio reads "rose;" and so the mod. editors.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

Wit without Money. A Comedie, As it hath beene Presented with good Applause at the private house in Drurie Lane, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by { *Francis Bramount, and John Fletcher.* } *Gent.*

London Printed by Thomas Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, and William Cooke. 1639. 4to.

Wit without Money, &c. (as above). *The second Impression Corrected. London, Printed for Andrew Crooke, at the Green Dragon in St. Paul's-Church-Yard*, 1661. 4to.

In the folio of 1679.

THIS comedy was certainly produced after August 1614 (see note on act. ii. sc. 4. p. 635). Whether Beaumont had any share in its composition, is very doubtful. The following memorandum by Sir Henry Herbert is, perhaps, hardly worth quoting: "*Wit without Money* acted by the B. boyes [i. e. Beeston's company of boys] the 14 Feb. [1636-7]." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 239.

Langbaine mentions it as "a Comedy which I have seen acted at the Old House in little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with very great Applause; the part of Valentine being play'd by that compleat Actor Major Mohun deceas'd. This was the first Play that was acted after the Burning the King's House in Drury-lane:[1] a New Prologue being writ for them by Mr. Dryden." — *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*. p. 216.

"About the year 1708, it was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, with alterations, and, as the title-page modestly asserts, *amendments*, by some Persons of Quality.[2] It hath been since frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre." *Ed.* 1778. Many years have now elapsed since the last representation of *Wit without Money*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, } brothers.
LOVEGOOD, their uncle.
A Merchant.
FOUNTAIN.
BELLAMORE.
HAREBRAIN.
LANCE, a falconer, and tenant on the estate mortgaged by VALENTINE.

SHORTHOSE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, } Servants to LADY HEARTWELL.
RALPH,
Tenants, Musicians, Servants.

LADY HEARTWELL, a widow.
ISABELLA, her sister.
LUCE, waiting-woman to LADY HEARTWELL.

SCENE, — LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* Merchant.

Mer. When saw you Valentine?
Love. Not since the horse-race;
He's taken up with those that woo the widow.
Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people?
He bore a worthy mind.
Love. Alas, he's sunk!
His means are gone; he wants, and, which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.
Mer. That's strange.
Love. Runs lunatic, if you but talk of states:[3]
He cannot be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is inheritance or means,
But all a common riches, all men bound
To be his bailiffs; —
Mer. This is something dangerous.
Love. No gentleman that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers; for those ways
He cries against for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,

[1] It was entirely destroyed by fire in January 1671-2.
[2] Printed in 4to., n. d. Weber cites the prologue, in which Fletcher is mentioned as the sole author of the play; but assuredly the "Person of Quality," who wrote that prologue, assigned the comedy to Fletcher on conjecture alone.

[3] *states*] i. e. estates, — as repeatedly afterwards in this play.

Maintaining hospitals for kites[1] and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs, —
God bless the founders![2] These he would have vented
Into more manly uses, wit and carriage,
And never thinks of state or means, the groundworks;
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies,
And starve their understandings.
Mer. That's most certain.
Love. Yes, if he could stay there.
Mer. Why, let him marry,
And that way rise again.
Love. It's most impossible;
He will not look with any handsomeness
Upon a woman.
Mer. Is he so strange to women?
Love. I know not what it is; a foolish glory
He has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits:
And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,
Make 'em or fair or foul,[3] rugged or smooth,
As his impression serves; for he affirms,
They are only lumps and undigested pieces,
Lick'd over to a form by our affections,
And then they shew. — The lovers! let 'em pass.

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Mer. He might be one; he carries as much promise.
They are wondrous merry.
Love. Oh, their hopes are high, sir.
Fount. Is Valentine come to town?
Bel. Last night, I heard.
Fount. We miss him monstrously in our directions;
For this widow is as stately and as crafty,
And stands, I warrant you —
Hare. Let her stand sure;
She falls before us else. Come, let's go seek Valentine.
[*Exit with* FOUNTAIN *and* BELLAMORE.
Mer. This widow seems a gallant.
Love. A goodly woman;
And to her handsomeness she bears her state,
Reserv'd and great; Fortune has made her mistress
Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.
Mer. I would Valentine had her!
Love. There's no hope of that, sir.
Mer. O' that condition, he had his mortgage in again.
Love. I would he had!
Mer. Seek means, and see what I'll do
(However, let the money be paid in):
I never sought a gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations:
The mortgage shall be render'd back; take time for't.
You told me of another brother.
Love. Yes, sir;
More miserable than he, for he has eat him
And drunk[4] him up; a handsome gentleman,
And a fine scholar.

Enter LANCE *and two* Tenants.[5]

Mer. What are these?
Love. The tenants;
They'll do what they can.
Mer. It is well prepar'd. —
Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon him;
He is deaf to his own good.
Lance. We mean to tell him
Part of our minds, an't please you.
Mer. Do, and do it home;
And in what my care may help, or my persuasions,
When we meet next ——
Love. Do but persuade him fairly;
And for your money, mine and these men's thanks too,
And what we can be able ——
Mer. You're most honest;
You shall find me no less; and so I leave you.
Prosper your business, my[6] friends!
Love. Pray Heaven it may, sir!
[*Exit* Merchant.
Lance. Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
And tell him that — I'll not spare him ——
His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows,
Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neighbours welcome;
Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,
Yet kept his state still. Must we turn tenants now
(After we have liv'd under the race of gentry,
And maintain'd good yeomanry) to some of the city,
To a great shoulder of mutton and a custard,
And have our state turn'd into cabbage-gardens?
Must it be so?
Love. You must be milder to him.
Lance. That's as he makes his game.
Love. Entreat him lovingly,
And make him feel.
Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones else.
Val. [*within.*] And tell the gentleman, I'll be with him presently;
Say I want money too; I must not fail, boy.
Lance. You'll want clothes, I hope.
Val. [*within*] Bid the young courtier
Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.
Love. He comes: be diligent, but not too rugged;
Start him, but affright him not.[7]

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Phew! are you there?
Love. We come to see you, nephew; be not angry.

1 *kites*] "i. e. sharpers." WEBER.
2 *God bless the founders*] See note, p. 450.
3 *foul*] i. e. ugly.

4 *drunk*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "drank"!
5 *Enter Lance and two Tenants*] The old eds. have "*Enter three Tenants.*" Weber gave "*Enter* Lance and *three Tenants;*" but Lance is evidently *one* of *the three tenants* of the old eds.
6 *my*] Omitted by the modern editors.
7 *but affright him not*] Altered by the modern editors to "*but not affright him.*"

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people?
Why, all the world shall never make me rich more,
Nor master of these troubles.
Tenants. We beseech you,
For our poor children's sake!
Val. Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threshing work enough, but children
Must be bang'd out o' the sheaf too? other men,
With all their delicates and healthful diets,
Can get but wind-eggs: you, with a clove of garlic,
A piece of cheese would break a saw, and sour milk,
Can mount like stallions; and I must maintain
These tumblers!
Lance. You ought to maintain us; we
Have maintain'd you, and, when you slept, provided for you.
Who bought the silk you wear? I think, our labours;
Reckon, you'll find it so: who found your horses
Perpetual pots of ale,[1] maintain'd your taverns,
And who extoll'd you in the half-crown boxes,[2]
Where you might sit and muster all the beauties?
We had no hand in these; no, we are all puppies!
Your tenants base vexations!
Val. Very well, sir.
Lance. Had you land, sir,
And honest men to serve your purposes,
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray yourself and your poor tribe to misery;
Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will you hunt next?
You had a thousand acres, fair and open:
The King's Bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding;
The Counter is full of thorns and brakes (take heed, sir)
And bogs; you'll quickly find what broth they're made of.[3]
Val. You're short and pithy.
Lance. They say you're a fine gentleman,
And of excellent judgment; they report you have a wit:[4]
Keep yourself out o' the rain,[5] and take your cloak with you,
Which by interpretation is your state, sir,
Or I shall think your fame belied you. You have money,
And may have means.
Val. I prithee, leave prating:
Does my good lie within thy brain to further,
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go;
Go, get you home; there whistle to your horses,
And let them edify! away, sow hemp,
And[6] hang yourselves withal! What am I to you,
Or you to me? am I your landlord, puppies?
Love. This is uncivil.
Val. More unmerciful you,
To vex me with these bacon-broth and puddings;
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows.
Tenants. Your father's worship would have us'd us better.
Val. My father's worship was a fool.
Lance. Hey, hey, boys!
Old Valentine, i' faith; the old boy still.
Love. Fie, cousin!
Val. I mean besotted to his state; he had never
Left me the misery of so much means else,
Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.
If you will talk, turn out these tenements:[7]
They are as killing to my nature, uncle,
As water to a fever.
Lance. We will go;
But it is like rams, to come again the stronger:
And you shall keep your state.
Val. Thou liest; I will not.
Lance. Sweet sir, thou liest; thou shalt; and so, good morrow.
[*Exeunt* LANCE *and* Tenants.
Val. This was my man, and of a noble breeding.
Now to your business, uncle.
Love. To your state, then.
Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name it no more;
'Tis that I pray against, and Heaven has heard me:
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it,
(I mean of thinking of more lands or livings,)
Than sickly men are, travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon't!
Caveat emptor; let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on't.
Love. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.
Val. I am mad, then,
And so I mean to be; will that content you?
How bravely now I live, how jocund![8]
How near the first inheritance, without fears!
How free from title-troubles!
Love. And from means too.

1 *who found your horses Perpetual pots of ale*] "Ale is frequently given to horses, particularly when they have been urged to more than usual exertions. This was unknown to the modern editors, and a number of sage conjectures are the consequence of this ignorance. Mr. Sympson would read —— '*perpetual* oats and hay'! Mr. Seward [printed] '*Who found* you *horses;*' and the last editors content themselves with placing a comma after '*horses.*'" WEBER.

2 *half-crown boxes*] This high price for a seat at the theatre is also mentioned by Ben Jonson in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair:* see Mr. J. P. Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 342.

3 *what broth they're made of*] "i. e. what stuff they're made of; but as Lance is speaking of bogs, he uses the word *broth* as a more ludicrous expression." MASON. Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "*what* both *they're made of.*"

4 *And of excellent judgment: they report you have a wit*] So the folio. Both the 4tos. omit "*of.*" — Seward retained "*of,*" but printed "*you've wit.*" The Editors of 1778 and Weber gave the line thus,

"*And excellent judgment they report you have; a wit.*"

5 *Keep yourself out o' the rain*] Compare the proverbial expression cited in note, p. 436.

6 *And*] So the first 4to. — Other eds. "To;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

7 *tenements*] So the first 4to. — Other eds. "tenants;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778, — Seward adding "for" to the line.

8 *jocund*] Seward printed "jocundly;" and so perhaps the author wrote.

Val. Means! why, all good men's my means,
my wit's my plough,
The town's my stock, taverns[1] my standing-house,
And all the world knows there's no want; all gentlemen
That love society love me; all purses
That wit and pleasure open[2] are my tenants;
Every man's clothes fit me; the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove; and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,
And I go I care not whither. What need state here?

Love. But, say these means were honest, will they last, sir?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
Should I take aught of you? 'tis true, I begg'd now,
Or, which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,
And, which is worst of all, I lost my way in't.
Your mind's enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly;
Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing
But daily sweat and trouble: were my way
So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I'd shift it.[3]
Are my acquaintance graziers? But, sir, know,
No man that I am allied to, in my living,
But makes it equal, whether his own use
Or my necessity pull first; nor is this forc'd,
But the mere quality and poisure[4] of goodness:
And do you think I venture nothing equal?

Love. You pose me, cousin.

Val. What's my knowledge, uncle?
Is't not worth money? what's my understanding,
My travel, reading, wit, all these digested;
My daily making men, some to speak,[5]
That too much phlegm had frozen up; some other
That spoke too much, to hold their peace, and put
Their tongues to pensions; some to wear their clothes,
And some to keep 'em? These are nothing, uncle!
Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,
A manly love, community to all
That are deservers — not examining
How much or what's done for them — it is wicked,[6]
And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants, *one carrying a cloak and a hat, the other a purse.*

First Serv. This cloak and hat, sir, and my master's love.

Val. Commend us to thy master, and take that,
And leave 'em at my lodging.

First Serv. I shall do it, sir. [*Exit.*

Val. I do not think of these things.

Sec. Serv. Please you, sir,
I have gold here for you.

Val. Give it me. Drink that,
And commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Sec.* Servant.

Look you, uncle,
Do I beg these?

Love. No, sure; 'tis your worth, sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough; but, pray, satisfy me,
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
The starv'd inheritance with musty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,
Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces?[7]
Do not I know your way of feeding beasts
With grains and windy stuff, to blow up butchers?
Your racking pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing shepherds and their issues
As Andeluzia breeds? These are authentic.
I tell you, sir, I would not change ways with you,
Unless it were to sell your state that hour,
And, if it were possible, to spend it then too,
For all your beans in Rumnillo.[8] Now you know me.

Love. I would you knew yourself! but, since you are grown
Such a strange enemy to all that fits you,
Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.

Val. How?

Love. From your mortgage, which yet you may recover;
I'll find the means.

Val. Pray, save your labour, sir;
My brother and myself will run one fortune,
And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be safe for him; I love him better:
He has wit at will, the world has means; he shall live

[1] *taverns*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed "tavern's," — wrongly, as Mason first observed.

[2] *open*] Old eds. "opens."

[3] *were my way*
So full of dirt as this, 'tis true, I'd shift it] So the folio. — The 4tos. have "*were my way so full of dirt as this, 'tis true* I shifted;" and so the Editors of 1778, pointing the passage thus,

"*Were my way*
So full of dirt as this? 'Tis true, I shifted."

(but with that punctuation, the reading ought to be "Was *my way*," &c.) In the next line Mason would read "Were *my acquaintance graziers*," without an interrogation-point, and connecting it with what precedes.

[4] *poisure*] i. e. weight. Weber says that he has not found this word elsewhere. I suspect that the author wrote "poise" (which occurs towards the end of this act).

[5] *to speak*] Seward printed "*to speak* well."

[6] *not examining*
How much or what's done for them — it is wicked] "I believe Valentine means to say, that it is wickedness to examine how far you extend your bounty to those who are worthy of it." Mason.

[7] *Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces*] "This alludes to the practice of burning odoriferous woods, which was one of the most expensive luxuries in the houses of the great," &c. Weber.

[8] *For all your beans in Rumnillo*] So all the old eds. — Seward printed "*For all your* beasts in Rumney"!! observing, "The uncle is before described as a great grazier; his beasts therefore are more likely to be mentioned as the chief of his wealth than his beans. Rumney Marsh in Kent is remarkably famous for fatting cattle; I think therefore my conjecture *was probably the true reading*." The Editors of 1778 adopted Seward's alteration. Weber left the old text undisturbed, remarking, "*Rumnillo* might, however, have been a cant *termination* for the same name [Rumney], or perhaps an arbitrary denomination for the uncle's estate."

Qy. is the true reading, "*For all your* benes in Romevile"? i. e. for all your goods in London: in canting language *bene* is 'good' and *Rome-vile* 'London;' see *The Canter's Dictionary*, at the end of Dekker's *English Villanies*, &c. ed. 1632. But this is mere conjecture.

Without this trick of state; we are heirs both,
And all the world before us.
Love. My last offer,
And then I am gone.
Val. What is't? and then I'll answer.
Love. What think you of a wife, yet to restore you?
And tell me seriously, without these trifles.
Val. An you can find one that can please my fancy,
You shall not find me stubborn.
Love. Speak your woman.
Val. One without eyes, that is, self-commendations
(For when they find they're handsome, they're unwholesome);
One without ears, not giving time to flatterers
(For she that hears herself commended, wavers,
And points men out a way to make 'em wicked);
One without substance of herself, that['s] [1] woman;
Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton;
Though she be young, forgetting it; though fair,
Making her glass the eyes of honest men,
Not her own admiration; all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new blessings; if
There may be such a woman.
Love. Yes, there may be.
Val. And without state too?
Love. You are dispos'd to trifle.
Well, fare you well, sir: when you want me next,
You'll seek me out a better sense.
Val. Farewell, uncle,
And, as you love your state,[2] let not me hear on't.
Love. It shall not trouble you. [*Exit* VALENTINE.] I'll watch him still;
And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Another Street.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now;
Your sister has engross'd all the brave lovers.
Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her! Prithee,
Speak softly; we are open to men's ears.
Luce. Fear not, we are safe; we may see all that pass,
Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their language,
And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melancholy;
You are as fair as she.
Isab. Who, I? I thank you;
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd:
My sister is a goodly, portly lady,
A woman of a presence; she spreads satin,
As the king's ships do canvas, every where.
She may spare me her mizen and her bonnets,[3]
Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me:
I am a carvel[4] to her.
Luce. But a tight one.
Isab. She is excellent well-built too.
Luce. And yet she's old.
Isab. She never saw above one voyage, Luce,
And, credit me, after another, her hull
Will serve again, and a right[5] good merchant.
She plays and sings too, dances and discourses,
Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,
Begins to piddle with philosophy,
A subtle chymic wench, and can extract
The spirit of men's estates; she has the light
Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For me,
'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune.
Luce. You are so bashful!
Isab. 'Tis not, at first word, "up and ride;" thou art cozen'd;
That would shew mad, i' faith: besides, we lose
The main part of our politic government,
If we become provokers. Then we are fair,
And fit for men's embraces, when, like towns,
They lie before us ages, yet not carried;
Hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too
Without the loss of honour, and march off
With our fair wedding-colours flying. — Who are these?

Enter FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.
Isab. Prithee, peace, then.
A well-built gentleman!
Luce. But poorly thatch'd.[6]
Lance. Has he devour'd you too?
Fran. H'as gulp'd me down, Lance.
Lance. Left you no means to study?
Fran. Not a farthing;
Despatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him:
Here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten shillings.
Lance. You are fit for great men's services.
Fran. I am fit;
But who'll take me thus? men's miseries are now
Accounted stains in their natures. I have travelled,
And I have studied long, observ'd all kingdoms,
Know all the promises of art and manners:
Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
I shall not thrive; all these are but vain studies.
Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging, Lance?
Lance. I'll sell the tiles of my house else,[7] my horse, my hawk;
Nay, 'sdeath, I'll pawn my wife! Oh, master Francis,
That I should see your father's house fall thus!
Isab. An honest fellow!
Lance. Your father's house, that fed me,
That bred up all my name!
Isab. A grateful fellow!
Lance. And fall by ——
Fran. Peace; I know you are angry, Lance,
But I must not hear with whom; he is my brother,

[1] *that['s]*] I have here adopted the reading (*that's*) and the punctuation proposed by Coleridge, who observes that in the next line, "that's wanton" means — that is to say, wantonness. *Remains*, ii. 301. I ought to mention that Heath (*MS. Notes*) had anticipated Coleridge in the correction of this passage.

[2] *state*] Here all the old eds. have "estate;" but see before.

[3] *bonnets*] i. e. small sails attached to the larger sails.

[4] *carvel*] See note, p. 152.

[5] *and a right*] So the first 4to. — The other eds. omit "*and*." — Qy. "*and* prove *a right*"? ("*merchant*," of course, means — ship of trade.)

[6] *But poorly thatch'd*] Here Weber placed a stage-direction, "*They retire;*" but see the third speech of this scene.

[7] *I'll sell the tiles of my house else*] An expression which, as Seward observes, occurs in another of these plays. All the old eds. have "*I'll sell the* titles," &c.

And, though you hold him slight, my most dear brother;
A gentleman, excepting some few rubs[1]
(He were too excellent to live here else),
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,
The issues of a noble and manly spirit,
As any he alive. I must not hear you:
Though I am miserable, and he made me so,
Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,
And to that tie of blood link my affections.

Isab. A noble nature! dost thou know him, Luce?

Luce. No, mistress.

Isab. Thou shouldst ever know such good men.
What a fair body and a mind are married there![2]
Did he not say he wanted?

Luce. What's that to you?

Isab. 'Tis true; but 'tis great pity.

Luce. How she changes! — [*Aside.*
Ten thousand more than he, as handsome men too —

Isab. 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this gentleman,
Among ten thousand thousand — is there no knowing him?
Why should he want? Fellows of no merit,
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,
Leaving no print of what they are or poise,[3]
Let them complain!

Luce. Her colour changes strangely. [*Aside.*

Isab. This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us;[4]
Alas, poor gentleman! but will that fledge him,
Keep him from cold? Believe me,[5] he is well-bred,
And cannot be but of a noble lineage:
Mark him, and mark him well.

Luce. He's a handsome man.

Isab. The sweetness of his sufferance sets him off;
Oh, Luce — but whither go I?

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Isab. I would he had what I can spare!

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance. Come, sir, I'll see you lodg'd; you have tied my tongue fast.
I'll steal before you want; 'tis but a hanging.
[*Exeunt* FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.

Isab. That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow.
Why, this would move a stone: I must needs know —
But that some other time.

Luce. Is the wind there?
That makes for me. [*Aside.*

Isab. Come, I forgot a business. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *rubs*] "*Rub* seems here to signify *spot*; perhaps from the term 'a rub at bowls,' when a bowl touches the jack." WEBER. *Rub* is sometimes used to signify any unevenness of surface (see the third example in Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*); and in the present passage "rubs" are equivalent to — imperfections.

[2] *and a mind are married there*] The first 4to. has "*and a mind are married there together*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. The second 4to. and the folio read "*and mind are married*;" and so Seward, except that he printed "a *mind*."

[3] *or poise*] "i. e. or of what *weight* they are." WEBER.

[4] *This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would point,

"*This man was made to mark, his wants to waken us.*"

[5] *but will that fledge him,*
Keep him from cold? Believe me, &c.] So the first 4to. The second 4to. and the folio have "*but will that keep him from cold* and hunger, *believe me*," &c. — The right reading is probably,

"*but will that fledge him,*
Keep him from hunger? *Believe me, he's well-bred*," &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in* LADY HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *and* LUCE.

L. Heart. My sister, and a woman of so base a pity!
What was the fellow?

Luce. Why, an ordinary man, madam.

L. Heart. Poor?

Luce. Poor enough; and no man knows from whence neither.

L. Heart. What could she see?

Luce. Only his misery;
For else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

L. Heart. Did she change much?

Luce. Extremely, when he spoke;
And then her pity, like an orator,
(I fear, her love,) fram'd such a commendation,
And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.

L. Heart. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers,
That she must dote upon afflictions?
Why does she not go rummage all the prisons,
And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness,
And fly her honour, common both to beggary?
Did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not;
But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.

L. Heart. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

L. Heart. And look'd he like a gentleman?

Luce. Like such
A gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence.

L. Heart. My sister, and sink basely! this must not be.
Does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire call'd Shorthose.

L. Heart. Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep all this private;
But still be near her lodging. Luce, what you can gather
By any means, let me understand. — I'll stop her heat,
And turn her charity another way,
To bless herself first. — Be still close to her counsels. —
A beggar and a stranger! there's a blessedness!
I'll none of that: I have a toy yet, sister,
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it. —
And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore. —
This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, *and* VALENTINE.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!
This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest,
And stands so much upon her excellencies!
Bel. She has put us off this month now for an answer.
Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her,
Not say[1] "good morrow" nor "good even," till that's past.
Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you.
Are you good at nothing, but these after-games?
I have told you often enough what things they are,
What precious things, these widows.
Hare. If we had 'em.
Val. Why, the devil has not craft enough to woo 'em.
There be three kinds of fools — make this note, gentlemen,
Mark it, and understand it.
Fount. Well, go forward.
Val. An innocent,[2] a knave-fool, a fool politic;
The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.
Bel. Will you allow no fortune?
Val. No such blind one.
Fount. We gave you reasons why 'twas needful for us.
Val. As you are those fools, I did allow those reasons;
But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em.
Do you know what it is to wed[3] a widow?
Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.
Hare. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.
Val. Why, there you are fools still; crafty to catch yourselves,
Pure politic fools; I look'd for such an answer.
Once more hear me: it is,
To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,
Whether the state[4] you have be yours or no,
Or those old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows
Are long extents in law[5] upon men's livings,[6]
Upon their bodies winding-sheets; they that enjoy 'em
Lie but with dead men's monuments, and beget
Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now?
Bel. Plain spoken.
Val. And plain truth: but, if you'll needs
Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves
(Not any part concerns your understandings,
For then you are meacocks,[7] fools, and miserable);
March off amain, within an inch of a furcug,[8]
Turn me o' the toe like a weathercock,
Kill every day a sergeant for a twelvemonth,
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the rolls;
And these will make a show.
Hare. And these are trifles?
Val. Consider'd to a widow, empty nothings;
For here you venture but your persons, there
The varnish of your persons, your discretions.
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,
Especially as now 'tis made: methinks a man,
An understanding man, is more wife[9] to me,
And of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets.
What do we get by women, but our senses,
Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied?
And, when that's done, what are we? crestfaln cowards.
What benefit can children be, but charges
And disobedience? what's the love they render
At one-and-twenty years? "I pray, die, father!"
When they are young, they are like bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noise and giddiness; and, come to years once,
There drops a son by the sword in's mistress' quarrel, —
A great joy to his parents! a daughter ripe, too,
Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have
A heating, runs away with a supple-hamm'd serving-man;
His twenty nobles[10] spent, takes to a trade,
And learns to spin men's hair off; there's another:
And most are of this nature. Will you marry?
Fount. For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel yet.
Val. And this same widow?
Fount. If I may, and, methinks,
However you are pleas'd to dispute these dangers,
Such a warm match, and for you, sir, were not hurtful.
Val. Not half so killing as for you. For me,
She cannot, with all the arts she has, make me more miserable,
Or much more fortunate: I have no state left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there's the antidote against a widow;
Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,
Which she can neither law nor claw away;
To that, but little flesh, it were too much else;
And that unwholesome too, it were too rich else;
And to all this, contempt of what she does;
I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,
Hear her without a faith, so pity her

[1] *Not say*] So the first 4to. — The second 4to. and the folio have "No, *not say*;" and so the Editors of 1778. Seward printed "No, *not to say*."
[2] *An innocent*] "i. e. a natural fool." WEBER.
[3] *wed*] Mason's correction, which is confirmed by the next two speeches. All the old eds. "wooe;" and so the modern editors.
[4] *state*] i. e. estate, — as repeatedly in the preceding act.
[5] *extents in law*] An *extent* means — seizure (from the writ of *extensi facias*, by which the goods seized are to be taken at their *extended* value).
[6] *upon men's livings*] Theobald's correction. — The 4tos. have "*upon* newes, *livings*:" the folio, with only a change of spelling, has "*upon* news, *livings*." — In the next line Seward omitted "upon."
[7] *meacocks*] i. e. dastardly fellows: the word is more particularly applied to submissive husbands.
[8] *furcug*] So the first 4to. — The second 4to. and the folio read "Fircug;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. — Theobald proposed "firelock;" and Weber printed "firecock," — a term, he says, "by which the cock of a gun *may have been* denominated:" but the right reading remains yet to be ascertained.
[9] *wife*] Old eds. "wise."
[10] *nobles*] i. e. gold coins worth 6*s.* 8*d.* each.

As if she were a traitor; moan her person,
But deadly hate her pride: if you could do these,
And had but this discretion and like fortune,
It were but an equal venture.
Fount. This is malice.
Val. When she lies with your land and not with you,
Grows great with jointures, and is brought to bed
With all the state you have, you'll find this certain.
But is it come to pass [1] you must marry?
Is there no buff [2] will hold you?
Bel. Grant it be so?
Val. Then choose the tamer evil; take a maid,
A maid not worth a penny; make her yours,
Knead her, and mould her yours; a maid worth nothing;
There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing*:
A maid makes conscience [3]
Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and puppets;
A maid's content [4] with one coach and two horses,
Not falling out because they are not matches;
With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,
With one faith, one content, one bed agreed,[5]
She makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue:
A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.
Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.
Val. You are my friends,
And all my loving friends; I spend your money,
Yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still;
I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em;
I eat your meat, help to wear your [6] linen;
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal; [7]
For which I'll do you this commodity,[8]—
Be rul'd, and let me try her; I will discover her;
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
Till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy—
Hare. This was our meaning, Valentine.

[1] *to pass*] Qy. "*to* this *pass*"?
[2] *buff*] According to Weber, "the durability of the stuff affords the allusion:" but buff was the common dress of sergeants; and perhaps, as a friend suggests to me, Valentine means to say — that the bondage consequent on marrying a widow is greater than that which follows an arrest.
[3] *A maid makes conscience*, &c.] Seward printed,

"*A maid makes conscience of half a crown*
A week for pins and puppet-shows."

Sympson (*Add.* to vol. ii. ed. 1750) would read,

"——*for pins and* pin-*puppets*,"

observing, "the fashionable pin-cases in our authors' days were made in the shape of little puppets or poppets; and though that custom is discontinued, we still retain the word *pin-poppets* to this very day in the north of England."
[4] *A maid's content*] The first 4to. has "*a* maide *content*." The sec. 4to. and the folio have "*a* maid will be *content*;" and so Seward (who, as he had foisted "shows" into the preceding line, found this reading suit his arrangement of the verse).
[5] *one bed agreed*] All the old eds. have "*one bed*, aged;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber, putting a semicolon after "*bed*," and making "Aged" the commencement of the next line. Mason proposes changing "aged" to "Egad"! The reading which I have given, and which is obviously the right one, occurred not only to myself, but also to the Reverend J. Mitford; see *Gent. Mag.* for March, 1840, p. 275.
[6] *your*] Old eds. "her."
[7] *seal*] Must mean, as Weber explains it, "seal bonds for money."
[8] *commodity*] i. e. benefit. The Editors of 1778 and Weber, misunderstanding the passage, put a full point after this word.

Val. 'Tis done, then.
I must want nothing.
Hare. Nothing but the woman.
Val. No jealousy; for, when I marry,
The devil must be wiser than I take him,
And the flesh foolisher. Come, let's to dinner;
And when I am well whetted [9] with wine, have at her! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* LADY HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. But art thou sure?
Luce. No surer than I heard.
Isab. That it was that flouting fellow's brother?
Luce. Yes; Shorthose told me so.
Isab. He did search out the truth?
Luce. It seems he did.
Isab. Prithee, Luce, call him hither.
[*Exit* LUCE.
If he be no worse, I never repent my pity.

Re-enter LUCE *with* SHORTHOSE.

Now, sirrah, what was he we sent you after, —
The gentleman i' the black?
Short. I' the torn black?
Isab. Yes, the same, sir.
Short. What would your worship with him?
Isab. Why, my worship
Would know his name, and what he is.
Short. He's nothing;
He is a man, and yet he is no man.
Isab. You must needs play the fool.
Short. 'Tis my profession.
Isab. How is he a man, and no man?
Short. He's a beggar;
Only the sign of a man; the bush [10] pull'd down,
Which shews the house stands empty.
Isab. What's his calling?
Short. They call him beggar.
Isab. What's his kindred?
Short. Beggars.
Isab. His worth?
Short. A learned beggar, a poor school.
Isab. How does he live?
Short. Like worms; he eats old books.
Isab. Is Valentine his brother?
Short. His begging brother.
Isab. What may his name be?
Short. Orson.[11]
Isab. Leave your fooling.
Short. You had as good say, leave your living.
Isab. Once more,
Tell me his name directly.
Short. I'll be hang'd first,
Unless I heard him christen'd; but I can tell
What foolish people call him.
Isab. What?
Short. Francisco.
Isab. Where lies this learning, sir?

[9] *well whetted*] Silently altered by the modern editors to "*whetted well*."
[10] *the bush*] "A bush [of ivy] was formerly placed over the door of a tavern; whence the proverb, 'Good wine needs no bush.'" WEBER.
[11] *Orson*] An allusion, as Weber observes, to the story of Valentine and Orson, with a quibble upon the similarity of sound between *Orson* and *wheresoever*.

Short. In Paul's Church-yard,[1] forsooth.
Isab. I mean that gentleman, fool.
Short. Oh, that fool?
He lies in loose sheets every whore, that's no where.
Luce. You have gleanʼd since you came to London: in the country, Shorthose,
You were an arrant fool, a dull cold coxcomb;
Here every tavern teaches you; the pint-pot
Has so belabourʼd you with wit, your brave acquaintance,
That gives you ale, so fortified your mazzard,[2]
That now there's no talking to you.
Isab. He's much improvʼd;
A fellow, a fine discourser!
Short. I hope so:
I have not waited at the tail of wit
So long, to be an ass.
Luce. But say now, Shorthose,
My lady should remove into the country?
Short. I had as lieve she should remove to heaven,
And as soon I would undertake to follow her.
Luce. Where no old charnico[3] is, nor no anchovies,
Nor master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose,
And bring my lady such-a-one's chief chambermaid?
Isab. No bouncing healths to this brave lad, dear Shorthose,
Nor down o' the knees to that illustrious lady?[4]
Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of "Drawer, Carry this pottle[5] to my father Shorthose"?
Isab. No plays nor galley-foists;[6] no strange ambassadors
To run and wonder at, till thou beʼst oil,
And then come home again, and lie by the legend?[7]
Luce. Say she should go?
Short. If I say so, I'll be hangʼd first;
Or, if I thought she would go ——
Luce. What?
Short. I would go with her.
Luce. But, Shorthose, where thy heart is ——
Isab. Do not fright him.
Luce. By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise,[8] a loud one too,
And from her own mouth; presently to be gone too;
But why, or to what end —
Short. May not a man die first?
She'll give him so much time.
Isab. Gone o' the sudden!
Thou dost but jest: she must not mock the gentlemen.
Luce. She has put them off a month, they dare not see her:
Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.
Isab. Is this true, wench? gone on so short a warning!
What trick is this? she never told me of it:
It must not be. — Sirrah, attend me presently,
(You know I have been a careful friend unto you,)
Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.
Cry not; we shall not go.
Short. Her coach may crack! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Street.*

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, *and* LANCE.

Val. Which way to live! how darʼst thou come to town,
To ask such an idle question?
Fran. Methinks, 'tis necessary,
Unless you could restore that annuity
You have tippled up in taverns.
Val. Where hast thou been,
And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talkʼst
Thus out of frame?[9] Thou wert a pretty fellow,
And of a handsome knowledge: who has spoilʼd thee?
Lance. He that has spoilʼd himself, to make himself sport,
And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near him:
Buy but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy,
And look there who.
Val. Well said, old Copyhold.
Lance. My heart's good freehold, sir, and so you'll find it.
This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother
(For there is no hope of you); use him thereafter.[10]
Val. E'en as well as I use myself. — What wouldst thou have, Frank?
Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?
Lance. Hark what he says to you:
Oh, try your wits! they say you are excellent at it;
For your land has lain long bed-rid and unsensible.
Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs. You see my state,
And to what wretchedness your will has brought me;
But what it may be by this benefit,

[1] *In Paul's Church-yard*] "In our authors' time the booksellers dwelt, for the most part, round about St. Paul's cathedral, and sheltered their books in a subterranean church under it, called St. Faith's. At the fire of London, the loss to persons in that profession, and in that place only, was estimated at an immense sum." REED.

[2] *mazzard*] i. e. head.

[3] *charnico*] Or *charneco*. "According to Mr. Steevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood, which take the name of *Charneca*: the one situated about a league and a half above the town of Lisbon, the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-mentioned territory." Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 306.

[4] *down o' the knees to that illustrious lady*] The custom of gallants drinking the healths of their mistresses on their knees is very frequently alluded to by our early writers.

[5] *Carry this pottle*, &c.] "In our authors' time, it was customary to send wine as a present from one room in a tavern to another, even to strangers." WEBER, — who cites here, from Reed's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, a long passage of B. Rich's *Irish Hubbub*, — a passage which in no way illustrates the text.

[6] *galley-foists*] Mean here — Lord Mayors' barges; see note, p. 421. The *galley foist* (city barge) was used when the Lord Mayor went in state to Westminster to be sworn into his office.

[7] *lie by the legend*] "A frequent and almost proverbial expression, which took its rise from the Golden Legend, containing the lives of saints," &c. WEBER.

[8] *noise*] "i. e. report." WEBER.

[9] *frame*] All the old eds. "France" (the eye of the original compositor having caught "*Francisco*" in the preceding line); and so the modern editors!

[10] *thereafter*] "i. e. accordingly." WEBER.

If timely done, and like a noble brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.
Val. A hundred pound! dost thou know what thou hast said, boy?
Fran. I said, a hundred pound.
Val. Thou hast said more
Than any man can justify, believe it.
Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee,
There's no such sum in nature; forty shillings
There may be now i' the mint, and that's a treasure:
I have seen five pounds; but let me tell it, and
It is as wonderful as calves with five legs.
Here's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,
And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy first-fruits;
I'll come down, and eat it out.
Fran. 'Tis patience
Must meet with you, sir, not love.
Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave these fiddle-faddles.
Val. Leave thy prating:
Thou think'st thou art a notable wise fellow,
Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk,[1] two of the reverent.
Lance. I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be
With the next moon. What would you have him do?
Val. How?
Lance. To get money first, that's to live;
You have shew'd him how to want.
Val. 'Slife, how do I live?
Why, what dull fool would ask that question?
Three hundred three-pil'ds[2] more, ay, and live bravely;
The better half o' the town, and live most gloriously;
Ask them what states they have, or what annuities,
Or when they pray for seasonable harvests. —
Thou hast a handsome wit; stir into the world, Frank,
Stir, stir for shame; thou art a pretty scholar:
Ask how to live! write, write, write any thing;
The world's a fine believing world; write news.
Lance. Dragons in Sussex, sir,[3] or fiery battles
Seen in the air at Aspurg.[4]
Val. There's the way, Frank:
And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom
With a sharp prognostication,[5] that shall scour them
(Dearth upon dearth) like Leven taffaties;[6]
Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want
Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.
Lance. Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of Grantham steeple,
And clap it on Paul's;[7] and, after these,
A Penvoy[8] to the city for their sins.
Val. *Probatum est;* thou canst not want a pension.
Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars, —
There's twenty nobles and two loads of coals:
Are not these ready ways? Cosmography
Thou art deeply read in; draw me a map from the Mermaid,[9]
I mean a midnight map, to scape the watches

[1] *sparrow-hawk*] The reader must remember that Lance was a falconer.

[2] *three-pil'ds*] i. e. persons who wear the finest velvet; see note, p. 189. So in our authors' *Scornful Lady* we have already had mention of "three-pil'd people," p. 431.

[3] *Dragons in Sussex, sir*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to omit "sir." — In Jonson's masque, entitled *News from the New World discovered in the Moon*, (*Works*, vii. 352, ed. Gifford,) we find; "And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long, whither all shall be brought, and thence again vented under the name of Staple-news, and not trusted to your printed conundrums of *the serpent in Sussex*, or the witches bidding the devil to dinner at Derby;" on which passage Whalley has the following note: — "In 1614, there was a discourse published of a strange monstrous *Serpent* in St. Leonard's Forest, and two miles from Horsham in Sussex, which was discovered there in the month of August in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eye-witnesses living on the place. But from the description we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as the poet styles it, was couched under the account: 'This serpent, or *dragon*, as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axle-tree of a cart; a quantity of thickness in the middest, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red; for I speak of no nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance. . . . There are likewise, on either side of him, discovered two great bunches, so big as a large foot-ball, and, as some think, will, in time, grow to wings,' &c. More to the same purpose may be found in the account itself, which is reprinted in the third volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*."

[4] *Aspurg*] i. e., perhaps, Asperg in Wirtemberg. — Weber conjectured that it might be a corruption of *Augsburg* or *Habsburg*.

[5] *prognostication*] On the word "prognostication" in *The Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3, Malone observes, "Almanacks were in Shakespeare's time published under this title; 'An Almanack and *Prognostication* made for the year of our Lord God 1595.'"

[6] *Leven taffaties*] Altered by the modern editors to "Levant *taffaties*;" but the former term is evidently a familiar corruption of the latter. "Taffata called Leuant Taffata the yarde xx. d." *The Rates of the Custome house*, &c. 1582, Sig. E. 7. "Leuant Taffaties, the yeard xvi. d." *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c. n. d. (in the 8th year of James the First) Sig. F. 2.

[7] *on Paul's*] Qy. "upon *Paul's*," or (as Seward printed) "*on* St. *Paul's*"?

[8] *A Penvoy*] See note, p. 430.

[9] *draw me a map from the Mermaid*] Seward printed "*a map* o' *the Mermaid*." The Editors of 1778 explain the old text to mean, "instructions how to escape the watch at departing from the tavern," &c.; and Weber observes that "a map of the circumjacent streets would be more likely to favour such an escape *from* the Mermaid [than a plan of the house itself]." — "The famous tavern so called," continues Weber, "was the resort of the wits in those days. . . . Its situation . . . we learn from . . . an old poem, entitled *Newes from Bartholomew Fayre*, printed in 4to. B. L., and quoted by Mr. Reed in a note on Mayne's *City-Match*;

. . . . . .

'*The Mermaid in Cornhill*, Red Lion in the Strand," &c.

. . . . . .

See also Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson." But, in supposing that the Mermaid *in Cornhill* was the Mermaid frequented by Jonson, Beaumont, &c., Weber was (like myself, note on Middleton's *Works*, ii. 240) mistaken. For the following remarks I am indebted to Mr. Peter Cunningham. "The Mermaid of Jonson and Beaumont was in Bread-street, Cheapside: Jonson thus settles the locality;

'At *Bread-street's Mermaid* having din'd, and merry,
Propos'd to go to Holborn in a wherry.'
Works, viii. 242. ed. Gifford.

The earliest notice of this tavern occurs in The Expenses of Sir John Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk of the Howard family; '[1463–4] Payd for wyn at *the Mermayd in Bredstret*, for my mastyr and Syre Nycholas Latemer, x. d. ob.' *Manners and Household Expenses of England*, &c., p. 251,

And such long senseless examinations;
And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good gentlemen.
I cannot stay long.
Lance. You have read learnedly:
And would you have him follow these vagaries?[1]
Did you begin with ballads?
Fran. Well, I will leave you:
I see my wants are grown ridiculous;
Yours may be so: I will not curse you neither.
You may think, when these wanton fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to yourself, sir;
A providence I wait on.
Val. Thou art passionate;[2]
Hast thou been brought up with girls?

Enter SHORTHOSE, *with a bag.*

Short. Rest you merry, gentlemen.
Val. Not so merry as you suppose, sir.
Short. Pray, stay a while, and let me take a view of you;
I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-pot else.
Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?
Short. No, you are not he; you are a thought too handsome.
Lance. Who wouldst thou speak withal? why dost thou peep so?
Short. I am looking birds' nests:[3] I can find none in
Your bush-beard. — I would speak with you, black gentleman.
Fran. With me, my friend?
Short. Yes, sure; and the best friend, sir,
It seems, you spake withal this twelvemonth: gentleman,
There's money for you.
Val. How!
Short. There's none for you, sir;
Be not so brief; not a penny. — La, how he itches at it! —
Stand off; you stir my choler.
Lance. Take it; 'tis money.
Short. You are too quick too; first be sure you have it;
You seem to be a falconer, but a foolish one.
Lance. Take it, and say nothing.
Short. You are cozen'd too;
'Tis take it, and spend it.
Fran. From whom came it, sir?
Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on't.
Fran. [*taking the bag*] I thank you, sir; I doubly thank you.
Short. Well, sir;
Then buy you better clothes, and get your hat dress'd,
And your laundress to wash your boots white.
Fran. Pray, stay, sir:
May you not be mistaken?
Short. I think I am:
Give me the money again; come, quick, quick, quick!
Fran. I would be loath to render, till I am sure it be so.
Short. Hark in your ear; is not your name Francisco?
Fran. Yes.
Short. Be quiet, then: it may thunder a hundred times,
Before such stones fall. Do not you need it?
Fran. Yes.
Short. And 'tis thought you have it.
Fran. I think I have.
Short. Then hold it fast; it is not fly-blown: you
May pay for the poundage. You forget yourself:
I have not seen a gentleman so backward,
A wanting gentleman.
Fran. Your mercy, sir!
Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy:
Be merry with it, and be wise.
Fran. I would fain,
If it please you, but know —
Short. It does not please me:
Tell over your money, and be not mad, boy.
Val. You have no more such bags?
Short. More such there are, sir;
But few, I fear, for you: I have cast your water;
You have wit, you need no money. [*Exit.*
Lance. Be not amaz'd, sir;
'Tis good gold, good old gold; this is restorative,[4]
And in good time it comes to do you good.
Keep it and use it; let honest fingers feel it. —
Yours be too quick, sir. [*To* VALENTINE.
Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave it me; but from whom?
Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine it:
This can be but a preface.
Fran. Being a stranger,
Of whom can I deserve this?
Lance. Sir, of any man
That has but eyes and manly understanding,
To find men's wants: good men are bound to do so.
Val. Now you see, Frank, there are more ways than certainties;
Now you believe. What plough brought you this harvest,
What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities?
These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation
Of quarter-days; you see it showers in to you.
You are an ass; lie plodding, and lie fooling,

ed. Roxb. The lines cited by Reed shew that there was a *Mermaid in Cornhill*: but everybody's *Mermaid* was *in Bread-street.*"

[1] *vagaries*] Mason's correction (which had occurred to Heath long before, *MS. Notes*). — All the old eds. have "megeras." Seward and his successors print "chimeras."

[2] *passionate*] "*Passionate* signifies here, in the old sense, *tender-hearted*: not, in the modern sense, *disposed to anger.*" *Ed.* 1778. — "It occurs in the same sense in *King John*:

'She is sad and *passionate* at your highness' tent.'"

WEBER.

In the line just cited from Shakespeare "*passionate*" means — given up to sorrow: in our text it is used ironically and is equivalent to — pathetic.

[3] *looking birds' nests*] i. e. looking for birds' nests.

[4] *restorative*] An allusion to the supposed medicinal property of gold: see note, p. 489.

About this blazing star and that bo-peep,
Whining and fasting, to find the natural reason
Why a dog turns twice about before he lie down!
What use of these, or what joy in annuities,
Where every man's thy study and thy tenant?
I am asham'd on thee.
Lance. Yes, I have seen
This fellow: there's a wealthy widow hard by —
Val. Yes, marry, is there.
Lance. I think he's her servant;
I am cozen'd, if not after her;[1] I am sure on't.
Fran. I am glad on't.
Lance. She's a good woman.
Fran. I am gladder.
Lance. And young enough, believe.
Fran. I am gladder of all,[2] sir.
Val. Frank, you shall lie with me soon.
Fran. I thank my money.
Lance. His money shall lie with me; three in a bed, sir,
Will be too much this weather.
Val. Meet me at the Mermaid,
And thou shalt see what things ——
Lance. Trust to yourself, sir.
[*Exeunt* FRAN. *and* LANCE.

Enter FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, *and* BELLAMORE.

Fount. Oh, Valentine!
Val. How now! why do you look so?
Bel. The widow's going, man.
Val. Why, let her go, man.
Hare. She's going out o' the town.
Val. The town's the happier;
I would they were all gone!
Fount. We cannot come
To speak with her.
Val. Not to speak to her?
Bel. She will
Be gone within this hour: either now, Valentine[3] —
Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good Valentine!
Val. I had rather
March i' the mouth o' the cannon: but, adieu;
If she be above ground — go, away to your prayers;
Away, I say, away! — She shall be spoken withal.
[*Exeunt, on one side,* FOUNT., HARE., *and* BEL., *on the other,* VAL.

[1] *I am cozen'd, if not after her*] The first 4to. has "*I am cosend if after her*," the word "not" being evidently omitted by mistake: "Lance," observes Mason, "is endeavouring to recollect the servant. He says, that he has seen the fellow; that there is a wealthy widow hard by, that he is cozened if he has not seen him after her, — that is, follow her as her servant; and, on further recollection, declares he is sure of it." — The second 4to. and the folio (the error of the first edition not having been understood) read "or *I am cozened* else;" and so Seward. — The Editors of 1778 gave the line thus,

"*I am cozen'd, if* —— *After her! I am sure on't.*" —

an absurdity, which Weber adopted.

[2] *gladder of all*] Seward printed "gladdest *of all*," which Mason also would read: but, as Weber remarks, the text is right according to old phraseology.

[3] *either now, Valentine* —] Bellamore, as Mason observes, means to say — Either now *or never*, but is interrupted by the impatience of his companions.

SCENE V. — *A Room*[4] *in* LADY HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter SHORTHOSE *with one boot on,* ROGER, *and* HUMPHRY.

Rog. She will go, Shorthose.
Short. Who can help it, Roger?
Ralph. [*within.*] Roger, help down with the hangings!
Rog. By and by, Ralph:
I am making up o' the trunks here.
Ralph. [*within.*] Shorthose!
Short. Well.
Ralph. [*within.*] Who looks to my lady's wardrobe? — Humphry!
Hum. Here.
Ralph. [*within.*] Down with the boxes in the gallery,
And bring away the coach-cushions!
Short. Will it not rain?
No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,
To stop this journey?
Rog. Why go now? why now?
Why o' the sudden now? what preparation,
What horses have we ready? what provision
Laid in i' the country?
Hum. Not an egg, I hope.
Rog. No, nor one drop of good drink, boys; there's the devil.
Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty; and then
We must come up again.
Hum. What says the steward?
Rog. He's at 's wit's end; for, some four hours since,
Out of his haste and providence, he mistook
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.
Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journey.
Oh, London, how I love thee!
Hum. I have no boots,
Nor none I'll buy; or, if I had, refuse me[5]
If I would venture my ability
Before a cloak-bag! men are men.
Short. For my part,
If I be brought, as I know it will be aim'd at,
To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,
Or any gentle lady of the laundry,
Chambering or wantonness, behind my gelding,
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,
As if I were a running frippery,[6]
I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay me:
I'll not be troubled with their distillations[7]
At every half-mile's end: I understand myself,
And am resolv'd.[8]
Hum. To-morrow night at Oliver's,
Who shall be there, boys? who shall meet the wenches?
Rog. The well-brew'd stand of ale we should have met at!

[4] *A Room, &c.*] Weber marked this scene "A Hall," &c.: but see the second speech of Ralph, next page.

[5] *refuse me*] The abbreviation of a profane oath, — May God *refuse* (i. e. reject) me!

[6] *frippery*] i. e. old clothes shop. — Old eds. "flippery."

[7] *distillations*] Old eds. "distibations."

[8] *resolv'd*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber put a break after the word, as if the sense were incomplete.

Short. These griefs, like to another tale of Troy,
Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,
And [make] Tom Butcher weep: Æneas enters,
And now the town is lost.

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Why, whither run you?
My lady is mad.
Short. I would she were in Bedlam!
Ralph. The carts are come; no hands to help to load 'em;
The stuff lies in the hall, the plate ——
L. Heart. [*within.*] Why, knaves there!
Where be these idle fellows?
Short. Shall I ride with one boot?
L. Heart. [*within.*] Why, where, I say?
Ralph. Away, away! it must be so.
Short. Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but ten days! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Room in* LADY HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Luce. By my troth, mistress, I did it for the best.
Isab. It may be so; but, Luce, you have a tongue,
A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if it were minc'd, Luce,
Would do a great deal better.
Luce. I protest, mistress ——
Isab. It will be your own one time or other. — Walter!
Walter. [*within.*] Anon, forsooth.
Isab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak —
You are so full of providence — and, Walter,
Tuck up my little box behind the coach,
And bid my maid make ready — my sweet service
To your good lady mistress — and my dog,
Good, let the coachman carry him.
Luce. But hear me.
Isab. I am in love, sweet Luce, and you are so skilful,
That I must needs undo myself — and, hear me,
Let Oliver pack up my glass discreetly,
And see my curls well carried — oh, sweet Luce!
You have a tongue, and open tongues have open —
You know what, Luce.
Luce. Pray you, be satisfied.
Isab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you.
There is a Roger, which some call a butler[1] —
I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce:
Nay, do not stare; I have a tongue can talk too —
And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door opens
To a long gallery: there was a night, Luce —
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?
Oh, do you blush, Luce? — a Friday night —
I saw your saint, Luce: "For t'other box of marmalade
All's thine, sweet Roger!" this I heard, and kept too.

[1] *butler*] Sympson's correction. — Old eds. "butcher."

Luce. E'en as you are a woman, mistress ——
Isab. This I allow
As good and physical sometimes, these meetings,
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,
To have your own turn serv'd, and to your friend
To be a dog-bolt![2]
Luce. I confess it, mistress.
Isab. As you have made my sister jealous of me,
And foolishly and childishly pursu'd it —
I have found out your haunt, and trac'd your purposes —
For which mine honour suffers — your best ways
Must be applied to bring her back again,
And seriously and suddenly, that so I
May have a means to clear myself, and she
A fair opinion of me: else, you peevish ——
Luce. My power and prayers, mistress ——
Isab. What's the matter?

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *and* SHORTHOSE.

Short. I have been with the gentleman; he has it;
Much good may do him with it!
[*Aside to* ISABELLA.
L. Heart. Come, are you ready?
You love so to delay time! the day grows on.
Isab. I have sent for a few trifles; when those are come:
And now I know your reason.
L. Heart. Know your own honour, then. — About your business;
See the coach ready presently. — I'll tell you more, then; [*Exeunt* LUCE *and* SHORTHOSE.
And understand it well. You must not think me,[3] sister,
So tender-ey'd as not to see your follies:
Alas, I know your heart, and must imagine,
And truly too, 'tis not your charity
Can coin such sums to give away as you have done!
In that you have no wisdom, Isabel, no, nor modesty,
Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,
I am asham'd to find this in your years,
Far more in your discretion: none to choose,
But things for pity? none to seal your thoughts on,
But one of no abiding, of no name?
Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,
(A jolly jointure, sister; you are happy!)
No money, no, not ten shillings?
Isab. You search nearly.
L. Heart. I know it, as I know your folly; — one that knows not
Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,
Unless it be i' the stocks? what kindred has he,
But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?
Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see, sister.

[2] *a dog-bolt*] "A common term of reproach. So in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi*, the Arte of Flatterie; 'On me attendeth simple Sir John, (a chaplayne more meet to serve a thatcher than in the church,) who is made a doulte and a *dogbolte* by every servinge-man.'" WERNER. — See note, p. 462.

[3] *me*] The first 4to. has "my" The second 4to. and the folio read "your," and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

L. Heart. Or, say the man had virtue,
Is virtue in this age a full inheritance?
What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's Morals?
Or so much penny-rent in the small poets?
This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.
Isab. And this you quit the town for?
L. Heart. Is't not time?
Isab. You are better read in my affairs than I am;
That's all I have to answer. I'll go with you,
And willingly; and what you think most dangerous,
I'll sit and laugh at; for, sister, 'tis not folly,
But good discretion, governs our main fortunes.
L. Heart. I am glad to hear you say so.
Isab. I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SHORTHOSE *with* HUMPHRY, *riding-rods in their hands.*

Hum. The devil cannot stay her, she will on't:
Eat an egg now, and then we must away.
Short. I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:—
May London ways from[2] henceforth be full of holes,
And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous smiths
So housel all our hackneys,[2] that they may feel
Compunction in their feet, and tire at Highgate;
May it rain above all almanacks,
Till carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger[3]
Ride, like Arion, upon a trout to London![4]
Hum. At St. Alban's, let all the inns be drunk,
Not an host sober, to bid her worship welcome!
Short. Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down with puritans;
No meat, but legs of beef!
Hum. No beds, but wool-packs!
Short. And those so cramm'd
With warrens of starv'd fleas that bite like bandogs!
Let Mims be angry at their St. bel-swagger,[5]
And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,
Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,
And all my lady's linen sprinkled[6]
With suds and dish-water!
Hum.[7] Not a wheel but out of joint!

Enter ROGER, *laughing.*

Why dost thou laugh?
Rog. There is a gentleman, and the rarest gentleman,
And makes the rarest sport!
Short. Where, where?
Rog. Within here;
H' as made the gayest sport with Tom the coachman,
So tew'd him up[8] with sack, that he lies lashing
A butt of malmsey for his mares!
Short. 'Tis very good.
Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs!
And, Shorthose, he has so maul'd the red-deer pies,
Made such an alms i' the buttery——
Short. Better still.

Re-enter LADY HEARTWELL *with* VALENTINE.

Hum. My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!
Short. May he anger her into a fever![9]
[*Exit with* HUMPHRY *and* ROGER.
L. Heart. I pray, tell me who sent you hither?
For I imagine it is not your condition,[10]
(You look so temperately and like a gentleman,)
To ask me these wild[11] questions.
Val. Do you think
I use to walk of errands, gentle lady,
Or deal with women out of dreams from others?
L. Heart. You have not known me, sure?
Val. Not much.
L. Heart. What reason
Have you, then, to be so tender of my credit?
You are no kinsman?
Val. If you take it so,
The honest office that I came to do you,
Is not so heavy but I can return it:
Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.
L. Heart. Pray, stay a little: proud!
Val. Monstrous proud.

[1] *from*] Omitted by the modern editors.

[2] *So housel all our hackneys*] "*Housel* is undoubtedly the eucharist, and to *housel*, to administer the sacrament. But how this meaning can apply here, I do not see. Seward, however, is satisfied, and laments the profanity of his authors. Cotgrave renders *apprivoiser*, to tame, reclaim, *housell*. This affords a very plausible explanation, and possibly the true one." WEBER. There can be no doubt that the allusion here is a very profane one: "housel our hackneys" evidently means — prepare our hackneys for the journey, as persons on their death-beds are prepared for their final journey by being *housselled*, i. e. having the eucharist administered to them.

[3] *May it rain above all almanacks,*
Till carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger] Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed, —

"*May't rain above all almanacks*, until
The *carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger.*"

Weber remarks that "changing *till* to *until*, merely to suit Mr. Seward's rage for metrifying, is highly reprehensible;" and yet gives in his own text "The *carriers*"!

[4] *Ride, like Arion, upon a trout to London*] The old eds. have "*Ride like* Bike *Arion*," &c. "Bike" (which is merely an accidental repetition of "*like*") was omitted by Seward and the Editors of 1778; but Weber brought it back into the line, observing, "It is true that no sense of the ancient word *bike* (a building, a hive of bees, &c.) is in the least applicable here, for which reason I must leave it to the sagacity of the reader"!

[5] *Let Mims be angry at their St. bel-swagger*] "Mims is in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and some local custom, tumultuously celebrated, is plainly alluded to in this speech. It was, we doubt not, familiarly known in the times of our authors; but we have in vain endeavoured to trace its memory or discover its origin." *Ed.* 1778. The allusion here is as dark to me as to the other editors. Richardson, in his valuable *Dict.*, gives "*Bel-swagger.* Perhaps, no more than a fine, a brave, *swaggerer*, a braggart, a bully;" and, after citing the present passage, quotes the following one from Dryden's *Spanish Friar*: "*Gom.* Indeed you are a charitable *belswagger*: my wife cried out fire, fire; and you brought out your church-buckets, and called for engines to play against it." Act. v. (a passage previously cited by Johnson in his *Dict.* under *Belswagger*, which he explains, "A cant word for a whoremaster.") In Grose's *Dict. of the Vulgar Tongue* we find "*Bell Swagger.* A noisy bullying fellow."

[6] *sprinkled*] To this line Seward added "o'er," which was retained by the Editors of 1778.

[7] *Hum*] All the old eds. "*Short.*"

[8] *tew'd him up*] i. e. worked him up, dressed him (as leather is *tewed* or *tawed*.)

[9] *fever*] Old eds. "feather."

[10] *condition*] See note, p. 608.

[11] *wild*] All the old eds. "milde." — Qy. is the right reading "vild" (i. e. vile)? — a word which occurs frequently in these plays.

I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,
And your abundant parts, stung by the people;
But now I see 'tis true. You look upon me
As if I were a rude and saucy fellow
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dunghill,
Or such a one as should now fall and worship you,
In hope of pardon: you are cozen'd, lady;
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,
To see a woman only great in goodness,
And mistress of a greater fame than fortune;
But ——

L. Heart. You are a strange gentleman. If I were proud now,
I should be monstrous angry (which I am not),
And shew the effects of pride; I should despise you;
But you are welcome, sir.
To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it,
Is a lustre in us; and every good we have
Strives to shew gracious: what use is it else?
Old age, like[1] sear trees, is seldom seen affected,
Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts
His daring youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well;
And, now you speak to the purpose, you please me.
But to be place-proud ——

L. Heart. If it be our own;
Why are we set here with distinction else,
Degrees and orders given us? In you men,
'Tis held a coolness, if you lose your right,
Affronts and[2] loss of honour: streets, and walls,
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud,
About your ranks: are we so much below you,
That, till you have us, are the tops of nature,
To be accounted drones without a difference?
You will make us beasts indeed.

Val. Nay, worse than this too,
Proud of your clothes, they swear, a mercer's Lucifer,
A tumour tack'd together by a tailor;
Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish
That butter-milk can better.

L. Heart. Lord, how little
Will vex these poor blind people! If my clothes
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
My mind must be my mercer's too? or, say my beauty
Please some weak eyes, must it please them to think,
That blows me up that every hour blows off?
This is an infant's anger.

Val. Thus they say too;
What though you have a coach lin'd through with velvet,
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the streets be troubled
Continually with you, till carmen curse you?
Can there be aught in this but pride of show, lady,
And pride of bum-beating? till the learned lawyers,
With their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks,[3]
Till all their cases[4] crack? why should this lady,
And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,
And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,
And your poorer neighbours with coarse neives[5] neglected,
Fashions conferr'd about, pouncings,[6] and paintings,
And young men's bodies read on like anatomies?[7]

L. Heart. You are very credulous,
And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, sir,
To her you know not; but you shall confess me,
And find I will not start. In us all meetings
Lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at church,
Our very meditations, some will swear,
(Which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably,)
Are mingled with your memories; cannot sleep,
But this sweet gentleman swims in our fancies,
That scarlet man of war, and that smooth signior;
Not dress our heads without new ambushes,
How to surprise that greatness or that glory;
Our very smiles are subject to constructions;
Nay, sir, it's come to this, we cannot pish,
But 'tis a favour for some fool or other.
Should we examine you thus, were't not possible
To take you without prospectives?[8]

Val. It may be;
But these excuse not.

L. Heart. Nor yours force no truth, sir.
What deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues
What hearts and what inventions! O' my conscience,
An 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture
To aim at your own mothers, and account it glory
To say you had done so. All you think are councils,
And cannot err: 'tis we still that shew double,
Giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build
Babels for men's confusions; we that scatter,
As day does his warm light, our killing curses
Over God's creatures: next to the devil's malice,
Let us entreat your good words.

Val. Well, this woman
Has a brave soul. [*Aside.*

L. Heart. Are not we[9] gaily blest, then,

[1] *like*] Seward printed "which, *like*;" and so the Editors of 1778. Qy. is the right reading —

"*Old age, like sear trees, seldom seen affected,*
Stirs sometimes," &c.?

[2] *Affronts and*] Was altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*Affronts* are." — I suspect that the right reading is "Affront *and*."

[3] *bulks*] "A Bulk (before a Shop) *Appendix.*" Coles's *Dict.*

[4] *cases*] So the first 4to. — The sec. 4to. and the folio "causes;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

[5] *neives*] i. e. fists. — Old eds. "napfes." Seward and his successors print "naps," which, says Weber, "seems equivalent to *napery*, signifying linen in general." The word *neif* (common in our old writers) was variously spelt, — *neaf*, *neif*, &c.

[6] *pouncings*] i. e. holes stamped or worked in clothes, by way of ornament.

[7] *anatomies*] "An *anatomy*, or carcasse cut up." Cotgrave's *Dict.* in v. *Anatomie.* (In our early writers it generally means — a skeleton.)

[8] *prospectives*] i. e. prospective glasses. — So the two 4tos. The folio has "perspectives;" and so the modern editors.

[9] *not we*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*we not.*"

And much beholding[1] to you for your sufferance?[2]
You may do what you list; we what beseems us,
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;
Our names are serv'd in else at ordinaries,
And belch'd abroad in taverns.
Val. Oh, most brave wench,
And able to redeem an age of women! [*Aside.*
L. Heart. You are no whore-masters; alas, no, gentlemen,
It were an impudence to think you vicious!
You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you;
You are the cool things of the time, the temperance,
Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,
And plastering like old walls; they are not gentlemen,
That with their secret sins encrease our surgeons,
And lie in foreign countries for new sores;
Women are all these vices; you are not envious,
False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,
Drunken, revengeful, giddy-ey'd like parrots,
Eaters of others' honours!
Val. You are angry.
L. Heart. No, by my troth, and yet I could say more too;
For, when men make me angry, I am miserable.
Val. Sure, 'tis a man; she could not bear it thus bravely else. — [*Aside.*
It may be, I am tedious.
L. Heart. Not at all, sir:
I am content at this time you should trouble me.
Val. You are distrustful.
L. Heart. Where I find no truth, sir.
Val. Come, come, you are full of passion.
L. Heart. Some I have;
I were too near the nature of a god[3] else.
Val. You are monstrous peevish.
L. Heart. Because they are monstrous foolish,
And know not how to use that should try me.
Val. I was never answer'd thus. [*Aside.*] — Was you never drunk, lady?
L. Heart. No, sure, not drunk, sir; yet I love good wine,
As I love health and joy of heart, but temperately.
Why do you ask that question?
Val. For that sin
That they most charge you with is this sin's servant;
They say you are monstrous ——
L. Heart. What, sir, what?
Val. Most strangely ——
L. Heart. It has a name, sure?
Val. Infinitely lustful,
Without all bounds; they swear you kill'd your husband.
L. Heart. Let's have it all, for heaven's sake; 'tis good mirth, sir.
Val. They say you will have four now, and those four
Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you. —
Will she not cry nor curse? [*Aside.*
L. Heart. On with your story.
Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations
With sums of money, to that purpose.
L. Heart. Four husbands! should not I be bless'd, sir, for example?
Lord, what should I do with them? turn a malt-mill,
Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.
Val. I'll make you merry, then: you are a brave woman,
And, in despite of envy, a right [good][4] one:
Go thy ways! truth,[5] thou art as good a woman
As any lord of them all can lay his leg over.
I do not often commend your sex.
L. Heart. It seems so,
Your commendations are so studied for.
Val. I came to see you,
And sift you into flour, to know your pureness;
And I have found you excellent; I thank you:
Continue so, and shew men how to tread,
And women how to follow. Get an husband,
An honest man, (you are a good woman,)
And live hedg'd in from scandal; let him be too
An understanding man, and to that stedfast
('Tis pity your fair figure should miscarry);
And then you are fix'd. Farewell.
L. Heart. Pray, stay a little;
I love your company, now you are so pleasant,
And to my disposition set so even.
Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*
L. Heart. As I live, a fine fellow!
This manly handsome bluntness shews him honest.
What is he or from whence? Bless me, four husbands!
How prettily he fool'd me into vices,
To stir my jealousy, and find my nature!
A proper gentleman! — I am not well o' the sudden, —
Such a companion I could live and die with;
His angers are mere mirth.

Re-enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Come, come, I am ready.
L. Heart. Are you so?
Isab. What ails she? — [*Aside.*
The coach stays, and the people; the day goes on;
I am as ready now as you desire, sister:
Fie, who stays now? why do you sit and pout thus?
L. Heart. Prithee, be quiet; I am not well.
Isab. For heaven's sake,
Let's not ride staggering in the night: come, pray you, take
Some sweetmeats in your pocket, if your stomach ——
L. Heart. I have a little business.
Isab. To abuse me,

[1] *beholding*] See note, p. 602. — Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."
[2] *sufferance*] Seward's correction. — Old eds. "substance."
[3] *the nature of a god*] The 4tos. have "*the nature a god else*" (the word "of" having been omitted by mistake). The folio has "*the nature o' God;*" and so the Editors of 1778.
[4] [*good*] Was added by Seward: compare the next line. His successors rejected the insertion; but some word, necessary for the sense, has evidently been omitted in the old eds.
[5] *truth*] i. e. in truth. — The modern editors print "troth."

You shall not find new dreams and new suspicions:
To horse withal!
L. Heart. Lord, who made you a commander?
Heigh-ho, my heart!
Isab. Is the wind come thither,
And coward-like do you lose your colours to 'em?
Are you sick o' the Valentine? [*Aside.*] — Sweet sister,
Come, let's away; the country will so quicken you,
And we shall live so sweetly! —Luce, my lady's cloak! —
Nay, you have put me into such a gog of going,
I would not stay for all the world. If I live here,
You have so knocked this love into my head,
That I shall love any body; and I find my body,
I know not how, so apt! pray, let's be gone, sister;
I stand on thorns.
L. Heart. I prithee, Isabella —
I' faith, I have some business that concerns me —
I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for me;
[*Gives her a ring.*[1]
And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your tailor.

Re-enter SHORTHOSE, HUMPHRY, *and* ROGER, *with* RALPH.

Isab. I had rather go; but ——
L. Heart. Come, walk in with me;
We'll go to cards. — Unsaddle the horses.
Short. A jubilee! a jubilee! we stay, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE; FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN, *following.*

Love. Are they behind us?
Lance. Close, close: speak aloud, sir.
Love. I am glad my nephew has so much discretion,
At length to find his wants. Did she entertain him?
Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!
Love. For his own sake, do you think?
Lance. Most certain, sir;
And in his own cause [he] bestirr'd himself too,
And wan such liking from her, she dotes on him:
H' as the command of all the house already.
Love. He deals not well with his friends.
Lance. Let him deal on,
And be his own friend; he has most need of her.
Love. I wonder they would put him ——
Lance. You are in the right on't;
A man that must raise himself; I knew he would cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has: he watch'd occasion,
And found it i' the nick.
Love. He has deceived me.
Lance. I told you, howsoever he wheel'd about,
He would charge home at length. How I could laugh now,
To think of these tame fools!
Love. 'Twas not well done,
Because they trusted him; yet ——
Bel. Hark you, gentlemen.

[1] *Gives her a ring*] Added by Weber.

Love. We are upon a business; pray, excuse us. —
They have it home.
Lance. Come; let it work.—Good even,[2] gentlemen. [*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE.
Fount. 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought it.
Hare. And we are fools, tame fools.
Bel. Come, let's go seek him:
He shall be hang'd before he colt[3] us basely.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* LADY HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?
Luce. Am I sure I live?
And I have dapt on such a commendation
On your revenge!
Isab. Faith, he is a pretty gentleman.
Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out.
Isab. He talks the best, they say, and yet the maddest!
Luce. H' as the right way.
Isab. How is she?
Luce. Bears it well,
As if she car'd not; but a man may see,
With half an eye, through all her forc'd behaviours,
And find who is her Valentine.
Isab. Come, let's go see her;
I long to persecute.[4]
Luce. By no means, mistress;
Let her take better hold first.
Isab. I could burst now! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Street.*

Enter VALENTINE, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers,
You shotten-soul'd, slight fellows![5] Was't not I
That undertook you first from empty barrels,
And brought those barking mouths, that gap'd like bungholes,
To utter sense? Where got you understanding?
Who taught you manners and apt carriage,
To rank yourselves? who fil'd[6] you in fit taverns?
Were those born with your worships? when you came hither,
What brought you from the universities
Of moment matter to allow you,[7]
Besides your small-beer[8] sentences ——

[2] *even*] Old eds. "on."
[3] *colt*] "i. e. fool, put a trick on." WEBER.
[4] *persecute*] Seward's correction. — All the old eds. "prosecute."
[5] *you pilchers,*
You shotten-soul'd, slight fellows] *Pilchers*, i. e. pilchards: *shotten-soul'd*, i. e. soul-less (a *shotten* fish meaning one that has cast its spawn).
[6] *fil'd*] i. e. ranked.
[7] *Of moment matter to allow you*] "To *allow* frequently signifies to *approve*. Valentine asks what his companions brought from the university, of sufficient matter or consequence, which could in any degree prove their value, and procure them a favorable reception. I suspect we should read, 'Of moment *or of* matter.'" WEBER.
[8] *small-beer*] The first 4to. "*small* bare;" the second 4to. and the folio "*small* base."

Bel. 'Tis well, sir.
Val. Long cloaks, with two-hand rapiers,
Boot-hoses,[1]
With penny-posies,
And twenty fools' opinions? Who look'd on you,
But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes,[2]
And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard,[3] that scented
Your want of Breton's[4] books?

Enter LADY HEARTWELL, *and* LUCE, *behind.*

Fount. This cannot save you.
Val. Taunt my integrity, you whelps!
Bel. You may talk
The stock we gave you out; but see no further.[5]
Hare. You tempt our patience; we have found you out,
And what your trust comes to: you are well-feather'd[6]
(Thank us); and think now of an honest course;
'Tis time; men now begin to look, and narrowly,
Into your tumbling tricks; they are stale.
L. Heart. Is not that he?
Luce. 'Tis he.
L. Heart. Be still, and mark him.
Val. How miserable
Will these poor wretches be when I forsake 'em!
But things have their necessities: I am sorry:
To what a vomit must they turn again now!
To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,
After I cast you off, you men of motley,[7]
You most undone things, below pity, any
That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you;
My name shall bar that blessing. There's your cloak, sir;
[*Takes off, and throws to them, his cloak, &c.*
Keep it close to you; it may yet preserve you
A fortnight longer from the fool: —your hat;
Pray, be cover'd: —
And there's the satin that your worship sent me,
Will serve you at a sizes[8] yet.
Fount. Nay, faith, sir,
You may e'en rub these out now.
Val. No such relic,
Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness,
Shall keep me warm. These breeches are mine own,
Purchas'd and paid for without your compassion,
And Christian breeches, founded in Black-Friars,[9]
And so I will maintain 'em.
Hare. So they seem, sir.
Val. Only the thirteen shillings in these breeches,
And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, sir;
A mark to know a knave by; pray, preserve it:
Do not displease me more, but take it presently.
Now help me off with my boots.
Hare. We are no grooms, sir.
Val. For once you shall be; do it willingly,
Or, by this hand, I'll make you.
Bel. To our own, sir,
We may apply our hands.
[*They take off* VALENTINE'S *boots.*
Val. There's your hangers;[10]
You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle
Will hold you without buckles. Now I am perfect;
And now the proudest of your worships tell me,
I am beholding[11] to you.
Fount. No such matter.
Val. And take heed how you pity me; 'tis dangerous,
Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity.
Which are the poorer, you or I, now, puppies?[12]
I without you, or you without my knowledge?
Be rogues, and so be gone! be rogues, and reply not;
For, if you do ——
Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you:
The air is far sharper than our anger, sir;
And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.
Hare. Pray, have a care, sir, of your health.
[*Exeunt* FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN. — *Exeunt, behind,* LADY HEARTWELL *and* LUCE.
Val. Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits!
'Tis cold, and I am very sensible;
Extremely cold too; yet I will not off,
Till I have sham'd these rascals.
I have endur'd as ill heats as another,
And every way; if one cold perish me,
Body, you'll bear[13] the blame on't. I am colder here;
Not a poor penny left! [*Touching his pockets.*

[1] *Boot-hoses*] "i. e. thick stockings, worn still by country people instead of boots." WEBER. The Editors of 1778 were the first who arranged the passage as above; and perhaps they were right in supposing that "the words should be spoken ludicrously, in mockery of the mottoes to garters, &c.;" but I incline to believe with Seward that the text is imperfect here.

[2] *But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes*] Old eds. have "*But piping* rites *that knew you would be* prising [*the fol.* prizing]." The alteration (which at least gives a meaning to the line) is by Seward, who observes that *kites* has occurred before in this play (p. 627) in the sense of sharpers, and that *piping* expresses the noise which the kite makes in seeking his prey.

[3] *Paul's Church-yard*] See note, p. 634.

[4] *Breton's*] Both 4tos. "Brittanos;" the folio "Britains." Concerning Nicholas Breton, see note, p. 424.

[5] *but see no further*] i. e. but see that you talk no further, after that stock is exhausted. Mason, not understanding the passage, proposed to read, "'*But seek no further*,'—that is, do not expect any further supply."

[6] *well-feathered*] "i. e. well-clothed: alluding to the suit he had obtained from his companions." WEBER.

[7] *men of motley*] "i. e. fools, the dress of [domestic] fools being of divers colours, or motley." WEBER.

[8] *sizes*] i. e. assizes, — a vulgar contraction still in use.

[9] *Christian breeches, founded in Black-Friars*] Valentine calls his breeches "Christian," because Black-Friars, where they had been made, abounded with Puritans.

[10] *hangers*] See note, p. 428.

[11] *beholding*] See note, p. 602. — Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "beholden."

[12] *you or I, now, puppies*] Seward's correction, and a certain one. — Old eds. "*you* are *now puppies*."

[13] *if one cold perish me,*
Body, you'll bear, &c.] The correction of Gifford, which undoubtedly restores the true reading (note on Ford's *Works*, ii. p. 207): "*perish*," i. e. destroy. — The old eds. have "*if one* could *perish* my *body, you'll bear*," &c. Seward violently altered the passage. The Editors of 1778 and Weber adhered to the old reading, and vainly endeavoured to explain it.

Enter LOVEGOOD *with a bag, and* LANCE.

Love. 'T has taken rarely;
And, now he's flay'd, he will be rul'd.
Lance. To him, tew him,[1]
Abuse him, and nip him close.
Love. Why, how now, cousin?
Sunning yourself this weather?
Val. As you see, sir;
In a hot fit, I thank my friends.
Love. But, cousin,
Where are your clothes, man? those are no inheritance;
Your scruple may compound with those, I take it;
This is no fashion, cousin.
Val. Not much follow'd,
I must confess; yet, uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next term.
Lance. How came you thus, sir?
For you are strangely mew'd.[2]
Val. Rags, toys, and trifles,
Fit only for those fools that first possess'd 'em,
And to those knaves they are render'd. Freemen, uncle
Ought to appear like innocent old Adam,[3]
A fair fig-leaf sufficient.
Love. Take me with you:[4]
Were these your friends that clear'd you thus?
Val. Hang friends,
And even reckonings that make friends!
Love. I thought till now,
There had been no such living, no such purchase,
(For all the rest is labour,) as a list
Of honourable friends. Do such[5] men as you, sir,
In lieu of all your understandings, travels,
And those great gifts of nature, aim at no more
Than casting off your coats? I am strangely cozen'd.
Lance. Should not the town shake at the cold you feel now,
And all the gentry suffer interdiction;
No more sense spoken, all things Goth and Vandal,
Till you be summ'd[6] again; velvets and scarlets
Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver,
Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance;
Wits blasted with your bulls, and taverns wither'd,
As though the term lay at St. Albans?[7]
Val. Gentlemen,
You have spoken long and level; I beseech you,
Take breath a while, and hear me.
You imagine now, by the twirling of your strings,
That I am at the last, as also that my friends
Are flown like swallows after summer?
Love. Yes, sir.
Val. And that I have no more in this poor pannier,
To raise me up again above your rents, uncle?
Love. All this I do believe.
Val. You have no mind to better me?
Love. Yes, cousin;
And to that end I come, and once more offer you
All that my power is master of.
Val. A m[illegible]h, then:
Lay me down fifty pounds there.
Love. There it is, sir.
Val. And on it write, that you are pleas'd to give this,
As due unto my merit, without caution
Of land-redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hop'd for.
Love. How!

Re-enter LUCE, *who lays down a suit of clothes and a letter,*[8] *and exit.*

Val. Without daring,
When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,
To which you are prone in sack, uncle.
Love. I thank you, sir.
Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play a while;
Away, I say, sir! let him go forward with
His naked fashion; he will seek you to-morrow.—
Goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry: how I sweat!
Love. Farewell, sir.
[*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and* LANCE.
Val. Would I swet too! I am monstrous vex'd, and cold too;
And these are but thin pumps to walk the streets in:
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not fadge[9] with me;
Besides, 'tis an ill winter-wear. [*Observing the suit of clothes.*] What art thou?
Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some fool has left 'em;
And if I should utter — what's this paper here? [*Reads.*

Let these be only worn by the most noble and deserving gentleman, Valentine.

Dropt out o' the clouds, I think! they are full of gold too!
Well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again;
In the next house I'll shift. [*Exit.*

[1] *tew him*] i. e. give him a dressing: see note, p. 639.

[2] *mew'd*] i. e. stript of your feathers (to *mew* meaning, in falconry, to moult, to shed the feathers: and compare p. 550.) So Seward from Theobald's MS. correction, observing that "*summ'd*" below is another term in falconry, both proper to Lance, who is a falconer as well as a tenant; and so the Editors of 1778. Weber, however, thrust back into the text the misprint of the old eds., "moved," and explained it "altered"!

[3] *like innocent old Adam*] Mason's correction, which was obvious enough. Old eds. have "*like* innocents, *old Adam*;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

[4] *Take me with you*] i. e. let me understand you.

[5] *Do such*] So the folio; and so Seward. — The 4tos. have "*Do* not *such*;" and so the Editors of 1778 (who in the next line but one printed "*aim at more*"), and Weber (who made no alteration in what follows).

[6] *summ'd*] "*Summ'd* is when a Hawk hath all her feathers, and is fit either to be taken from the Erie or Mew." Latham's *Faulconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*), 1658.

[7] *As though the term lay at St. Albans*] "I have not been able to find any passage which could explain the allusion in the text." WEBER. Is not the meaning — As though the term were held at St. Albans, not at London, and there were no resort of termers (see note, p. 594) to the capital?

[8] *a letter*] The old eds. add "*at the door*" (i. e. at the stage-door); which Weber altered to "*at a house door*"!

[9] *fadge*] "i. e. suit." WEBER.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter FRANCISCO, LOVEGOOD, *and* LANCE.

Fran. Why do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.
Love. Peace, cousin, peace; you are too tender of him;
He must be dealt thus with, he must be cur'd thus:
The violence of his disease, Francisco,
Must not be jested with; 'tis grown infectious,
And now strong corrosives must cure him.
Lance. H'as had a stinger
Has eaten off his clothes; the next his skin comes.
Love. And let it search him to the bones; 'tis better;
Twill make him feel it.
Lance. Where be his noble friends now?
Will his fantastical opinions clothe him?
Or the learn'd art of having nothing feed him?
Love. It must needs, greedily;
For all his friends have flung him off; he is naked;
And where to skin himself again, if I know,
Or can devise how he should get himself lodging! —
His spirit must be bow'd; and now we have him,
Have him at that we hop'd for.
Lance. Next time we meet him
Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about him,
(For all means are cut off,) or borrowing sixpence,
To shew his bounty in the pottage-ordinary.
Fran. Which way went he?
Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him?
You have been trimm'd already; let him take his fortune
He spun it out himself, sir; there's no pity.
Love. Besides, some good to you now from this misery.
Fran. I rise upon his ruins! fie, fie, uncle;
Fie, honest Lance! Those gentlemen were base people,
That could so soon take fire to his destruction.
Love. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man.

Enter VALENTINE, *richly dressed.*

Val. Morrow, uncle; — morrow, Frank, sweet Frank; —
And how and how, d'ye think now, how shew matters? —
Morrow, Bandog.
Love. How!
Fran. Is this man naked,
Forsaken of his friends?
Val. Thou'rt handsome, Frank,
A pretty gentleman; i' faith, thou look'st well;
And yet here may be those that look as handsome.
Lance. Sure, he can conjure, and has the devil for his tailor.
Love. New and rich!
'Tis most impossible he should recover.
Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.
Love. 'Tis not he;
Imagination cannot work this miracle.
Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, uncle;
The very he; the he your wisdom play'd withal
(I thank you for't); neigh'd at his nakedness,
And made his cold and poverty your pastime.
You see I live, and the best can do no more, uncle;
And though I have no state,[1] I keep the streets still,
And take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman;
Wear clothes to keep me warm (poor things, they serve me);
Can make a show too, if I list; yes, uncle,
And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, uncle!
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?
Love. I am amaz'd.
Lance. I'll sell my copyhold;
For since there are such excellent new nothings,
Why should I labour? Is there no fairy haunts him,
No rat, nor no old woman?
Love. You are Valentine?
Val. I think so; I cannot tell; I have been call'd so,
And some say christen'd. Why do you wonder at me,
And swell, as if you had met a sergeant fasting?
Did you ever know desert want? you are fools:
A little stoop there may be to allay him,
(He would grow too rank else,) a small eclipse to shadow him;
But out he must break glowingly again,
And with a great[er] lustre,— look you, uncle,—
Motion and majesty, —
Love. I am confounded.
Fran. I am of his faith.
Val. Walk by his careless kinsman,
And turn again, and walk, and look thus, uncle,
Taking some one by the hand he loves best. — Leave them
To the mercy of the hog-market; come, Frank,
Fortune is now my friend; let me instruct thee.
Fran. Good morrow, uncle; I must needs go with him.
Val. Play me, and turn me out where none inhabits,
Within two hours I shall be thus again.
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance. [*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* FRANCISCO.
Love. I do believe him.
Lance. So do I, and heartily:
Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,
He would rise again, within two hours, embroider'd.
Sow mustard seeds, and they cannot come up so thick
As his new satins do, and cloths of silver:
There is no striving.
Love. Let him play a while, then,
And let's search out what hand ——
Lance. Ay, there the game lies. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *state*] i. e. estate, — as frequently before.

SCENE II. — *Before* LADY HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Fount. Come, let's speak for ourselves; we have lodg'd him sure enough;
His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.
Bel. We can have no admittance.
Hare. Let's in boldly,
And use our best arts. Who she deigns to favour,
We are all content.
Fount. Much good may do her with him!
No civil wars.
Bel. By no means. Now do I
Wonder in what old tod-ivy[1] he lies whistling;
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor none will trust him;
We have made that side sure. [We'll] teach him a new wooing.
Hare. Say it is his uncle's spite.
Fount. It is all one, gentlemen;
T has rid us of a fair encumbrance,
And makes us look about to our own fortunes.
Who are these?

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE.

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall be wiser:
But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt so?
She is finely hurt to hunt.
Luce. Peace; the three suitors.
Isab. I could so titter now and laugh! I was lost. Luce,[2]
And I must love, I know not what!—Oh, Cupid,
What pretty gins thou hast to halter woodcocks! —
And we must into the country in all haste, Luce.
Luce. For heaven's sake, mistress ——
Isab. Nay, I have done;
I must laugh though; but, scholar, I shall teach you!
Fount. 'Tis her sister.
Bel. Save you, ladies!
Isab. Fair met, gentlemen:
You are visiting my sister, I assure myself.
Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.
Isab. Behold, and welcome.
You would see her?
Fount. 'Tis our business.
Isab. You shall see her,
And you shall talk with her.
Luce. [*Aside to* ISABELLA.] She will not see 'em,
Nor spend a word.
Isab. I'll make her fret a thousand;
Nay, now I have found the scab, I will so scratch her!
Luce. She cannot endure 'em.
Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly. —
Come, follow me, I'll bring you to the party,
Gentlemen; then make your own conditions.[3]
Luce. She is sick, you know.
Isab. I'll make her well, or kill her. —
And take no idle answer, — you are fools, then;
Nor stand off for her state, — she'll scorn you all, then;
But urge her still, and, though she fret, still follow her;
A widow must be won so.
Bel. She speaks bravely.
Isab. I would fain have a brother-in-law; I love men's company. —
And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,
Be sure you stay; follow her into her chamber;
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,
Like honest lovers.
Luce. This will kill her.
Fount. You have shew'd us one way, do but lead the t'other.[4]
Isab. I know you stand o' thorns; come, I'll despatch you.
Luce. If you live after this ——
Isab. I have lost my aim.[5] *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* FRANCISCO.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?
Val. No; hang 'em, hang 'em!
Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?
Val. Let 'em alone, Frank;
I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.[6]
Fran. Such base discourteous dog-whelps!
Val. I shall dog 'em,
And double dog 'em, ere I have done.
Fran. Will you go with me?
For I would fain find out this piece of bounty,
It was the widow's man; that I am certain of.
Val. To what end would you go?
Fran. To give thanks, sir.
Val. Hang giving thanks! hast not thou parts deserve it?
It includes a further[7] will to be beholding;
Beggars can do no more at doors. If you
Will go, there lies your way.
Fran. I hope you will go.
Val. No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,
With mine own father, were he living, Frank;
I would to the court with bears first. If it be
That wench I think it is, (for t'other's wiser,)
I would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,
So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon
(For 'tis the tartest tit in Christendom, —
I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with her),[9]
So lick'd, and strok'd, flear'd upon,[10] and flouted,
And shewn to chambermaids, like a strange beast
She had purchas'd with her penny.

[1] *tod-ivy*] i. e. bush of ivy.

[2] *I was lost, Luce, &c.*] "These words allude to the accusations of the widow against Isabella, before she herself fell in love." WEBER.

[3] *Gentlemen: then make your own conditions*] Altered, not only by Seward, but also by the Editors of 1778, to "*Then make your own conditions, gentlemen.*"

[4] *the t'other*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "*the other:*" see note, pp. 217, 554.

[5] Luce. *If you live after this* ——
Isab. *I have lost my aim*] "The Editors [of 1778] mistake the meaning of this passage. Luce means to say to Isabella, that her sister would be ready to destroy her for what she was doing; and Isabella means to say in her reply, that, if the widow did not feel it so severely, she would lose her aim, which was to vex her heartily." MASON.

[6] *a jerker*] "i. e. a whipper, lasher." WEBER.

[7] *It includes a further, &c.*] So the folio. — The 4tos. have "*It includes to* [i. e. to] *a further*" &c.

[8] *beholding*] See note, p. 602. Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

[9] *buckled with her*] i. e. had a close fight with her.

[10] *flear'd upon*] Qy. "*so flear'd upon*"?

Fran. You are a strange man:
But do you think it was a woman?
Val. There's no doubt on't;
Who can be there to do it else? besides,
The manner of the circumstances.
Fran. Then such courtesies,
Whoever does 'em, sir, saving your own wisdom,
Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,
Than with deserving slights,[1] or what we ought
To have conferr'd upon us; men may starve else:
Means are not gotten now with crying out,
"I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,
A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd!"
Immediate blessings cease like miracles,
And we must grow by second means. I pray, go with me,
Even as you love me, sir.
Val. I will come to thee;
But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your foppe-ries;
Despatch those ere I come.
Fran. You will not fail me?
Val. Some two hours hence, expect me.
Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in* LADY HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter LADY HEARTWELL, SHORTHOSE, *and* ROGER.

L. Heart. Who let me in these puppies? You blind rascals,
You drunken knaves![2]
Short. Yes, forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently. — Gentlemen!
L. Heart. 'Sprecious, you blown pudding, you bawling rogue!
Short. I bawl as loud as I can: would you have me fetch 'em
Upon my back?
L. Heart. Get 'em out, rascal; out with 'em, out!
I sweat to have 'em near me.
Short. I should sweat more
To carry 'em out.
Rog. They are gentlemen, madam.
Short. Shall we get 'em into the buttery, and make 'em drink?
L. Heart. Do any thing, so I be eas'd.

Enter ISABELLA, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

Isab. Now to her, sir; fear nothing.
Rog. Slip aside, boy: [*To* SHORTHOSE.
I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,
And has invited 'em; my young mistress told me so.
Short. Away to tables,[3] then. [*Exit with* ROGER.
Isab. I shall burst with the sport on't. [*Aside.*
Fount. You are too curious, madam,
Too full of preparation; we expect it not.
Bel. Methinks the house is handsome, every place decent;
What need you be so vex'd?
Hare. We are no strangers.
Fount. What though we come ere you expected us?
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,
Are free and full at all times?
L. Heart. You are merry, gentlemen.
Bel. We come to be merry, madam, and very merry
(We love to laugh heartily[4]), and now and then, lady,
A little of our old plea.
L. Heart. I am busy,
And very busy too. — Will none deliver me?
Hare. There is a time for all: you may be busy;
But when your friends come, you have as much power, madam ——
L. Heart. This is a tedious torment.
Fount. How handsomely
This little piece[5] of anger shews upon her! —
Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace yourself!
Bel. Nay, every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.
L. Heart. I must go up, I must go up; I have a business
Waits upon me. — Some wine for the gentlemen!
Hare. Nay, we'll go with you; we never saw your chambers yet.
Isab. [*Aside to them.*] Hold there, boys!
L. Heart. Say I go to my prayers?
Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your meditations.
L. Heart. This is boisterous: — or, say I go to sleep,
Will you go to sleep with me?
Bel. So suddenly
Before meat will be dangerous: we know
Your dinner's ready, lady; you will not sleep.
L. Heart. Give me my coach; I will take the air.
Hare. We'll wait on you,
And then your meat, after a quicken'd stomach.
L. Heart. Let it alone, and call my steward to me,

[1] *deserving slights*] "i. e. slights founded on an high opinion of our own deserts." MASON.

[2] *You blind rascals, You drunken knaves*] All the old eds. have, "*you blind rascals, you drunken knaves* several." Seward printed, "*You* several *blind rascals, drunken knaves.*" The Editors of 1778 "apprehend the word *several* to have been a marginal direction for the appearance of *several servants* in this place;" and accordingly make Lady Heartwell enter with "Shorthose, Roger, *and several other servants*;" so also Weber. I believe rather that "several" (which is evidently a stage-direction) meant — that Shorthose and Roger were to be *apart* from Lady Heartwell, she entering on one side, they on the other.

[3] *tables*] i. e. backgammon.

[4] (*We love to laugh heartily*)] The first 4to. has "'mē live *to laugh heartily.*" The second 4to. and the folio read "men love *to laugh heartily*" (but that "'mē" in the first 4to. was not intended for the abbreviation of "men" is certain, because very frequently throughout that 4to. a line is placed over *e* in words where no letter is omitted, — for instance, in the next speech, "I am busie, and very busie too, will *nunē* deliver *mē?*"). Seward printed "Love *to laugh heartily*;" the Editors of 1778 and Weber "Come *to laugh heartily.*"

[5] *This little piece*] So the second 4to. and the folio; and so Seward. — The first 4to. has "*This* title *peece*;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber, explaining it "*Quasi* frontispiece." — In *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, we find, — "The master of *this little piece of* mischief." — Act iii. sc. 5

And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard. —
These unmannerly rude puppies! [*Aside.*
Fount. We'll walk after you,
[*Exit* LADY HEARTWELL.
And view the pleasure of the place.
Isab. Let her not rest,
For, if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you:
Seem how she will, this is the way to win her.
Be bold, and prosper!
Bel. Nay, if we do not tire her!
[*Exeunt* FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.
Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister,
And peep into my privacies, to suspect me;
I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily,
And, when I have done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter LUCE.

Luce. What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously,
And still they persecute her.
Isab. Long may they do so!
I'll teach her to declaim against my pities.
Why is she not gone out o' the town, but gives
Occasion for men to run mad after her?
Luce. I shall be hang'd.
Isab. This in me had been high treasón:
Three at a time, and private in her orchard!
I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Re-enter LADY HEARTWELL.

L. Heart. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.
Isab. Ha, ha, ha!
L. Heart. Why do you laugh, sister?
I fear me 'tis your trick; 'twas neatly done of you,
And well becomes your pleasure.
Isab. What have you done with 'em?
L. Heart. Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard; there I'll make 'em dance,
And caper too, before they get their liberty:
Unmannerly rude puppies!
Isab. They are somewhat saucy; —
But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.[1] — [*Aside.*
Why were they not beaten out?
L. Heart. I was about it;
But, because they came as suitors ——
Isab. Why did you not answer 'em?
L. Heart. They are so impudent they will receive none.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.

More yet! how came these in?
Lance. At the door, madam.
Isab. It is that face. [*Aside.*
Luce. [*Aside to* LADY HEARTWELL.] This is the gentleman.
L. Heart. She sent the money to?
Luce. The same.
Isab. I'll leave you;
They have some business.
L. Heart. Nay, you shall stay, sister;
They are strangers both to me. — How her face alters!
Isab. I am sorry he comes now.
L. Heart. I am glad he is here now, though. —
Who would you speak with, gentlemen?
Lance. You, lady,
Or your fair sister there: here is a gentleman
That has receiv'd a benefit.
L. Heart. From whom, sir?
Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, madam.
Your man deliver'd it.
L. Heart. I pray, go forward.
Lance. And of so great a goodness, that he dares not,
Without the tender of his thanks and service,
Pass by the house.
L. Heart. Which is the gentleman?
Lance. This, madam.
L. Heart. What's your name, sir?
Fran. They that know me
Call me Francisco, lady; one not so proud
To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched
To hide a gratitude.
L. Heart. It is well bestow'd, then.
Fran. Your fair self, or your sister, as it seems,
For what desert I dare not know, unless
A handsome subject for your charities,
Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,
Have shower'd upon my wants a timely bounty,
Which makes me rich in thanks, my best inheritance.
L. Heart. I am sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman. —
Fie, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;
The man is a pretty man. [*Aside to* ISAB.
Isab. You have three fine ones.
Fran. Then to you, dear lady ——
Isab. I pray, no more, sir, if I may persuade you;
Your only aptness to do this is recompence,
And more than I expected.
Fran. But, good lady ——
Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it,
Besides the imputation of vain-glory,
Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it
Not to be more affected to; I did it;
And, if it happened where I thought it fitted,
I have my end: more to inquire is curious
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.
Fran. But, gentle lady, 'twill be necessary ——
Isab. About the right way nothing; do not fright it,
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,[2]
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person —
L. Heart. A brave dissembling rogue! and how she carries it! [*Aside.*
Isab. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you,
Though I affect a good tongue well; or try you,
Though my years desire a friend; that I reliev'd you: —

[1] *hound 'em*] "i. e. set them on." WEBER.

[2] *thought thanks*] Seward printed "*thought your thanks:*" and so probably the author wrote; for I do not believe that "It," which now commences the next line, was intended to complete the present one.

L. Heart. A plaguy cunning quean! [*Aside.*
Isab. For, so I carried it,
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and barter'd[1]
The goodness I propounded with opinion.
L. Heart. Fear her not, sir.
Isab. You cannot catch me, sister.
Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?
Isab. Let it suffice you have it: it was never mine,
Whilst good men wanted it.
Lance. This is a saint, sure. [*Aside.*
Isab. And if you be not such a one,[2] restore it.
Fran. To commend myself,
Were more officious than you think my thanks are;
To doubt I may be worth your gift, a treason,
Both to mine own good and [your][3] understanding.
I know my mind clear, and though modesty
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes,
Yet I must think something, and of some season,
Met with your better taste; this had not been else.
L. Heart. What ward for that, wench? [*Aside to* ISAB.
Isab. Alas, it never touch'd me!
Fran. Well, gentle lady, yours is the first money
I ever took upon a forc'd ill manners.
Isab. The last of me, if ever you use other.
Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought
A grateful taker?
Isab. Spend it, and say nothing;
Your modesty may deserve more.
L. Heart. Oh, sister,
Will you bar thankfulness?
Isab. Dogs dance for meat;
Would you have men do worse, for[4] they can speak?
Cry out, like wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds?
I did it, that my best friend should not know it;
Wine and vain-glory do[5] as much as I else.
If you will force my merit against my meaning,
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing
It came to be a benefit, and was so;
And not examining a woman did it,
Or to what end; in not believing sometimes
Yourself, when drink and stirring conversation
May ripen strange persuasions.
Fran. Gentle lady,
I were a base receiver of a courtesy,
And you a worse disposer, were my nature
Unfurnish'd of those foresights. Ladies' honours
Were ever in my thoughts unspotted ermines;[6]
Their good deeds holy temples, where the incense
Burns not to common eyes: your fears are virtuous,
And so I shall preserve 'em.
Isab. Keep but this way,
And from this place, to tell me so, you have paid me:
And so, I wish you see all fortune! [*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and* LUCE.
L. Heart. Fear not;
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it.—
Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely?
This is to wake my fears, or to abuse me;[7]
I shall look narrowly. [*Aside.*] — Despair not, gentlemen;[8]
There is an hour to catch a woman in,
If you be wise. So, I must leave you too. — too
Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [*Aside, and then exit.*
Lance. Sir, what courage?
Fran. This woman is a founder, and cites statutes
To all her benefits.
Lance. I never knew yet
So few years and so cunning: yet, believe me,
She has an itch; but how to make her confess it?
For it is a crafty tit, and plays about you,
Will not bite home; she would fain, but she dares not.
Carry yourself but so directly, sir,
That want or wantonness seem not to search you,
And you shall see her open.
Fran. I do love her,
And, were I rich, would give two thousand pound,
To wed her wit but one hour: oh, 'tis a dragon,[9]
And such a sprightly way of pleasure! ha, Lance?

[1] *barter'd*] So both the 4tos. — The folio has "bettered;" and so Seward. — "The sentence begins with the words, 'Twas not to see your person,' and is twice interrupted by the widow. The last part is properly explained in the edition of 1778; 'Provided I carried my point, the end obtained was a sufficient reward, and which I was happy to receive in exchange for the mere [opinion of the world, or] reputation of having effected it.' I am not certain, however, whether Mr. Mason's alteration should not be adopted: he proposes to read;

'My end's too glorious in my eyes, *to barter*
The goodness I propounded with opinion.'" WEBER.

The text is certainly corrupted here. The Revd. J. Mitford would give to Lady Heartwell a portion of the present speech, thus;

"L. Heart. *A plaguy cunning quean! for so she carried it.*"

an alteration of which I cannot approve. — Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read;

"If *so I carried it,*
My end was *glorious in mine eyes, and barter'd,*" &c.

(understanding "*glorious*" in the sense of — vain-glorious; compare what Isabella has said above, "Besides the imputation of *vain-glory,*") an emendation which, I believe, is not very far from the true reading.

[2] *such a one*] "i. e. a good man." *Ed.* 1778.

[3] [*your*] Was inserted by Seward, and seems necessary for the sense. The Editors of 1778 and Weber rejected it.

[4] *for*] i. e. because. The modern editors, not understanding the passage, point it thus (as in the folio);

"*Would you have men do worse? For they can speak,*
Cry out, like wood-mongers," &c.

[5] *do*] Old eds. "does."

[6] *ermines*] All the old eds. "crimes." — The correction, "ermines," is by Theobald, who adduces, in support of it, the following passage from *Monsieur Thomas*, act. iv. sc. 1;

"Oh, that honesty,
That *ermine* honesty, *unsp tted* ever!"

[7] *This is to wake my fears, or to abuse me*] Altered by Seward to

This is to awake *my fears*, not *to abuse me;*"

and so the Editors of 1778, except that they printed "*wake.*"

[8] *gentlemen*] Seward printed "gentleman;" but the alteration seems unnecessary.

[9] *dragon*] Was altered by Seward to "paragon," because "*dragon* is an odd animal for a lover to compare his mistress to." But (as the Editors of 1778 observe) Francisca is talking of the lady's *wit.*

Lance. Your "ha, Lance" broken once, you would cry, "ho, ho, Lance!"
Fran. Some leaden, landed rogue will have this wench now,
When all's done; some such youth will carry her,
And wear her greasy out like stuff; some dunce,
That knows no more but markets, and admires
Nothing but a long charge at sizes:[1] oh, the fortunes!

Re-enter ISABELLA *and* LUCE, *behind.*

Lance. Comfort yourself.
Luce. They are here yet, and alone too:
Boldly upon't! Nay, mistress, I still told you
How you would find[2] your trust; this 'tis to venture
Your charity upon a boy.
Lance. Now, what's the matter?
Stand fast and like yourself.
Isab. Prithee, no more, wench.
Luce. What was his want to you?
Isab. 'Tis true.
Luce. Or misery?
Or, say he had been i' the cage, was there no mercy
To look abroad but yours?
Isab. I am paid for fooling.
Luce. Must every slight companion,[3] that can purchase
A shew of poverty and beggarly planet,[4]
Fall under your compassion?
Lance. Here's a[5] new matter.
Luce. Nay, you are serv'd but too well. Here he stays yet;
Yet, as I live!
Fran. How her face alters on me!
Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.
Isab. I am glad on't.
Fran. How do you, gentle lady?
Isab. Much asham'd, sir,
(But first stand further off me, you're infectious,)
To find such vanity, nay, almost impudence,
Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,
The gratitude you were so mad to make me,
Your trim counsel,[6] gentlemen? [*Producing a ring.*
Lance. What, lady?
Isab. Take your device again; it will not serve, sir;
The woman will not bite; you are finely cozen'd:
Drop it no more, for shame!
Luce. Do you think you are here, sir,
Amongst your waistcoateers,[7] your base wenches
That scratch at such occasions? You are deluded:
This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,
Born to a better fame than you can build her,
And eyres[8] above your pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge ——
Isab. Then I beseech you, sir, what could you see[9]
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the devil,)
In my behaviour, of such easiness,
That you durst venture to do this?
Fran. You amaze me:
This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.
Luce. I saw you drop it, sir.
Isab. I took it up too,
Still looking when your modesty should miss it:
Why, what a childish part was this!
Fran. I vow ——
Isab. Vow me no vows: he that dares do this,
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.
There, take your gewgaw [*gives him the ring*].
You are too much pamper'd,
And I repent my part. As you grow older,
Grow wiser, if you can: and so, farewell, sir.
[*Exeunt* ISABELLA *and* LUCE.
Lance. "Grow wiser, if you can!" she has put it to you.
'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it?
Fran. Never; ne'er
Saw it afore, Lance.
Lance. Thereby hangs a tale, then.
What slight[10] she makes to catch herself! look up, sir;
You cannot lose her, if you would: how daintily
She flies upon the lure, and cunningly
She makes her stoops![11] whistle, and she'll come to you.
Fran. I would I were so happy!
Lance. Maids are clocks:
The greatest wheel they shew goes slowest to us,
And makes us hang[12] on tedious hopes; the lesser,
Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with wishes,
Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,
Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood, and marrow,
Young as her purpose, and soft[13] as pity;
No monument to worship, but a mould
To make men in, a neat one; and I know,
Howe'er she appears now, which is near enough,
You are stark blind if you hit not soon: at night
She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel
A flea in your shape bite her. "Drop no more rings," forsooth!
This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by!
Fran. Thou put'st me in much comfort.
Lance. Put yourself in
Good comfort. If she do not point you out the way! —
"Drop no more rings!" she'll drop herself into you.

[1] *sizes*] See note, p. 643.
[2] *How you would find*] The first 4to. has "*how 'would finde;*" the second 4to. and the folio read "*how t'would finde.*"
[3] *companion*] i. e. fellow
[4] *A shew of poverty and beggarly planet*] This passage, not understood by the other editors, is rightly explained by Weber, "Every man who appears by his dress to labour under the influence of a beggarly planet."
[5] *a*] Omitted by the modern editors.
[6] *Your trim counsel*] Seward printed "This *your trim wunsel:*" and so, perhaps, the author wrote.
[7] *waistcoateers*] i. e. strumpets of the lowest kind: see note, p. 6[illegible].
[8] *eyres*] i. e. builds her nest: so in Turbervile's *Booke of Falconrie*, &c., 1611, p. 10, "It is reported that the men of the country where the Eagle *eyreth*," &c., — which I cite, because our dictionaries do not acknowledge this verb, though they give the substantive *eyry*. — All the old eds. have "eyes;" and so the modern editors.
[9] *could you see*] All the old eds. "*could 'see.*"
[10] *slight*] i. e. contrivance, artifice.
[11] *stoops*] Old eds. "stoppes" and "stops." — "Properly altered by Sympson, the allusion being to the technical term *stooping* in falconry, from which science all the metaphors of this speech are taken." WEBER.
[12] *makes us hang*] Old eds. "*makes hang,*" "mak's *hang,*" and "make's *hang.*"
[13] *and soft*] Seward and the Editors of 1778 print, for the metre, "*and as soft.*"

Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.
Lance. Let him alone,
And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come, be frolic;
And let's be monstrous wise and full of counsel.
"Drop no more rings!" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Hall in the same.*

Enter LADY HEARTWELL, FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, *and* HAREBRAIN.

L. Heart. If you will needs be foolish, you must be us'd so.
Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding,
And impudently bold; press on my patience,
As if I kept a house for all companions [1]
And of all sorts; will have your wills, will vex me,
And force a liking for you I ne'er ow'd you.[2]
Fount. For all this, we will dine with you.
Bel. And, for all this,
Will have a better answer from you.
L. Heart. You shall never;
Neither have an answer nor dinner,[3] unless you use me
With a more staid respect, and stay your time [4] (too.

Enter ISABELLA; *followed by* SHORTHOSE, ROGER, HUMPHRY, *and* RALPH, *with dishes of meat.*

Isab. Forward with the meat now!
Rog. Come, gentlemen, march fairly.
Short. Roger, you are a weak serving-man;
Your white broth runs from you. Fie, how I sweat
Under this pile of beef! an elephant
Can do [no] [5] more. Oh, for such a back [6] now,
And in these times what might a man arrive at!
Goose grase you up, and woodcock march behind thee!
I am almost founder'd.
L. Heart. Who bid you bring the meat yet?
Away, you knaves! I will not dine these two hours: —
How am I vex'd and chaf'd! — go, carry it back,
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,
To send before I call'd.
Short. Faces about,[7] gentlemen;
Beat a mournful march, then, and give some supporters,
Or else I perish.
[*Exit with* ROGER, HUMPHRY, *and* RALPH
Isab. It does me much good
To see her chafe thus. [*Aside.*
Hare. We can stay, madam, and will stay and dwell here;
'Tis good air.
Fount. I know you have beds enough,
And meat you never want.
L. Heart. You want a little.
Bel. We dare to pretend on.[8] Since you are churlish,
We'll give you physic: you must purge this anger;
It burns you, and decays you.
L. Heart. If I had you out once,
I would be at charge of a percullis [9] for you.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Good morrow, noble lady.
L. Heart. Good morrow, sir. —
How sweetly now he looks, and how full manly!
What slaves were these to use him so! [*Aside.*
Val. I come
To look [10] a young man I call brother.
L. Heart. Such a one
Was here, sir, as I remember, your own brother,
But gone almost an hour ago.
Val. Good e'en, then.
L. Heart. You must not so soon, sir; here be some gentlemen;
It may be you are acquainted with 'em.
Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?
Fount. How glorious!
Bel. It is the very he: does it rain fortunes,
Or has he a familiar? [11]
Hare. How doggedly he looks too!
Fount. I am beyond my faith: pray, let's be going.
Val. Where are these gentlemen?
L. Heart. Here.
Val. Yes, I know 'em,
And will be more familiar.
Bel. Morrow, madam.
L. Heart. Nay, stay and dine.
Val. You shall stay till I talk with you,
And not dine neither, but fastingly my fury.[12]

1 *companions*] i. e. fellows.

2 *And force a liking for you I ne'er ow'd you*] The old eds. have "*and force* my *liking* from *you, I never owed you*" (and "*nere ow'd you*"). Seward printed

"*And force a liking* from *you I ne'er ow'd you.*"

The editors of 1778 and Weber followed the reading of the old eds., but made "*I ne'er ow'd you*" a distinct sentence, explaining it — I never owned you as my acquaintance, — a meaning which (though *ow'd* is frequently used for *own'd*) the words could not bear. I have adopted one of the emendations proposed by Mason. *For* is often misprinted *from*: so in a passage of the present play (p. 629) the first 4to. reads,

"And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be safe from him," —

where the second 4to. and the folio have rightly "for."

3 *nor dinner*] Altered by the modern editors to "*nor a dinner.*"

4 *your time*] Altered by Seward to "my *time.*" He had forgotten what the suitors tell Valentine in act. ii. sc. 2 (p. 632);

"*Bell.* She has put us off this month now for an answer.
Hare. No man must visit her, nor look upon her," &c.

5 [*no*] Is absolutely necessary for the sense, though the modern editors are satisfied with the old reading.

6 *such a back*] i. e. such a back as this chine of beef.

7 *Faces about*] i. e. Wheel, turn about: see note, p. 303. Seward printed, with the folio, "Face *about.*"

8 *pretend on*] Is explained by the Editors of 1778 "carry our demands further:" but, probably, it means — intend further (*pretend* being very common in the sense of — intend). — So the first 4to. The second 4to. and the folio "*pretend* no;" and so Seward.

9 *percullis*] i. e. portcullis. "A Percullis, *cataracta, porta demissoria.*" Coles's *Dict.*; and see Middleton's *Works*, iii. 162. ed. Dyce. — So both the 4tos. The folio "portcullis;" and so the modern editors.

10 *look*] "i. e. look for." WEBER.

11 *a familiar*] i. e. an attendant demon.

12 *but fastingly my fury*] Was altered by Seward to "fasting fly *my fury;*" and so the Editors of 1778. Weber rightly explains the passage, "You shall await my fury without having dined, and therefore fastingly."

You think you have undone me; think so still,
And swallow that belief, till you be company
For court-hand clerks and starv'd attorneys;
Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars
In penny-rooms[1] again, and fight for apples;
Till you return to what I found you, people
Betray'd into the hands of fencers', challengers',
Tooth-drawers' bills,[2] and tedious proclamations
In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-purses; —
(Stir not, but hear, and mark; I'll cut your throats else) —
Till water-works, and rumours of New Rivers,
Rid[3] you again, and run you into questions
Who built the Thames;[4] till you run mad for lotteries,
And stand there with your tables[5] to glean
The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly
To serving-men for sound essays; till taverns
Allow you but a towel-room to tipple in,
Wine that the bell hath gone for twice,[6] and glasses
That look like broken promises, tied up
With wicker protestations, English tobacco,
With half pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and biscuit
That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon, like corals,
To brink the mark again; till this hour, rascals,
(For this[7] most fatal hour will come again,)
Think I sit down the loser!

L. Heart. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that's all;
You know you are welcome.

Hare.[8] That was cast[9] to abuse us.

Bel. Steal off; the devil is in his anger!

L. Heart. Nay, I am sure
You will not leave me so discourteously,
Now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here?
Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,
Her state and worth? Can you bring a fair certificate
That you deserve to be her footmen? Husbands, you puppies?
Husbands for whores and bawds! Away, you wind-suckers![10]
Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble,
And, when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury,
And slight this lady: I shall hear, and know this;
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,
As far as they are good I dare preserve 'em.
Be not too bold; for, if you be, I'll swinge you,
I'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.
Your honours; now go;[11] avoid me mainly!

[*Exeunt* FOUNT., BEL., *and* HARE.

L. Heart. Well, sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you,
And with your nobleness prevented danger
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and eat, sir.

Val. No, no; I dare not trust myself with women.
Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,
And tie your body to a daily labour,
You may live honestly; and so, I thank you.

[*Exit.*

L. Heart. Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble fellow,
And some means I must work to have thee know it. [*Exit with* ISAB.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in* LADY HEARTWELL'S *House.*

Enter LOVEGOOD *and* Merchant.

Love. Most certain 'tis her hands that hold him up,
And her sister relieves Frank.

Mer. I am glad to hear it:
But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune
To some fair end?

Love. The women are too crafty,
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,
They would strike it out o' the flint but they would form it.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *and* SHORTHOSE.

Mer. The widow, sure: why does she stir so early? [*Retires with* LOVEGOOD.

[1] *penny-rooms*] "The same cheap accommodations in play-houses are mentioned in Decker's *Gul's Hornebooke*, 1609; — 'Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the *penny*' [p. 133. reprint]." WEBER. "'Penny-rooms at theatres' are noticed in *The Black Book*, 1604: and 'penny gall-ries' (meaning probably the same part of the house), in the *Ant and the Nightingale*, by T. M., of the same date." Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 345. The two tracts to which Mr. Collier refers may be found in the 5th vol. of Middleton's *Works*, ed. Dyce.

[2] *bills*] i. e. advertisements, placards set up in public places: "those of fencers, and those containing defiances for any trial of skill, chiefly in the noble science of defence, are admirably ridiculed in several of Ben Jonson's comedies." WEBER.

[3] *Rid*] Altered by the modern editors to "Ride."

[4] *built the Thames*] The first 4to. has "*built* Theames;" the second 4to. and the folio read "*built Thames.*" — "The allusion to the New River, projected in the time of James I., is sufficiently plain. That to the *building of the Thames* is not explicable as sense: but the authors most probably wish only to exemplify the absurd stupidity of the conversation among the three suitors, previous to their acquaintance with Valentine." WEBER. If "*built the Thames*" be the right reading (which I greatly doubt), it perhaps may mean — built bridges over the Thames.

[5] *tables*] i. e. table-books, memorandum-books

[6] *Wine that the bell hath gone for twice*] i. e. Wine that has been twice *tolled* for, — that has been left stale by two companies.

[7] *till this hour, rascals,*
(*For this*, &c.] So corrected by the Editors of 1778. — All the old eds. have "tell these *hour rascals so, this*," &c.

[8] *Hare*] All the old eds. "Hum."

[9] *cast*] i. e. contrived.

[10] *wind-suckers*] i. e. kestrels, kites.

[11] *Your honours: now go*] Altered by Seward to "*Your honours now may go:*" but "*your honours*" means — make your obeisances; compare the last line of the Prologue to *The Captain*, p. 485.

L. Heart. 'Tis strange I cannot force him to understand me,
And make a benefit of what I would bring him. — [*Aside.*
Tell my sister I will use my devotions
At home this morning; she may, if she please, go to church.
Short. Heigh-ho!
L. Heart. And do you wait upon her with a torch, sir.
Short. Heigh-ho!
L. Heart. You lazy knave!
Short. Here is such a tinkle-tanklings,
That we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out. —
Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you made your chamber-pot,
And burn a little rosemary in't: I must wait upon my lady. —
This morning-prayer has brought me into a consumption;
I have nothing left but flesh and bones about me.
L. Heart. You drowsy slave, nothing but sleep and swilling!
Short. Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas as I have been,
And haunted with the night-mare —
L. Heart. With an ale-pot!
Short. You would have little list to morning-prayers.
Pray, take my fellow, Ralph; he has a psalm-book:
I am an ingrum[1] man.
L. Heart. Get you ready quickly,
And, when she is ready, wait upon her handsomely.
No more; be gone!
Short. If I do snore my part out —— [*Exit.*
Love. Now to our purposes.
Mer. Good morrow, madam.
[*Coming forward with* LOVEGOOD.
L. Heart. Good morrow, gentlemen.
Love. Good joy and fortune!
L. Heart. These are good things, and worth my thanks: I thank you, sir.
Mer. Much joy I hope you'll find: we came to gratulate
Your new-knit marriage-band.
L. Heart. How!
Love. He's a gentleman,
Although he be my kinsman, my fair niece.
L. Heart. Niece, sir!
Love. Yes, lady, now I may say so;
'Tis no shame to you; I say, a gentleman,
And, winking at some light fancies,[2]
Which you most happily may affect him for,
As bravely carried, as nobly bred and manag'd ——
L. Heart. What is all this? I understand you not:
What niece, what marriage-knot?
Love. I'll tell plainly:
You are my niece, and Valentine the gentleman
Has made you so by marriage.
L. Heart. Marriage!
Love. Yes, lady;
And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,
To take a falling man to your protection,
And buoy him up again to all his glories.
L. Heart. The men are mad!
Mer. What though he wanted
These outward things that fly away like shadows,
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one?
You have wealth enough to give him gloss and outside,
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.
Love. I ever thought he would do well.
Mer. Nay, I knew,
However he wheel'd about like a loose carbine,[3]
He would charge home at length like a brave gentleman.
Heaven's blessing o' your heart, lady! we are so bound to honour you,
In all your service so devoted to you ——
Love. Do not look so strange, widow; it must be known;
Better a general joy. No stirring here yet?
Come, come, you cannot hide 'em.[4]
L. Heart. Pray, be not impudent:
These are the finest toys! belike I am married, then?
Mer. You are in a miserable estate in the world's account else:
I would not for your wealth it come to doubting.
L. Heart. And I am great with child?
Love. No, great they say not,
But 'tis a full opinion you are with child;
And great joy[5] among the gentlemen,
Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.
Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance,
How long, and when he stay'd; could name the bed too,
Where he paid down his first-fruits.
L. Heart. I shall believe anon.
Love. And we consider, for some private reasons
You would have it private; yet take your own pleasure:
And so, good morrow, my best niece, my sweetest!

[1] *ingrum*] A vulgar corruption of *ignorant*.

[2] *And, winking at some light fancies*] Seward printed, "*And winking* but *at some light* fantasies." Here the Editors of 1778 and Weber followed the old eds., but regulated the metre vilely.

[3] *carbine*] All the old eds. have "cabine." — "A *carbine* is a term for a horse soldier, and used by our authors in another play, so that I cannot doubt of its being the genuine reading, though Mr. Theobald did, for I sent it him, and find it in his margin with a Q." SEWARD, — who alludes to a line in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, —

"Don Campusano, captain of *carbines*."
Act i. sc. 1.

"In the present passage," observes a friend, "the epithet 'loose' determines that '*carbine*' is to be understood as the weapon so called, not as the soldier who carries it."

[4] *No stirring here yet?*
Come, come, you cannot hide 'em] Altered by the modern editors to "—— hide it." But see note, p. 500.

[5] *And great joy*] "The modern editors silently read, 'And *there's* great joy.' There is no reason for the alteration, unless it be thought necessary to supply a word, whenever our authors, (who were by no means nice in this respect,) have left a line defective in a foot." WEBER. Where we find "a line defective in a foot," the probability is, that a word has been omitted by the transcriber or printer: Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comic blank verse, were more apt to make the lines too long than too short.

L. Heart. No, no; pray, stay.
Love. I know you would be with him.
Love him, and love him well.
Mer. You'll find him noble. —
This may beget ——
Love. It must needs work upon her.
[*Exeunt* LOVEGOOD *and* Merchant.
L. Heart. These are fine bobs,[1] i' faith; married, and with child too!
How long has this been, I trow? they seem grave fellows;
They should not come to flout: married, and bedded!
The world take notice too! where lies this May-game?
I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,
Must I be scratch'd I know not how? — Who waits there?

Enter HUMPHREY.

Hum. Madam?
L. Heart. Make ready my coach quickly, and wait you only;
And hark you, sir [*whispers him*]: be secret and speedy;
Inquire out where he lies.
Hum. I shall do it, madam. [*Exit.*
L. Heart. Married, and got with child in a dream! 'tis fine, i' faith:
Sure, he that did this would do better waking.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter VALENTINE, FRANCISCO, LANCE *drunk, and* Boy *with a torch.*

Val. Hold thy torch handsomely. — How dost thou, Frank?
Peter Bassel,[2] bear up.
Frank. You have fried[3] me soundly.
Sack do you call this drink?
Val. A shrewd dog, Frank;
Will bite abundantly.
Lance. Now could I fight,
And fight with thee ——
Val. With me, thou man of Memphis?
Lance. But that thou art mine[4] own natural master:
Yet my sack says thou art no man, thou art a pagan,
And pawn'st thy land, which [is] a noble cause.
Val. No arms, no arms,[5] good Lancelot;
Dear Lance, no fighting here: we will have lands, boy,
Livings, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy:
Hang fighting, hang't; 'tis out of fashion.
Lance. I would fain labour[6] you into your lands again.
Go to; it is behoveful.
Fran. Fie, Lance, fie!
Lance. I must beat somebody, and why not my master
Before a stranger? charity and beating
Begins at home.
Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.
Lance. I will not be compell'd, an you were two masters;
I scorn the motion.
Val. Wilt thou sleep?
Lance. I scorn sleep.
Val. Wilt thou go eat?
Lance. I scorn meat: I come for rompering;
I come to wait upon my charge discreetly;
For, look you, if you will not take your mortgage again,
Here do I lie, St. George, and so forth.
[*Lies down.*
Val. And here do I, St. George, bestride the dragon:
Thus, with my lance ——
Lance. I sting, I sting with my tail.
Val. Do you so, do you so, sir? I shall tail you presently.
Fran. By no means; do not hurt him.
Val. Take his Nellson:[7] —
And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malligo,[8]
[*Raising him.*
Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,
And charge again.
Lance. I'll play no more; you abuse me. —
Will you go?
Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, brother;
For sleep I cannot; I have a thousand fancies.
Val. Now thou art arriv'd, go bravely to the matter,
And do something of worth, Frank.
Lance. You shall hear from us.
[*Exeunt* FRANCISCO *and* LANCE.
Val. This rogue, if he had been sober, sure, had beaten me:
He's the most tettish[9] knave!

Enter LOVEGOOD, Merchant, *and* Boy[10] *with a torch.*

Love. 'Tis he.
Mer. Good morrow.
Val. Why, sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.
Love. You have made your brother a fine man; we met him.
Val. I made him a fine gentleman; he was
A fool before, brought up amongst the midst[11]
Of small-beer brew-houses. What would you have with me?
Mer. I come to tell you your latest hour is come.

1 *bobs*] See note, p. 601.
2 *Peter Bassel*] The name, I believe, of a Dutch admiral.
3 *fried*] Mason would read "fired."
4 *mine*] The modern editors print "my."
5 *No arms, no arms*] So the first 4to. — The second 4to. and the folio have, "*No arms*, nor *arms*." Seward chose to print "*No arms*, nor harms."
6 *labour*] "i. e. belabour, beat." MASON.
7 *Take his Nellson*] So the first 4to. — The second 4to. and the folio have "*Take* this *Nelson*;" and so Seward, who pointed the words thus, "*Take* this, *Nelson*." — Weber says that *Nellson* is "probably a cant term for a sword;" rather, I believe, for a club.
8 *Malligo*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "Malaga;" but *Malligo* (a corruption of *Malaga*) is common in our early writers.
9 *tettish*] "The same as *tetchy*, peevish, fretful, irritable." WEBER.
10 *Boy*] So the folio. — The 4tos. have "May," — meaning probably the boy who was to carry the torch, his name having been retained from the prompter's book.
11 *midst*] Altered by Seward to "mist;" and so the Editors of 1778.

Val. Are you my sentence?
Mer. The sentence of your state.
Val. Let it be hang'd, then; and let it be hang'd high enough,
I may not see it.
Love. A gracious resolution.
Val. What would you else with me? will you go drink,
And let the world slide, uncle? ha, ha, ha, boys!
Drink sack like whey, boys!
Mer. Have you no feeling, sir?
Val. Come hither, merchant:
Make me a supper, thou most reverent land-catcher,
A supper of forty pounds.
Mer. What then, sir?
Val. Then bring thy wife along and thy fair sisters,
Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;
Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine!
We'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage;
And then in state I'll render thee an answer.
Mer. What say you to this?
Love. I dare not say, nor think neither.
Mer. Will you redeem your state? speak to the point, sir.
Val. Not, not[1] if it were mine heir in the Turk's galleys.
Mer. Then I must take an order.
Val. Take a thousand,
I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it;
Because thou cam'st i' the nick, thou shalt not have it.
Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it,
Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled,
Will ring you such a knell! go down in glory,
And march upon my land, and cry, "All's mine!"
Cry as the devil did, and be the devil;
Mark what an echo follows! Build fine marchpanes,[2]
To entertain Sir Silkworm and his lady;
And pull the chapel down, to[3] raise a chamber
For Mistress Silver-pin to lay her belly in;
Mark what an earthquake comes! Thou foolish[4] merchant,
My tenants are no subjects; they obey nothing,
And they are people too never[5] christen'd;
They know no law nor conscience; they'll devour thee;
An thou wert all the staple,[6] they'll confound thee
Within three days; no bit nor memory
Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy nose there,
Shall be e'er heard of more: go, take possession,
And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits;
They love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell suckers,[7]
As they love mischief, and hate law; they are cannibals:
Bring down thy kindred too, that be not fruitful;
There be those mandrakes[8] that will mollify 'em:
Go, take possession. I'll go to my chamber. —
Afore, boy, go. [*Exit with* Boy.
Mer. He's mad, sure.
Love. He's half drunk, sure:
And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it,
This looking back.
Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely;
But he's so harsh and strange!
Love. Believe it, 'tis his drink, sir;
And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.
Mer. Cannibals!
If ever I come to view his regiments,[9]
If fair terms may be had ——
Love. He tells you true, sir;
They are a bunch of the most boisterous rascals
Disorder ever made; let 'em be mad once,
The power of the whole country cannot cool 'em.
Be patient but a while.
Mer. As long as you will, sir.
Before I buy a bargain of such runts,[10]
I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Not, not*] The modern editors print "No, *not*."

[2] *marchpanes*] "This fashionable confection of former days, (still in high repute on the continent) was composed, according to Mr. Steevens [note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 5.], of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour," &c. WEBER. The marchpane used formerly in England appears to have been composed chiefly of almonds and sugar, pounded and baked together (see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.). It was a constant article at *banquets* (desserts); and was often wrought into various figures, —

"Conserves and *Marchpanes*, made in sundry shapes,
As Castles, Towres, Horses, Beares, and Apes."
The Siege of Jerusalem, p. 15. —
Taylor's *Workes*, 1630.

[3] *to*] So the first 4to. — The second 4to. and the folio "and;" which was given by Seward and the Editors of 1778.

[4] *comes. Though foolish*, &c.] Both the 4tos. have "*comes*, then *foolish*," &c. The folio has "*comes*. Then *foolish*," &c.; and so the modern editors. The alteration which I have made seems absolutely necessary: "then" and "*the*" are very often confounded by our early printers.

[5] *too never*] The modern editors print, for the metre, "*too* were *never*."

[6] *An thou wert all the staple*] i. e. If thou wert the whole mart, or merchandise. — The first 4to. has "*and thou* mortall, *the* stople;" and so in the folio. Seward printed "*An thou* art mortal *staple*," and proposed in a note, "*An thou* art mortal, *Staple*" (Valentine calling the merchant *Staple*). Sympson conjectured "*Thou* mortal of *the staple*." The Editors of 1778 gave Seward's second emendation: Weber adopted his first. — I ought to add, that in this passage the modern editors deviate from the punctuation of the old copies.

[7] *Bow-bell suckers*] i. e. sucking children born within the sound of Bow-bell: the expression is formed by analogy from *rabbit-sucker*, i. e. a sucking rabbit; see note, p. 607.

[8] *mandrakes*] The root of the (white) mandrake was supposed to resemble the thighs and legs of a man, and was regarded as an emblem of incontinence, &c.

[9] *regiments*] So the first 4to. — The second 4to. and the folio have "regiment" (perhaps the better reading); and so Seward.

[10] *runts*] "Trunks of trees; here, metaphorically, for rude boors. Gawain Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*, speaks of —

'Auld rottin *runtis* quharin na sap was leifit.'"
WEBER.

Runts means not only — trees (stunted in growth), but also, and more frequently — cattle (of a small size).

"She's full of cattle, some two thousand *runts*."
Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside* —
Works, iv. 66. ed. Dyce

Brocket gives "*Runt*, a Scotch ox — also a jocular designa

SCENE III. — *Another Street.*

Enter FRANCISCO, LANCE, *and* Boy *with a torch.*

Fran. How dost thou now?
Lance. Better than I was, and straighter;
But my head's a hogshead still, it rolls[1] and tumbles.
Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.
Lance. I may live to requite it;
Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then ride me![2] very well!
Fran. 'Twas all but sport. I'll tell thee what I mean now:
I mean to see this wench.
Lance. Where a devil is she?
An there were two, 'twere better.
Fran. Dost thou hear
The bell ring?
Lance. Yes, yes.
Fran. Then she comes to prayers,
Early each morning thither: now, if I could but meet her,
For I am of another metal now ——
Lance. What light's yond?
Fran. Ha! 'tis a light: — take her by the hand, and court her?
Lance. Take her below the girdle; you'll never speed else.
It comes on this way still. Oh, that I had
But such an opportunity in a saw-pit!
How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* SHORTHOSE *with a torch.*

Fran. 'Tis she:
Fortune, I kiss thy hand! — Good morrow, lady.
Isab. What voice is that? — Sirrah, do you sleep
As you go? — 'Tis he: I am glad on't. [*Aside.*] — Why, Shorthose!
Short. Yes, forsooth; I was dreamt I was going to church.
Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.
Isab. Hold thy torch up.
Short. Here's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog asleep in't.
Where did you see the voice?
Fran. She looks still angry.
Lance. To her, and meet, sir.
Isab. Here, here.
Fran. Yes, lady;
Never bless yourself;[3] I am but a man,
And, like an honest man, now I will thank you.
Isab. What do you mean? who sent for you? who desir'd you?
Short. Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?
Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!
But such companions[4] as you must ruffle[5] me?
You had best go with me, sir!
Fran. It was my purpose.
Isab. Why, what an impudence is this! you had best,
Begin so near the church, provide a priest,
And persuade me to marry you!
Fran. It was my meaning;
And such a husband, so loving and so careful,
My youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at[6] ——
Hark you!
Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus unmannerly. —
Turn home again, sirrah. [*To* SHORT.] — You had best now force
My man to lead your way!
Lance. Yes, marry, shall 'a, lady.[7] —
Forward, my friend!
Isab. This is a pretty riot!
It may grow to a rape.
Fran. Do you like that better?
I can ravish you an hundred times, and never hurt you.
Short. I see nothing; I am asleep still.
When you have done, tell me, and then I'll wake, mistress.
Isab. Are you in earnest, sir? do you long to be hang'd?
Fran. Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair tresses.
Isab. Shall I call out for help?
Fran. No, by no means; that were a weak trick, lady:
I'll kiss and stop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*
Isab. You'll answer all these?
Fran. A thousand kisses more.
Isab. I was never abus'd thus.
You had best give out too, that you found me willing,
And say I doted on you!
Fran. That's known already,
And no man living shall now carry you from me.
Isab. This is fine, i' faith!
Fran. It shall be ten times finer.
Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way;
I will to church.
Fran. And I will wait upon you.
Isab. And it is
Most likely there's a priest, if you dare venture
As you profess! I would wish you look about you,
To do these rude tricks, for you know their recompences;
And trust not to my mercy —
Fran. But I will, lady.

tion for a person of a strong though low stature. '*A runt* of a fellow.'" *Gloss. of North Country Words.* To Weber's remark, that *runts* is used here metaphorically for rude boors, I do not object.

[1] *rolls*] Why the modern editors retain here the spelling of the old eds., "rowls," I cannot imagine.

[2] *ride me*] "Alluding to Valentine's *bestriding* him in a former scene." WEBER.

[3] *bless yourself*] "Alluding to the custom of crossing one's self, at the appearance of something strange or wonderful." WEBER.

[4] *companions*] i. e. fellows.

[5] *ruffle*] i. e. boisterously disturb me.

[6] *My youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at*] Mason says that this line is absolute nonsense, and would read,

"*Your* youth and all *your* fortunes shall arrive at:"

but he did not understand the passage: Francisco means, that his youth, and whatever he may hereafter be possessed of, shall be devoted to Isabella.

[7] Lance. *Yes, marry, shall 'a, lady, &c.*] This speech was given to *Francisco* by the Editors of 1778: but it undoubtedly belongs to Lance, who (as Weber observes) afterwards says to Shorthose "Afore, thou dream!"

Isab. For I'll so handle you!
Fran. That's it I look for.
Lance. Afore, thou dream!
Short. Have you done?
Isab. Go on, sir. — [*To* SHORT.
And follow, if you dare!
Fran. If I do not, hang me!
Lance. 'Tis all thine own, boy, an it were a million! —
God-a-mercy, sack! when would small-beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — VALENTINE'S *Lodging.*

[*Knocking within.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Who's that that knocks and bounces? what a devil ails you?
Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron-mill?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a gentlewoman, sir, that must needs speak with you.
Val. A gentlewoman! what gentlewoman? what have I to do
With gentlewomen?
Serv. She will not be answer'd, sir.
Val. Fling up the bed, and let her in: I'll try
How gentle she is. [*Exit* Serv.] This sack has fill'd my head
So full of baubles,[1] I am almost mad.
What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has
Brought me no butter-print[2] along with her,
To lay to my charge: if she have, 'tis all one, —
I'll forswear it.

Enter LADY HEARTWELL *with* Servant.

L. Heart. Oh, you're a noble gallant!
Send off your servant, pray. [*Exit* Serv.
Val. She will not ravish me?
By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a sparrow-hawk! — [*Aside.*
What wouldst thou, woman?
L. Heart. Oh, you have us'd me kindly,
And like a gentleman! this 'tis to trust to you.
Val. Trust to me! for what?
L. Heart. Because I said in jest once,
You were a handsome man, one I could like well,
And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you, and might
Be brought to marry ——
Val. The widow is drunk too. [*Aside.*
L. Heart. You out of this (which is a fine discretion)
Give out the matter's done, you have won and wed me,
And that you have put fairly for an heir too:
These are fine rumours to advance my credit!
I' the name of mischief, what did you mean?
Val. That you lov'd me,
And that you might be brought to marry me!
Why, what a devil do you mean, widow?
L. Heart. It was a fine trick too, to tell the world,
Though you had enjoyed your first wish, you wish'd
(The wealth you aim'd [not][3] at) that I was poor;
Which is most true, I am; have sold my lands,
Because I love not those vexations:
Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be prating,
And for my credit's sake in the town ——
Val. I tell thee, widow,
I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no lands;
For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy husband,
If e'er thou marriest more.
L. Heart. Have not you married me,
And for this main cause, now as you report it,
To be your nurse?
Val. My nurse! — why, what am I grown to?
Give me the glass; — my nurse!
L. Heart. You ne'er said truer.
I must confess, I did a little favour you,
And with some labour might have been persuaded;
But when I found I must be hourly troubled
With making broths, and daubing your decays,
With swaddling, and with stitching up your ruins,
For the world so reports ——
Val. Do not provoke me!
L. Heart. And half an eye may see ——
Val. Do not provoke me!
The world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it:
Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee,
And mark what follows. My nurse! yes, you shall rock me:
Widow, I'll keep you waking.
L. Heart. You are dispos'd,[4] sir.
Val. Yes, marry, am I, widow; and you shall feel it:
Nay, an they touch my freehold, I am a tiger.
L. Heart. I think so.
Val. Come.
L. Heart. Whither?
Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The fit's upon me now,
The fit's upon me now;
Come quickly, gentle lady,
The fit's upon me now.
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too;
Let the cobbler meddle with his tools;
The fit's upon me now.

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein; away with me;

[1] *baubles*] The old eds. have "bables" (the common spelling of *baubles* in our authors' time), which Seward and the Editors of 1778 stupidly changed to "Babels."

[2] *butter-print*] A cant term for a child, which (as Weber notices) occurs also in *The Chances*, act i. sc. 6.

[3] [*not*] Was first added by the Editors of 1778. Weber mispointed and misinterpreted the passage.

[4] *dispos'd*] Is explained by Weber "merry;" but it means something more, viz. wantonly merry, inclined to wanton mirth. The word occurs, with the same meaning, in several of these plays: compare also *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. 1.;

"*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is *dispos'd.*
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd."

a passage which has not been understood by the modern editors of Shakespeare; for (in opposition to the old eds.) they put a break after "*dispos'd,*" as if the sentence were incomplete

For, if I have but two hours to consider,
All the widows in the world cannot recover me.
L. Heart. If you will go with me, sir ——
Val. Yes, marry, will I;
But 'tis in anger yet; and I will marry thee;
Do not cross me; yes, and I will lie will thee,
And get a whole bundle of babies; and I will kiss thee:
Stand still and kiss me handsomely; but do not provoke me!
Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous,
I drunk sack yesternight; do not allure me, —
Thou art no widow of this world! Come;
In pity and in spite I'll marry thee:
Not a word more; and I may be brought to love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Street.*

Enter Merchant *and* LOVEGOOD *severally.*

Mer. Well met again: and what good news yet?
Love. Faith, nothing.
Mer. No fruits of what we sow'd?
Love. Nothing I hear of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yet?
Love. 'Tis all flood;
And, till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, LANCE, *and* SHORTHOSE *with a torch.*

Mer. Is not this his younger brother?
Love. With a gentlewoman;
The widow's sister, as I live! He smiles;
He has got good hold: why, well said,[1] Frank, i' faith!
Let's stay and mark.
Isab. Well, you are the prettiest youth!
And so, you have handled me, think you ha' me sure?
Fran. As sure as wedlock.
Isab. You had best lie with me too!
Fran. Yes, indeed will I; and get such blackey'd boys!
Love. God-a-mercy, Frank!
Isab. This is a merry world! poor simple gentlewomen,
That think no harm, cannot walk about their business,
But they must be catch'd up I know not how.
Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct you too.
Have I caught you, mistress?
Isab. Well, an it were not for
Pure pity, I would give you the slip yet;
But being as it is ——
Fran. It shall be better.

Enter VALENTINE, LADY HEARTWELL, *and* RALPH *with a torch.*

Isab. My sister, as I live! your brother with her!
Sure, I think you are the king's takers.[2]
Love. Now it works.
Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.

[1] *well said*] Equivalent to — well done: see notes, pp. 200, 617.

[2] *the king's takers*] "The king's takers means those officers of the household who, when the king was on his progress, were employed to take up carriages and other necessaries for his use." MASON.

L. Heart. I think so.
Val. And such proof you shall have!
L. Heart. I pray, speak softly.
Val. I'll speak it out, widow; yes, and you shall confess too,
I am no nurse-child: I went for a man, a good one:
If you can, beat me out o' the pit.
L. Heart. I did but jest with you.
Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle you!
Nay, when my credit calls ——
L. Heart. Are you mad?
Val. I am mad, I am mad.
Fran. Good morrow, sir: I like your preparation.
Val. Thou hast been at it, Frank?
Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, sir.
Val. Along with me, then. — Never hang an arse, widow.
Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.
Val. Well said, black-brows! —
Advance your torches, gentlemen.
Love. Yes, yes, sir.
Val. And keep your ranks.
Mer. Lance, carry this before him. [*Giving the mortgage.*
Love. Carry it in state.

Enter Musicians, FOUNTAIN, HAREBRAIN, *and* BELLAMORE.

Val. What are you? musicians? I know your coming:[3]
And what are those behind you?
First Mus. Gentlemen
That sent us to give the lady a good morrow.
Val. Oh, I know them. — Come, boy, sing the song I taught you,[4]
And sing it lustily. — Come forward, gentlemen:
You're welcome, welcome; now we are all friends. —
Go, get the priest ready, and let him not be long;
We have much business. —
Come, Frank, rejoice with me: thou hast got the start, boy;
But I'll so tumble after! — Come, my friends, lead,
Lead cheerfully; — and let your fiddles ring, boys. —
My follies and my fancies have an end here. —
Display the mortgage, Lance. — Merchant, I'll pay you,
And every thing shall be in joint again.
Love. Afore, afore!
Val. And now confess and know,
Wit without money sometimes gives the blow. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *I know your coming*] Was altered by Seward to "*I know* you, come you in." The Editors of 1778 explain the text to mean "I know of your coming, — it being customary at weddings." Weber's explanation of it is, "I know what you come for; I know the reason of your coming." Mason would read "'*I* knew you *coming*,' i. e. I knew you at a distance, as you advanced." — I suspect that the right reading is, —

"*What, are you* there, *musicians? I know your* cunning [i. e. skill]."

Compare, in Valentine's next speech, "*Come, boy.*" &c.

[4] *the song I taught you*] Here, of course, a song was sung, though it is given neither in the 4tos. nor in the folio.

THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

The Faithful Friends by Francis Beaumont & John Fletcher. M.S. n. d.

THIS play was entered on the Stationers' Books June 29th, 1660,[1] and attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher. It was, however, not printed till 1812, when Weber "published it[2] from an original manuscript, purchased from Mr. John Smith of Furnival's Inn, into whose possession it came from Mr. Theobald, nephew to the editor of Shakespeare." That manuscript afterwards belonged to Mr. Heber, and eventually became mine. One portion of it, — the concluding scene of the 4th act, — is on a detached piece of paper, and appears to be in the autograph of the author of that scene; the rest is in another and more modern hand, with the exception of the first three leaves and the last leaf, which are of a still later date; and throughout the play various passages have been altered, crossed out, and marked with a marginal line, by a fourth scribe, when the manuscript (which is evidently a prompter's copy) was adapted for representation. — In the present edition, of course, no passages are omitted.

The manuscript assigns *The Faithful Friends* to "Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher." Weber observes, "If we judge by the versification, we must conclude that Fletcher had a very inconsiderable share in the composition of this drama. The metre bears a nearer resemblance to that of Beaumont. From the frequent and very gross historical blunders and anachronisms, however, which occur, particularly in the latter part, and from the very small merit of some of the scenes, I should be inclined to attribute the greater portion of the play to an inferior assistant," &c. It is indeed possible that this drama, though not brought upon the stage till after Beaumont's death, may have been partly composed by him; but I think it very doubtful. Of Fletcher I can discover nothing in *The Faithful Friends.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TITUS MARTIUS, king of Rome.
LUCIUS MARCELLANUS, chief Senator, and father to PHILADELPHA
SERVIUS TULLIUS, a Senator.
MARCUS TULLIUS, his son, a general.
ARMANUS.
MARIUS.
RUFINUS.
LEONTIUS.
LEARCHUS.
MARCELLUS, a captain.
SIR PERGAMUS.
DINDIMUS, his dwarf.
BELLARIO, a soldier.
BLACKSNOUT, a smith.
SNIPSNAP, a tailor.
CALVESKIN, a shoemaker.

Taverner.
Tapster.
Officers.
Sutler.
Pedester.
Postmaster.
Senators, Soldiers, Heralds, Flamens, &c.

SABINUS, general of the Sabines.
ARMINIUS, and other Sabines.

PHILADELPHA, daughter to MARCELLANUS, and wife to MARCUS TULLIUS.
LÆLIA, daughter to SERVIUS TULLIUS, and disguised as Janus.
FLAVIA, waiting-maid to PHILADELPHA.

Ladies.

SCENE, — ROME, *and the Country of the Sabines.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

Enter MARIUS, RUFINUS, *and* LEONTIUS.

Ruf. You have made a large relation, but more rare,
Of your experienc'd travels; and I fear
You will depopulate our court and land
Of the most noble youths; who, being fir'd
By your rich benefit, will like lightning fly
To purchase fame and honour.
Leon. You're full fraught
With many kingdoms' virtues.
Mar. Sir, you flatter now,
And do outprize my willing industry:
Yet, without boast, I've been no drone, my lords,
To suck up others' labours; nor, as many
Of our nobles do, purchas'd new fashions with
The loss of lands; nor spent my five years' travels
To bring home a Spanish block,[3] or a French compliment,
A German health, or English tilting-staff;
Nor fiddled out my time in capering:
Yet these, nor any other active exercises
That can be added to adorn the state
Of a true gentleman, are[4] strange to me,[5]
Occasion best will witness. But, my lords,
I have not yet, in the least syllable,
Receiv'd the knowledge of domestic things;
What change of state, of friends, or enemies;

[1] Together with *A Right Woman* by Beaumont and Fletcher, and *The History of Mador King of Britain* by Beaumont, — two dramas which were never printed, and have most probably perished.
[2] With many errors: see my notes *passim.*

[3] *block*] See note, p. 613. Here "block" means the hat itself.
[4] *are*] MS. "is."
[5] *me*] Weber printed "one"!

The custom of the court; who are in grace:
Lest my long absence hence may make me ignorant
Of due respect deserv'd by noble merit,
And who is favourite to[1] the king,
I would be loath to appear ridiculous
In any errors at first interview.
Ruf. You have outstript the wing of our desires:
We did reserve it with a full intent
To make a just return to your relation.
Mar. My thoughts thirst for it.
Ruf. You knew young Tullius?
Mar. Servius Tullius' son?
Ruf. The same.
Mar. Pray, on.
Ruf. He was a man, you know, of no great birth.
Leon. A gentleman; that's all.
Mar. A king's no more.
Ruf. He is the only gallant of the times,
The court's chief schoolmaster in arts and arms:
The chief star that adorns this hemisphere
Is thrown into his bosom for his bride.
Mar. Her name, Rufinus?
Ruf. 'Tis beauteous Philadelpha, the sole daughter
Of Marcellanus, our chief senator.
Mar. A lovely dame; Rome wants her parallel,
Except my saint, the bright-cheek'd Lælia.
Ruf. The solemn graces, hymeneal sports,
And revellings at this great nuptial,
Cannot by the tongue of wonder be compar'd:[2]
Millions were lavish'd in excessive sports,
And piebald pageantry;
And then the open favours of the king,
Crown'd with the gaping multitude,[3]
Made Atlas shake with laughter.
Mar. When was this, my lords?
Ruf. Some two days since:
The happy bridegroom has not yet, I'm sure,
Pluck'd the Hesperian fruit; 'twas her desire
To lie three nights alone, — your courtlike way
To make them feed the freer when they meet.
Mar. I curse my slow speed
That made mine eye a stranger to these sights.
Ruf. Rather adore that deity that detain'd you.
Mar. Do you, then, malign his happiness,[4]
Young Tullius' honours, and my sovereign's grace?
Ruf. Do we! who does not? and contemn them too,
As ——
Mar. I do you,
Or any that true worth shall emulate.[5]
I know young Tullius is a noble youth,
Endu'd with virtues and perfections
Fitting to rank with our best Roman blood.
Ruf. Leon. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Do you laugh?
By all our gods, Rufinus, Tullius' merits
Deserve those graces are bestow'd upon him
Better than any one that envies them.
Ruf. How, Marius!
Mar. Pish! against the winds look big.

Enter LEARCHUS.

Learch. That bigness blew me hither.
Ruf. In post, Learchus?
Learch. 'Foot, had I wings like Perseus, and could fly,
I were too slow-pac'd to divulge this news.
Leon. What is't, i' the name of wonder?
Learch. For firm truth,
The Sabines are in arms, whose stubborn necks
These many years stoop'd to the yoke of Rome,
Now shake their fetters off, and with sharp steel
Swear to enlarge their former privilege.
Ruf. This your tidings?
The expectation takes the strangeness off:
It has been long suspected.
Learch. You're too greedy,
And glut your appetites with the first dish:
I have a feast of news yet.
Who do you think is chosen general,
And command given for a present press
Of our most ablest, expert soldiers,
Ten thousand horse and twenty thousand foot,
To quell this hot rebellion?
Ruf. Who but we?
Learch. You have been.
Ruf. May be thyself, Learchus?
Learch. No, no, no.
Ruf. Then 'tis Leontius?
Learch. You're wider still.
Ruf. Who else is fit to bear't, and we put by?
Learch. Who but the warlike Tullius?
Ruf. That milksop!
Sure, the king will make an idol of him.
Learch. Who should command but he that awes command?
Tullius is general, and with greatest pomp
Is coming this way; the king leaning thus
Upon his shoulder;[6] eyeing, as they pass,
The looks and gestures of each gazer-on,
How they relish his election.
Ruf. But rawly, without salt;
They have a fresh soldier to their general.
Mar. Your bitterness makes the digestion harsh.
In my conceit, he that endeavours well,
Though he come short of him that hath perform'd
Something worth praise, deserves far more commends
Than those that boast their actions; it takes off
The lustre that belongs to't. Pardon me
If I make question of your loyalties,
That dare disparage thus my sovereign's choice
Of his respected subject; it infers
A doubt made of his wisdom. Why should we
Tax the prerogative pleasures of our prince,
Whom he shall grace, or where bestow his favours?
That law's allow'd to every private man:
Then, to confine or disallow a king,
Were most injurious and preposterous;

[1] *to*] Qy. "unto"? but the passage seems to be corrupted.
[2] *compar'd*] Qy. "computed"?
[3] *multitude*] Qy. "multitude's applause"? In not a few passages of this play words have evidently been omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber.
[4] *Do you, then, malign his happiness*] MS. has "*Do you then malign* then *his Happyness.*"
[5] *emulate*] "i. e. envy." WEBER.
[6] *shoulder*] Weber printed "soldier"!

For as * * * * * * * * as they're gods,[1]
They're subject to their passions as they're men;
Alexander the Great had his Hephæstion,
Philip of Spain his Lerma: not to offend,
I could produce from courts that I have seen
More royal precedents;[2] but I'll not give
Such satisfaction to detractive tongues,
That publish such foul noise against a man
I know for truly virtuous.
Ruf. Learch. Leon. Ha, ha, ha!
Learch. What's he
That takes upon him thus to contradict
What we shall please to censure?
Ruf. 'Tis young Marius,
He that was sever'd from fair Lælia,
Old Tullius' daughter.
Learch. Alas, poor lover! these are frantic fits:
He adores Tullius for his sister's sake.
Ruf. Now the great general comes.
Leon. How fierce he looks!

Enter MARCELLUS, *leading, with drums and colours;* TITUS MARTIUS, MARCUS TULLIUS, ARMANUS, soldiers, and attendants.

Mar. [*kneeling.*] The blessings of the gods be multiplied
To add increase of glory and renown
To Titus Martius, my dread sovereign,
And to the general, fame and victory!
Titus. Thy last fair wish begets a double thanks:
Rise, Marius. [MAR. *rises.*
Thy vitrue was the harbinger to prepare
A welcome to thy country; but to[3] us
That exil'd thee from Rome, and from thy bliss,
The beauteous Lælia, our command shall crown
Your loves with a rich dowry; she is thine.
Mar. A bounty, sir, I prize above my life:
All joys reward you! — Noble Tullius!
M. Tull. Welcome as what I long for, victory!
Arm. With like arms I embrace you.
All. So do all.
Ruf. There's a young demi-god too: with what grace
The king doth entertain him!
Learch. Oh, my lord,
Must he not be allied to Tullius?
Ruf. I cry you mercy, I had forgot that.
Leon. 'Foot, we're not minded here; these dunghill-cocks
Flutter their feathers so before his eyes,
He does or will not see us.
Ruf. It is no matter: let 'em use their wings,
We shall sit heavily upon their skirts for't.
Titus. We'll leave our Tullius now, and back to court:
Time must allow some hours for a kind leave
'Twixt you and your fair bride; we'll not be by
To see so sad a parting.
M. Tull. Royal sir,
Howe'er the thought of danger may beget
Some sorrow for my absence, being divorc'd
Ere Hymen's rites are fully finished;
Yet, when her love shall look upon the cause
Commands my service, and this three-fold grace
Conferr'd on me by you,
She will with smiles turn from me; her chief care
Is of my honour, not my dalliance.
Titus. Thou deifiest her with this character;
Yet she deserves a larger. Farewell, Marcus;
Mars guide thy marches, Peace thy footsteps home!
M. Tull. I live but for your safety.
Titus. Ours in thine. [*Exit with* attendants.
Ruf. Leon. Learch. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*
Mar. [*detaining* M. TULL.] Could you dispense, sir, with your high affairs,
I'd gladly borrow some short conference.
M. Tull. I'll lend it, sir, most willing: I wish time
Would engage me for the like courtesy.
Mar. I'll not be tedious, trust me.
M. Tull. Worthy friend, [*To* ARMANUS.
Take off the edge of Philadelpha's grief
For this short separation; be you the first
That shall acquaint her with my great command;
It will abate some of the bitterness,
And mitigate her passions ere we meet,
To make our parting sweeter.
Arm. Friend, I shall, and with persuasive speech
Arm her with patience, to beat back sad thoughts,
And hoodwink danger with your honour's veil.
M. Tull. I know you need no tutor. I'll exchange
Some words with Marius, whose approach I pray
You'd certify my bride before we come,
For I intend to bring him.
Arm. Your best pleasure.
M. Tull. You shall not want us long.
Arm. We'll all attend you.
[*Exit with* MARCELLUS *and* soldiers.
Mar. Now let me freely fold thee, noble lord:
All bars that stood betwixt us are remov'd,
Great Martius' frown, our fathers' enmity,
Caus'd by the antipathy of honour's stem,
Which your deserts have levell'd: their stern hate,
That striv'd to contradict our plighted faiths,
Which long ere this had link'd [to you][4] a brother,
I hope is reconcil'd. Good, bless me, then,
To hear of my dear Lælia: is she well?
Hath not my discontinuance, and harsh threats
Of both our parents, forc'd her timorous sex
To shun my wish'd embraces, and give up
My heart and hand unto some resident suitor?
My soul is rack'd till you dissolve my fears.
M. Tull. And mine till you resolve[5] me to what end
You ask these frivolous questions. Good my lord,
Now is no time to dwell on circumstance;
And I am something wonder'd you should make
A doubt of Lælia's faith,
Having the cabinet in your custody
That does contain the jewel: 'tis a prize, —
Wear it, — the richest in love's lottery,
Won from a woman; sir, remember that.
Yet such a spotless worth fame crowns you with,

[1] *For as * * * * * * * * as they're gods*] "There is a lacuna left in the MS. in this line." WEBER.
[2] *I could produce from courts that I have seen*
More royal precedents] "This seems plainly to allude to the favouritism of King James I." WEBER.
[3] *to*] Qy. "for"?
[4] [*to you*] Added by Weber.
[5] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

I do not fear the preservation on't;
But 'tis your own, howsoever, lasting joy.
Now make me happy to partake her welfare:
How does my sister?
Mar. Ha!
M. Tull. You have made a sad
Old man: the king's entreats, persuades[1] of friends,
Business of state, my honours, marriage-rites,
Nor aught that can be nam'd, since Lælia's loss,
Can move him from the place in which he lives
A retir'd life and much disconsolate.
Mar. I dare not understand you: Lælia lost!
M. Tull. To all but you. Why do you dally thus,
Trifling with that is now so precious?
If you will glad an aged father's heart
With sight of his sole daughter, questionless
The joy will seal your pardon:
You're not the first has stoln a handsome lady.
Good Marius, do not linger.
Mar. Hold, for Heaven's sake!
You have condemn'd me of a fact, which I
Of force must deny[2] because not guilty of't.
Hear me, dear Tullius: witness all our gods,
If ever since the time of our divorce,
Sign'd by our fathers' hate[3] and king's command,
When I set forth to travel, I e'er saw
Or heard[4] of my sweet Lælia,
All lovers' curses seize me, and my life
Languish in torments unexpressible!
M. Tull. In this belief I'm wretched: would you had, sir!
Till now her loss was nothing: since that time
That an ill-twisted fate divided you,
My sister ne'er was seen; all Rome conceiv'd,
And did not spare to speak it, for your sake
All comforts else she banish'd.
Mar. And from me
All other joys for ever.
M. Tull. From my breast
She has forc'd millions of contented thoughts,
And plac'd cold cakes of sorrow. Worthy sir,
Let my example mitigate your grief,
And smother it a while; our better stars
May work more fair effects, and she be found
When rumour shall report your safe return.
This news would soon shorten my father's days,
For he is fix'd upon't she fled with you.
Were Rome in peace, or my command ta'en off,
I'd take a pilgrimage in search of her,
Though I left joys above Elysium.
Mar. You speak beyond a brother, loving Tullius.
M. Tull. For my sake, then, conceal her loss a while,
Lest it should raise a censure of despair.
Mar. Despair!
Death durst not taint a goodness with such sin:
That thought shall ne'er afflict me for her loss;
The key of silence here shall lock it up
Close from the world and you.
I would not have a partner in my woe,
For that, like her, solely belongs to me;
Yet, lest deep melancholy drive my sense
To range the world in madness, I'll cast off
All show of discontent, and with my sword
Assist you in this hot hostility.
M. Tull. Your company's a second life to me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in a Tavern.*

BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP, *and* CALVESKIN, *sitting round a table, with pots in their hands;* Tapster *attending.*

Snip. Some more drink, boy.
Tap. You shall, sir, by and by.
Black. Come, my brave soldier,
Take off thy basting, bully: by this hand,
Thou shalt[5] not pay a farthing of this reckoning;
I am Blacksnout still.
Bell. Pay! what word's that?
Oh, disgrace to a man of resolution!
Name pay in time of peace!
Calve. Nay,[6] be not angry, my bold swash-buckler:[7]
He means thou shalt not pay for what's come in.
Snip. No more he shall not, by this thimble, whilst I have a groat:
I should have two two-pences, I mistake else.
Not a doit, by this drink! so, here's to thee, boy. [*Drinks.*
Bell. No, nor you neither, my fine fox-catchers:
Pay! 'Tis against my profession:
I have a bitch shall bite him to the bone
Dares ask but such a question. 'Las, you are freshmen!
I'm an old weather-beaten soldier, that, whilst drum
And trumpets terrified cowards, had the world
At will; but in this armour-rusting peace
I'm glad to change god Mars for Mercury,
And pick a living out of my wits.
Snip. Pick, I allow you:
Give me a trade, say I; I'll undertake
To finish more suits in a year than any
Two lawyers in the town, and get as much by th' hand too;
It is well known we purchase[8] now-a-days
As well as they.
Black. Why not? your fees go all one way;
Lawyers and tailors have their several hells.[9]
Calve. Well fare the honest gentle-craft, my hearts!
Our labour always comes to a good end.

[1] *entreats, persuades*] "I do not recollect having met with *entreat* and *persuade* as substantives in any other place. In the same manner, *entertain* is used for entertainment, in act. iii. sc. 2." WEBBER. These substantives are by no means uncommon in our early writers.

[2] *deny*] MS. has "dy." Weber printed "die," with a very absurd note.

[3] *our fathers' hate*] Weber printed "your father's *hate*."

[4] *Or heard*] Qy. "*Or* ever *heard*"?

[5] *Thou shalt*] Weber printed "You shall."

[6] *Nay*] Weber printed "Stay."

[7] *swash-buckler*] Equivalent to bully. "A swash-buckler, Thraso, pyrgopolinices." Coles's *Dict.* "Quasi, clash-buckler," says Nares; "one who makes a furious noise with sword and buckler to appal antagonists." *Gloss.* in v.

[8] *purchase*] i. e. have unlawful gains: see note, p. 600.

[9] *Lawyers and tailors have their several hells*] A *tailor's hell* means the place where a tailor deposits the cloth, stuff, or silk, which he purloins from his employers:

"by metaphor
All know the cellarage under the shop-board
He calls his *hell*," &c.

Middleton's *World tost at Tennis*,—*Works*, v. 172, ed. Dyce.

Black. Peace, Calveskin; your thin sole takes water.
Calve. 'Tis want of liquor, then. — Some more drink, sirrah.
Black. Which of you all can hold out tack with Blacksnout,
The horse-shoemaker? It is always good
When a man has two irons in the fire:
We seldom have cold doings.
Snip. I'd be loath
To have no other living but my wits.[1]
Black. I believe thee; thou wouldst have none at all, then.
Snip. 'Tis but a threadbare living at the best.
Bell. 'Sfoot, ye all talk
Like a company of sprat-fed mechanics.
I tell you, my sincere jobbernowls, I would not change
The revenues that this brain brings me in yearly
For ne'er a trade-fain citizen's in Europe,
Though their charter were seal'd, to swear and lie by authority.
Calve. Is't possible?
Bell. There's many a trim gallant in this town
That lives by nothing else, and bravely too.
'Las, we have comings-in that every goose
I' the city thinks not of! as, for example —
Sit round.
Black. Sit round, sit round.
Bell. I'll explain
This mystery. Here's a young high-mettled lady,
Whilst her unable lord lies languishing
In a lingering consumption, she, poor soul,
Is almost pin'd for want of necessaries:
Who must help this malady but Bellario,
A lusty well-timber'd fellow? yet no logger-head —
Mistake me not.
Black. No, no, you're i' the right.
Bell. And there, besides a satin suit,
With all things correspondent, cap-a-pie;
These coffers are furnish'd for a month or two.
Snip. Good, i' faith.
Black. I begin to relish this.
Bell. Then this brave cavaliero
Is openly baffled[2] in his mistress' sight,
And dares not fight himself: who must maintain
This quarrel but Bellario? and so, some forty
Or fifty crusadoes entice my trusty friend here
To leave his peaceful mansion, to make good
His reputation.
Calve. What do you think of this?
Black. Better and better still. — Some more drink, boy.
Bell. Next, here's a rich devouring cormorant
Comes up to town, with his leathern budget stuff'd
Till it crack again, to empty it upon a company
Of spruce clerks and squalling lawyers; when 'twere fitter
Such honest lads as myself had it, that instead
Of pedlar's French[3] gives him plain language for his money, —
Stand and deliver! besides all the prayers
Of the poor people in a country, whom
This cut-throat would have undone in a term-time.
Is not this fit?
Snip. Very necessary, I protest to you.
Bell. To proceed —
Black. Ay, to proceed. Here's to you. [*Drinks.*
Bell. This new-come novice
Would be instructed in the generous garb;
This tiffany-trader wants customers; I thrust 'em together;
This greasy citizen would put off some musty commodity,
That some young heir would half hang himself to take up:
I help all these, and all these help me. The honest whore, Fortune,
Finds a thousand ways to pleasure her favourites.
Now, my fine finger-blowing, cross-legg'd companions,
Is not wit an unknown legacy?
Snip. Ay, I'll be sworn is't.
I'd spend a crown to see my father's will;
Sure, he left me that unknown legacy:
He was once mayor of the town.
Black. I should have wit; I was a soldier once.
Snip. Calve. Thou a soldier?
Black. Yes, and have been shot too.
Snip. With a pot-gun?[5]
Black. No, tailor,[6] nor a goose-gun,
But with a bullet as big as a penny-loaf:
Thou wouldst have eat it ere thou hadst suffer'd it.
Bell. Where, where about was't, Blacksnout?
Black. In the groin.
'Twas at the siege of Bunhill,[7] passing the straits
'Twixt Mages-lane[8] and Terra del Fuego,
The fiery isle.
Bell. Hot service, by my faith.
Black. Phew! nothing to me: he is no good smith
That ne'er burnt his fingers. — Here, soldier, here's to thee. [*Drinks.*
Snip. Dost call me soldier? I tell thee I scorn't:
I am a tailor, and as good a man as thyself.
Black. As good a man as I! Snipsnap, thou liest.
Snip. Lie! oh, my patience! I'd give forty drachmas
I were a gentleman, that I might fight with thee.
Calve. Nay, nay, no quarrelling. — Some more drink, tapster. —

[1] *To have no other living but my wits*] So altered in another hand. — Originally written "*to haue* nothing *but my witts* to liue vpon;" and so Weber.

[2] *baffled*] i. e. insulted, disgraced: see notes, pp. 324, 530.

[3] *pedlar's French*] "i. e. the cant language of beggars and thieves." WEBER.

[4] *commodity*] See note, p. 530. — This speech (like some other speeches in the scene) is hardly metrical; and yet from its arrangement in the MS. it certainly appears to have been intended for verse.

[5] *pot-gun*] i. e. pop-gun.

[6] *tailor*] So altered in another hand. — Originally "Snipsnap:" and so Weber.

[7] *Bunhill*] MS. "Bunnill;" and so Weber.

[8] *Mages-lane*] Weber printed "Mayor's-lane." — "*Mages*," I believe, is *Madge's*: see Grose's *Class. Dict. of the Vulg. Tongue*, in v. *Madge*.

Pray, help me to make 'em friends: the tailor, sir,
Is something cross sometimes, and so's the smith too,
Hot and fiery.
Bell. Come, Blacksnout, drink to him.
Black. I care not if I do.
Snip. Care not! nay, then—
Black. What then?
Snip. I care not if I pledge thee.
Bell. So, so, this is well.
Calve. Of all things in the world I cannot endure
This foolish quarrelling. My wife and I have a bout
Sometimes, but I always come by the worst on't.
Snip. More drink, tapster.
Tap. Sir, my master
Will let me draw no more till this be paid for.
Snip. Does he misdoubt our payment? Then there's for you:
Go change me that crack'd crown. [*Strikes him.*
Bell. Oh, brave Snipsnap! Who said he durst not fight?
Tap. Well, sir, you'll dearly answer this:
My master's constable; he'll trounce you for't.
Snip. Dost tell me of a constable?
Black. A constable's an ass. I've been a constable myself.
Calve. I was head-borough then, you know.

Enter Taverner *and* Officers.

Tav. How now! what coil is here?
Black. Level-coil,[1] you see, every man's pot.
Tav. Which is he, sirrah?
Tap. He, sir, that struts it so.
Tav. I do command thee stand in the king's name!
Black. You must write great letters, then.
Tav. I do command thee stand!
Snip. Well, so I do: now I sit down again.
Tav. Thou hast broke my man's head here in my own house.
Snip. That's a lie; I broke't within the length of my own yard.
Tav. Neighbours, what were I best lay to his charge?
It is no felony nor burglary.
First Off. Yes, but 'tis; is't not burglary to break a house?
Sec. Off. That 'tis.
First Off. And is not the flesh the house of your soul?
Tav. Right.
First Off. Then attach him of burglary for breaking your man's house.
Sec. Off. No, no; lay flat murder to his charge:
Who knows whether your man may die after it?
Tav. Peace! Tell me one thing first; is not every
True subject's blood the king's?
First Off. Yes, that it is.
Tav. And is't not treason to spill the king's blood?
Sec. Off. Yes, by my faith, is't, and high-treason too.
Tav. Very good: then, my tapster being a true subject,
His blood is the king's, and it is treason to spill't.
First Off. Oh, well consider'd, master constable!
This 'tis to have a wise man in the place.
Tav. Stand up again, thou monster!
Snip. Bear witness, neighbours, I'm a married man.—
Sir, I shall firk[2] you for't.
Tav. I do here attach thee of high treason
For breaking my tapster's head.
Calve. How, how! treason!
Tav. Or any man that dares not justify't.—
Away with him to prison!
Snip. Good master constable,
'Twas wilfully done of me, I must confess;
But did not think 'twas treason.—Neighbours, speak for me.
Tav. Away with him, I say!
Black. Pray, master constable, be good to him:
Of a tailor he's a very honest man; 'tis against
A good time too, and if he should be hang'd for this,
He would go near to lose all his custom.
Tav.[3] I'll hear no more.

Enter Marcellus, *with* Soldiers, *drums and colours.*

Marc. How now! what uproar's this? Are you the constable?
Tav. I am the king's sworn image.[4]
Marc. Can you read?
Tav. Yes, very well.
Marc. There is his highness' seal
For present levy of a band of men.
That's the wrong end.
Tav. If[5] be, all's one to me.
Marc. What men are these i' th' house?
Tap. A company of quarrelling Jacks, an' please you;

[1] *Level-coil*] On the passage in *A Tale of a Tub*;—

"Young justice Bramble has kept *level coyl*
Here in our quarters," &c.—

Gifford remarked, "i. e. (in our old dramatists) riot or disturbance. But, properly, level coil is a game in which each of the parties strives to supplant and win the place of the other. The childish play of *catch corner* comes something near it. Coles derives it from the Italian (levar il culo), and calls it hitch-buttock. If there be two plays of the name, it is well; this may then be one of them." Jonson's *Works*, vi. 185. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) says that he has seen the word "in no other passage" of our early dramatists except that just cited: but several passages, besides the following one, might be adduced;

"How easie a worke
'Twere for one woman to supply 'em both,
And hold her husband play to *levell Acoile!*
A wooden two-leav'd booke, a paire of tables
Would do't."

Brome's *Mad Couple well match'd*, act ii. sc. 1. (Sig. C 5.)

[2] *firk*] "i. e. beat. The word occurs in this sense frequently in these volumes." Weber. Steevens justly observes that "*firk* is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning." Note on Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4.

[3] *Tav.*] Omitted in the MS.

[4] *I am the king's sworn image*] "After this, the following words occur in the MS. in another hand, inserted from the preceding speeches, which were omitted in the representation.—'The cunstable! Tell me of a cunstable! I know what a cunstable is; I haue bin a cunstable myselfe.'" Weber.

[5] *If*] Weber printed "If 't."

They say they have been soldiers, and fall out
About their valours.
Marc. Such as these I look for.
Tav. They have broke my tapster's head amongst 'em, captain.
Marc. They shall have heads enow to break, ne'er doubt. —
Bellario, are you here? a man of your known parts,
And quarrel in an ale-house!
Bell. Pardon, captain;
'Twas no offence of mine; I light[1] by chance
Into their company: necessity, you know —
Marc. Hold thee, here's gold; furnish thyself with speed:
Thou shalt be my lieutenant.
Bell. Thanks, brave captain.
Marc. These shall along with us too. — Receive your press.[2]
Calve. Oh, good captain, I've a wife, indeed, sir!
Marc. If she be a striker,[3] I will press her too.
Black. 'Sfoot, I'll go, an't be but to be rid of mine.
Snip. Oh, that I had been hang'd out of the way! —
Sweet captain!
Marc. Prate not; take it, you were best.
Tav. He is my prisoner, captain; I attach'd him
Of high-treason, for breaking my tapster's head.
Marc. Away, you coxcomb! — Bring 'em on, Bellario. [*Exit with* Soldiers.
Tav. Pray, gentlemen, will you pay your reckoning, then?
Snip. Not a cross,[4] by this hand, and stay me if thou darest.
Black. I'll go to all the wars in the world before
I'll pay a doit.
Bell. To wars, my boys! why, 'tis the bravest life.
I'll sing you a song now shall encourage you,
And make you fight like Furies.
Black. Snip. Calve. Oh, let's hear't!

SONG BY BELLARIO.

Hark, oh, hark, you valiant soldiers,
How the drum and trumpets sound!
Now[5] true valour shall be crown'd.

* * *

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in the House of* TULLIUS.

Enter PHILADELPHA *and* LÆLIA *disguised as* JANUS.

Phil. Thy news darts death and horror to my heart:
Think'st thou 'tis true?
Læl. Madam, I wish 'twere false; but, credit me,
It is a general rumour through the city.
Here comes one can resolve[6] you.

Enter ARMANUS.

Phil. My lord's best friend, best welcome! Oh, Armanus,
Free my sad fears from this same killing sound,
That flies from vulgar mouths! words dipt in gall
Have pierc'd my quickest sense: must Tullius leave me?
Arm. Pardon me, lady,
If my harsh language shall offend your ears
In seconding what you have caught already:
My friend must leave you; no desire of his,
Purchase of fame or wealth, but the king's will
And country's safety, care of public good,
Which, like the gods' decrees, must be observ'd.
The Sabines, that have bow'd their lowly necks
Thus long beneath Rome's mild and gentle yoke,
Pull their sad fates from our unwilling hands
By base rebellion and foul breach of faith;
And your great lord, for such is the king's love,
Must go as general to correct their pride,
An honour that great princes emulate,[7]
And strive to be preferr'd to; let that grace,
With thought of his return and high renown,
Clear your wet eyes, and make pale fear look[8] red
To see a woman valiant.
Phil. You have words
Able to comfort a despairing soul:
Yet, sure, you do but try me; it cannot be,
Nor shall I ever think Nature would waste
Such pains and cost to frame a man in whom
She might admire herself, to be a prey
For cut-throats in his prime.
Arm. No, lady, Heaven defend![9]
A better angel guards him.
Phil. Where is he, good Armanus?
Have we but one poor minute's time to part in,
And shall we lose a sand or thought of that?
Arm. Ere you can wish again, he'll visit you.
Phil. Visit indeed, for I am sick to death
To think of his departure.
Arm. He is now
In conference with young Marius.
Læl. Marius! [*Aside.*
Arm. That should have wed his sister, the bright Lælia.
Læl. Hold, my heart! [*Aside.*
Phil. Is he call'd home again?
Arm. And in more grace than ever.
Phil. 'Deed, I'm glad on't.
Læl. My breast's too little to contain my joy;
My tongue will sure betray me. [*Aside.*
Arm. Both by this
Are entering the first court.
Phil. Look, Janus —
Læl. Look my eye-balls out![10] [*Aside.*

[1] *light*] Altered by Weber to the modern form of the pret., "lit."
[2] *press*] "i. e. press-money." WEBER.
[3] *striker*] Is used here with a quibble:

"nor was old Lais liker
Unto herselfe then shee is to a *striker*."
Brathwait's *Honest Ghost*, 1658. p. 167.

Compare too Middleton's *Works*, iv. 170. ed. Dyce.

[4] *Not a cross*] Equivalent to — Not a penny: see note, p. 420.
[5] *Now*] Weber printed "How." — The MS., being a prompter's copy, gives only the commencement of this song.
[6] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
[7] *emulate*] "i. e. envy." WEBER.
[8] *look*] Weber printed "grow"!
[9] *defend*] i. e. forbid.
[10] *Look my eye-balls out*] Weber chose to point these words thus; "*Look? my eye-ball's out.*"

Phil. And give me notice ere they enter here,
Lest the wish'd sight o'ercome me.
Læl. I could stand
A tedious winter's night on a cold plain
To entertain the object: Marius come![1]
[*Aside, and then exit.*
Phil. Tell me, Armanus, must the general fight?
Arm. Yes, fairest, if the day
Grow dangerous; for when the soldiers' spirits
Grow weak and faint, it heartens up the troops,
And adds a double strength, to see him strike.
Phil. Alas, my Tullius never practis'd it!
Or, if he were inur'd or train'd in arms,
He has not the heart, I know, to kill a man:
I never saw him angry.
Arm. 'Tis a sign
He is the better man, more temperate;
For he that knows how to respect a friend
Best knows which way to use an enemy:
Smooth amorists are roughest warriors.
[*A flourish of drums and trumpets, and a shout within.*
Hark, madam, how the general salutes you,
And with what joy the soldiers welcome him!
Who would not leap to hear it? See, they come.

Re-enter LÆLIA, *with* MARCUS TULLIUS *and* MARIUS.

Læl. My message was before me.
Phil. Oh, dear love! [*They embrace.*
Mar. What a true sorrow speaks that mute embrace!
Læl. Durst I unclasp the book in which is writ
My heart's affection, thou wouldst read it here;
But envious time forbids it. [*Aside.*
M. Tull. Comfort, sweet;
Think not on danger; that is furthest off;
Imagine I accompany the king
In a short progress:[2] 'tis no more, my love,
Although stern Mars, the cruel[3] god of war,
Ever since that still-remember'd time
He lay in Vulcan's gyves a laughing-stake,[4]
Has been to lovers' joys an ireful foe,
And tugs me from these arms to arms of steel,
Envying our soft embraces.
Phil. I see all earth-bred joys are born and dead
In a short moment. I fare now like her
Was turn'd from paradise ere she had tasted bliss,
Or like a king kill'd at his coronation.
M. Tull. Weep not, love; oh, spare those orient pearls,
Whose worth out-values all the world beside!
For every drop those crystal spheres let fall,
A crimson flood from their black breast shall run
That thus divorce us: prithee, dry thy tears,
Or I shall traitor prove to honour'd arms,
Discovering a wet eye-lid.
Phil. You shall command what kings want power to do,
My passions. — Your pardon, noble sir;
[*To* MARIUS.
This sudden cause of sorrow has bereft
My better faculties of all respect
Fitting so worthy a guest.
Mar. I want power
In all things but the will to render thanks
For my rich welcome; you have feasted me
With what I have most long'd for, your fair sight:
Your cates I come not for; your lord and I
Must not look now to feed deliciously:
I am his servant, lady, in this war,
And will in life and death take part with him.
Læl. I am now lost for ever. Wretched Lælia,
What planet reign'd at thy nativity
That thus prolongs still thy desired bliss?
Marius to wars! no danger shall detain me,
But step by step I'll still attend on him,
And dally with destruction. [*Aside.*
Phil. To part thus!
The all-seeing sun, that makes chaste virgins blush,
But three short nights hath hid his peeping eyes
Since that uniting Hymen tied our hearts
In a connubial band, yet ne'er allow'd
So much true freedom to our infant sports
To make us practick lovers.
M. Tull. There's no help, we must part; though with less grief
I could attend my father's funeral hearse,
Than leave thee, in whose each part reigns a world
Of strange attractive pleasures.[5]
Phil. Shall not these breasts for this night be your pillow?
M. Tull. 'Tis my wish, and if with my safety it may be,
Which for thy sake I only strive to keep.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. Hail to the general!
M. Tull. Like, my lord, to you.
Arm. What makes this screech-owl here?
I never see him, but methinks his face
Is more prodigious[6] than a fiery comet. [*Aside.*
Ruf. The king by me, sir, greets you, and commands
You instantly make to the enemy,
Before his forces join, and make the way
To victory more difficult. I've done, sir. [*Exit.*
Mar. A strict injunction, more severely utter'd.
M. Tull. My Philadelpha sees, then, there's no stay;
Only a kiss and part: that, though the foe
Were enter'd Rome, and ready to give fire
To her proud buildings, and my presence solely
Could save the ruin, I would stay to take. —
My love transports me. Pardon, my Armanus,
Pardon my madness: nothing else, thou knowest,
Could make me let thee stand so long neglected.
Farewell, my dearest friend.
Arm. Farewell to whom?
You wrong me, friend, to think my love so faint
To leave you now; no, though your way were through

[1] *Marius come*] Weber printed "*Marius, I come*"!
[2] *progress*] See note, p. 607.
[3] *Mars, the cruel*] MS. "*Mars* was *the cruell.*" Perhaps "was" belongs to the next line, thus;
"*Ever since* was *that still-remember'd time.*"
[4] *laughing-stake*] i. e. laughing-stock.
[5] *pleasures*] Weber printed "pleasure."
[6] *prodigious*] "i. e. portentous." WEBER.

Hell's pitchy cave, without a Sibyl's clew,
I'd follow you:
Sands shall be number'd first, the heavens stand still,
Earth fly her centre, before death or —
M. Tull. Forbear,
Thou best of men, a true and faithful friend;
Urge not what cannot be: I know thy love
And valour both exceed comparison,
Yet now thou must not go.
Arm. Not go!
M. Tull. No; my prophetic soul
Tells me my absence gives too free a scope
To them that hate me to supplant my honours:
Besides my own observance, I've receiv'd
The knowledge of black hatred lodg'd i' the breasts
Of our most greatest peers;
Then, lest my danger here at home should prove
More than abroad, stay thou to curb their actions:
Next, here's a virgin in a moment cast
From highest joy to sorrow's lowest valley;
Be thou her comfort: and believe me, friend,
The least of these more, much more, I esteem,
Than if thy manly breast should stand a shield
'Twixt me and thousand perils.
Arm. I am won, sir,
And yield at first charge; may your foes do so!
And Heaven guard me but as I strive to keep
Your honours clear and spotless!
M. Tull. I should sin
In making question of it. Now I'm happy;
But I fear I am over-bold with time. —
Dearest, farewell, and think our parting now,
When we meet next, will seal our pleasures high,
And add a new step to felicity. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT ~~III.~~ II

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. A general! Oh, ye gods,
Why so disgrace ye a great soldier's name
To cast it on a creature so unworthy?
I that this[1] twenty years have tugg'd with danger
Where'er it durst appear, and oft have done
Those deeds would make this novice quake to hear;
I that have stood[2] more breaches for my country
Than e'er he number'd years, while this right hand
From Mars-alluring[3] favourites has[4] forc'd
Unwilling victory; for all am[5] now
By the ungrateful king slighted, neglected;
While this young puny thing is set a' cock-horse.
Well, king, not fear but wisdom makes me hold
My fury thus long from thee: but, my general,
Ward yourself well, or my revengeful ire,
Like a resistless storm sent from the north,
Shall blast your springing glory in the bud.
The deadly shirt dipt in the centaur's gore,
Thou fool, thou mightst have put on with less danger
Than clothe thee thus in these unfitting honours
Which fate ordain'd for me: I hate thee firmly,
And hate deep-rooted in a soldier's breast
Can hardly be digg'd out. — Oh, his grace comes,
And I must clear my brow; for anger seen
Loses his force, kept secret strengthens spleen.[6]

Short flourish of cornets. Enter LEARCHUS, LEONTIUS, MARCELLANUS, *and another* Senator; *then* TITUS MARTIUS *talking to* ARMANUS.

Titus. Armanus, we have sent thy friend to danger,
But honour leads him on. We ever saw
Some dawning virtue in his generous look,
Which now, we hope, in action will shine clear,
And dazzle Envy's eyes. — Pray speak, lords, freely,
How like you our election of a general?
Sen. As if the gods themselves had made the choice.
Ruf. Yes, amongst schoolboys to lead a feasting on. [*Aside.*
Titus. Your approbation pleases, and, we trust,
He'll bring home peace and victory together;
Therefore, though[7] fear of ill success be far,
On his high altar, to Tarpeian Jove,
A milk-white bull with gilded horns we'll offer,
To favour Rome, and be propitious to him.
Let all our temple-gates be open'd wide,
And daily orisons to all the gods
Be made, to send him home a happy victor.
Ruf. The king's grown wondrous holy o' the sudden. [*Aside.*
Titus. Ourself in private here, low on our knees,
Will pour our prayers for his tender safety.
Then leave us, lords, and see our will perform'd
Religiously. — Nay, you may stay, Rufinus.
[*Exeunt all except* TITUS MARTIUS *and* RUFINUS.
Ruf. What's the king's meaning to make me his priest?
Why, I yet never knew which way to pray;
Or, if my nurse e'er taught me such a language,
I left it in my cradle. [*Aside.*] — Here's a cushion:
Please[8] your grace to kneel?
Titus. To kneel! to whom?[9]
Dost not thou think the gods would blush to see
A man, in greatness equalling themselves,
Debase himself so poorly? Know, Rufinus,
If Jove be able to do us a kindness,
Our merits bind him to't: the garlands, crowns,
High altars, sacrifices, stately temples,
Our bounty has bestow'd upon him, yet
Are unrewarded all: then, without pride,
We scorn to be a beggar to our debtor.

[1] *this*] Weber printed "these."
[2] *stood*] Weber proposed, very unnecessarily, to read "storm'd."
[3] *Mars-alluring*] Compare *The Faithful Shepherdess*, act i. sc. 3, p. 244.
[4] *has*] Weber printed "have."
[5] *am*] MS. "are;" and so Weber.
[6] *spleen*] MS. "speene."
[7] *though*] Supplied in another hand, and spelt "thoe," — was mistaken by Weber for "the."
[8] *Please*] Weber printed "Pleaseth."
[9] *To kneel! to whom?*] To these words another hand has added, "wee are not disposed to pray," and marked the rest of the speech for omission at the representation.

Ruf. Then I mistook you, sir.
Titus. And so thou dost
In more than this, Rufinus. Prithee, tell me,
What's thy conceit of Tullius and his honours?
Ruf. May I speak freely, sir?[1]
Titus. And fearless too,
As if thou wert my oracle or priest:
Though all thy words be pointed, and black treason
Hung upon every harsh-tun'd syllable
Of what thou now shalt utter, by my crown,
My love shall be as firm to thee as now.
Ruf. Then, sir, for Tullius, he's a white-cheek'd boy,
Whose fearful soul a soldier's frown would fright
From his fine-mettled breast; he has a face
That would disgrace a wound: had you view'd him
As he went drooping through the city-gates,
You might have seen his heart there character'd;
He look'd as if with joy he could have chang'd
His march for a soft measure,[2] his loud drum
For a still quavering lute,
His waving colours for a lady's scarf,
And his stiff armour for a masquing suit;
Nor can I think
Your eyes, sir, were so blinded but you saw
Many more able, more deserving men,
Whose virtues might have claim'd what you have cast
On him without desert: amongst which number,
Since you are pleas'd to forget it, I may name
Myself without the title of vain-glorious;
And boast this hand has pull'd colleagued[3] death
Even from that breast of yours, and quench'd those fires
That would have turn'd your palace into cinders.
In three set battles 'gainst the manly Gauls,
Which were the first since godlike Hercules
That ever climb'd the Alpine hills, with force
This sword hath won you glory: but henceforth
I'll learn to rest at home, secur'd from danger;
Your wives shall be deflower'd, your children's brains
Strow the cold pavement, all the channels run
With crimson rivers, and your tottering crown
Drop from your head, ere I will strike a stroke,
Or stir a foot for any so unthankful.
Titus. How, traitor!
Ruf. Never storm; you have given free speech,
And I'll be bold to use it. As for Tullius,
Let him be sure my justly-stirr'd-up wrath
Shall never die, till smother'd[4] in his ashes;
And do not think but he that dares speak this
Unto his angry king, dares[5] see it done,
Nay, act it: the like Learchus and Leontius,
And divers valiant spirits, have resolv'd,
And do not fear to speak it. Then judge you
What hope your general has e'er to return,
Or if return, how long to enjoy his honours.
Now, sir, you know our minds.
Titus. Yes, sir, we do,
And you shall all feel ours. Poor envious fools,
Whose shallow judgments could [not] search our reach
In sending Tullius hence! I knew your hate,
Your puff'd ambition, and your poisonous spleens
Darting at Marcus' graces, which, like motes,
But darken the bright beams of his clear virtues:
Your honours make you odious; grace bestow'd
On those that shall corrupt it blacker shews,
And does present the persons baser far
Than such as spring from dunghills. You have now
By this device thrown that into our bosom
We would have purchas'd with a magazine.
Ruf. You're poor, partaking it;[6] for, since I see
Revenge sit on your forehead, we know now
How to prevent your fury. Fare you well, sir.
Titus. Stay.
Ruf. Not to hear one word more.
Titus. We do entreat thee stay.
Ruf. Well, what's your will?
Titus. That thou shouldst look more mildly: banish doubt;
For we so prize thee and thy high deserts,
We'll take away the cloud that hides the truth
From thy deluded eyes; therefore prepare
To hear a story shall astonish thee.
Thou canst be secret?
Ruf. Yes, I think I can.
Titus. Then know, these furrows cast up in our brow
Were[7] but to cover seed that has ta'en root
In this our dry-parch'd brain: we are in love
With beauteous Philadelpha.
Ruf. What's that to me?
Titus. Be patient, thou shalt hear: I dote on her
More than the fool on folly, wise on knowledge,
The usurer on his gold, or proud of[8] honour.
It was her love that advanc'd Tullius
Unto this type of state;
Her beauty only made him general,
And thrust him hence into the jaws of danger,
Which his rash judgment soon[9] will leap into;
For, whilst he stay'd at home, what hope had I
Of any[10] opportunity to gain
The richest prize that ever sweeten'd sin?
My love to thee is firm as e'er it was;
But lust so sure has mark'd me for her own,
That I neglect all things that tend not solely
To the attainment of my wish'd delight.
Ruf. Faith, sir, in my mind,
An easy[11] battery might win such a fort.
Titus. I know not, for I yet ne'er found the man
I could think worthy the embassy[12]
To bear the message of my heart to her;

[1] *sir*] Weber printed "sire."
[2] *measure*] i. e. a solemn, stately dance, with slow and measured steps.
[3] *colleagued*] This word (for which a lacuna was left in the MS.) is added in another hand. Weber mistook it for "contiguous."
[4] *smother'd*] MS. "smother."
[5] *dares*] Weber printed "dare."
[6] *You're poor, partaking it*] In the MS. "*You're*" is written with a contraction. Weber printed "Your poor *partaking it*," and observed, "a line, or two hemistichs, seem to be wanting before or after these words, in which Rufinus ridicules the king for partaking or communicating his suspicions to himself." ! !
[7] *Were*] MS. "Was."
[8] *of*] i. e. on.
[9] *rash judgment soon*] So altered in another hand. — Originally written "debillities;" and so Weber.
[10] *any*] MS. "my."
[11] *easy*] Weber printed "easier."
[12] *worthy the embassy*] Weber printed "*worthy* [*of*] the embassy:" but if in these plays words were to be added wherever the metre is defective, there would be no end to such insertions.

But thou, Rufinus, through the court art fam'd
For thy neat 'suasive speech and candied tongue,
With which from fixèd resolutions oft
Thou hast removed ourself, and made us wonder
At our own weakness, seeking to conclude
Matters of weight without thee. 'Tis my wish —
Ruf. That I should be your spokesman.
Titus. Before any.
Ruf. A fair preferment! Thus, whilst Tullius wins
Honour abroad, styl'd your great general,
I must be kept at home to be your pandar!
You are ignoble to propose a deed
Of so much baseness to a soldier,
Had I no other name to honour me.
I'll sooner fly unto your enemy,
And with my sword compel this princock[1] boy
To bring her to your arms, nay, to your bed,
And make him there be bawd to his own wife,
Than undergo the title, pandar — 'sdeath!
Titus. Stop not at that; 'tis far from our intent.
Ruf. Yet since 'tis Tullius must be cuckolded,
I well could brook that name or any worse,
To fix my vengeance on him. Hear me, sir:
Armanus, his great friend, is made the guardian
To watch this golden fruit; 'twixt him and me
Long time has fester'd an old enmity;
Remove but him, or work him to your wish,
'Twill be the better, — none can sooner stir
Affection in the wife than he that's most
Familiar with the husband, nor can move
More freely and suspectless: the ice broke,
I'll second him, and plunge into a sea
Of lovers' passion, promise of such grace,
Your godlike virtues, care of her chaste name,
Command of sovereignty, the world's chief bliss
And women's sole desire; then, sir ——
Titus. No more,
Prithee, no more; thou shalt not waste such words,
Whose eloquence would force a frozen nun
To fly her holy orisons to embrace me:
I build upon't she's mine. About it, then:
I'm yet a bondman, thou must set me free,
Or I shall range beyond community:
About it, dear Rufinus. [*Exit* RUFINUS.] Thus must kings,
For private ends, the insolence endure
Of those were born their vassals, and immure
Their high disdain, that like a storm should drown
Their full-sail'd pride, and headlong[2] strike it down.
But who is't can prevent it? chance or fate
What we intend wants power or wit to mate.[3]
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the House of* TULLIUS.

Enter PHILADELPHA *in a mourning habit, and* FLAVIA.

Phil. Is not Armanus yet return'd from court?
Fla. Return'd! no, madam, but I wonder at it;
Being a merchant-venturer as he is,
And there such excellent trading, methinks, ere this
He might have made return by tale or wholesale.
Phil. I prithee, Flavia, cease. Why art thou still
So jocund when I'm sad?
Fla. Faith, lady, to try if the company of mirth
Can drive away this unwelcome melancholy:
It is a scurvy guest, and still disturbs you.
Phil. 'Tis a kind friend that still associates me:
My Tullius, when he parted, left us two
To keep his house, and there's no other lord
Shall bear rule here, till he himself take place.
Fla. Worse luck, say I. Oh, fie upon't! this marriage spoils us all: when you were a maid —
Phil. A maid, Flavia!
Fla. I mean uncoupled, madam: you're a maid now but for necessity, against your will: Love knows that's a hard case. How often have I heard [you], after you had spent a whole day in discourse with some dry-brained suitor, at night laugh at him in your sleep!
Phil. Thou art a mad wench. Faith, tell me, Flavia,
Since we are enter'd thus in fond[4] discourse,
How many suitors hast thou?
Fla. Let me see; tag and rag, 'think some four and twenty, as many as would make up a grand jury: but if I were in question for my life, I'd be prest ere I'd be tried by 'em, they have been so oft[5] forsworn.
Phil. Lord, wench, what dost thou do with 'em all?
Fla. Do with 'em all! Venus forbid it, madam! I keep 'em at a further distance; by my faith, he's a happy man that once in a moon gets a touch of my lips. Yet there was a saucy mercer t'other day thrust in upon me with his yard in his hand, and, ere I was aware, made shift to feel what stuff my petticoat was made of: but I think I gave him a cooling-card:[6] I taught him what it was for a citizen to meddle with a waiting-gentlewoman; I made him stand at bay like a chased stag.
Phil. Are you so good a huntswoman? 'tis well.
But which of all the number dost thou love?
Which is the man like to go through with thee?
Fla. Faith, madam, there is one that's like to go as far as a man can do with a woman.
Phil. Thou art knavish still: what is he, harebrain?

[1] *princock*] i. e. pert, forward.
[2] *headlong*] So altered in another hand. — Originally written "homewards."
[3] *mate*] i. e. confound, defeat.

[4] *fond*] i. e. foolish, idle.
[5] *oft*] Weber printed "often."
[6] *a cooling-card*] "The phrase originated probably from card-playing, when the exultation of one of the parties is cooled by his being over-trumped." WEBER. "This," observes Gifford (Introd. to Ford's *Works*, p. clxi.), "is almost too ingenious for Mr. Weber; and yet it might be wished that it had been left with him [that it had not been transferred into Nares's *Gloss.*] The matter is not much, certainly; but (whatever be the metaphorical sense) a *cooling-card* is literally a *bolus*."

Fla. He is styled the right worshipful Sir Pergamus; a gallant of some six hundred a-year, but no more wit than I wish my husband should have. He was here yesterday to shew his clothes, a new suit some two hundred year[1] behind the fashion; compliment correspondent; at first encounter he scraped me a leg[2] that set my teeth on edge, and then entered into an amorous discourse of the troublesome adventures in love betwixt him and one of his mother's milk-maids, interlarded with strong sighs that would have turned a wind-mill, able to move a sick horse to compassion. He goes waddling up and down the streets, as if he were driving a flock of geese before him; but six hundred pounds a-year drowns greater faults than these about the city. He promised to see me again to-day. [*Knocking within.*

Somebody knocks;[3] if it be he,
Expect to hear a perfect comedy. [*Exit.*

Phil. This wench is honest,[4] only strains this mirth
To qualify my sorrow.

Re-enter FLAVIA.

Now, who is't?

Fla. The worthy wight I spoke of: good, sweet madam,
Do but vouchsafe a welcome.

Phil. Bring him in.

FLAVIA *brings in* SIR PERGAMUS, *drest in an old suit of armour, with a capon's tail in his beaver, and wearing a long sword, and* DINDIMUS *carrying his lance and shield.*

Bless me, what pageant's this?

Sir Per. Now, Flavia, behold thy Pergamus,
In arms complete, for thy sweet sake addrest,[5]
With lance and shield likewise, and in my crest
The favour thou bestow'dst on me last day,
Whose very shaking shall the man dismay[6]
Dares stand the force of my unvanquish'd arm.

Dind. I'll swear unvanquish'd, [it] was ne'er tried yet. [*Aside.*

Fla. Alas, what means my love? you affright me;
Are these fit tools to come a-wooing with?

Dind. I ne'er knew a woman find fault with long[7] tool before. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. No talk of wooing now: thy beauteous sight
Must blazon'd be, before thy warlike knight
Will touch thy tender skin.

Fla. A poet too?

Sir Per. Faith, some such idle vein infects my Muse;
It comes to me by natural instinct,
I can scarce talk but in such foolish verse.

Fla. I think no less.

Phil. It is a sign you have
A pregnant wit, Sir Pergamus.

Sir Per. Am I o'erheard?
A rival? then ——[8]

Fla. Oh, hold! what will you do?
It is my lady comes[9] to welcome you.

Sir Per. Oh, is it so? — Then rest, my Rosicleer,
That ne'er was drawn —

Dind. When any man was near.[10] [*Aside.*

Sir Per. But it kill'd somebody. — Fairest! —

Phil. Excellent! Go on; I long to hear you talk.

Dind. Ay, but his set speech is at an end; he's spoke all that he studied. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. Lady, you must not look for compliment,
It is absurd in soldiers, but ——

Phil. At a stop?

Sir Per. At such a butt, fair lady, give me leave
To draw my prickshaft home.

Fla. He has[11] hit now, indeed: nay, madam,
I told you what a suitor I had of him.

Phil. Is that your dwarf, Sir Pergamus?

Sir Per. This is my page.

Dind. The Squire of Low Degree,[12]
That does attend upon this errant knight.

Sir Per. All this is little to the purpose, madam:
I come prepar'd, you see, with utmost speed
To march with your brave general to the wars;
I would be sorry but to be the first
And foremost in the rank, next to himself.

Phil. Your haste deserves it, trust me; but my lord
Is there by this time ——

Sir Per. How! — Come, Dindimus.

Phil. And coming back, I hope, with victory.

Sir Per. And I not there! it is impossible. —
Post, Dindimus, fetch me my swiftest horse,
And one that can run best.

Dind. Your curtald Gime?[13]

Sir Per. Whip, I say, begone!
I would not for a hundred Roman dollars
But be the first that should come home again
To tell the story of our chivalry.

[1] *year*] Weber printed "years."
[2] *leg*] i. e. bow.
[3] *Somebody knocks, &c.*] So arranged by Weber, and, I believe, rightly. We frequently find that when a couplet is introduced by our early dramatists, its first line consists of fewer feet than the second.
[4] *honest*] i. e. chaste.
[5] *addrest*] "i. e. ready, prepared." WEBER.
[6] *dismay*] So altered in another hand. — Originally written "destroy."
[7] *with long*] Weber printed "*with a long.*"

[8] *A rival? then —*] Opposite these words Weber inserted a stage-direction, "*Seizes the lance*"! yet, in a note on the next speech but one, he rightly observed that "Rosicleer, the appellation given by Pergamus to his *sword*, is the name of one of the heroes in *The Mirror of Knighthood:*" see note, p. 190.
[9] *comes*] Weber printed "come."
[10] Dind. *When any man was near*] This speech is added in another hand. Omitted by Weber, who did not perceive where the writer intended it to come in.
[11] *has*] Omitted by Weber.
[12] *The Squire of Low Degree*] "An allusion to a very popular metrical romance, reprinted by Ritson [*Metr. Rom.* vol. iii. p. 145]." WEBER.
[13] Dind. *Your curtald Gime*] "The speaker's name is inserted in the original hand-writing, but the speech added in the later hand. *Gime* must either be the name of the horse, or, what is more likely, an absurd corruption of *jennet.*" WEBER, — who printed "jennet." There can be little doubt that "Gime" is the name of the horse: — *curtald*, i. e. docked.

Dind.[1] One honour's enough for me when I am there once. [*Aside, and then exit.*
Fla. But will my dearest leave me?
Sir Per. Will I? oh, hold me not! this sword shall write
A chronicle of thee; Hector of Troy
Amongst the Trojans ne'er made such annoy.
Fla. Amongst the Greeks, you mean.
Sir Per. All's one to me,
Something he did; but, Flavia, thou shalt see
Sir Pergamus of Rome will him excel:
If thou ne'er seest me more, then say ——

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. How now! who's this?
Phil. Armanus, is it you?
Arm. Madam, I desire some private conference:
Pray, discharge your woman.
Phil. She may be gone: were't in a wilderness,
I'd trust myself with your known virtues.
Fla. Come, Sir Pergamus; till your horse come, you and
I'll go play at shuttlecock.
Sir Per. A match, i' faith; I love that sport a'-life:[2] yet my mother charged me not to use it for fear o' putting my arm out o' joint.
[*Exit with* FLAVIA.
Arm. Lady, I come to be a suitor to you.
Phil. Whate'er it be lies in my power to grant,
That love which shines on Tullius sues my tongue
To say you must not want it.
Arm. Quickly you yield: but look that, like rash Phœbus
After his promise to his hare-brain'd son,
Or like heaven's monarch after his sad vow
To his loved[3] Semele, you repent not
Of what you grant so freely: the first this.
[*Kisses her.*
Phil. My promise is perform'd, and you enjoy't:
But if aught else you crave, your counsel makes me[4]
To ask what 'tis ere I engage me further.
Arm. Fairest, know I come to sue for love.
Phil. And can you doubt, sir, but you have it amply?
Arm. I mean such love as Tullius shall enjoy
When he lies panting in these ivory arms;
Such love as Venus calls for; that which swims
In highest pleasure; such as cynic fools
Style lust and wantonness,[5] but wiser men
The world's Elysium.
Phil. Defend me! what strange sounds
Beat at my ears for entrance, or what fiend
Assumes the habit of my lord's best friend
To wrong his goodness and my chastity?
This cannot be Armanus!
Arm. Why, dear madam?
Because I speak the heart of him that lies
A captive at your mercy, bound and chain'd
By your enchanting beauty, in your breath
The life of all his joys? Oh, let the doom
Be mild and gentle then as is the air
You draw! one kind embrace raises [him[6]] up
To heaven; only this.
Phil. All faith in men farewell!
Do you not blush to make me blush to hear
Your unchaste speeches? is your heart so foul
As your false tongue would make it? Good my lord,
What light collections[7] has your searching eye
Caught from my loose behaviour? what wild looks,
Immodest gestures, wanton dalliance,
Since my dearest Tullius' absence, ever dwelt[8]
Or dimpled this with laughter, that you dare
Assay to tempt me to impurity?
Suppose I were as wicked as you wish me,
Or did exceed a Lais[9] in her lust,
Can you imagine I would trust my truth,
Or virgin-honour, or the unspotted white
Which Tullius ne'er unclasp'd yet, with a man
That proves so faithless to so good a friend?
Arm. Sure, you mistake me.
Phil. The gods grant I do!
Arm. There's no lust reigns in me.
Phil. Oh, pardon, sir, [*Kneels.*
Pardon my misconceit and harsh reply,
And I'll attend you ever!
Arm. Your bent knee [*Kneels.*
Is my instruction's badge, and thus low
Once more I urge the acceptance of that suit
You so abhor to hear; but for another.
Phil. This is worse, more hateful:
Love, that enforc'd the gods themselves to err,
Might in yourself have made it pardonable;
But for another, — nothing can be baser.
Arm. The man but known, the name of baseness fades:
'Tis for the king, whose awful dread command
Must be obey'd before our own desires.
Phil. He must command, then, just and worthy things,
Else 'tis more noble to deny his will.
Arm. He may compel, you know, what he entreats.
Phil. Yes, such as 'bove their honours prize their lives,
Not she[10] that chooses virtue for her guide.
You greater powers, guard me from violence,
And from a wilful fall I'll keep myself:
High Jupiter, the venger of foul sin,
With angry thunder strike me to the deepest
And darkest shades of hell, when I consent
To soil[11] my unstain'd faith!
Arm. Heaven hear thy vows, and turn those plagues on me
When I shall tempt thee further!

[1] *Dind.*] This prefix is omitted in the MS.
[2] *a'-life*] i. e. as my life, excessively.
[3] *loved*] Qy. "beloved"?
[4] *makes me*] To this line is added in another hand "wise," which injures the metre without improving the sense. Weber retained "wise;" and altered the arrangement of the speech.
[5] *wantonness*] MS. "wantons."
[6] [*him*] Weber printed "us," without mentioning that it was not found in the MS. I suspect "is" in the preceding line to be an addition of the transcriber, and that the conclusion of the speech ought to stand thus;

"Oh, let the doom
Be mild and gentle then as the air you draw!
One kind embrace raises him up to heaven;
Only this."

[7] *collections*] i. e. deductions, conclusions.
[8] *dwelt*] Qy. "*dwelt* in"?
[9] *a Lais*] So altered in another hand. — Originally written "Pasiphae;" and so Weber.
[10] *she*] Weber printed "her."
[11] *soil*] MS. "foile." — Weber printed "'file."

Rise the world's wonder, a pure virgin-wife!
[*Raising her, and rising.*
Sweet angel, fly me not, for what I spake
Was only to confirm my sacred thoughts
Of thy religious virtue. Yet those sparkling eyes
Have kindled raging flames in the king's breast,
And I was woo'd, and seemingly was won,
To aid Rufinus in the overthrow
Of thy unvanquish'd goodness.
Phil. I am now safe, and shelter'd with a rock.
Tullius, thou art happy above happiness,
Blest with so true a friend.

Re-enter FLAVIA.

In haste? thy news.
Fla. The lord Rufinus, madam, all alone
Is enter'd the house, and craves some speech with you.
Phil. What shall I do, Armanus?
Arm. With all love seem to afford a welcome;
Give him free audience. In some place unseen
I'll overhear your conference, that, when time
Calls to account these injuries, I may stand
A witness 'gainst their falsehoods. [*Retires.*
Phil. Bring him in.

FLAVIA *brings in* RUFINUS.

Ruf. All health and happiness!
Phil. If your fair words
And wishes parallel, your lordship's welcome.
Ruf. No words can parallel my wishes, madam;
The happiness I bring you wants a name;
'Tis more ineffable than are the joys
Of love or paradise.
Phil. You astonish me.
Ruf. Be not perverse, fair miracle of nature:
The queen of heaven shall emulate[1] thy state;
Princes shall throng to kiss these hands, and kings
Shall be thy tenants but at will.
Arm. Smooth villain! [*Aside.*
Ruf. The world shall be thy dowry, and all men
Shall study how to please and honour thee:
All this and more is thine, do but consent
To entertain a bliss exceeds the rest.
Phil. 'Tis a hard thing a woman can deny
On these conditions.
Ruf. 'Tis what all women covet[2] to embrace,
Or else most writers err. If to enjoy
A man excels his sex as you do yours —
When he was young (and yet he is not old),
His face disgrac'd Adonis, or the boy
The thunder-bearer stole from mourning Troy;
And since virility upon his chin
Hath [planted][3] golden hairs, blind Cupid sits
Weaving his nets of them to catch coy virgins.
Phil. Is he a properer man than Tullius?
Ruf. Compare the crow to the unspotted swan,
Æsop to Hyacinth!
Phil. What pity 'tis,
So sweet a man was born without a name!
Ruf. Nay, certainly
He has a name, bright beauty, and the best:
'Tis Titus Martius, my dread sovereign,
Whose royal love in this, as in his heart,
Is fix'd with deep'st[4] impression.
Phil. My sad thoughts
Told me some poisonous snake was closely hid
Under your flourishing words.
Ruf. Can you deny a lover's smile to him
That lays a crown beneath your conquering feet?
Phil. Unheard-of cruelty! Dare[5] such black thoughts
Enter the bosom of a true-born prince,
Where clearest streams should run? By his own choice
And free election I was made the spouse
Of noble Tullius; with his royal hand
In the holy temple given to my lord;
And does he seek in the uniting spring
To reap the harvest of unripen'd joys,
And pluck that fruit the owner never tasted?
Was it for this my Marcus was remov'd
From safety's valley where content sits crown'd,
To tread upon the slippery steps of state
Where pride and envy strive to throw him down,
And folly and disdain deriding him?
Was't not enough to mock his youth with hopes
Of a feign'd happiness, then send him forth
To stand the battery of rebellious arms
That would deface his country, and raze down
This city and his palace; but meanwhile
Seek to make spoil of his chief treasury,
And rob this storehouse by adulterate[6] theft,
Where all his joys are hoarded? Poor young man,
Poor in thy riches, lessen'd being made great!
For when with honour's loss we honour gain,
'Tis an ill-thriving purchase; they that win
Are the most[7] losers; I'll not hazard mine.
Ruf. You are too hard a gamester; for all know
Honour attends the favour of a king.
Phil. Would you, then, urge me to infringe my oath,
And violate the sacred vow I made,
Before the gods and men, to Tullius?
Ruf. That's an excuse easily dispens'd withal;
A lover's vows the gods ne'er hearken after,
But in the air they die. Madam, be wise;
If you refuse these graces, you may pull
Perils on him you seem to tender so,
And danger[8] your own safety: kings' requests
Must not be dallied with, chiefly in love;
For what they least enjoy they covet most,
And are unbounded in't. Bethink yourself,
And bless me with your answer; I'll attend it.
Phil. You have left my sense in a strange wilderness,
Searching a thousand ways to find reply.
So great a lover, such an orator,
Might make Diana stagger in her choice;
Then blame not my weak fancy: but to yield
At first encounter may befit the state
Of some suburban strumpet,[9] but not her
A king shall crown with his affection.

[1] *emulate*] i. e. envy.
[2] *covet*] Weber printed "court."
[3] [*planted*] Supplied by Weber.
[4] *deep'st*] Weber printed "deep."
[5] *Dare*] MS. "dares."
[6] *adulterate*] Weber printed "adulterous."
[7] *most*] "i. e. greatest." WEBER.
[8] *danger*] "i. e. endanger." WEBER.
[9] *suburban strumpet*] See note, p. 542.

practic

I crave but ten short days to give resolve[1]
To this important[2] suit, in which consists
My endless shame, or lasting happiness;
Till when my senseless ears shall be stopt up
'Gainst all enticements: urge no more; 'tis vain.
Ruf. If you command, lady, I must obey,
Since what you will no prince dares contradict.
[*Exit.*
Arm. [*coming forward.*] A cunning-slave and smooth-tongu'd flatterer!
Phil. For fear a strict denial might have wrought[3]
Some stratagem against my Tullius' life,
Thus long I have heard[4] hell's messenger,
And with a liberal tongue and feignèd words
Have outstript modesty; but Heaven can tell
How far 'twas from my heart.
Arm. Best of thy sex, I know't, and with my life
Will still assist 'gainst all temptations.
Phil. May my lord live to thank you!
Arm. 'Tis a wish
Beyond which all the world wants recompense.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before the Walls of the Sabine Capital.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, MARCELLUS, LÆLIA *disguised as* JANUS, BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP, CALVESKIN, *and* Soldiers.

M. Tull. Thus far our troops have march'd auspiciously,
And, like to wildfire, turn'd to nothing all
That durst resist them. Sure, some greater power,
Which favours Rome and us,[5] above the strength
Of any mortal arms, fights on our side.
Our foes are fled into their walls again,
And dare not stand the encounter.
Mar. 'Tis most strange;
Thrice have they issu'd forth, and brav'd our force,
Couching their lances, reining up their steeds,
As if we should have met like thunder-claps,
And then turn'd head, and took their holds again:
Either it is some cunning stratagem
To train us to our ruin, or some one
Within our host, protected Jason-like,
Mars dares not cope withal, whose blessèd fate
Makes all our army happy.[6]
Læl. If the prayers
Of a pure virgin e'er could move the gods
To be compassionate, and end in peace
These threatening summons, for thy safety, Marius,
And my dear brother's, Lælia will ne'er cease
Her invocations[7] to those potent powers
That yet in all your actions guarded ye. [*Aside.*
[*A parley sounded on the walls.*
Marc. Hark, my lord, again they summon us.
M. Tull. Answer once more that sound: bring up our troops:
We'll offer parley to them, and propose
Rough war, or peace, such articles observ'd
As we before provided.
[*The parley answered below.*

Enter, on the walls, SABINUS *and others.*

Mar. They appear.
M. Tull. Sabinus, we are come to give thee peace,
If upon fair conditions thou'lt receive't:
Surrender up again those forts and towns
Which with rebellious arms thou hast divorc'd
From Rome and us, [and] Titus pardons all
Thy bold attempts, nor shall the life or goods
Of thee or any thy assistants feel
The wreak of his just anger. Be not rash,
But answer with advice; for, if our swords
But once more see the sun's reflected beams,
Ruin and death attends them.
Sab. Proudly spoke,
And like a Roman: but, young general, know
No threatening can affright us. When first of all
With war and fury you o'errun our country,
What cause could you pretend for so foul wrong,
But only, we were weak, and you in arms
Potent and practick: since which time we have borne
Your insolencies and oppressions
With a dull leaden patience; but now
Are wearied with your slavish tyranny,
And cannot longer suffer't. You may chance
By your great odds to win our towns again,
But you must find new people to inhabit 'em;
For there's not one amongst us that draws breath
Able to lift a sword or steel, whose point
Can pierce a Roman's breast, but is resolv'd
To embrace pale death in his most horrid shape,
Ere live a captive to so proud a foe.
Mar. Against necessity who is't can stand?
Therefore consider and submit yourselves;
It may regain your former liberty.
Sab. A seeming liberty is worse than thrall:
We scorn such clemency.
M. Tull. Pervert not truth:
Yet ask for mercy, and it may be granted.
Sab. We hate to beg it, Tullius. Though your power
You think resistless, ere to-morrow's noon
These hands shall force it from thee.

[1] *resolve*] i. e. decisive answer.
[2] *important*] "i. e. importunate." WEBER.
[3] *For fear a strict denial might have wrought*, &c.] In consequence of the preceding scene between Philadelpha and Rufinus having been marked for omission at some representation, this speech is thus altered in another hand:
"*For fear a strict denial* st . . . may worke
Some stratagem against my Tullius' life,
With patience I will heare *hell's messenger*,
And with a liberal tongue and feigned words
Seeme to accept of his ill motion,
But Heaven can tell how far 'tis *from my heart.*"
[4] *have heard*] Qy. "*have* patient *heard*"?
[5] *us*] Weber printed "is."
[6] *Makes all our army happy*] Altered in another hand thus;
"*or some* strange power
Remaines *within our host, whose blessed fate*
Makes all our army happy."
[6] *or some one*
Within our host, protected Jason-like,
Mars dares not cope withal, whose blessed fate
[7] *invocations*] So altered in another hand. — Originally written "imprecations."

M. Tull. Cease to boast.
Sab. 'Twas answer'd like a soldier:[1] when we meet,
Our swords shall prove as much.
[*Exit, above, with the others.*
Calve. Oh, now, now, Snipsnap!
Snip. We are all dead men.
M. Tull. Well, gentlemen, you see
What a stiff foe we have to deal withal:
But be not daunted, for our strengths compar'd
Were to match Hercules with Dindimus:[2]
Let your arms be in readiness, and strong watch
This night in every quarter. — Come, Marius,
We'll take our tent again; methinks I feel
The bleak and moist rawness of the vaporous air
To be malignant to me. — How cheers Janus?
Mar. Do not the humorous elements offend
Thy tenderness? how fares my pretty page?
Lal. As one whose life were govern'd by those stars
Shin'd at your happy births: there is no ill
Can craze my health that not assails yours first.
M. Tull. Loving boy, thy goodness, sure, protects us.
[*Exeunt all except* BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP, *and* CALVESKIN.
Bell. How now, my fresh-water soldiers? how is't?
We are like to have hot doings.
Black. We are, indeed;
It puts me into a cold sweat to think on't.
Snip. Would my mother's cat
Had kill'd me in my cradle!
Black. Or my wife, whose nails are sharper,
Scratch'd out my eyes I might not see my death!
Bell. Tut, man, courage!
Let's fight it valiantly, and never fear.
Snip. Truly, lieutenant, I dare not fight.
Bell. Not fight, man! why?
Snip. Because there was an old woman once
Told me, if ever I fought I should be kill'd.
Calve. She told us all three so, indeed, lieutenant.
Bell. Hang her, damn'd witch! Can there be a braver death
Than to die for our country?
Snip. Bravely call you it?
'Tis an invisible bravery, a man's ne'er seen
To wear't. Lieutenant, here's all the money I have:
Speak a good word to the general I may go home again;
You may say I'm troubled with a catching disease
That will infect the army.
Black. Or, do you hear, tell him
We were[3] not our own men when we came forth,
'Twas only drink that made us valiant;
And, unless he'll be at the charge to keep us drunk
As long as the wars last, we shall be able
To do him no service at all.
Bell. You shall not want for drink, boys, take my word.
Pox on't!
'Tis base to return; you shall have every rogue
And totter'd[4] tinker kick ye, spit at ye,
And every wench in Rome, as ye pass by,
Fling dirt at ye, saying,
"There are the soldiers durst not draw their blades!"
Snip. But they shall find we dare, and strike home too.
I am now resolv'd, and will be valiant;
This bodkin quilts their skins as full of holes
As e'er was canvas doublet.[5]
Bell. Spoke like a man, bold Snip.
Black. These words have fir'd me too,
And though their skull-caps be of anvil-proof,
This blade shall hammer some of 'em.
Calve. Then come forth,
Thou Durindan[6] so bright. [*Draws his sword.*
Bell. Why, how now, mad Orlando?[7]
Calve. I am mad;
My hair, like bristles, raise their forked ends
Against these Sabines; I shall leather 'em.
Black. Well said, my tough Calveskin. One health now,
Here at the sutler's, to our victory;
Then each man to his quarter.
Snip. Done, i' faith.
Bell. Give us some liquor here!

Enter Sutler.

Sut. You shall, gentlemen, instantly.
How much will't please you have?
Bell. Each man his double measure.
Sut. In a trice. [*Exit.*
Bell. Shall's have a catch, my hearts?
Calve. Ay, good lieutenant.
Black. Methinks a soldier should sing nothing else;
Catch that catch may is all our life, you know.
Bell. Blacksnout's conceited[8] too.

Re-enter Sutler *with drink.*

Sut. Here, gentlemen.
Bell. Come on, then,[9] boys, and each man bear a part. [*A song; then exeunt.*[10]

[1] M. Tull. *Cease to boast.*
Sab. *'Twas answer'd like a soldier,* &c.] The prefix "*Sab.*" is omitted by mistake in the MS. — Weber distributed the speeches thus;

"M. Tull. *Cease to boast.* —
'Twas answered like a soldier.
Sab. *When we meet,*
Our swords shall prove as much."

[2] *Dindimus*] The dwarf of Sir Pergamus (see pp. 670, 677). This word (which Weber was unable to decipher) is added in another hand.

[3] *were*] Weber printed "are," and mis-pointed the passage.

[4] *totter'd*] i. e. tattered, — a common form of the word in our early writers. — Weber printed "tattered."

[5] *This bodkin quilts their skins as full of holes*
As e'er was canvas doublet] "The tailor quibbles upon the usual sense of the bodkin, and that which it also bore at the time, viz. a small dagger. . . . Doublets were worked in eyelet-holes, or pounced, according to the technical phrase." WEBER.

[6] *Durindan*] "The sword of Orlando." WEBER. — MS. "durandan."

[7] *Why, how now, mad Orlando*] Pointed by Weber thus;

"*Why, how now? Mad, Orlando?*"

[8] *conceited*] i. e. fanciful, — witty, facetious.

[9] *then*] Altered in another hand to "my."

[10] *exeunt*] "Lower down on the page we have these words crossed out, 'The god a mercy Leftenant.'" WEBER.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Rome. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter TITUS MARTIUS *and* RUFINUS.

Titus. Away, injurious man!
Tisiphone must learn to imitate,
Those baleful tortures thou hast put me to
With thy protraction: a willing suitor
Might well ere this have tempted, woo'd, and won,
And seen the longing fruit of hot desire
With blushes call him father, while thou art fumbling.
Impatience brooks no stay: by Heaven, but that —
Ruf. Come, spare your threats, or I shall spare my service.
If I had known your madness had preferr'd
A sudden fall before deliberate comfort,
I could have fitted you.
Titus. Bring'st thou comfort, then?
Ruf. Yes, were your ears prepar'd to entertain it.
Titus. Pardon a lover's passion, dear Rufinus:
Is beauteous Philadelpha, then, content
To make her heaven (for so is every place
Where she, celestial star, shall deign to shine)
In our yet duskish court? which if she do,
Memnon's miraculous palace, set by ours,
Shall seem a cottage or some coarser building.
Why stands my Mercury mute? speak; will my love
Be pleas'd these circling arms shall be her sphere,
While our loud [1] kisses make the music harsh,
The intelligencers on the wingèd spheres
Sound so divinely?
Ruf. Sir, you are too hasty;
Your eager appetite must wait a while
On ceremony; 'twould not fit the state
Of such a high-born lady to descend,
Or come at first beck.
Titus. Where's your comfort, then?
Ruf. 'Sblood, give me leave, or starve! I'll keep it still.
Titus. Come, come, my rage is o'er; prithee, proceed:
How did she stand thy [2] parley? with what looks
Or patience entertain thy embassy?
Ruf. I'll tell you, sir. When first I spoke of love,
She started back, and mark'd her beauteous brow
With angry characters; still I went on,
And by fair courtship and persuasion
Mov'd her to ask what kind of man he was,
Or how compared with Tullius; which I,
With my best art sublim'd, blazon'd your worth,
Which made a deep impression: but your name
Dispers'd all clouds, and, with a clear aspèct,
Seem'd to embrace your suit: only she craves,
Out of a longing virgin modesty,
A little time to ripen young desire
That buds already in her blooming [3] cheek.
Titus What time must we expect?
Ruf. But ten short days.
Titus. But ten short days, dost say? the siege of Troy
Was shorter far, though it were ten twelve moons.
The limping fire-god ne'er was half so hot
Upon the Gorgon-arm'd Minerva's love [4]
As I am upon hers.[5] Before that time,
If Tullius do survive, he may return:
Then where were all my hopes? No, I've a plot
To give slow time new wings:
Should love's bright flame live ten days here unquench'd,
'Twould burn me into ashes. Hark, 'tis thus:
To-morrow's sun by time's alternate course
Lights the first day that gave life to these eyes,
Which, as propitious, we will celebrate,
And make an edict, that what lord or lady,
Any of noble blood, within ten miles,
That shall abstain from court, shall be condemn'd
As guilty of contemning majesty.
Ruf. What avails this?
Titus. Fie, art thou shallow yet?
Amongst the rest my angel will appear,
A white Albanian amongst Æthiops set;
She being a stranger and unskill'd at court,
Her doubtful steps may easily be diverted
Some devious way into some private place,
Where only love and I will wait on her.
How lik'st it, man?
Ruf. 'Tis rare,
A more invincible and cunning net
Than for Gradivus the black cuckold made.[6]
Titus. Let it be straight divulg'd. Till that wish'd hour,
The time with mirth and music we'll beguile. [*Exit.*
Ruf. Is thy besotted sense [7] so soon fool'd, then?
Childish Martius, to think the cuckolding
Of him my soul abhors can end my anger!
'Tis like that Philadelpha may be led
From Vesta's temple unto Venus' bower,
And Tullius' brows may sprout: but what of this?
Great kings have had the like; nay, there be those
Above the crystal sky, arm'd on their foreheads.
No, my swift revenge
Shall snatch his thread of life from lingering fate,
And tear it into atoms: that's the end
My fiery rage must point at.[8]
The king's all set on lust; murder's a sin
Too high for his low spirit.
Here I have fram'd a letter that discovers
His hot desire, Armanus' treachery,
And Philadelpha's weakness; this hid Fury

1 *loud*] Weber printed "loved."
2 *thy*] Weber printed "the."
3 *blooming*] Weber printed "blushing."

4 *love*] Weber printed "lance."
5 *hers*] Weber printed "her."
6 *Than for Gradivus the black cuckold made*] i. e. Than the black cuckold Vulcan made for Mars.
7 *Is . . . sense*] MS. "*Is . . . sences.*" — Weber printed "Are . . . senses."
8 *My fiery rage must point at*, &c.] Here I have followed the arrangement of the MS. — Weber regulated the passage thus;
"*My fiery rage must point at. The king's all set on lust; Murder's a sin too high for his low spirit.*"

I'll send him as a friend, which when he reads,
Just then begins his ruin: he is bold,
And full of fury; then, in his fell rage,
He'll either leave the camp with his life's hazard,
Or plot some shallow treason 'gainst the king,
Of power and force enough to take off his.

Enter PEDESTER.

Pedester? come as wish'd for! Take this letter,
Post to the camp, give it the general
Or some that near attends him; be not slow.
I know thy trust; my only care shall be
To study recompense. [*Exit* PEDESTER.] So, now 'tis done:
The god of wrath sits on my bended brow,
Triumphantly attir'd in Tyrian scarlet.
I'm over-rack'd with expectation
Of the event this plot will train him to: /
If this should fail, I have another snare
The devil cannot shun. A desperate man,
That climbs a tower whose top the wind ne'er touch'd,
Must chary be, lifting his resolute foot,
Or headlong down he comes. Fate and I
So cunningly have form'd[1] this tragedy,
The curious't[2] looker-on, till it be done,
Knows not which way 'twill end, nor how begun. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the House of* TULLIUS.

Enter PHILADELPHA *and* FLAVIA.

Phil. Flavia, if Rufinus come again,
Say I'm not well, abroad, or any thing.
Fla. Troth, madam, you have enjoin'd me to a task
Will try me like a pack-horse; for those courtiers
Will never be said nay, but stand in't still,
Most if they find me lying.
Phil. Thou art still
In thy old rhetoric: but, Flavia,
I have more serious cogitations now
That crave advice of my best memory;
Therefore let none disturb me.
Fla. Not Armanus, madam?
Phil. Yes, he may;
He is my heart's companion, my soul's doctor,
Ministering heavenly physic that dissolves,
And takes away my greatest maladies.
Prithee, let none press in.
Fla. Let none press in!
I think it were the only way to cure
Your sickness. Venus, I beseech thee, keep me
Unmarried still, except I have a man
Will come home oftener! Here's a life indeed!
A virgin-wife? fie on't! but to my charge.
[*Exit.*
Phil. Why was I born a woman? Nature, sure,
Gave me these lineaments in mockery,
To tempt the world, and Envy join'd with her
To make my life a scandal to my sex.
Fortune's both kind and cruel; seats me first
In highest honour, links me with a man,
In my respect above the world's esteem,
Then plucks me from his arms with iron hands,
And throws me in a dungeon: my dark thoughts
Which way to scape the king's lust, make[3] it so.

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. Still meditating, madam?
Phil. Oh, Armanus,
My sad fears still increase!
I have been pondering a thousand ways,
And clad my mind in Proteus' colour'd robe,
Yet find no remedy but my resolve,
Which beyond death is constant.
Arm. Hold it still,
My death shall teach you how; but Heaven, I hope,
Will find a fairer dissolution.
I have bethought some means (sit, Philadelpha),
To ease our doubts: I will dilate[4] 'em to you.
Fla. [*within.*] She's not within, in troth.
Learch. [*within.*] We know she is.
Arm. What interruption's that?[5]
Phil. Some visitants belike, whose impudence
Will not be answer'd with a fair repulse.

Re-enter FLAVIA.

What are they, Flavia?
Fla. Serpents, madam, I think,
They have such stinging tongues in their mouths;
If their tails be such, there is no meddling with 'em.
Courtiers they say they are: they have made me swell
Above the girdlestead;[6] I cannot keep 'em out.
Phil. Alas, good Flavia, thou art troubled still!
Fla. Nay, I have had a hundred more, I think.
First comes a senator: I denied him; the very sight of his scarlet gown made me blush as red as a turkey-cock; but the grave gentleman, knowing what a virtue it was in a woman to keep counsel, rewarded my modesty, and departed.
Next comes a lawyer: he was so used to lying himself, he would hardly believe me; I put the case to him, which he being not[7] able to stand in long, let fall his suit, and sneaked away again.
After him, a citizen, your jeweller, madam,
Ask'd if you wanted any precious stones:
I made choice of a couple of his fairest,
And said he should have's payment next time he came.
Then comes a page: the saucy jacket-wearer
Stood upon's pantables[8] with me, and would in;
But, I think, I took him down ere I had done with him,[9]
And bid[10] him go and rub his lady's roses.[11]
But now these courtiers, — there's no ho with 'em.[12]

[1] *form'd*] Weber printed "framed."
[2] *curious't*] Weber printed "curious."
[3] *make*] MS. "makes."
[4] *dilate*] Weber printed "delate."
[5] *that*] Weber printed "this."
[6] *the girdlestead*] i. e. the place of the girdle, the waist.
[7] *being not*] Weber printed "*not being.*"
[8] *pantables*] i. e. a sort of slippers (perhaps a corruption of *pantoftes*).
[9] *him*] MS. "'em."
[10] *bid*] Weber printed "bade."
[11] *roses*] "This refers to the large and expensive roses [knots of ribands] worn by the ladies and gallants of the [authors'] time on their shoes." WEBER.
[12] *there's no ho with 'em*] i. e. there's no stop with them, — they are not to be restrained. The expression is very

Phil. Why, Flavia! —
Arm. Let 'em come,
'Can be no prejudice; we may beget
Something from their intelligence may befriend us.
Phil. Your will's my law in all things. — Bring 'em in.

FLAVIA *brings in* LEARCHUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Learch. Why, how now, my close counting-house! do you stand [*To* FLAVIA.
So strict upon your office, not a man
Admitted without money?
Fla. Money! marry, gip!
You might have stood there till moss had grown o' your heels,
Except some friend had lent it: such gay clothes
Seldom have silver linings.
Leon. A plaguy biting wench!
I think she search'd our pockets.
Arm. Noble lords.
Learch. Worthy Armanus, we are bold visitants
To see this widow'd virgin.
Arm. Oh, your loves! she's much indebted to you;
You come in best time, she was sadly fix'd.
Phil. Such entertainment as the house affords,
The owner being absent, shall be stretch'd
To bid your lordships welcome; but as yet
We know not well whether a bridal feast,
Or funeral banquet, best befits ye:[1]
Excuse, then, what is wanting.
Learch. You're all bounty.
Have you receiv'd no news, then, from the camp?
Phil. Not the least tidings yet.
Learch. 'Tis hot at court;
Your happy lord has got the victory,
Repuls'd the foe, and ta'en their strongest hold —
And there, I hope, is perish'd. [*Aside.*
Phil. Your news brings life: truth live with you for ever!
Leon. The king for joy proclaims a festival,
Triumphs, and masques, rich courtly revellings,
And celebrates withal his royal birth-day.
Arm. When is this happy jubilee solemniz'd?
Leon. The ensuing morn; you shall have notice, doubtless.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. Before me, gallants? you have, then, made known
This preparation. — From my sovereign's mouth,
Lady, you are invited, the chief guest:
His edict bears command, but kind entreats
Summon[2] your lovely presence.
Phil. His command,
Whate'er our hearts be, must not be denied.
Ruf. You have best cause to come; 'tis only done
In honour of your lord and your high grace,
Which all Rome does rejoice at.
Phil. We are vassals unto Rome and him.
Ruf. You must cast off this veil of widowhood;
It ill becomes a beauty of your years,
A married virgin too, — your bridal robes,
I think, ne'er saw as yet a second sun.
Phil. We shall appear as best befits the time.
Ruf. A time oft wish'd for by Martius, madam.
Phil. A banquet and some wine! [*Exit* FLAVIA.] — Please you, my lords,
To taste such homely cates as the house yields.
Ruf. You're prodigal in all things but in vice.
Arm. This man's malevolent in my aspect;[3]
I look to hear the raven croak some news
That's baleful ere's departure; 'tis strange else. [*Aside.*

A banquet[4] *brought in by* Servants, *who then exeunt.*

Phil. Pray, seat you, lords; we'll bear you company,
But with small stomach to taste any food.
Arm. Thou art all goodness, virtue's pattern right;
Shews love e'en to her greatest enemies. [*Aside.*
Learch. Will not you sit, Armanus?
Arm. No, my lords,
I am my friend's sole steward, and my care
Consists in your free welcome.
Ruf. You are kind, sir,
And worthy such a friend — here, and in hell,
Whither I'll quickly send you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter FLAVIA.

Fla. News, news, news!
Phil. Thou never com'st without; good, there's no question.
Ruf. What is't, Flavia?
Fla. A fool, and like your lordship,[5] a mere ass,
That thinks himself a wondrous[6] wise man,
A politician too.
Arm. Gramercy, wench;
That jest shall purchase a new gown from me. [*Aside.*
Fla. It is Sir Pergamus, return'd from camp
Ere he was half way there, holding up's snout
Like a sow smelling the wind; his mighty dwarf
Loaded with all his spoils and victories,
Which must hang up for trophies.
Learch. And he by 'em.
Fla. If honour take not place, 'tis like he may.
Ruf. I prithee, bring him[7] in: his mirth may prove
Better digestion than a doctor's pill.
Fla. Bring him in!

common in our early writers. — The MS. originally, "*there's no* who *with 'em*;" which (not having been understood) is altered in another hand to "*there's no* doing *with 'em*," — and so Weber.

1 *ye*] Qy. "*ye*, lords"?

2 *Summon*] MS. has,
entreats
"*entreats*
Sommons."
Weber printed,
"entreaty
Summons." — See note, p. 662.

3 *in my aspect*] i. e. in my eyes. — Weber printed "*in his aspect*."

4 *A banquet*] "This was similar to our *dessert*, but much more costly, and not only served up after dinner, but frequently in the morning and evening." WEBER.

5 *A fool, and like your lordship*] "*And* stands, as usual, for *an't*, *i. e.* if it like [please, your lordship; but the old spelling must be retained to preserve the jest for which Flavia is to be rewarded by Armanus." WEBER.

6 *wondrous*] Is, of course, to be read as a trisyllable. — (Weber printed "wonderous" here, but a little after, "wondrous.")

7 *him*] MS. "em."

I warrant ye, there's none can keep him out,
If he hears talk but of a banquet once. [*Exit.*
Leon. We shall hear wondrous stories, doubtless.
Ruf. The best will be some news of Tullius,
That may bring joy to you. — The warrior comes.

Re-enter FLAVIA, *with* SIR PERGAMUS, *and* DINDIMUS *carrying spoils.*

Sir Per. When sound the drum[1] and trumpets that should tell
We are return'd in triumph?
Dind. By and by, sir;
They have run so fast, sir, to gape after us,
They have not recover'd breath yet.
Sir Per. Dindimus,
Be sure to second whatsoe'er I say,
And swear it, too, profoundly.
Dind. I warrant you, sir;
Stamp you and stare, let me alone to swear.
Sir Per. All hail!
Learch. He begins to storm already.
Ruf. Sir Pergamus, welcome to Rome, brave knight.
Sir Per. You have cause to bid us welcome, for you see
We have brought home the spoils of victory.
Dind. They have spoil'd me, I'm sure; such another load
Would make me a dwarf all days of my life. [*Aside.*
Leon. What honour'd trophies has your valour won?
Pray, relate, Sir Pergamus.
Sir Per. The first part
Of a bold soldier is to eat, you know.
Ruf. That's true, indeed; pray, fall to, Sir Pergamus.
Dind. I am my master's second.
Sir Per. Forbear, Dindimus,
We shall be thought unmannerly; therefore, first
We'll finish our discourse; only reserve
A modicum to relish in the interim.
Learch. Nay, pray, take all this pie, Sir Pergamus.
Sir Per. By no means.
Leon. Now, for your brave exploits.
Sir Per. Behold this shield!
Dind. We bought it at an armourer's. [*Aside.*
Sir Per. This from the arm of bold Arminius,
The stoutest champion of the Sabinets,[2]
When on my lance's point from his horse' back
I bore't some three spears' length, fell to the ground,
Which Dindimus took up; in that career,
Ere I could stay my Neapolitan steed,
Unhors'd some fifteen more.
All. Oh, wonderful!
Dind. Nay, this is nothing yet.
Sir Per. See you this tail?
Dind. I cut it from a dead horse that can now
Neither wigher[3] nor wag tail. [*Aside.*
Sir Per. This, with my scimitar having cleft a man
Down to the saddle, my blade glanc'd along,
And par'd it off by the stump; which shall adorn
The crest of Dindimus, that men may say,
Speaking of 's honour, thereby hangs a tail.
Dind. Thanks, noble and renown'd Sir Pergamus.
Sir Per. But here, view this, the standard of the foe.
Dind. It cost ten drachmas at a painter's shop. [*Aside.*
Sir Per. This standing in the middle of the host,
I, with my page before me —
Dind. I went first. [*Aside.*
Sir Per. Made such a lane amongst the thickest troops,
That twenty men a-breast might follow me,
And brought this ensign thence[4] by force of arms.
All. Is't possible?
Dind. By Mars' great toe, 'tis true.
Leon. And yet you scap'd unhurt?
Sir Per. And free as you see.
Learch. 'Tis most horrible!
Ruf. But all this while what did the general?
Sir Per. He fought upon the other side o' the field;
But when they fled we met, and join'd our force
To beat 'em into the town; they barr'd their gates,
Which we as easily tore unto the earth
As I this tower of marchpane;[5] so we enter'd.
We only stay'd there to refresh ourselves,
And so came posting home to bring the news.
Arm. It is a worthy story, and deserves
A recompense 'bove bounty.
Sir Per. Cates we scorn:
Here's that's more worth than gold or precious stone,
My smug-faced Flavia, for whose lovely sake
These hard adventures I did undertake.
Ruf. She cannot but requite you. — Is't a match?
Fla. With all my heart. — The fool has wealth enough,
Though he wants wit; whom I like fares the better. [*Aside.*
Ruf. I will add something to't for our good mirth.
Arm. I'll see thou shalt not want, sweet Flavia.
Sir Per. And are we met? Ring bells, and bonfires flame!
Go, Dindimus, this nuptial straight proclaim:
Come they that will unto our wedding-feast,
For there will be a hundred geese at least.
[*Exeunt* SIR PERGAMUS, FLAVIA, *and* DINDIMUS.
Learch. Lady, I fear we are too long troublesome:
Thanks for our entertain.[6]
Phil. Welcome, that's all.
Arm. This fool speaks comfort. Learchus here
Says there is some speech of his victory.
Ruf. Yes, over death, [*Aside to* ARMANUS.
'Tis true; he has won that fort, Armanus.
Arm. How!
Ruf. Upon my life, most certain he is slain;

[1] *drum*] Weber printed "drums."
[2] *Sabinets*] Meant, perhaps, for "Sabinites;" but both forms of the word are equally improper.
[3] *wigher*] Or "*Wicker*, to neigh, or whinny." Grose's *Prov. Gloss.* ed. 1839.
[4] *thence*] MS. "there."
[5] *marchpane*. See note, p. 655.
[6] *entertain*] See note, p. 662.

But none dares whisper it unto the king;
Nor would I have your tongue the doleful bell
To ring it in her ears; but seek some way
In smoothest terms which way to publish it.
I'm studying how to break it to the king;
But not before to-morrow's triumphs end.

Arm. Rufinus is a villain, and I fear
This is some hellish stratagem of his
Aiming at Tullius' life, thus to divulge
His death ere it be acted. Swift as thought
I'll fly unto the camp: if there be plots,
My notice may prevent [his] treachery.
[*Aside, and then exit.*

Phil. Whither's Armanus posted in such haste?

Ruf. Unto the court, where we must after him;
There['s] some important business of state
To be debated on. Madam, adieu;
Small thanks must now suffice for your great love:
Think of to-morrow's triumphs.
[*Exit with* LEARCHUS *and* LEONTIUS.

Phil. To my death
I'd go triumphantly. Oh, Tullius,
This is the latest night that thou canst stay!
Be it for ever night ere day's[1] bright eye
See me disrob'd of my pure chastity! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *Before the Walls of the Sabine Capital. The tent of* TULLIUS *on one side of the stage.*

Enter MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, *and* LÆLIA *disguised as* JANUS.

M. Tull. A letter, Janus?

Læl. Yes. [*Gives letter to* MARCUS TULLIUS.

M. Tull. From whence?

Læl. From Rome.

M. Tull. My Philadelpha? no.

Mar. Armanus?

M. Tull. Neither:
You shall partake it presently.

Mar. Let's leave him.
[*Exeunt* MARIUS *and* LÆLIA.

M. Tull. [reads.] *The king solicits your fair bride to lust;*
Armanus is his cunning instrument,
And Philadelpha makes but weak defence:
If that your bed be pure, 'tis only want
Of opportunity defers the sin. —
Within there! ho!

Enter BELLARIO.

Bell. My lord?

M. Tull. Where's he that brought this letter?

Bell. Posted hence;
He said it crav'd no answer, and we[2] discharg'd him.

M. Tull. I charge you on your lives make after him,
And bring him back with speed; take swiftest horse. [*Exit* BELLARIO.
Armanus! Philadelpha! Eyes, drop forth,
And lose your light forever! Oh, ye gods,
How could you find out such a merciless
And murdering torture for an innocent man?
What deed of mine ever deserv'd so ill
As this inscription does inflict on me?
Erinnys sends her snakes in horrid clusters
To swarm about my breast; but here they find
Such matchless torments, that, their stings unfelt,
For shame they back retire. Oh, fickle creatures!
Euripus' madding billows do not rush
With half that swiftness one on other's necks,
As do your perjuries and infinite sins.
Your love at best is an[3] April shower;
[Your] rosy cheeks are shaded about with thorns,
That do not prick our fingers but our hearts:
Your pictures far excel you; for they have
All that is good in you, your outward feature,
But your infernal minds they, happy, want.
Beauty, at best, is like a blooming tree,
Fairest in bud, when it bears foulest fruit.
Fool that I am thus to invect[4] against her!
'Protest I had forgot she is a woman.
What shall I do? like a tame fool lament
My injuries with an unfruitful sorrow,
And still live wrong'd? — What are these last black lines? [*Reads.*
Use your own will; censure me how you please,
What I have writ my life shall justify:
No friend's a friend till [he shall] prove a friend.
I am resolv'd: grief, I discard thee now;
Anger and fury in thy place must enter.
King, it is thee on whom my rage must light,
And that best, worst of men, a faithless friend.
Just Vengeance, bear me on thy violent wings
Quickly to Rome, and arm me with thy fierceness,
That, without fear or pity, I may prove
Heaven's instrument to punish treachery! —
Marcellus!

Enter MARCELLUS.

Marc. Calls my lord?

M. Tull. Call Marius hither; come along with him. [*Exit* MARCELLUS.
Good gods, Armanus turn'd a villain too!
The story of Orestes was a fable;
I'll not believe that ever friend was faithful.

Enter MARIUS *with* MARCELLUS.

I sent for you, and, captain, draw near;[5]
My suit is now to both: I do not doubt
Those protestations of your proffer'd loves,
Of which we have had some trial, need again
A new oath to confirm me.[6] Kind friends, know
I must, but for what cause you must not ask,
A while forsake ye, and must leave the camp
Wholly to your protection; 'tis my suit,
For fear my absence should be dangerous,
That you, till my return, under my name
Would see my place discharg'd.

Mar. To yield to this
Is but to accept my own advancement;
But, in the mean space, should the soldiers find
I were no general but a counterfeit,
Their scoffs at least, if not their violent rage,
Would persecute me, and, with shame and horror,
Work my distraction.[7]

[1] *ere day's*] MS. "eres day."
[2] *we*] MS. "you."
[3] *is an*] Weber printed "*is* [as] *an*." See note, p. 668.
[4] *invect*] "i. e. inveigh." WEBER.
[5] *draw near*] Weber printed "*draw* [you] *near*." See note, p. 668.
[6] *me*] Qy. "'em"?
[7] *distraction*] Weber printed "destruction."

M. Tull. No such fear molest you;
For in the field I yet was never seen
But arm'd at all points, and but seldom so.
Wear my coat-armour; that disguise alone
Will make us undistinguish'd; but withal
Take this rich scarf which, for her sake that gave it,
Has been my individual ornament
And chiefest mark of note. [MARIUS *puts on the armour and scarf of* M. TULLIUS.] — Marcellus,
Do you commend me to my nearest friends,
Entreat them wink at my departure;
If adverse fortune e'er chance to reveal it,
Be you my witness, that to honour'd Marius
I thus resign all my authority.
Mar. Which I accept,
Although I know more dangers do attend it
Than wait upon a hundred diadems.
M. Tull. Pray, do not think that fear or cowardice
Incites my blood to put these honours off,
This being the day of battle: let suffice
The affairs that urge me are of such great weight
I have scarce time to thank you. Fare you well.
Mar. Goodness guide thy actions whatsoever!
[*Exit* M. TULL.
Marc. I wonder what's the matter with the general.
Mar. I neither know, nor do desire to know,
Since 'tis his will I should not.

Re-enter LÆLIA.

Pretty Janus,
Look not so wild, my boy, nor wonder not
At this short transmutation, for anon
Thou shalt partake it all; for thy discourse
And countenance too, next her that keeps my heart,
Hold it in their possession: thy lord's safe.
Læl. But from your tongue I would not credit truth,
Till I beheld him so.

Re-enter BELLARIO.

Bell. Where is the general?
Mar. The news with thee?
Bell. The drums beat up, the enemy comes on;
They have forsook the town, and march in rank
As if they'd give us battle.
Mar. Let 'em come!
Order our troops, and bring 'em near[1] us:
The foe shall see against what odds they strive.
[*Exit* BELLARIO.
Now, Marcellus,
The first scene of a bloody act begins;
The chief part I must play, and till my veins[2]
And sinews crack, I'll stretch my utmost strength,
That I may truly imitate his worth
Whom I now represent. 'Tis my desire
To break a spear, the soldier's compliment,
With stout Sabinus, for I emulate[3]
His daring valour. — Janus, keep my tent;
A strong guard shall attend thee, for I vow
There's something in thee takes my fancies so,
I would not have thee perish for a world.
Læl. Whate'er that unknown charm be, which to me
Is hidden as the cause that merits it,
By that love I entreat you, let these hands
Bear to the field your target and your lance,
And share with you this day your destiny
In all that shall be dangerous. Know, dear sir,
My father was a soldier, and that blood
I took from him which flows within this breast,
Not, swallow-like, foreseeing of a storm,
Flags to the ground, but soars up higher still.
There's not a man, methinks, that dares touch you
But this weak arm can strike him to the earth.
Good sir, deny me not.
Mar. Have thy desire:
Yet, I protest, if by untimely fate
These eyes should see thee sink, it would abate
All that is man within me. [*A flourish within.*
Hark! they come.

Re-enter BELLARIO.

Bell. To parley, not to fight:
There is a herald sent out from their army
That craves admittance.
Mar. Let him have it. [*Exit* BELLARIO.

Enter a Sabine Herald.

S. Her. To the great general of the Roman host
Sabinus wisheth happiness.
Mar. We scarce credit it.
S. Her. If from his own mouth you desire to hear't,
He's marching hitherward, and craves a parley.
Mar. Tell him we shall expect him, and, on terms
That do not jar with honour, should be glad
To entertain his friendship. So, return. —
[*Exit* Herald.
Though his high pride did fly above his reach,
Making a daring challenge, I commend him:
The princely eagle, when she means to soar
The highest pitch, raises her lofty flight
From lowest valley; and if smooth-fac'd Peace
Yet step betwixt us, for his resolute spirit
I must both love and honour him.

Re-enter BELLARIO.

Bell. My lord,
Sabinus is at hand, but brings with him
Not past a dozen gentlemen, and they,
Instead of weapons, in their unarm'd hands
Bear olive-branches, signals of calm peace.
Mar. 'Tis wonderful that he who yesterday
Like a Leonidas stood for his country,
Out-threatening death and danger, should so soon
Change his determin'd course;
But I'll suspend my censure till the event
Make known the certain cause. Like number meet;
The rest fall off again.

Enter SABINUS, ARMINIUS, *and other* Sabines, *marching slowly, with olive-branches in their hands, and colours wrapt up.*

Sab. Renowned Tullius,
The valiant general of a warlike people,

[1] *near*] Is to be read here as a dissyllable. In this passage Weber deviated unnecessarily from the arrangement of the MS.
[2] *veins*] Weber printed "bones"!
[3] *emulate*] i. e. envy.

Thus have we left our walls that might have scorn'd
Jove's battering thunder, or disjointing earthquakes
Sent from the depth of hell; and in our hands
Bear the true emblem of our hearts, now fill'd
With a desire of peace; but on what terms
We entertain it, that can best resolve[1] you.
[*Offers a paper*
Mar. A herald!

Enter a Roman Herald.

Read those articles aloud,
That all may hear on what conditions
Great Martius frees his subjects' lives from peril.
R. Her. [reads] *Titus Martius, king of the Romans, to Sabinus, captain of the Sabines, greeting.*
Incited by
A religious care, wherewith the gods endu'd[2] *us,*
To save the blood of our dear countrymen,
Desiring rather to put up injury
Than right ourselves by too much cruelty,
We are contented not to cast our eye
Severely on those misdemeanours past,
That we may call them by so mild a name,
Our mercy may remit them; which but view'd
Severely, would pull on too great a ruin:
Wherefore, once more,
Not as impotent, but with armèd hands,
We offer peace on these conditions;
First, as a yearly tribute you shall pay
Seven hundred sestertias to the Roman crown;
Next, whene'er we have occasion
Either of foreign or domestic wars,
You aid us with six thousand armèd men;
And, lastly, you shall keep within your bounds,
Not suffering any upon pain of death
To rob and spoil upon our Latin confines:
If you consent unto these articles,
In all respects your liberty shall be
As large and free as in the days[3]
Of our lov'd predecessor Tacitus;
If otherwise, expect th' increase of plagues
That war and Rome hath often laid on ye;
But these confirm'd, let Tullius our general
Enter your city with a competent number
Of well-arm'd men, and take the oaths of you
And your chief senators. Farewell.
Mar. Sir, we have heard what we much wonder at;
Yet I rejoice for your sake that Martius
Is gracious to yield to what's here written.
Let us join hands: this knot of true-lov'd peace
Banish all former discords!
[*Within.*] Whoo!
Mar. How the glad soldiers do applaud this league,
Singing the same panegyric of peace!
Then let's avoid delay. — Bellario,
You, with some few of our chief officers,
Shall to the city with us, where this league
Before the gods we must see ratified.
Our other soldiers now may rest themselves:
For those that will depart, give them their pay,
And let them take their pleasures.
Sab. Come, brave Tullius.
[*They march together, and at the entrance of the gate* MARIUS *is stabbed by the Sabines.*
Mar. Oh, I am slain! [*Falls.*
Læl. Treason! murder! help!
Sab. Shut up the gates, and suffer none to enter:
He falls that lifts a hand.
Læl. Villains, tyrants!
Sab. Bind fast that boy.
Læl. Sanguivolent murderers!
Can soldiers harbour such damn'd treachery?
Sab. Tullius, thy pardon; by a soldier's faith,
I much lament thy too hard fate, for see,
[*Throws down a writing.*
There is the crimson tyrant: 'tis thy blood
From unknown feet frees our affrighted country,
Which shed, Titus Martius, by the gods of Rome,
The powers of heaven, of earth, of sea, of hell,
And the infernal shades, has bound himself
With ancient liberty to raise again
Our gorgeous buildings, batter'd down by war,
And seat us high as ever.
Mar. He the man! oh!
Læl. Accursèd fiend! barbarous, inhuman king! ——
Sabinus, see,
Behold the wretched wife of Tullius!
Look what a woful widow you have made!
Our love scarce measur'd a short hour in essence,
But in expectancy it was eternal,
And so my grief must be, without a period;
For as the day ends with the setting sun,
So with thy death my happy days are done,
For I am lost forever.
Sab. Matchless woman,
Witness the gods how much I pity you! —
Oh, gentlemen, why do you fix your eyes
So firmly upon me? I know the strangeness
Of this sad act may make my truth suspected;
I'll use no airy protestations now
To clear myself; but if you please to enter,
After our oaths are taken to preserve
Those articles of peace inviolate,
The funeral obsequies, and true-shed tears,
Which to his everlasting bed shall bring
All that remains of this unfortunate,
I know not what to call him, shall express
How dear I priz'd his goodness: but the love
We bear our country beats all pity back. —
Take up the body.
Læl. Touch him not, you Furies!
No blood-stain'd hand[4] shall dare to touch the altar
On which I sacrifice these virgin tears,
Which shall outlast the marble which is laid
To cover this[5] fair corpse. Stand off, I say!
Myself will see him coffin'd and embalm'd,
And in one tomb rest with him. — Dear Tullius!
Sab. Cross her in nothing, let her use her will:
She has had too much wrong. Pray, enter, lords,

[1] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
[2] *endu'd*] "*Endued* and *endowed* were anciently used indiscriminately," &c. WEBER.
[3] *As large and free as in the days*] Here, as elsewhere in these 'Articles,' the text is corrupted.
[4] *hand*] Weber printed "hands."
[5] *this*] MS. "these." Weber printed "his."

For by our hearty sorrow you shall find
In all but this we bore a godlike mind.
[*Exeunt all except* LÆLIA *and* MARIUS.
Læl. Oh, Marius, I have wrong'd thy blessèd spirit
To mourn thy death by a contrary name!
But 'twas a sister's love; then pardon me.
If any life remain, fix but thine eye
Upon thy Lælia's sorrow, crying now
On Marius, Marius, breathing nothing else
Till my loath'd breath expire, — oh, Marius!
Mar. What life-restoring balm those true love's tears
Pour in my bleeding wounds, able to free
A dying soul from death's strong'st charnel-house!
But I am well, far distant from that place:
This shirt of mail worn near my skin
Rebated their sharp steel and killing points
Were darted at my breast; my greatest hurt
Is but a scratch compar'd to mortal wounds.
Yet I have chang'd my life, my life of woe,
And am transported into paradise,
Rapt above apprehension, to behold
My dearest Lælia's sight: hast thou been dead
To all men's knowledge since I first left Rome,
And dost survive to be my life's preserver?
Læl. I liv'd not else at all. But dangers now
Surround us every where; some sudden means
Must further our swift flight, or we are lost again
Past remedy.
Here comes a trusty friend, Bellario.

Re-enter BELLARIO.

Oh, good Bellario, help me to convey
This habit where it may be hid for ever,
And lend us any garments! Marius lives;
Throw it in any pool. Thy coat and hat!
Nay, quickly, dear Bellario.
[*She disguises* MARIUS.
Mar. Thy reward for this,
Whene'er we see thee next, wants precedent
Of what thy trust hath gain'd thee. Fare thee well:
Commend me to Marcellus; thou and he
Appease the mutinous soldiers, and make head:
You shall with speed hear from us. — Come, my bliss;
Never had man a happiness like this.
[*Exeunt, on one side,* MARIUS *and* LÆLIA, *on the other,* BELLARIO.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Forest.*

Enter ARMANUS.

Arm. Thrice has my horse o'erthrown me; the last time
Fell stark dead under me: ominous signs!
The scorching beams too weaken and make[1] faint
My bruisèd limbs, that I of force must rest,
If rest dares steal into the dwelling-place
Of grief and care.
If Tullius fell by damnèd practices,[2]
And not by honourable dint of sword,
I take a solemn vow ne'er to return,
Or live 'mongst other creatures willingly
Than wolves and tigers, studying how to learn
Their savage fierceness, and to practise it
Upon their hearts were causers of his death.
My weariness o'ermasters me, and fills my head
With strange distemperature; sleep weighs down my eyelids. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter MARCUS TULLIUS *disguised.*

M. Tull. I would have no one marry, for it is
A foolish, vain, and idle ceremony;
Let every woman choose the man she likes
To pleasure her, and after him another,
Changing as often as the subtle wind,
The pale-fac'd moon, or their own wandering thoughts:
'Twere better far than thus with breach of faith
To fill the world with sin and bastard births.
Oh, Philadelpha, if thou dost prove false,
Betwixt the parchèd Indians, short-breath'd men,
And longest-liv'd, cold Hyperboreans,
Lives not a constant woman! But, Armanus!
To see the antipathy 'twixt love and friendship!
As if it were ingrafted in the soul,
In which there is more pleasure than desire,
In will and in affection; like two hearts
Clos'd[3] up both in a mould, that, if one die,
The poisonous infection kills the other:
I would I could forget thee! for methinks
I'm ne'er alone when I remember thee;
Such sympathy, conditions, manners, speech,
[In][4] studies, pleasures, inclinations,
Bearing continual one thought and motion,
For such are perfect friends — I am o'erheard;
And yet I am not. There's a happy man;
No politic devices keep[5] him waking
For mines of gold: my mad and mutinous thoughts
Will not afford me such a minute's rest;
These three days have these eyelids kept asunder,
And still unfriendly they deny to meet:
Yet I will lay me down by this blest creature;
It may be his example may teach me
How to beguile fond[6] passions. [*Lies down.*
Arm. Forgive me; [*In his sleep.*
I will revenge thy death, by Heaven, I will!
M. Tull. Alas, poor soul, he is afflicted too!
Methinks that face should be no stranger to me:
Armanus!
Oh, see the spring from whence comes all my woe!
Whose flattering bubbles shew like crystal streams,
But I have found 'em full of Lernean[7] poison.
How sound he sleeps! he is so us'd to sin,
Not the black Furies that still hover about him,
Nor his own guilt that's ever calling him,
Can waken him; but here is that can do't.
[*Draws his sword.*

1 *weaken and make*] MS. "weakens *and* makes."

2 *practices*] i. e. artful contrivances, stratagems.
3 *Clos'd*] MS. "Close."
4 [*In*] Added by Weber.
5 *keep*] MS. "keepes."
6 *fond*] i. e. foolish, vain.
7 *Lernean*] MS. "Lernean."

Just Nemesis, that sit'st on sharpest thorns,
Twisting thy iron whips for perjur'd man,
Behold thy priest offer a sacrifice
That will be pleasing to thee! — My hand shakes. —
Revenge and fury guard me round about,
And force calm pity and compassion back! —
Once more have at thee. — Still my arm wants strength,
And cannot hold my weapon.
Arm. Sacred spirit, [*Awakes.*
That from the ever-springing fields art come
To this unhallow'd ground, why dost thou shake
Thy threatening sword, and so austerely bend
Thy incorporeal brow against the man
That ever lov'd and honour'd Tullius' name
So dear, the natural antipathy
Betwixt my frail and thy immortal substance,
Which guilty creatures tremble to behold,
And drives their cold blood through their shaking joints,
Nothing dismays me, but with open arms
Run to embrace thy shadow? Shun me not:
By all my hopes of future happiness,
Tell me but who they were contriv'd thy death,
And though the Cyclops guard them, or the race
That from his kingdom durst attempt to drive
The star-crown'd monarch, yet my vengeful flame
Shall strike 'em down to hell, where thou shalt hear,
To those blest shades where all the worthies live,
Their tortur'd souls with anguish howl and yell:
Then do not fly my arms.
M. Tull. Villain, keep off!
Thou art mad,[1] a pandar, nay, what's worse,
A traitor to thy friend.
Arm. Devil, or ghost,
Spirit of earth, of air, of[2] active fire
(For Tullius thou art not; he never us'd
Such barbarous language to a faithful friend),
Therefore, whate'er thou art that dar'st assume
The blessèd shape of my dear murder'd friend
Where goodness so long dwelt, prepare thyself;
My anger thus salutes [thee].[3] [*Draws his sword.*
M. Tull. What dream's this?
What spirit or what murder talks he of?
This is a fetch past man's capacity. —
Armanus, thou hast lost thyself too far:
I'm no deluding goblin, nor false friend,
But real as thyself.
Arm. Lives Tullius, then?
With joy and wonder thus ——
M. Tull. Keep distance, slave!
Yes, I do live, and only live to be
A terror to thy falsehood.
Arm. These are words
I must not live to hear.
M. Tull. Villain, read that: [*Gives writing.*
So long I'll spare my justice, which shall fall
As horrid as thy fact. Does't startle you?
Arm. Whoever writ these black lines[4] is a devil,
Which are as false and envious as himself:
Yet, if you can believe 'em, 'tis high time
That I were turn'd to earth. See, there's my sword,
And thus my breast flies open to your fury:
Strike, and strike home, and when my guiltless blood
Shall dye this green grass crimson, you shall see
How free 'twas from corruption.
M. Tull. I am struck
With deep astonishment: if that were false,
To what end should that man, whate'er he were,
Engage himself so dreadfully? 'tis a reach
Beyond my understanding. By the truth
And forepast protestations tied our hearts
In bonds of amity, (a greater oath
Sin cannot think upon,) resolve[5] my fear:
Has not my Philadelpha soil'd[6] her faith?
Arm. She is as pure as the unspotted sun
Shining in brightest glory.
M. Tull. Does not the king solicit her?
Arm. He does;
And politic Rufinus haunts her hourly,
Like an ill spirit, striving to seduce her
To what she most abhors:
'Twas he possess'd me with your credulous death,[7]
And has by this divulg'd it to the king:
Which rumour wing'd me on to fly to the camp,
Doubting some dangerous plot laid 'gainst your life,
That he so confidently spoke you dead.
By all my comforts hop'd for, and those plagues
Which perjury would tremble to recite,
By our past friendship and unwrinkled truth,
Which hitherto I ever have ador'd,
What I have spoke is free[8] from blot as 's
The firmament.
M. Tull. And I, as true, believe it. Pardon me;
Thus will I beg it from thee. Jealousy [*Kneels.*
And frantic rage, which from those[9] lines took life
And had their black original, bereft
And put me past myself.
Now I conceive Rufinus' damn'd intent,
To draw me from the camp unto my death,
Or execute some hellish treason there.
Heaven keep Marius safe!
Arm. Speak low, here's company.

Enter MARIUS *disguised as before, and* LÆLIA *dressed as a post-boy.*

Mar. Let's rest a while, sweet Lælia, we have rid hard,
And, whilst our horses graze, refresh ourselves;
These pleasant groves yield comfortable shades.
Læl. Marius!
Mar. Ha! what affrights my love?
Læl. Saw you that face?
Mar. 'Tis ——
Læl. Tullius, my dear brother; that, Armanus.
Mar. Oh, everlasting comfort! — Tullius!

1 *Thou art mad*] There seems to be some corruption here.
2 *of*] Qy. "or"?
3 [*thee*] Added by Weber.
4 *lines*] Weber printed "lies."
5 *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
6 *soil'd*] MS. "foyld." Weber printed "filed."
7 *possess'd me with your credulous death*] i. e. acquainted me with your death, which was too easily believed by me.
8 *spoke is free*] Weber printed "spoken is as free."
9 *those*] Weber printed "these."

M. Tull. Amazement! Marius! loving Janus too!
Joy and sad fear both struggle in my breast:
Your sights are heaven, but the sudden cause
Forc'd you to leave the camp, and thus disguis'd,
Begets in me a wonder beyond thought.
Mar. And well it may. Oh, noble worthy lord,
I shall amaze you with strange stratagems!
Titus is a tyrant; bloody snares
And horrid treasons do[1] begirt thee round;
But I was trapt with 'em, yet hate to think
Thy virtues[2] knew of them:
Behold a warrant granted for thy death,
Upon conditions[3] of a feignèd league,
Sign'd with his own hand and commanding seal;
Which I observ'd in all things void of fear,
And as I enter'd through their flattering gates,
Which stood wide open to receive us in,
Going to take their oaths of fealty,
I fell by their sharp weapons; witness these.[4]
[*Shews his wounds.*
But how I was restor'd and scap'd with life
Will wonder you far more: here is the hand
That under Heaven was my only safety.
M. Tull. Who? pretty Janus?
Mar. No, thy sister, Tullius,
And my dear Lælia, that all this while
Like my good angel hath protected me:
The manner now is too tedious to rehearse,
For I could ever sit recounting it.
M. Tull. Is't possible, sweet sister, thou shouldst live
Thus long disguis'd, and serve me as my page,
And these eyes ne'er descry thee, that have took
Such infinite delight to gaze upon
The splendour of thy beauty? nay, I vow,
Wert not my sister, even doted on thee.
Arm. Is this your post? was she your happy guide?
I could fast ever to kiss such a post.[5]
M. Tull. Surcease[6] a while this explicating joy,
And let us study how to be reveng'd
On this injurious king, King Machiavel.
Mar. For such a plot no Fury ever form'd.
M. Tull. Were[7] all these honours and the gilded titles
He heap'd upon my head against my will,
Laid on my shoulders for to weigh me down,
And sink me with black obloquy? Well, king,
The moon may dim the sun, and so may I
Wrap up thy blazing pride in a red cloud,
And darken thee for ever. Come, to Rome:
We'll yet determine nothing; what we do
Occasion must present us: on to Rome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Rome. Before a Temple.*

Dumb Show. Enter two Flamens; *after them one bearing an offering for the* King; *then four* Senators; *after them* TITUS MARTIUS, *talking to* RUFINUS; LEARCHUS *and* LEONTIUS *following; then* PHILADELPHA *richly attired, her train borne up by* Virgins, *all carrying in their hands several kinds of sacrifice: so pass over the stage.*

SCENE III. — *A Hall in the Palace.*

Soft Music. A banquet being set forth, enter TITUS *and* PHILADELPHA, *who sit down at each end of a table; then* SERVIUS TULLIUS, MARCELLANUS, *and other* Senators, *who sit down at a side-table; then various lords and ladies; then* RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, *and* LEONTIUS, *who wait on the* King.

Titus. Sit, glorious Philadelpha, there's thy chair,
To which thou'lt add more beauty than the sun
Can to his golden chariot. — Reverend Tullius,
You have been long a stranger; this approach
Adds to your double welcome; there, sit there: —
And you, Lucius Marcellanus, take your place;
'Tis for you and your fellow-senators.
S. Tull. The king is full of sacred courtesies.
Titus. Sit, my dear beauteous guest. Methinks, as we
Are plac'd in opposition, thou, like that
Eternal soul of nature, which can give
Or take at pleasure every excellence,
Add'st or depriv'st me of perfection:
Methinks all dread, all reverence, majesty,
With which kings shake their footstools, like a flame
Leaves me to lodge in thy bright countenance.
Phil. If there be such a wonder, 'tis your grace
And favour which creates it; that withdrawn,
I'm dark and nothing, only but your handmaid.
Titus. Thou'rt all man's wish can climb to. — Fill some wine. —
Here's to thee, sweetness, and a solemn health
To noble Tullius and his victories! [*Drinks.*
You're all engag'd, my lords; this must go round;
'Tis the king's friend, nay, his companion.
[*The health goes about.*
First Sen. Sir, you're a happy man that does enjoy
A son of this rare merit.
S. Tull. Rather blest
To have a king, whose judgment can infuse
Merit where merit's wanting.
Sec. Sen. Noble sir,
You are not short in this felicity
To have a daughter past all parallel:
In brief you're both maps of true[8] happiness
In having such rare children.
Marcellan. They're the gifts
Of Heaven, not of Nature.
S. Tull. Mine, alas,
Is what the king hath made him; so far good
As goodness sparkles in his actions:

[1] *do*] MS. "doth." — Perhaps the passage ought to stand thus;

"*Titus is a tyrant*, who with *bloody snares*
And horrid treasons doth *begirt thee round.*"

[2] *virtues*] Weber printed "virtue."
[3] *conditions*] Weber printed "condition."
[4] *these*] To this line is added, unnecessarily, in another hand, "markes."
[5] *I could fast ever to kiss such a post*] A quibble, with an allusion to a proverbial expression of frequent occurence, —

"Yet from beginning absent if thou be,
Eyther shalt thou lose thy meat and *kisse the post*," &c.
Barclay's *Sec. Eglogue*, sig. B. iiii. ed. 1570; and see Heywood's *Woman Kilde with Kindnesse*, sig. E. 2. ed. 1617.

[6] *Surcease*] i. e. Cease.
[7] *Were*] MS. "Was."
[8] *maps of true*] Weber printed "*true maps of.*"

Though grief be my remembrancer, I must
Confess I've lost ten sons, in every part
As hopeful, good, though not so fortunate,
In loss of my dear Lælia.
Ruf. How fain the old man would be flattered,
And yet not seem to catch it!
Learch. Oh, it is
A modesty which strives how to convert
Praise into adoration.
Leon. Rather, sir,
Your coy whores' rhetoric, ever to deny
What they would swallow with most greediness.
Ruf. May superstition choke them! What's this toy[1]
Or idol they so reverence, but a sponge
Fill'd with the king's waste moisture, or a bag
Blown with the breath of greatness? when the hand
Of wrath shall squeeze it, or a little pin
Prick but the windy outside, down falls all,
And leaves him nought but despis'd emptiness.
Learch. Come, you're too bitter. See, how the king sits gazing!
Titus. Whence is this music? [*Music within.*
Ruf. 'Tis, as I conceive,
A warning of the masquers' readiness,
Prepar'd to attend your triumphs.
Titus. Let them come. —
Quickly remove these tables. — Here's your place, [*To* PHIL.
For all things this night strive[2] to honour you. —
More lights and more attendance![3] — Sit, my lords;
Revels ask elbow-room at all times: so.

Enter the Masque,[4] *in which are* MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, *and* ARMANUS, *dressed as Furies, with torches, and* LÆLIA *in lady's habit.*

You've done to the height of motion; yet I'll give
Dancing a greater glory: 'tis but lame
When beauty shares not in it; here are they
Can give life unto measure. Hand her, lords. —
Nay, you must not excuse it; for, but you,[5]
Perfection hath no crown to triumph in.
Phil. Your majesty will make me to disclose
Errors I would have hidden.
Titus. Say not so;
You can shew art rules to astonish her.
[PHIL. *and* Ladies *dance with the Masquers.*
How like the nimble winds, which play upon
The tender grass, yet press it not, or fly
Over the crystal face of smoothest streams,
Leaving no curl behind them; or how like
The yellow-feather'd Hymen when he treads
Upon soft air's bosom, doth she pass
Observ'd with[6] admiration! why, she makes
Motion the god of every excellence,
And what the Muses would with study find
She teaches in her dancing; 'tis indeed
A school to teach all we call liberal.
I cannot give her worth a name; to me
It must suffice only to say, 'tis she.
[*The dance ends.*
Learch. This is no rich idolatry.[7]
Ruf. Yes, sure,
And set out to the full height; there nor wants
Imbosture[8] nor embroidery: what dull eye
But sees the swelling boscage, and your trails
How they do hug and stifle flattery?
Leon. No more, the king observes us.
Titus. Blessèd thing,
Come, I have wrong'd thy sweetness, and I know
Thou'rt weary; but I'll make a recompense. —
See that a [stately][9] banquet be prepar'd
To entertain the masquers; they've this night
Tied to their king a strange beholdingness,
And I am all your debtors. Call for lights;
We'll to our chamber straight. — Madam, your rest
Must be to-night i' the court; that and I
Are both proud you will grace it. — Rufinus, 'tis
Your honour to attend her. — So, to all
Good night and best repose. — Reverend Tullius,
Thou good old man, much peace: — but thousand happy rests
Dwell on thy noble bosom. [*To* PHILADELPHA.
Phil. Ten times those,
Doubled in myriads, live with my sovereign.
[*Exeunt all except* PHILADELPHA, RUFINUS, MARCUS TULLIUS, MARIUS, *and* ARMANUS.
M. Tull. Marius, Armanus, as you are noble friends,
Go to the privy garden, and in the walk
Next to the stillatory[10] stay for me:
I must adventure something. Give me that torch.
Mar. Arm. Dispose yourself; we will attend your coming. [*Exeunt.*
Ruf. Who waits there? lights for the noble lady!
M. Tull. They're ready, and attend you.
Ruf. Away before, then:
Lead to the chamber call'd Elysium. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.[11] — *A Bed-chamber splendidly furnished.*

Enter TULLIUS *disguised, with a torch,* PHILADELPHA, RUFINUS, *and* Ladies.

M. Tull. This is the lodging call'd Elysium.

1 *What's this toy*] Altered in another hand to "Se the kings intrancet," the rest of this speech, and the next speech, being marked for omission at some representation. — Compare Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 2; —

"*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?" &c

2 *strive*] MS. "striues."

3 *attendance*] Weber printed "attendants."

4 *Enter the Masque*, &c.] The stage-direction in the MS. is far from intelligible, viz. "*Enter the Masque in wch is young Tullius Marius & Armanus & Lelia in Ladies habit, they followe ye three young lords like furies, after dsunce wth the Ladies.*"

5 *but you*] "i. e. excepting you, without you." WEBER.

6 *with*] So altered in another hand. — Originally written "by;" and so Weber.

7 *This is no rich idolatry*] "The negative was frequently ironically added to express a superlative degree." WEBER.

8 *Imbosture*] "i. e. raised work." WEBER.

9 [*stately*] Added by Weber. A lacuna is left here in the MS.

10 *stillatory*] i. e. A room in which stills are set, laboratory. "It seems to have been a usual appendage to the houses of the gentry at the time. In Sir Henry Wotton's Elements of Architecture, 1624, he gives directions for placing the kitchen and the *stillatory*." WEBER. — Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) observes, "There is even now, in great houses, a place called the *still-room*, which is usually the territory of the housekeeper."

11 *Exeunt. — Scene IV.*, &c.] MS. has merely "*Ex: y. Tull. Phy. & Ruff. then a rich Bed is thrust out and they enter*

Ruf. It is your lodging, madam; here the king
Prays you may sleep with comfort.
Phil. Sir, I'm bound
To his respect and your most noble trouble.
Ruf. Avoid the chamber, and put out your torch.
M. Tull. Is this the devil's [chamber]?[1] [*Aside.*] — I am gone, —
But not so far as mischief wishes me;
I must attend your night-spells. Arras, thou
Shalt hide my body, but light mine[2] understanding.
[*Aside, then puts out the torch, and steps behind the arras.*
Phil. Sir, I beseech you, let my women stay;
They must this night attend me.
Ruf. Oh, not these!
These to attend your person? Madam, know,
The greatest dames of Rome and Italy,
Nay, the altezzas and their sovereign,
Must this night do you service; as for these,
They must spare their duties.
Phil. Good my lord,
Let mine own creatures serve me; others will
In this work supererogate, and I
Shall think their diligence a mockery.
Ruf. Nothing so;
You shall find virtue in their services. —
Come, ladies, you must vanish. [*Exit with* Ladies.
Phil. I do not like this courtship. — Ha! the door
Lock'd up and bolted! in the name of truth,
What differs this from strong imprisonment?
Virtue, thou art my mistress, and I sit
Under thy shade so safely, that methinks
Dishonour dare not touch me: yet, alas,
Man is an untam'd creature, and dare break
Through any fence of goodness! help me, then,
Oh, sacred Virtue, and mine innocence!

Enter TITUS MARTIUS.

Titus. They will, believe it; never didst thou ask
What piety denied thee.
Phil. Now, I see, I'm ruin'd:
In the name of wonder, sir, what make you here?
Titus. To tell thee truth, not wonders, for no eye
Sees thee but stands amazèd, and would turn
His crystal humour into atomies[3]
Ever to play about thee.
Phil. Sacred sir,
Oh, let me understand you! — Yet, sir, hold,
Let me not understand you; let me be
Dull as the earth, more ignorant than fools,
Rather than know you are dishonourable.
Titus. Let not suspicion scare you, or respect
Of that which is but nothing make you run
From the height of all great fortunes. Plainly, sweet,
I love you, dearly love you; love you so
As no speech can express it, and have by art
And such discretion shap'd opportunity,
That malice cannot touch you in your honour.
Come, you must be kind.
Phil. Great sir, keep farther distance: you speak poison.
M. Tull. Ha! there's[4] some hope in her goodness. [*Aside.*
Titus. Do not with coyness cast that fortune off
You would with torments purchase; be to me
The sweetness which I long for, and to all
Thy thoughts, thy wishes, and thine actions,
No power shall put a girdle; thou shalt be
Greater than greatness thinks on, sway more hearts,
Have more eyes hanging on thee, and command
More glorious titles and more sovereignty
Than's spoke of Egypt or[5] Assyria.
M. Tull. Now do I see
The devil's a cunning book-thief, and hath robb'd
The honest schools of their best rhetoric
To tempt poor virgins' weakness. [*Aside.*
Titus. Poppæa, when she met her emperor
Clad in the wealth of many monarchies,
Nor rich Paulina that out-brav'd the sun,
And made him dark with sparkling jewelry,
Compar'd with thee shall be as poor and dull
As wasted dross or baser excrements,
Only let me enjoy thee.
M. Tull. Hold now or never! [*Aside.*
Phil. I took you, sir, to be the only thing
The earth could call her good one, and no doubt
You are no less, only now seek to prove
How an ill thing would scare me. Pray, sir, think
These foul ingredients cannot alter me:
Trust me, I prize poor virtue with a rag
Better than vice with both the Indies.
M. Tull. This is some comfort, if it have constancy. [*Aside.*
Titus. Be not a fool for custom, know my worth,
And who I am that do solicit you;
Think of the crowns hang o'er you, crowns of joy,
Honour, and reputation; if they fail,
Think of the swords I carry, swords of shame,
Contempt, disgrace, slander, and infamy,
And think with these how I can torture you,
Nay, whip you to obedience; and, by Heaven,
I'll spare nought to afflict you.
M. Tull. [*coming forward.*] Yes, you will;
Virtue, I know, must be no instrument.
Titus. How's this? surpris'd? oh me, 'tis Tullius!
M. Tull. Yes, it is Tullius, Tullius the unfortunate.
Are you a god, a king, nay, but a man,
And dare commit this outrage? do you know
A good thought, and dare speak thus? Good sir, think,
Although I am your subject, and do view
Each beam that shines about you, and conceive
How dear you are to the gods, to angels, saints,
The world, and mankind; though I know you are
A temple so divine and hallowèd,

against," — there being in those days no moveable painted scenery: compare a stage-direction in the old eds. of *The Maid's Tragedy*, act v. p. 225.

[1] [*chamber*] Added by Weber. A lacuna is left here in the MS.

[2] *mine*] Weber printed "my."

[3] *atomies*] i. e. atoms.

[4] *there's*] Weber printed "here is."

[5] *or*] Weber printed "and."

That but to dream ill of you were to plunge
My soul[1] into damnation; yet, to it,
Think what this woman is; my wife, sir, she's my wife,
My chaste dear wife, a word that's precious,
Self of myself, nay, such a self beyond,
That where she falls my fame is perishèd;
Mine did I say? nay, my posterity,
Mine utter generation, all my name
Lost and undone to all eternity:
How this will tempt a good man, oh, sir, think,
Tremble and fear to think it!

Titus. Be not jealous.

M. Tull. Not jealous, and have heard your blasphemy!
What slave can be so stupid? Sir, if you
Have rais'd me for this merit, or built up
My low foundations with strange pinnacles
Higher than others' buildings; if you have
Made me a glittering outside, but within
Store nothing but dishonour, cast me down,
Beat me to dust; mine[2] ashes will appear
A monument more glorious than your palace.

Titus. On my life,
Thou dost mistake me strangely.

M. Tull. Would I did,
So I might perish for it! but my eyes
And own ears are my witness.

Titus. Come, no more:
They've told you a false message, and your heart
Seduc'd by them is much too credulous;
For I protest by all that's good or holy,
Never did I conceive 'gainst her or thee
A thought of so much baseness. What is done
Was done for special caution; first, to stop
Their poison'd mouths I know do envy you;
Next, to convert their malice to this ground,
Which else had touch'd thy person; next, to try
The temper of her goodness, and how far
Corruption might work on her, which I find
Past praise and past example, and she is
The jewel I renown'd her, and indeed
Worthy the love of noble Tullius:
'Twas this design that led me; by my life,
No other thought came near me.

M. Tull. It was a course pious and full of virtue,
A deed for which I ever owe a debt
Of terror and affliction. Fearful king,
Nay, impudent transgressor, now thou seest
Thy lustful breast lie bare to my revenge,
Coin'st[3] these apparent falsehoods: but I have
Strange and undoubted causes; witness this,
This warrant for my murder; besides that,
The articles of peace you sent the rebels
Sabinus and Arminus, but the cause
Was written in a bloody character,
Such as I think had never precedent;
This can speak how firm is your affection.
[*Gives writing.*

Phil. I'm lost in my amazement: dearest, speak,
What warrant for thy murder?

M. Tull. Oh, my love,
Time will not now permit me to relate
The cruel circumstance! thou shalt partake it.

Titus. What slave or hell-hound has abus'd my truth,
And forg'd this slanderous writ? Oh, my Tullius,
I cannot blame thee now, had thy just rage
Flown out above man's temper! this would move
A creature without gall. Who should be
This angry billow that thus seeks to drown
The fair bark I would nourish? By dread Jove,
I will sift out this swelling sycophant,
And beat him down so flat, so low, so dead,
Make him so smooth and calm, that but his shame
There shall be nothing to remember him.
Tullius, by this embracement credit me
I'm sound in all thoughts to thee. Do not neither
Believe nor them nor me; but as short time
Shall prove this lie most odious, so let truth
Shine in my other actions. With all speed
We'll call a present council, and send post
For proud Sabinus,
Who, dreadless in his articles, may come;
If not, we'll force him hither; you, disguis'd,
Shall hear our strange proceedings; thou shalt see
How quaintly I shall trip him.[4] Love this sweet,
She is a thing for Heaven to envy at,
And tell thyself thou hast all the joys of life,
A perfect royal friend, and faithful wife. [*Exit.*

M. Tull. Would I could hope the first! the last is sure,
And both I'll seek to perfect. — Come, my love;
Thou'st play'd the part of goodness royally,
And I'll strive to deserve it. Yet, since things
Lie but at half discover'd, for a time
In some strange shape[5] I'll shroud me,
Free from the knowledge of the king or any,
Until these tares be weeded; when they're ripe,
I'll be myself, and shine unlimited.

Phil. Your will is my direction, and I'll move
Only by your commandment and your love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Temple.*[6] *An altar with the image of Mars.*

Enter SIR PERGAMUS *leading* FLAVIA, DINDIMUS *bearing* SIR PERGAMUS'S *lance and shield*, BELLARIO, BLACKSNOUT, SNIPSNAP, *and* CALVESKIN.

Sir Per. There hang, thou fatal engine of my wrath,
[*Takes his lance from* DINDIMUS, *and hangs it up.*

[1] *My soul*] So altered in another hand. — Originally written "Mans *soule*." Weber printed "Men's souls."

[2] *mine*] Weber printed "my."

[3] *Coin'st*, &c.] i. e. Now that thou seest, &c., *thou* coin'st, &c.

[4] *him*] MS. "'em;" and so Weber.

[5] *shape*] "i. e. habit, dress." WEBER.

[6] *A Temple*, &c.] In the MS. this scene is headed thus: — "*The Plott of a Scene of mirth to conclude this fourth Acte.*

"*Enter Sr Pergamus the foolish knight like a Bridegroome, leading Flauia his Bride, Bellario the singing Souldier, Blacksnout the Smith, Snippsnapp the Tayler, and Cauleskin the Shomaker.*

"*An Altar to be sett forth with the Image of Mars. Dindimus the Dwarfe bearing Sr Per: Launce and sheild wch are hung vp for trophees, and Sr Perg: vowes for the loue of Flauia neuer to beare Armes agen, the like doe Blacksnout who hangs vp his sword and takes his hammer vowing to God Vulcan neuer to vse other weapon. The Tayler and the Shoemaker to* [i. e. too] *vowe the like to God Mercury. Then Bellario*

Thou great divorcer of the soul and body,
Which three-score princes, emperors, and kings,
Besides some thousand lords, captains sans number,
One lanceprisado,[1] and [a] sutler's wife,
Hast sent to Erebus and dismal lake;
Hang there, I say; and this the world shall grant,
None e'er could boast[2] the like but John of Gaunt.

All. Oh, rare, rare Pergamus!

Sir Per. Now give me that:

[*Takes his shield from* DINDIMUS, *and hangs it up.*

Come thou, thou faithful bulwark to my breast,
That hath kept[3] off the cannon-shot like hail,
Cut through and through some fourscore inches deep
With direful strokes and dreary hardiment;
Whose wide-mouth'd trenches keep imprisonèd
Five thousand captives couchant to my mercy,[4]
Which must yield Pergamus a world for ransom;
Terror, hang there: no guildhall shews the like,
Bloody in peace, but in war politic.

Dind. Go on, brave Pergamus, the son of fame,
The child of fortune; all men know the same.

Fla. A periphrasis[5] of a fool that fortunes favour. [*Aside.*

Sir Per. Hang there, ye instruments of blood, and rust:
Hence, fighting vein![6] my Flavia must be bust.[7]
Yet thus far, Mars, I will thy soldier be,
And valiantly in thy great quarrel strike,
When Flavia teaches me to raise the pike.

Black. Blacksnout the like doth vow, and, in a word,
Into a hammer I'll convert my sword.
Though Venus Vulcan horn, I'll wive: our hall[8]
Increas'd by us may grow a capital.
I am for Vulcan now, for Mars no more;
If my wife scold, my bout-hammer[9] shall roar.

Snip. Turn garment, tailor, too, and be not barr'd:
I'll marry, and betake me to my yard,
And if my trade then prove not worth a dodkin,[10]
Curse, curse o' women, both my yard and bodkin!

Calvo. Then, shoemaker, the last of all the rout,
Of tailor, Pergamus, or fair Blacksnout,
By Mercury I swear it is my draught
To take a wife and use the gentle craft.

SONG BY BELLARIO.

Then farewell the drum, pike, gun, and the fife!
If a man loves jarring and plenty of strife,
To try his valour let him take a wife,
And to our old trades again!
Chorus. And to our old trades again!

Come, Pergamus, tailor, and Blacksnout too,
The shoemaker will teach your wives all what to do,
For, if you tread awry, they'll underlay you:
Then to our old trades again!
Chorus. Then to our old trades again!

So, furious Mars, we bid thee adieu,
We care not for killing, it's a life for a Jew:
So let us be jogging with our jovial crew,
And to our old trades again!
Chorus. And to our old trades again!
[*Thunder.*

Bell. Oh, the gods are angry! let's begone.

All. Oh, oh, oh! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter, severally, LEARCHUS *and* LEONTIUS, *muffled up in cloaks.*

Learch. Ha, ha, ha!

Leon. Why dost thou laugh, Learchus?

Learch. To see us two walk thus, like saturnists,
Muffled up in a condensèd cloud.
Why art thou sad, Leontius?

Leon. Troth, I know not.
Why art thou melancholy?

Learch. Hang me, if I can tell. Oh, now I remember:
The king is discontented, and we courtiers
Are like the Macedonian humourists;
'Cause Philip had a wry neck they wore theirs so,
And said 'twas all the fashion: yet, methinks,
'Tis something more than strange
To see this sudden alteration;
Last night he was unbounded and profuse
In mirth and jovialty, but looks this morn
As if he had drunk Lethe.

Enter RUFINUS.

Ruf. Plotting still?
You think to outdo me now in some rare springe
To catch this green-head general; but you shall not,
Nay, you cannot: know, brave spirits, 'tis done;
Our stratagem has taken rare effect,
The peace is made, the articles confirm'd,
The execution past, and Tullius sunk
Lower than policy can ever search,

sings a songe how they will fall to their old Trades, a clapp of Thunder and all run of. finis 4 Act."

The scene itself (as I have already mentioned) is on a detached piece of paper, and appears to be in the autograph of the author.

1 *lanceprisado*] See note, p. 137.

2 *could boast*] These words, (which are written "*could-bost*," and much blurred) were mistaken by Weber for "shall use."

3 *That hath kept*] Weber printed "thou *that* keep'st."

4 *captives couchant to my mercy*] Weber printed "captains *couchant to* thy *mercy*."

5 Fla. *A periphrasis, &c.*] "This speech is added in the margin, and began [was] originally, 'A riddle for a fool.' The alteration is in the same hand as the rest of the scene." WEBER.

6 *vein*] Spelt in MS. "vaine." Weber printed "vain."

7 *bust*] i. e. kissed.

8 *hall*] "i. e. hall of trade." WEBER. — In the next line, "capital" seems to mean — Capitol.

9 *bout-hammer*] "Probably a technical term for a blacksmith's hammer. *Bout*, besides its present signification, signified formerly a blow." WEBER. — *Bout-hammer* is, I apprehend, *about-hammer*: R. Holme, under "Smiths Tools," mentions "the *about sledge* or the smiths *great forging hammer*; he that useth this, holdeth the further end of the hammer in both his hands, and swinging it *about* his head, he at arms length lets fall as heavy a blow as he can upon the work that is to be battered or drawn out." *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. iii. p. 321.

10 *dodkin*] "A Dodkin [i. e., doitkin, little doit], *Nummulus, Teruncius.* Not worth a Dodkin, *Asse carum.*" Coles's *Dict.*

Or plumb the unfathom'd bottom. —
What means this silence? do[1] not your glad hearts leap
Into your bosom[s] to hear this brave revenge?
Have you thus far mingled your bloods with mine,
And waded hand in hand through death and hell,
And do you now repent?
Learch. Leon. Repent!
Ruf. What, then, portends this sadness?
Learch. Understand it:
Saw you the king to-day?
Ruf. No. What succeeds your question?
Learch. He's wondrous discontented.
Ruf. What of that?
Leon. Think you he has not caught intelligence
Of Tullius' murder or this feignèd truce?
Ruf. Why, say he have, do you shrink or shudder at it?
We have ventur'd too far in to retire now:
But I'll take off that doubt; 'tis no such thing,
Neither does grief or anger make him shew
A wrinkled front or a dejected look;
'Tis rather too much joy, surfeit of pleasure,
And those sweet delights with which he has been sated
This last night [in] the arms of Philadelpha;
Tullius' fair hoard was made his cradle,
In which the devil and lust sat rocking him.
Learch. Is't possible? is Tullius mounted higher?
Ruf. Yes, on the horn of greatness.
Learch. Ha, ha, ha!
Ruf. And being fix'd, perchance,
In meditation of these sugar'd sins,
He did not greatly mind ye; there's his sadness:
But when we come in presence, you shall see
Another change of countenance, for I am
The screw'd-up[2] instrument whose tearing brain
Gives motion to his actions.

Enter Messenger.

Sent to me?
Mess. And all your honours.
The senate sits this morning instantly,
The king in person too, but for what cause
None save[3] himself yet knows.
Ruf. 'Tis a short summons: well, we shall attend him. [*Exit* Messenger.
Learch. What thinks Rufinus now?
Ruf. By Jove, I'm puzzled; yet, now
To forge or study for replies, would shew
A shallow brain. Let not our timorous guilt
Betray ourselves; and scorn the worst event;
If we must down, let us like cedars fall,
And make an earthquake tumbling, that our fame
May live to after-ages, and our acts
By all rare politicians be eternizèd:
'Tis nobler far than live in such a state
Where worth hath no reward, merit no grace.
Can virtue spring where true regard is wanting?
It is impossible: thus join we, then,
And let our fates be like the elements,
So link'd and chain'd that none can break the twine
But they that twisted it. This knot, methinks,
Resembles just the trinal sisterhood
That spun our thread of life: make much on't, then:
Before the Destinies do wind it up,
They shall have many turnings. But when you see
There is no remedy, let one stroke divide us.
Learch. Leon. 'Tis resolved. [*Cornets within.*
Ruf. The senate's coming, fall into the train.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Capitol.*

Enter MARCELLANUS, SERVIUS TULLIUS, *and two other* Senators; *then* TITUS MARTIUS, RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, LEONTIUS, *and* Attendants; MARCUS TULLIUS *in disguise, amongst other petitioners.*

M. Tull. I hope this habit's undiscoverable,
In which, as in a perspicil,[4] I shall see
These hidden Furies tread the devil's maze.
[*Aside.*
Titus. Grave fathers,
You in whose wisdoms[5] rest the states of kings,
Whose prudent and discreet directions
Uphold and govern all things next the gods,
To you I now appeal, and shall in brief
Declare the motive that incited us
To call this sudden council. I must first
Confess my rashness, that, without advice
Of your sage judgments and a general voice,
We made a general, thy son, Tullius,
And sent him forth without a full consent
Against the Sabines that invaded us:
The error is acknowledg'd; yet, my lords,
The strong necessity considerèd,
The fierceness of the insurrection,
And devastation which the rebels us'd,
Was cause sufficient for a present choice
Without deliberate counsel.
Sec. Sen. 'Twas most fit.
Ruf. A policy both good and requisite.
Titus. We are excus'd for't, then. But, reverend senate,
Having since weigh'd by weighty circumstance,
Grounded on reason, that the opinions
And several censures of the commonalty,
And some of our great peers too, may, perchance,
Out of their ignorance raise a mutiny
That might in time work a conspiracy
Against young Tullius,
Not being elected by a publ[illegible]e,
For what they do without m[illegible]e moves,[6]
But thousands envy where a king once loves, —
These known examples make[7] us cautelous[8]

1 *do*] MS. "doa."
2 *screw'd-up*] Weber printed "served-up."
3 *save*] Weber printed "but."

4 *perspicil*] "i. e. a perspective glass." WEBER. See note, p. 385.
5 *wisdoms*] Weber printed "wisdom."
6 *without malice moves*] Weber (who printed "*without* [all] *malice*," — but see note, p. 668) explains the passage thus: — "What is done by the popular voice proceeds or is executed without any malicious interpretation, but thousands envy and malign what a king does, actuated by love or affection."
7 *make*] MS. "makes."
8 *cautelous*] "i. e. cautious." WEBER. It means more, viz. artfully cautious.

Of future dangers: therefore, once more, lords,
Deliver your minds freely; if you think
His youth or judgment, strength or discipline,
Debilitate his person, or his birth
Make him unfit to undergo a place
So eminent and powerful, call him home,
Choose a more able, more experienc'd man,
That thirsts for such an honour, and let him
Revel at home here with his beauteous bride:
Poor soul! she has the most wrong: such a war
Were far more pleasing to a courtier,
One so complete and young as Tullius is,
And questionless he'll[1] thank ye. Now, you hear
The cause of your assembly, speak your thoughts,
And let your hearts and tongues so sympathise
That truth may write the comments.

S. Tull. Royal sir,
I humbly crave I may be pardonèd,
And licens'd to suspend my censure yet,
Until that their opinions be all pass'd:
A father's doom will be thought partial,
Though the gods record it.

Titus. Use your will.

Marcellan. I beg like liberty, dread sovereign:
We two are equal sharers in his honours;
'Twould ill beseem us to detract from him.

Titus. Shall one man speak for all, then?

All. Willingly.

First Sen. And whom your majesty shall please to call,
His voice shall give a general approbation.

Titus. Rufinus, you are he, then.

Ruf. I, my liege!

Titus. Refusal is in vain, we'll have it so.

Ruf. The most unworthiest creature.

Titus. Wrong not your worth, we know your merits, sir:
You have done good service in the like affairs,
And know[2] best what belongs to't; therefore, speak.

Ruf. With pardon, then, I shall.
Your highness might have made a surer choice
Of an approvèd soldier; but a man
More daring and more valiant Rome contains not;
For what he wants in years and discipline
His industry and spirit countervails;
He's mild and courteous to the people too,
Which is the chain that ties the soldiers' hearts
And general's together; last and chief,
He's fortunate, crying as Cæsar[3] did,
Who, being toss'd in a small boat at sea
In a tempestuous storm, cheer'd up the mariners
With "On, brave hearts! think not of fear, you bear
Me and my fo[illegible];"
Which shews that resolution is the crown
Of all a soldier's honours, and brings in
A happy conquest: all this Tullius has.
No doubt need to be made, then, of his worth,
But that he still enjoy it.

All. 'Tis confirm'd.

Learch. Stand away, [*Aside to* LEON.
I prithee, let me hug him; by this hand,
Leontius, the devil's a novice to him.

M. Tull. I'm swallow'd in this quicksand; all my thoughts
Again are quite diverted: he speak thus! [*Aside.*

Titus. Rufinus, you have given a noble verdict;
We are become your debtor.

Lictor. [*within.*] Back there, back! keep back!

Ruf. What uproar's that, disturbs the senate?

Enter a Lictor.

Lictor. A captain
Post from the camp.

Titus. Admit him straight.

Lictor brings in MARCELLUS.

Lictor. Your sword.

Marc. No, sir, 'tis kept for a far better use
Than cut his master's throat.

Ruf. A guard!

Marc. Ten guards! There are some persons here
Ten millions cannot shelter.

First Sen. What means this?

Marc. King, king! senate!
Oh, that I could speak to you in a tone
Would drown the voice of thunder, that, the sound
Being echo'd by this marble Capitol,
Each syllable were doubled in your ears,
Or that you had more hearts, for those weak strings
Will crack at the first sentence! Tullius is——

All. What?

Marc. Dead; (does that damp you?) he is murder'd.

All. Ha! murder'd!

M. Tull. Now it begins to work. [*Aside.*

Marc. Yes, murder'd,
Butcher'd by most inhuman slaughter, treachery.

S. Tull. Forgive me, Jupiter! when he said dead,
I'd almost shed a tear, but murder straight
Caus'd fiery rage to dry it up again.

Marcellan. The manner, good Marcellus, or by whom?

Marc. By Titus Martius.

All. The king!

Marc. Yes.[4]

Titus. Traitor!

Marc. Tyrant!—He, 'twas he, grave lords,
That by damn'd feignèd articles of peace
Conspir'd our general's ruin. To this truth
I here give up my body to more torments
Than can by man be thought on, and rejoice
To lose my life so meritoriously
As to discover this black treachery.

Ruf. Beyond our wishes publish'd.
[*Aside to* LEARCH. *and* LEON.

Titus. Villain, thy death shall be more terrible
Than ever time could pattern.

S. Tull. Except thine.—
Off with these robes of peace and clemency,
And let us hoop our agèd limbs with steel,
And study tortures for this tyranny!

Marc. 'Tis needless, sir; vengeance is near at hand:
Lord Marius and Armanus are conjoin'd,
And vow for their dear friend's untimely fall

[1] *he'll*] Weber printed "she'll."
[2] *know*] MS. "knowes."
[3] *Cæsar*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "Cassius."
[4] *Yes*] Originally written "*Yes* for an hower:" the three last words are crossed out.

To lay his palace level with the dust,
And kill the tyrant in the Capitol,
In the very throne he has polluted so.
Ruf. Desperate traitors!—See you now, dread sir,
This brood of vipers?—Who can suffer this?
Leontius and Learchus, let's to arms!—
Give us three leave, my liege: we'll raise such force
To guard Rome and your person,
That Marius and Armanus shall as soon
Grasp lightning as but touch a hair of you.
Leon. Excellent villain! [*Aside.*]—Oh, that we were gone once!
Titus. Stir not. I do entreat ye let 'em come.
If I be guilty of these practices,[1]
Let me with shame and horror suffer for't.
There's the arch-wreath; thus we disthrone ourself,
And, as a private man, will answer here
'Gainst all objections. Only let me crave
Sabinus may be sent for with all speed,
Who, dreadless in his articles, may come:
The law of arms does warrant him.
Sec. Sen. See it done.

Enter a Second Lictor.

Sec. Lict. Reverent lords,
There is a pilgrim sent from the Sabinets,[2]
That craves admittance into the Capitol.
Titus. Bring him with speed to the senate.
[*Exit Sec. Lictor.*
Ruf. On my life,
Some strange confession of this stratagem
And penitent submission.

Re-enter Sec. Lictor, with SABINUS *in a palmer's habit, and a* Postmaster.

Sab. [*throwing off his disguise.*] The gods of Rome protect ye!
All. Ha! Sabinus!
Sab. Yes. Do you wonder? Though a native love
Caus'd a transgression to regain our own,
We now are Titus' substitute, and come
In peace and duty to acknowledge it.
There is my warrant. [*Gives writing.*
Titus. For thy death, damn'd rebel!
No warrant, nor no articles of mine.
From whom didst thou receive it?
Sab. What matters that? suppose I have forgot,
There's thy own hand to witness it.
Titus. Thou art deceiv'd, Sabinus; 'twas a trick
To train thee to the block; 'tis counterfeit;
Therefore, if thou hast hope of any mercy,
Confess from whom thou hadst it.
Sab. I shall disclose your plot, if you[3] talk thus.
Titus. Slave, what plot?
Sab. Young Tullius' murder; the caution, sir,
Of these sworn articles, deliver'd me
By this chief postmaster, whom I have brought
To testify as much.
Ruf. Now we are caught:
[*Aside to* LEARCH. *and* LEON.
Hell and damnation strike him dumb forever!

[1] *practices*] See note, p. 682.
[2] *Sabinets*] See note, p. 678.—Weber printed "Sabines."
[3] *you*] Weber printed "I."

S. Tull. From whom receiv'd you this?
Postm. Oh, pardon—
Ruf. Peace, fearful slave!
Thou shalt not have the glory to pronounce it:—
It was from me.
Learch. Let us have part on't, though;[4]—'twas from us three.
Ruf. It is confess'd; give sentence. Ha, ha, ha!
Could you imagine, dotards, that our spirits
Could brook an upstart stripling to be borne
Up to the clouds with pomp, and we rejected,
But we would check your peacock?
Senators. Lictors, seize 'em![5]
[RUF., LEARCH., *and* LEON. *are seized.*
Learch. Come, come, quick, despatch:
Now we have reach'd the pitch of our desires,
'Tis hell to hold life longer.
M. Tull. [*throwing off his disguise.*] In that hell
Your conscience still[6] torment ye! on my knee
I beg that for your[7] sentence.
All. Tullius!
Learch. Death now were heaven.
Ruf. What incantation's this?
S. Tull. A[8] blessèd metamorphosis!
Marcellan. This Capitol appears a new Elysium.
M. Tull. Sacred sir, let me adore your goodness,
That are in all things so unmatchable.
Titus. Thy virtues make[9] it so. Rise, Tullius,
And be thy own judge of these impious crimes.
M. Tull. The doom is pass'd already. If your grace
And favour will permit it, they shall live.
Titus. Live, Tullius!
M. Tull. Yes, dear sir;
Their black[10] bloods cannot wash away their fact,
'Tis so infectious; but their conscience may,
Touch'd with this mercy, purge the sin away.
Titus. Thou still transcend'st in goodness: have thy wish;
Let 'em still live, but never near the court.
Ruf. The farther thence, the farther from my pain;
Parch'd Afric's deserts will more please than Rome.
[*Exeunt* RUFINUS, LEARCHUS, *and* LEONTIUS.

Enter PHILADELPHA, MARIUS, LÆLIA, *and* ARMANUS.

Titus. Welcome to thy husband's noble triumph,
Where he has vanquished his domestic foes,
As he has done his country's foes abroad.—
Here, Tullius, take her, wo[illegible] of thy virtues,
And worthy the imperial se[illegible] Rome,
When thou shalt gain her voices to be king,
As I foresee thou wilt:—Marius and Lælia too,
Enjoy the harvest of your ripen'd loves.
I've tried you all, and find you worthy favour;
For whilst I reign, on virtue will I smile,
And honour only with me still prevail. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *on't, though*] Weber printed "of it."
[5] *'em*] Weber printed "him."
[6] *still*] Weber printed "shall."
[7] *your*] Weber printed "their."
[8] *A*] Weber printed "O."
[9] *make*] MS. "makes."
[10] *black*] So altered in another hand.—Originally written "owne;" and so Weber.

THE WIDOW.

The Widdow A Comedie. As it was Acted at the private House in Black-Fryers, with great Applause, by His late Majesties Servants.

Written by { *Ben: Jonson.* / *John Fletcher.* / *Tho: Middleton.* } *Gent.*

Printed by the Originall Copy. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley and are to be Sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the Princes Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard. 1652. 4to.

On the title-page of a copy of the 4to. in my possession, "*Ben: Johnson*" and "*John Fletcher*" are drawn through with a pen, and the word "alone" is written in an old hand after "*Tho: Middleton.*"

Malone, by mistake, has stated that "Middleton wrote *The Widow* with Fletcher and *Massinger.*" *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 434—(*Sh.* by Boswell, vol. ii.).

"He [Ben Jonson] is said to have assisted Middleton and Fletcher in writing *The Widow*, which must have appeared about this time [i. e. soon after 1621]. This comedy was very popular, and not undeservedly, for it has a considerable degree of merit. I cannot, however, discover many traces of Jonson in it. The authors' names rest, I believe, on the authority of the editor, A. Gough, who sent the play to the press in 1652." Such is Gifford's note on *Memoirs of B. Jonson*, p. cxliv. But in a note on Jonson's *New Inn* (*Works*, vol. v. 433), he says, that *The Widow* "appeared on the stage so early as 1618."

The last editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (among which this drama is included) thinks "there is internal evidence that Ben Jonson contributed to *The Widow*, and it is rather surprising that Mr. Gifford did not trace his pen through the whole of the fourth act."

The mention of "yellow bands" as "*hateful*" (see act v. sc. 1, and note) in consequence of Mrs. Turner's execution, November 1615, shews that *The Widow* was written *after* that period: but it would seem to have been produced *very soon after*, for a play, entitled *The Honest Lawyer, by S. S.*, and printed in 1616, contains a manifest imitation of a passage in act iv. sc. 2: vide note. We can hardly suppose that the author (or authors) of *The Widow* would have borrowed from the dramatist just mentioned.

We learn from Sir Henry Herbert's papers that *The Widow* was one of the stock-pieces belonging to the Red Bull actors, who afterwards became the king's servants, and that it was played in 1660: see Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 273-4. Downes mentions that it was performed at a somewhat later period: vide *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 17, ed. Waldron. And Langbaine says, "It was reviv'd not many years ago, at the King's House, with a new Prologue and Epilogue, which the Reader may find in *London Drollery*, p. 11, 12." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 298.

TO THE READER.

Considering how the curious pay some part of their esteem to excellent persons in the careful preservation but of their defaced statues; instead of decayed medals of the Romans' greatness, I believed it of more value to present you this lively piece, drawn by the art of Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, which is thought to have a near resemblance to the portraiture we have in Terence of those worthy minds, where the great Scipio and Lælius strove to twist the poet's ivy with the victor's bays. As the one was deserved by their work in subduing their country's enemies, so the other by their recreation and delight, which was to banish that folly and sadness that were worse than Hannibal or all the monsters and venom of Africa. Since our own countrymen are not in any thing inferior, it were to be wished they had but so much encouragement, that the past license and abuse charged on the stage might not ever be thought too unpardonable to pass in oblivion, and some laws and instructions for manners, uncapable of being regulated, which, if but according to this pattern, certainly none need think himself the less a good Christian for owning the same desire as

Your humble servant,
Alexander Gough.[1]

[1] *Alexander Gough*] An actor, who, during the suppression of the theatres, "helpt Mr. Mosely the bookseller to this and several other dramatic Manuscripts." Langbaine's *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 298.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRANDINO, a justice.
MARTINO, his clerk.
FRANCISCO.
ATTILIO.
RICARDO.
Two Old Men, suitors to VALERIA.
LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO, } Thieves.
SERVELLIO.

Officers, Servants.

VALERIA, a widow.
PHILIPPA, her sister, wife to BRANDINO.
MARTIA, daughter to one of VALERIA'S suitors, and disguised as ANSALDO.
VIOLETTA, waiting-maid to PHILIPPA.

SCENE, — CAPO D'ISTRIA *and the neighbouring Country.*

PROLOGUE.

A SPORT only for Christmas is the play
This hour presents to you; to make you gay[1]
Is all th' ambition 't has, and fullest aim
Bent at your smiles, to win itself a name;
And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with sports, I hope 'twill make you laugh.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in* BRANDINO'S *House.*[2]

MARTINO *seated at a writing table: enter* FRANCISCO.

Fran. Martino!

Mar. Signior Francisco! you're the luckiest gentleman to meet or see first in a morning; I never saw you yet but I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

Fran. I bring you the same luck still.

Mar. What, you do not? I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?

Fran. Yes, faith, for another warrant.

Mar. Why, there's my dream come out, then. I never dreamed of a buttock but I was sure to have money for a warrant; it is the luckiest part of all the body to me: let every man speak as he finds. Now, your usurer is of opinion, that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good, and has all one smatch indeed, for if one be the flesh, th' other's the broth: so 'tis in all his members, an we mark it; if gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge; they're both boiled together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the twopenny chop.
Why, sir, signior Francisco!

Fran. 'Twas her voice sure,
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a sound like hers. [*Aside.*

Mar. Sir, I beseech you——

Fran. It is the prettiest contriv'd building this!
What posy's that,[3] I prithee?

Mar. Which, sir? that
Under the great brass squirt?

Fran. Ay, that, sir, that.

Mar. *From fire, from water, and all things amiss,*
Deliver the house of an honest justice.

Fran. There's like to be a good house kept, then, when fire and water's forbidden to come into the kitchen. —
Not yet a sight of her? this hour's unfortunate. — [*Aside.*
And what's that yonder, prithee? — Oh, love's famine,
There's no affliction like thee! [*Aside.*] — Ah, I hear you, sir.

Mar. You're quicker-ear'd than I, then; you hear me
Before I heard myself.

Fran. A gift in friendship;
Some call it an instinct.

Mar. It may be;
Th' other's the sweeter p[illegible] though. Look you, sir,
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle;
A goose-quill and a clerk, a constable and a lantern,
Bring[4] *many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a thief to one turn.*

Fran. That one turn help'd you well.

Mar. 'T has help'd me to money indeed for many a warrant; I am forty dollars the better

[1] *gay*] Weber's alteration. — Old ed. "merry."

[2] *A Room in Brandino's House*] Weber marked this scene "*An Inner Court of Brandino's House;*" and he did so, I presume, because Philippa and Violetta presently "*appear at a window.*" But the scene, I believe, takes place in a room of the house. So in Middleton's *Trick to catch the Old One, Works*, vol. ii. 82. ed. Dyce, Joyce "*appears above,*" and, like Philippa, throws down a letter to Witgood, who is standing in a room of Hoard's house. On such occasions the upper stage was used — a balcony at the back of the stage, its platform being raised probably eight or nine feet from the ground.

[3] *What posy's that, &c.*] See note, p. 115. Our ancestors were so fond of *posies*, that they had them inscribed even on their cheese-trenchers: see Webster's *Works*, iii. 191. ed. Dyce, and Middleton's *Works*, i. 31, iii. 98. ed. Dyce.

[4] *Bring*] Old ed. "Brings."

for that one turn: an 'twould come off quicker, 'twere ne'er a whit the worse for me. But, indeed, when thieves are taken, and break away twice or thrice one after another, there's my gains; then go[1] out more warrants to fetch 'em again. One fine nimble villain may be worth a man ten dollars in and out o' that fashion: I love such a one with my heart; ay, and will help him to scape too, an I can, — hear you me that? I'll have him in at all times at a month's warning; nay, say I let him run like a summer-nag all the vacation — see you these blanks? I'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance. Nothing kills my heart but when one of 'em dies, sir; then there's no hope of more money: I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred than an excellent thief, for he's a gentleman I'm more beholding[2] to.

Fran. You betray your mystery too much, sir. — Yet no comfort?
'Tis but her sight that I waste precious time for,
For more I cannot hope for, she's so strict;
Yet that I cannot have. [*Aside.*

Mar. I'm ready now, signior. Here are blank warrants of all dispositions; give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I'll bestow him according to his merits.

Fran. This only is th' excuse that bears me out,
And keeps off impudence[3] and suspicion
From my too frequent coming. What name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?
This coxcomb will be prating. [*Aside.*] — One Astilio,[4]
His offence wilful murder.

Mar. Wilful murder? Oh, I love a'-life[5] to have such a fellow come under my fingers! like a beggar that's long a-taking leave of a fat louse, I'm loath to part with him; I must look upon him over and over first. Are you wilful? i' faith, I'll be as wilful as you, then. [*Writes.*

[PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *appear above at a window.*

Phil. Martino!

Mar. Mistress?

Phil. Make haste, your master's going.

Mar. I'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth; I'll despatch that presently.

Phil. Good morrow, sir. — Oh, that I durst say more!

[*Aside, and then retires above with* VIOLETTA.

Fran. 'Tis gone again: since such are all life's pleasures,
No sooner known but lost, he that enjoy 'em
The length of li[illegible] but a longer dream;
He wakes to this [illegible]end, and sees all nothing.

[PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *appear again above.*

Phil. He cannot see me now; I'll mark him better
Before I be too rash. Sweetly compos'd he is;
Now as he stands he's worth a woman's love
That loves only for shape, as most on's do:
But I must have him wise as well as proper,[6]
He comes not in my books[7] else; and indeed
I have thought upon a course to try his wit. —— [*Aside.*
Violetta.

Vio. Mistress?

Phil. Yonder's the gentleman again.

Vio. Oh, sweet mistress,
Pray, give me leave to see him!

Phil. Nay, take heed,
Open not the window, an you love me.

Vio. No, I've the view of [his] whole body here, mistress,
At this poor little slit: oh, enough, enough!
In troth, 'tis a fine outside.

Phil. I see that.

Vio. H' as curl'd his hair most judiciously well.

Phil. Ay, there's thy love now! it begins in barbarism.
She buys a goose with feathers that loves a gentleman for's hair; she may be cozened to her face, wench. Away! he takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither; quick, quick, wench.

[VIOLETTA *brings a letter, which* PHILIPPA *presently throws down.*

Mar. [*giving warrant to* FRANCISCO.] Nay, look upon't, and spare not: every one cannot get that kind of warrant from me, signior. Do you see this prick i' the bottom? it betokens power and speed; it is a privy mark that runs betwixt the constables and my master: those that cannot read, when they see this, know 'tis for lechery or murder; and this being away, the warrant comes gelded and insufficient.

Fran. I thank you, sir.

Mar. Look you; all these are *nihils;*
They want the punction.

Fran. Yes, I see they do, sir.
There's for thy pains, [*giving money.*] — Mine must go unrewarded:
The better love, the worse by fate regarded. [*Aside, and then exit.*[8]

Mar. Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was blest withal! Now will he come for another to-morrow again: if he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i' the town within this twelvemonth: no matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

Phil. Martino!

Mar. Say you, forsooth?

Phil. What paper's that the gentleman let fall there?

Mar. Paper! — 'Tis the warrant, I hope: if it be, I'll hide it, and make him pay for't again. No, pox; 'tis not so happy. [*Aside.*

Phil. What is't, sirrah?

Mar. 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.

Phil. Is that nothing?

Mar. Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

Phil. A letter! why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir.

1 *go*] Old ed. "goes."

2 *beholding*] See note, p. 602. — Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

3 *impudence*] Qy. "impudency"?

4 *Astilio*] The modern editors print (perhaps rightly) "Attilio," one of the characters in the play.

5 *a'-life*] i. e, as my life, exces-ively.

6 *proper*] i. e. handsome.

7 *in my books*] i. e. in my favour: see more than enough concerning this expression, in the notes on Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i. sc. 1, and Nares's *Glossa.*

8 *exit*] Here Weber put a stage-direction, "*Drops a letter, and exit.*" Wonderful that he should have read the play, without perceiving that the letter was thrown down by Philippa! The other editors adopted the safer plan of adding nothing to the stage-directions of the 4to.

Mar. So has a warrant, an you go to that, mistress.
Phil. Read but the superscription, and away with't:
Alas, it may concern the gentleman nearly!
Mar. Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.
Phil. At home! how mean you, sir?
Mar. You shall hear, mistress [*reads*]: — *To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Mistress Philippa Brandino.*
Phil. How, sir! to me?
Mar. To you, mistress.
Phil. Run, as thou lov'st my honour and thy life,
Call him again; I'll not endure this injury: —
But stay, stay, now I think on't, 'tis my credit;
I'll have your master's counsel. Ah, base fellow,
To leave his loose lines thus! 'tis even as much
As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing,
Had I not a grave wise man to my husband:
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'st not whom!
Mar. 'Las, 'tis my office, mistress!
You know you have a kirtle every year,
And 'tis within two months of the time now;
The velvet's coming over: pray, be milder.
A man that has a place must take money of any body: please you to throw me down but half a dollar, and I'll make you a warrant for him now; that's all I care for him.
Phil. Well, look you be clear now from this foul conspiracy
Against mine honour; or your master's love to you,
That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here;
It shall not, trust to't.
[*Exit above, with* VIOLETTA.
Mar. This is strange to me now:
Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide?
A man that had his blood as hot as hers now
Would fit her with French velvet: I'll go near it.

Enter BRANDINO *and* PHILIPPA.

Phil. If this be a wrong to modest reputation,
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master
Both of your fame and mine.
Bran. Signior Francisco?
I'll make him fly the land.
Mar. That will be hard, sir:
I think he be not so well-feather'd, master;
H'as spent the best part of his patrimony.
Phil. Hark of his bold confederate!
Bran. There thou'rt bitter;
And I must chide thee now.
Phil. What should I think, sir?
He comes to your man for warrants.
Bran. There it goes, then. —
Come hither, knave: comes he to you for warrants?
Mar. Why, what of that, sir?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds:
That comes by fortune and by nature, sir.
Bran. True, that comes by fortune and by nature. — Wife,
Why dost thou wrong this man?
Mar. He needs no warrant, master, that goes about such business: a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.
Bran. La, has he answer'd well now, to the full?
What cause hast thou t' abuse him?
Phil. Hear me out, I pray:
Through his admittance, h'as had opportunity [1]
To come into the house, and court me boldly.
Bran. Sirrah, you're foul again, methinks.
Mar. Who, I, sir?
Bran. You gave this man admittance into th' house.
Mar. That's true, sir; you never gave me any order yet
To write my warrants i' the street.
Bran. Why, sure thou tak'st delight
To wrong this fellow, wife, ha, 'cause I love him?
Phil. Pray, see the fruits; see what h'as left behind here:
Be angry where you should be: there's few wives
Would do as I do.
Bran. Nay, I'll say that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honest.
Phil. She's a beast
That ever was found otherways.
Bran. Read, Martino:
Mine eyes are sore already, and such business
Would put 'em out quite.
Mar. [*reads letter.*] *Fair, dear, and incomparable mistress* ——
Bran. Oh, every letter draws a tooth, methinks!
Mar. And it leads mine to watering. [*Aside.*
Phil. Here's no villany! [2]
Mar. [*reads.*] *My love being so violent, and the opportunity so precious in your husband's absence to-night, who, as I understand, takes a journey this morning* ——
Bran. Oh, plot of villany!
Phil. Am I honest, think you, sir?
Bran. Exactly honest, perfectly improv'd.[3] —
On, on, Martino.
Mar. [*reads.*] *I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long-desired opportunity, at the back gate between nine and ten this night* ——
Bran. I feel this Inns-o'-court man in my temples!
Mar. [*reads.*] *Where, if your affection be pleased to receive me, you receive the faithfullest that ever vowed service to woman, — Francisco.*
Bran. I will make Francisco smart for't.
Phil. Shew him the letter, let him know you know him;
That will torment him: all your other courses
Are nothing, sir, to that; that breaks his heart.
Bran. The strings shall not hold long, then. — Come, Martino.
Phil. Now, if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not, he never shall.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

1 *h'as had opportunity*] In Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and Weber's ed., we find (among many similar improvements of the metre), "he *has had* an *opportunity*."
2 *Here's no villany*] See note, p. 685.
3 *improv'd*] Means here, as it frequently does, — proved.

SCENE II. — *The Country, near* FRANCISCO'S *House.*

Enter FRANCISCO, RICARDO, *and* ATTILIO.

Ric. Nay, mark, mark it, Francisco; it was the naturallest courtesy that ever was ordained; a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich widow set him up again. To see how fortune has provided for all mortality's ruins! your college for your old-standing scholar, your hospital for your lame-creeping soldier, your bawd for your mangled roarer,[1] your open house for your beggar, and your widow for your gentleman; ha, Francisco?

Fran. Ay, sir, you may be merry; you're in hope of a rich widow.

Ric. And why shouldst not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee? thou art as likely a fellow as any is in the company. I'll be hanged now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness; and confess truly, i' faith; thou hast some land unsold yet, I hold my life.

Fran. Marry, I hope so, sir.

Ric. A pox on't, have I found it? 'Slight, away with't with all speed, man! I was never merry at heart while I had a foot. Why, man, fortune never minds us till we are left alone to ourselves; for what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have looked after a rich widow? alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five and twenty children, and undone myself!

Fran. I protest, sir, I should not have the face though, to come to a rich widow with nothing.

Ric. Why, art thou so simple as thou makest thyself? dost think, i' faith, I come to a rich widow with nothing?

Fran. I mean with state[2] not answerable to hers.

Ric. Why, there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on;
She knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

Fran. Ay? that's strange, sir.

Ric. Nay more, to pierce thy hard heart,
And make thee sell thy land, if thou'st any grace: —
She has, 'mongst others, two substantial suitors;
One, in good time be't spoke, I owe much money to;
She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her,
Nor dares the unadvisionable rascal trouble me;
Sh'as told him thus, — those that profess love to her
Shall have the liberty to come and go,
Or else get him gone first; she knows not yet
Where fortune may bestow her; she's her gift,
Therefore to all will shew a kind respect.

Fran. Why, this is like a woman: I ha' no luck in't.

Ric. And as at a sheriff's table, — oh, blest custom! —
A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
Feed well and without fear, and depart so,
So to her lips fearless I come and go.

Fran. You may well boast; you're much the happier man, sir.

Ric. So you would be, an you would sell your land, sir.

Fran. I have heard the circumstance of your sweet fortunes:
Prithee, give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ric. That's an ill hearing: but come on for once, sir.

Fran. I never yet lov'd but one woman.

Ric. Right;
I begun so too; but I have lov'd a thousand since.

Fran. Pray, hear me, sir: but this is a man's wife.

Ric. So has five hundred of my thousand been.

Fran. Nay, see an you'll regard me!

Ric. No? you see I do;
I bring you an example in for every thing.

Fran. This man's wife ——

Ric. So you said.

Fran. Seems very strict.

Ric. Ha, hum!

Fran. Do you laugh at that?

Ric. Seems very strict, you said;
I hear you, man, i' faith; you are so jealous still!

Fran. But why should that make you laugh!

Ric. Because she seems so: you're such another!

Fran. Nay, sir, I think she is.

Ric. You cannot tell,[3] then?

Fran. I dare not ask the question, I protest,
For fear of a repulse; which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.

Ric. Ha, hum! this 'tis to be a landed man.
Come, I perceive I must shew you a little of my fortune, and instruct you.
Not ask the question?

Fran. Methought still she frown'd, sir.

Ric. Why, that's the cause, fool, that she look'd so scurvily.
Come, come, make me your woman; you'll ne'er do't else;
I'll shew you her condition[4] presently.
I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get up at horse-tail before you get into the saddle: have you the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being but in hose[5] and doublet? I think, if I should put on a farthingale, thou wouldst never have the heart to do't.

Fran. Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you, sir.

Ric. In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee without one.

Fran. Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak to a woman.

Ric. You shall pardon me for that, friend: I will not think it till I see't.

Fran. Why, you shall, then: I shall be glad to learn too
Of one so deep as you are.

Ric. So you may, sir. —
Now 'tis my best course to look mildly; I shall put him out at first cise.

Fran. A word, sweet lady!

[1] *roarer*] See notes, pp. 190, 429.
[2] *state*] i. e. estate.
[3] *cannot tell*] i. e. know not what to say, or think, of it: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, i. 125.
[4] *condition*] See note, p. 48.
[5] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Ric. With me, sir? say your pleasure.
Fran. Oh, Ricardo,
Thou art too good to be a woman long!
Ric. Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove
Too scornful; be content when you're well us'd.
Fran. You say well, sir. — Lady, I have lov'd you long.
Ric. 'Tis a good hearing, sir. — If he be not out now, I'll be hanged!
Fran. You play a scornful woman! I perceive, Ricardo, you have not been used to 'em: why, I'll come in at my pleasure with you. Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk when a woman gives way to't! one shall seldom meet with a lady so kind as thou playedst her.
Ric. Not altogether, perhaps: he that draws their pictures must flatter 'em a little; they'll look he that plays 'em should do't a great deal, then.
Fran. Come, come, I'll play the woman that I'm us'd to:
I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet;
All your things come[1] on easy.
Ric. Say you so, sir?
I'll try your ladyship, 'faith. — Lady, well met.
Fran. I do not think so, sir.
Ric. A scornful gom![2] and at the first dash too!
My widow never gave me such an answer.
I'll to you again, sir. —
Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely!
Fran. There's nobody bids you, sir.
Ric. Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest, crossest baggage that ever man met withal! but I'll see thee hanged, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this. — Why, thou'rt too awkward, sirrah.
Fran. Hang thee, base fellow!
Ric. Now, by this light, he thinks he does't indeed!
Nay, then, have at your plum-tree![3] faith, I'll not be foiled.
— Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will love you.
Fran. Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman.
Ric. What a pestilent quean's this! I shall have much ado with her, I see that. — Tell me, as you're a woman, lady, what serve kisses for but to stop all your mouths?
Fran. Hold, hold, Ricardo!
Ric. Disgrace me, widow?
Fran. Art mad? I'm Francisco.
Att. Signior Ricardo, up, up!
Ric. Who is't? Francisco?
Fran. Francisco, quotha! what, are you mad, sir?
Ric. A bots on thee, thou dost not know what injury thou hast done me; I was i' the fairest dream. This is your way now, an you can follow it.
Fran. 'Tis a strange way, methinks.
Ric. Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully, then;
For I am like the actor that you spoke on;
I must have the part that overcomes the lady,
I never like the play else. — Now your friendship,
But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,
And the rich widow's mine within these three hours.
Att. } We should be proud of that, sir.
Fran. }
Ric. List to me, then.
I'll place you two, — I can do't handsomely,
I know the house so well, — to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I. She's a most affable one;
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract;
Then shall you both step in as witnesses,
And take her in the snare.
Fran. But do you love her?
And then 'twill prosper.
Ric. By this hand, I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her person too.
Fran. It shall be done, then.
Ric. But stay, stay, Francisco;
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence, now?
Fran. Why, hark you, sir. [*Whispers.*
Ric. Enough; command my life:
Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife.
[*Exeunt* RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.
Fran. Oh, that's now with me past hope! yet I must love her:
I would I could not do't!

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Mar. Yonder's the villain, master.
Bran. Francisco? I am happy.
Mar. Let's both draw, master, for there's nobody with him: —
Stay, stay, master,
Do not draw till I be ready too;
Let's draw just both together, and keep even.
Bran. What an we kill'd him now, before he saw us?
Mar. No, then he will hardly see to read the letter.
Bran. That's true; good counsel, marry.
Mar. Marry, thus much, sir; you may kill him lawfully all the while he's a-reading on't, as an Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife all the while he's asleep.
Bran. He turns, he looks. — Come on, sir; you, Francisco!
I lov'd your father well, but you're a villain;
He lov'd me well too, but you love my wife, sir:
After whom take you that? I will not say
Your mother play'd false.
Fran. No, sir, you were not best.
Bran. But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife's honest.
Mar. And I, my mistress.
Fran. You may, I'll give you leave.
Bran. Leave or leave not, there, she defies you, sir. [*Gives the letter.*
Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,

[1] *come*] Old ed. "comes."
[2] *gom*] "Junius in his Etymologicon, says, that *gom* or *gome* signifies *a man*. Ricardo therefore means, that Francisco, in his assumed character of a woman, acts not with the softness and delicacy of a female, but with the scorn and haughtiness of a male." REED. Surely, "*gom*" (though the present passage is quoted, under that word, both by Todd and Nares) cannot be the right reading. Qy. "glum"? i. e. a gloomy, sour look.
[3] *have at your plum-tree*] So in Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596; "Yea Madam Gabriela, you are such an old ierker, then Hey ding a ding . . . *have at your plum-tree*." Sig. a 4.

Or cover your forbidden parts at least,
For fear you want one: many a lecher may,
That sins in cambric now.

Mar. And in lawn too, master.

Bran. Nay, read and tremble, sir.

Mar. Now shall I do't, master? I see a piece of an open seam in his shirt: shall I run him in there? for my sword has ne'er a point.

Bran. No; let him foam a while.

Mar. If your sword be no better than mine, we shall not kill him by daylight; we had need have a lanthorn.

Bran. Talk not of lanthorns; he's a sturdy lecher;
He would make the horns fly about my ears.

Fran. I apprehend thee: admirable woman!
Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty. [*Aside.*

Bran. Now, sir, have you well view'd your bastard there,
Got of your lustful brain? give you joy on't!

Fran. I thank you, sir: although you speak in jest,
I must confess I sent your wife this letter,
And often courted her, tempted, and urg'd her.

Bran. Did you so, sir? then first,
Before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my house.

Mar. And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my office: die to-morrow next, thou never get-test warrant of me more, for love or money.

Fran. Remember but again from whence I came, sir,
And then, I know, you cannot think amiss of me.

Bran. How's this?

Mar. Pray, hear him; it may grow to a peace: for, master, though we have carried the business nobly, we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.

Bran. Peace! thou say'st true in that. — What is't you'd say, sir?

Fran. Was not my father — quietness be with him! —
And you sworn brothers?

Bran. Why, right; that's it urges me.

Fran. And could you have a thought that I could wrong you,
As far as the deed goes?

Bran. You took the course, sir.

Fran. To make you happy, an you rightly weigh'd it.

Mar. Fresh, I'll put up[1] at all adventures, master:
It comes off very fair yet.

Fran. You in years
Married a young maid, what does the world judge, think you?

Mar. By'r lady, master, knavishly enough, I warrant you;
I should do so myself.

Fran. Now, to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspicious brood,
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being sent to him you lov'd; that, now confirm'd,
I might advance my sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

Mar. Why, master, let me weep while you embrace him!

[1] *put up*] i. e. sheathe my sword.

Bran. Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee?
Lives he here still? what, will he shew himself
In his male seed to me? Give me thy hand;
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me:
Prithee, forgive me!

Mar. And me too, prithee!

Bran. Come to my house; thy father never miss'd it.

Mar. Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,
And welcome too.

Fran. To see how soon man's goodness
May be abus'd!

Bran. But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have!

Fran. Sir, I take it:
A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it! [*Exit.*

Bran. Martino, I applaud my fortune, and thy counsel.

Mar. You never have ill fortune when you follow it. Here were[2] things carried now in the true nature of a quiet duello; a great strife ended, without the rough soldier or the ——:[3] and now you may take your journey.

Bran. Thou art my glee, Martino. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in* VALERIA'S *House.*

Enter VALERIA *and* SERVELLIO.

Val. Servellio.

Ser. Mistress?

Val. If that fellow come again,
Answer him without me; I'll not speak with him.

Ser. He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forsooth?

Val. Ay, that spic'd coxcomb, sir: never may I marry again, [*Exit* SERVELLIO.
If his right worshipful idolatrous face
Be not most fearfully painted; so hope comfort me,
I might perceive it peel in many places;
And under's eye lay a betraying foulness,
Its maids sweep dust o' th' house all to one corner;
It shew'd me enough there, prodigious pride,
That cannot but fall scornfully. I'm a woman;
Yet, I praise Heaven, I never had the ambition
To go about to mend a better workman:
She ever shames herself i' th' end that does it.
He that likes me not now, as Heaven made me,
I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure;
Nor lie every night, like a woodcock, in paste,[4]
To please some gaudy goose i' the morning:
A wise man likes that best that is itself,
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.
Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy!
Of whom I'll make great trial ere I have him,
Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly:

[2] *were*] Old ed "was."
[3] *the* ——] So old ed., a blank being left for some word
[4] *paste*] i. e. almond paste, to whiten the skin.

I learn that of my suitors; 'tis their own,
Therefore injustice 'twere to keep it from 'em.

Enter RICARDO, *followed by* FRANCISCO *and* ATTILIO, *who conceal themselves.*

Ric. And so as I said, sweet widow ——
Val. Do you begin where you left, sir?
Ric. I always desire, when I come to a widow, to begin i' the middle of a sentence; for I presume she has a bad memory of a woman that cannot remember what goes before.
Val. Stay, stay, sir; let me look upon you well;
Are not you painted too?
Ric. How, painted, widow!
Val. Not painted widow; I do not use it, trust me, sir.
Ric. That makes me love thee.
Val. I mean painted gentleman,
Or if you please to give him a greater style, sir,
Blame me not, sir; it's a dangerous age, I tell you;
Poor simple-dealing women had need look about 'em.
Ric. But is there such a fellow in the world, widow,
As you are pleas'd to talk on?
Val. Nay, here lately, sir.
Ric. Here! a pox, I think I smell him; 'tis vermilion sure, ha! oil of ben.[1] Do but shew him me, widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind his face upon one o' the stones.
Val. Suffices you've express'd me your love and valour,
And manly hate against that unmanly pride:
But, sir, I'll save you that labour: he never comes
Within my door again.
Ric. I'll love your door the better while I know't, widow: a pair of such brothers were fitter for posts[2] without door indeed, to make a show at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be us'd in a woman's chamber. No, sweet widow, having me, you've the truth of a man; all that you see of me is full mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be yours: I ever hated to be beholding[3] to art, or to borrow any thing but money.
Val. True; and that you never use to pay again.
Ric. What matter is't? if you be pleased to do't for me,
I hold it as good.
Val. Oh, soft you, sir, I pray!
Ric. Why, i' faith, you may, an you will.
Val. I know that, sir.
Ric. Troth, and I would have my will then, if I were as you: there's few women else but have.

[1] *oil of ben*] "'*Been* or *beken*, in pharmacy, denotes a medicinal root, celebrated, especially among the Arabs, for its aromatic, cardiac, and alexiterial virtues.' Chambers's *Dictionary*. The same writer says, there are two kinds of *been*, white and red, and that they are both brought from the Levant, and have the same virtues, being substituted for each other." REED.
[2] *posts*] See note on *Commendatory Poems*, p. 83.
[3] *beholding*] See note, p. 602. Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."
[4] *have*] Old ed. "has."

Val. But since I cannot have it in all, signior,
I care not to have it in any thing.
Ric. Why, you may have't in all, an you will, widow.
Val. Pish! I would have one that loves me for myself, sir,
Not for my wealth; and that I cannot have.
Ric. What say you to him that does the thing you wish for?
Val. Why, here's my hand, I'll marry none but him, then.
Ric. Your hand and faith?
Val. My hand and faith.
Ric. 'Tis I, then.
Val. I shall be glad on't, trust me; 'shrew my heart else!
Ric. A match!
[FRANCISCO *and* ATTILIO *come forward.*
Fran. Give you joy, sweet widow!
Att. Joy to you both!
Val. How!
Ric. Nay, there's no starting now, I have you fast, widow. —
You're witness, gentlemen.
Fran. Att. We'll be depos'd on't.
Val. Am I betray'd to this, then? then I see
'Tis for my wealth: a woman's wealth's her traitor.
Ric. 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest, sweet widow;
I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.
Val. Hence!
Ric. Why, thou'rt mine.
Val. I do renounce it utterly.
Ric. Have I not hand and faith?
Val. Sir, take your course.
Ric. With all my heart; ten courses, an you will, widow.
Val. Sir, sir, I'm not so gamesome as you think me;
I'll stand you out by law.
Ric. By law! Oh, cruel, merciless woman,
To talk of law, and know I have no money!
Val. I will consume myself to the last stamp,[5]
Before thou gett'st me.
Ric. 'Life, I'll be as wilful, then, too:
I'll rob all the carriers in Christendom,
But I'll have thee, and find my lawyers money.
I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis*;
I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.
Val. As for you, gentlemen, I'll take course against you:
You came into my house without my leave;
Your practices are cunning and deceitful;
I know you not, and I hope law will right me.
Ric. It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em:
'Tis not your business to know every man;
An honest wife contents herself with one.
Val. You know what you shall trust to. Pray, depart, sir,
And take your rude confederates along with you,
Or I will send for those shall force your absence.
I'm glad I found your purpose out so soon:
How quickly may poor women be undone!
Ric. Lose thee! by this hand, I'll fee fifteen counsellors first, though I undo a hundred poor

[5] *stamp*] "i. e. halfpenny." REED.

men for 'em; and I'll make em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee.

Val. Me!

Ric. Thee.

Val. Ay, fret thy heart out. [*Exit* RICARDO.

Fran. Were I he now,
I'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.

Val. Pray, counsel him to that, sir, and I'll pay you well.

Fran. Pay me! pay your next husband.

Val. Do not scorn't, gallant; a worse woman than I
Has paid a better man than you.

[*Exeunt* ATTILIO *and* FRANCISCO.

Enter two Suitors.

First Suit. Why, how now, sweet widow?

Val. Oh, kind gentlemen, I am so abus'd here!

Both Suit. Abused! [*Drawing their swords.*

Val. What will you do, sirs? put up your weapons.

Sec. Suit. Nay, they're not so easily drawn, that I must tell you; mine has not been out this three years; marry, in your cause, widow, 'twould not be long a-drawing. Abused! by whom, widow?

Val. Nay, by a beggar.

Sec. Suit. A beggar! I'll have him whipt, then, and sent to the House of Correction.

Val. Ricardo, sir.

Sec. Suit. Ricardo! nay, by the mass, he's a gentleman-beggar; he'll be hanged before he be whipt. Why, you'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope?

Val. 'Tis too good for him; that's the thing he would have,
He would be clapt up, whether I would or no, methinks;
Plac'd two of his companions privately,
Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
In my kind answers, and at last stole from me
That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
A kind of verbal courtesy, which his witnesses
And he, forsooth, call by the name of contract.

First Suit. Oh, politic villain!

Val. But I am resolv'd, gentlemen,
If the whole power of my estate can cast him,
He never shall obtain me.

Sec. Suit. Hold you there, widow;
Well fare your heart for that, i' faith.

First Suit. Stay, stay, stay;
You broke no gold between you?[1]

Val. We broke nothing, sir.

First Suit. Nor drunk to one another?

Val. Not a drop, sir.

First Suit. You're sure of this you speak?

Val. Most certain, sir.

First Suit. Be of good comfort, wench: I'll undertake, then,
At mine own charge, to overthrow him for thee.

Val. Oh, do but that, sir, and you bind me to you!
Here shall I try your goodness. I'm but a woman,
And, alas, ignorant in law businesses:
I'll bear the charge most willingly.

First Suit. Not a penny;
Thy love will reward me.

Val. And where love must be,
It is all but one purse, now I think on't.

First Suit. All comes to one, sweet widow.

Sec. Suit. Are you so forward? [*Aside.*

First Suit. I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco;
I'll get out process, and attach 'em all:
We'll begin first with them.

Val. I like that strangely.

First Suit. I have a daughter run away, I thank her:
I'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake;
Some of 'em has got her up.

Val. Your daughter! what, sir, Martia?

First Suit. Ay, a shake wed her!
I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman,
No older than myself; she was like to be shrewdly hurt, widow.

Val. It was too happy for her.

First Suit. I'm of thy mind.
Farewell, sweet widow; I'll about this straight;
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And so save charges.

Val. How I love your providence!

[*Exit* First Suitor.

Sec. Suit. Is my nose bor'd; I'll cross ye both for this,
Although it cost me as much o' th' other side;
I have enough, and I will have my humour:
I may get out of her what may undo her too. [*Aside.*
Hark you, sweet widow, you must now take heed
You be of a sure ground, he'll overthrow you else.

Val. Marry, fair hope forbid!

Sec. Suit. That will he: marry, le' me see, le' me see;
Pray, how far pass'd it between you and Ricardo?

Val. Farther, sir,
Than I would now it had; but I hope well yet.

Sec. Suit. Pray, let me hear't; I've a shrewd guess o' the law.

Val. Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.

Sec. Suit. Indeed!

Val. Ay, trust me, sir.

Sec. Suit. I'm very glad on't; I'm another witness,
And he shall have you now.

Val. What said you, sir?

Sec. Suit. He shall not want money in an honest cause, widow;
I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. Are all the world betrayers?

Sec. Suit. Pish, pish, widow!
You've borne me in hand[2] this three months, and now fobb'd me:
I've known the time when I could please a woman.

[1] *You broke no gold between you*] "A well-known token of affection in some parts of England." WEBER.

[2] *borne me in hand*] i. e. kept me in expectation, flattered my hopes.

I'll not be laugh'd at now; when I'm crost, I'm a tiger:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Val. This only shews your malice to me, sir;
The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
So much in your debt already.
Sec. Suit. Therefore I do't,
I have no way but that to help myself;
Though I lose you, I will not lose all, widow;
He marrying you, as I will follow't for him,
I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.
Val. I look'd for this from you.
Sec. Suit. I ha' not deceiv'd you, then:
Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obstinate where I take.
[*Exit* VALERIA.
I'll seek him out, and cheer him up against her:
I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own,
But two I got once of a scouring-woman,
And they're both well provided for, they're i' th' Hospital:[1]
I have ten thousand pound to bury me,
And I will have my humour. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. A man must have a time to serve his pleasure,
As well as his dear friend: I'm forc'd to steal from 'em,
To get this night of sport for mine own use.
What says her amiable, witty letter here?
[*Reads letter.*
'Twixt nine and ten, — now 'tis 'twixt six and seven;
As fit as can be: he that follows lechery
Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I, methinks:
Sun sets at eight, it's 'bove an hour high yet;
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
But I've an excellent horse; and a good gallop
Helps man as much as a provoking banquet.

Enter First Suitor *and* Officers.

First Suit. Here's one of 'em; begin with him first, officers.
First Off. By virtue of this writ we attach your body, sir. [Officers *seize* FRANCISCO.
Fran. My body! 'life, for what?
First Suit. Hold him fast, officers.
First Off. The least of us can do't, now his sword's off, sir;
We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never lose a man.
Fran. Oh, treacherous fortune! — [*Aside.*
Why, what's the cause?
First Suit. The widow's business, sir:
I hope you know me?
Fran. For a busy coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it.
First Suit. Oh, you're mad, sir;
Simple though you make me, I stand for the widow.
Fran. She's simply stood for, then: what's this to me, sir,
Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?
First Suit. You're like to find good bail before you leave us,
Or lie till the suit's tried.
Fran. Oh, my love's misery! [*Aside.*
First Suit. I'm put in trust to follow't, and I'll do't
With all severity; build upon that, sir.

Enter RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.

Fran. How I could[2] curse myself! [*Aside.*
Ric. Look, here's Francisco:
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?
Att. 'Tis strange to me.
Ric. I tell you 'tis his fashion;
He never stole away in's life from me,
But still I found him in such scurvy company. —
A pox on thee, Francisco! wilt never leave
Thy old tricks? are these lousy companions for thee?
Fran. Pish, pish, pish!
First Suit. Here they be all three now; 'prehend 'em, officers.
[Officers *seize* RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.
Ric. What's this?
Fran. I gave you warning enough to make away;
I'm in for the widow's business, so are you now.
Ric. What, all three in a noose! this is like a widow's business indeed.
First Suit. Sh'as catch'd you, gentlemen, as you catch'd her.
The widow means now to begin with you, sir.
Ric. I thank her heartily, sh'as taught me wit; for had I been any but an ass, I should ha' begun with her indeed. By this light, the widow's a notable housewife; she bestirs herself. I have a greater mind to her now than e'er I had: I cannot go to prison for one I love better, I protest; that's one good comfort. —
And what are you, I pray, sir, for a coxcomb?[3]
First Suit. It seems you know me by your anger, sir.
Ric. I've a near guess at you, sir.
First Suit. Guess what you please, sir;
I'm he ordain'd to trounce you; and, indeed,
I am the man must carry her.
Ric. Ay, to me;
But I'll swear she's a beast, an she carry thee.
First Suit. Come, where's your bail, sir? quickly, or away.
Ric. Sir, I'm held wrongfully; my bail's taken already.
First Suit. Where is't, sir, where?
Ric. Here they be both: pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of 'em. An you be honest officers, let's bail one another; for, by this hand, I do not know who will else.

Enter Second Suitor.

'Ods light, is he come too? I'm in for mid-

[1] *th' Hospital*] Though the scene of this play is laid in Italy, yet the allusion (as Gifford observes, note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 41) is to Christ's Hospital, whither, when it was first established, the foundlings taken up in the city were sent for maintenance and education.

[2] *could*] Old ed. "would."

[3] *what are you . . . for a coxcomb*] i. e. what coxcomb are you? See Jonson's *Works*, iii. 397, ed. Gifford, and Middleton's *Works*, ii. 421, ed. Dyce.

night, then; I shall never find the way out
again: my debts, my debts! I'm like to die i'
th' Hole[1] now.
First Suit. We have him fast, old signior, and
his consorts;
Now you may lay action on action on him.
Sec. Suit. That may I, sir, i' faith.
First Suit. And I'd not spare him, sir.
Sec. Suit. Know you me, officers?
First Off. Your bounteous worship, sir.
Ric. I know the rascal so well, I dare not look
upon him. [*Aside.*
Sec. Suit. Upon my wroth, deliver me that
gentleman.
Fran. Which gentleman?
Sec. Suit. Not you, sir, you're too hasty;
No, nor you neither, sir, pray, stay your time.
Ric. There's all but I now, and I dare not
think he means me. [*Aside.*
Sec. Suit. Deliver me Ricardo.
Ric. Oh, sure he lies,
Or else I do not hear well. [*Aside.*
First Off. Signior Ricardo——
Ric. Well, what's the matter?
First Off. You may go; who lets you?[2]
It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you.
Ric. Bail me!
Sec. Suit. Ay, will I, sir. Look in my face,
man;
Thou'st a good cause; thou'lt pay me when
thou'rt able?
Ric. Ay, every penny, as I am a gentleman.
Sec. Suit. No matter if thou dost not; then
I'll make thee,
And that's as good at all times.
First Suit. But, I pray, sir, —
You go against the hair[3] there.
Sec. Suit. Against the widow, you mean, sir;
Why, 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too;
I saw your politic combination;
I was thrust out between you. Here stands one
Shall do as much for you, and he stands rightest,
His cause is strong and fair; nor shall he want
Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
First Suit. Hang thee! I have a purse as
good as thine.
Ric. I think they're much alike, they're rich
knaves both. — [*Aside.*
'Heart, an I take you railing at my patron, sir,
I'll cramp your joints!
Sec. Suit. Let him alone, sweet honey;
I thank thee for thy love, though.
Ric. This is wonderful! [*Aside.*
Fran. Oh, Ricardo,
'Tis seven struck in my pocket! I lose time now.
Ric. What say'st, Francisco?
Fran. I ha' mighty business,
That I ne'er thought on; get me bail'd, I'm
spoil'd else.
Ric. Why, you know, 'tis such a strange
miraculous courtesy,
I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again.
Fran. Do somewhat, an you love me.
Ric. I'll make trial, faith. —
May't please you, sir, — 'life, if I should spoil
all now! [*Aside.*
Sec. Suit. What say'st, Ricardo?
Ric. Only a thing by the way, sir;
Use your own pleasure.
Sec. Suit. That I like well from thee.
Ric. 'Twere good, an those two gentlemen
were bail'd too;
They're both my witnesses.
Sec. Suit. They're well, they're well:
An they were bail'd, we know not where to
find 'em.
Let 'em go to prison; they'll be forthcoming the
better:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. I knew there was no more good to be
done upon him:
'Tis well I've this; Heaven knows I never look'd
for't.
Fran. What plaguy luck had I to be ensnar'd
thus!
First Off. Oh, patience!
Fran. Pox o' your comfortable ignorance!

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Bran. Martino, we ride slow.
Mar. But we ride sure, sir;
Your hasty riders often come short home, master.
Bran. Bless this fair company!
Fran. Here he's again too;
I am both sham'd and cross'd. [*Aside.*
Bran. Seest thou who's yonder, Martino?
Mar. We ride slow, I'll be sworn now, master.
Bran. How now, Francisco, art thou got be-
fore me?
Fran. Yes, thank my fortune, I am got be-
fore you.
Bran. What, no? in hold?
Ric. Ay, o' my troth, poor gentleman;
Your worship, sir, may do a good deed to bail
him.
Bran. Why do not you do't, then?
Mar. La, you, sir, now! my master has that
honesty,
He's loath to take a good deed from you, sir.
Ric. I'll tell you why; I cannot, else I would,
sir.
Fran. Luck, I beseech thee!
If he should be wrought to bail me now, to go to
His wife, 'twere happiness beyond expression.
[*Aside.*
Bran. A matter but of controversy?
Ric. That's all, trust me, sir.
Bran. Francisco shall ne'er lie for't; he's my
friend,
And I will bail him.
Mar. He's your secret friend, master;
Think upon that.
Bran. Give him his liberty, officers;
Upon my peril, he shall be forthcoming.
Fran. How I am bound to you!
First Suit. Know you whom you cross, sir?
'Tis at your sister's suit; be well advis'd, sir.
Bran. How! at my sister's suit? take him
again, then.

[1] *th' Hole*] Was a term for "one of the wretched departments of a gaol." See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 7, ed. 1813.
[2] *You may go; who lets you*] Given in old ed. to Ricardo: *lets*, i. e. hinders.
[3] *against the hair*] i. e. against the grain, contrary to nature.

Fran. Why, sir, do you refuse me?
Bran. I'll not hear thee.
Ric. This is unkindly done, sir.
First Suit. 'Tis wisely done, sir.
Sec. Suit. Well shot, foul malice!
First Suit. Flattery stinks worse, sir.
Ric. You'll never leave till I make you stink as bad, sir.
Fran. Oh, Martino, have I this for my late kindness?
Mar. Alas, poor gentleman, dost complain to me?
Thou shalt not fare the worse for't. — Hark you, master;
Your sister's suit, said you?
Bran. Ay, sir, my wife's sister.
Mar. And shall that daunt you, master? think again:
Why, were't your mother's suit, — your mother's suit,
Mark what I say, — the dearest suit of all suits,
You're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentleman.
Bran. Yea, am I so? how prov'st thou that, Martino?
Mar. Have you forgot so soon what he did lately?
Has he not tried your wife to your hand, master,
To cut the throat of slander and suspicion?
And can you do too much for such a man?
Shall it be said, I serve an ingrateful master?
Bran. Never, Martino; I will bail him now,
An 'twere at my wife's suit.
Fran. 'Tis like to be so. [*Aside.*
Mar. And I his friend, to follow your example, master.
Fran. Precious Martino!
First Suit. You've done wondrous well, sir;
Your sister shall give you thanks.
Ric. This makes him mad, sir.
Sec. Suit. We'll follow't now to the proof.
First Suit. Follow your humour out;
The widow shall find friends.
Sec. Suit. And so shall he, sir,
Money and means.
Ric. Hear you me that, old huddle?
Sec. Suit. Mind him not; follow me, and I'll supply thee;
[*Exeunt* First Suitor *and* Officers.
Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees:
I've buried money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour.
[*Exit with* RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.
Bran. Fare thee well once again, my dear Francisco;
I prithee, use my house.
Fran. It is my purpose, sir.
Bran. Nay, you must do't, then; though I am old, I'm free. [*Exit.*
Mar. And, when you want a warrant, come to me. [*Exit.*
Fran. That will be shortly now, within this few hours.
This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse;
I shall be nighted: but an hour or two
Never breaks square in love; he comes in time
That comes at all; absence is all love's crime.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Country.*

Enter OCCULTO, SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO, *and other* Thieves.

Occ. Come, come, let's watch th' event on yonder hill;
If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.
Sil. Ay, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd, sir.
Occ. Have you the blue coats[1] and the beards?
Sil. They're here, sir.
Occ. Come, come away, then: a fine cock-shoot[2] evening. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LATROCINIO, *and* MARTIA *disguised as a man.*

Lat. [*sings.*] *Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.*
Martia. Troth, you're the merriest and delightfull'st company, sir,
That ever traveller was blest withal;
I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir.
Lat. Pish, I've a hundred of 'em.
Martia. And believe me, sir,
I'm infinitely taken with such things.
Lat. I see there's music in you; you kept time, methought,
Pretty and handsomely with your little hand there.
Martia. It only shews desire, but, troth, no skill, sir.
Lat. Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill, sir,
I'll have another for you.
Martia. It rids way pleasantly.
Lat. Le' me see now — one confounds another, sir —
You've heard this certainly, *Come, my dainty doxies?*[3]
Martia. Oh, that is all the country over, sir;
There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.
Lat. Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard, then. [*Sings.*

I keep my horse, I keep my whore,
I take no rents, yet am not poor;
I traverse all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot;
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine;
And if my whore be not in case,
My hostess' daughter has her place:
The maids sit up, and watch their turns;
If I stay long, the tapster mourns;
The cookmaid has no mind to sin,
Though tempted by the chamberlin:[4]
But when I knock, oh, how they bustle!
The ostler yawns, the geldings justle;
If maid but sleep, oh, how they curse her!
And all this comes of — Deliver your purse, sir!

[1] *blue coats*] The common habit of servants (used by the thieves for disguises).
[2] *cock-shoot*] Properly, *cock-shut* — was a large net, suspended between two poles, employed to catch, or *shut* in woodcocks, and used chiefly in the twilight — hence *cock-shut* came to signify twilight. (See Gifford's note on B Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. 473.) Perhaps "*a fine cock-shoot evening*" means here — a fine evening for taking our game
[3] *Come, my dainty doxies*] This song may be found in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act iv. sc. i. — *Works*, iii. 606. ed. Dyce.
[4] *chamberlin*] So written for the sake of the rhyme.

Martia. How, sir!
Lat. Few words: quickly, come, deliver your purse, sir!
Martia. You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, sir,
To sing me out of my money?
Lat. 'Tis most fit
Art should be rewarded: you must pay your music, sir,
Where'er you come.
Martia. But not at your own carving.
Lat. Nor am I common in't: come, come, your purse, sir!
Martia. Say it should prove the undoing of a gentleman?
Lat. Why, sir, do you look for more conscience in us than in usurers? young gentleman, you've small reason for that, i' faith.
Martia. There 'tis, and all I have [*gives purse*]; and, so truth comfort me,
All I know where to have.
Lat. Sir, that's not written
In my belief yet; search — 'tis a fine evening,
Your horse can take no harm — I must have more, sir.
Martia. May my hopes perish, if you have not all, sir!
And more, I know, than your compassionate charity
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.
Lat. Search, and that speedily: if I take you in hand,
You'll find me rough; methinks men should be rul'd,
When they're so kindly spoke to: fie upon't!
Martia. Good fortune and my wit assist me, then!
A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't. — [*Aside.*
Look, sir, I've search'd; here's all that I can find, [*Presents a pistol.*
And you're so covetous, you will have all, you say,
And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.
Lat. A pox o' that young devil of a handful long!
That has fray'd many a tall[1] thief from a rich purchase.[2]
Martia. This and my money, sir, keep[3] company;
Where one goes, th' other must; assure your soul
They vow'd never to part.
Lat. Hold, I beseech you, sir!
Martia. You rob a prisoner's box, an you rob me, sir.
Lat. There 'tis again. [*Returns purse.*
Martia. I knew 'twould never prosper with you;
Fie, rob a younger brother! oh, take heed, sir!
'Tis against nature that: perhaps your father
Was one, sir, or your uncle; it should seem so,
By the small means was left you, and less manners.
Go, keep you still before me; and, do you hear me?
To pass away the time to the next town,
I charge you, sir, sing all your songs for nothing.
Lat. Oh, horrible punishment! [*A song.*[4]

Re-enter STRATIO, *disguised as a* Servant.

Stra. Honest gentleman ——
Martia. How now! what art thou?
Stra. Stand you in need of help?
I made all haste I could, my master charg'd me,
A knight of worship; he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.
Martia. Thanks, honest friend.
Lat. I taste this trick already. [*Aside, and then exit.*
Stra. Look, he's gone, sir;
Shall he be stopt? what is he?
Martia. Let him go, sir;
He can rejoice in nothing, that's the comfort.
Stra. You have your purse still, then?
Martia. Ay, thanks fair fortune
And this grim handful!
Stra. We were all so 'fraid o' you;
How my good lady cried, Oh, help the gentleman!
'Tis a good woman that. But you're too mild, sir;
You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, faith,
Before h'ad gone, having so sound a means too.
Martia. Why, there's the jest, man; he had once my purse.
Stra. Oh, villain! would you let him scape unmassacred?
Martia. Nay, hear me, sir, I made him yield it straight again,
And, so hope bless me, with an uncharg'd pistol.
Stra. Troth, I should laugh at that.
Martia. It was discharg'd, sir,
Before I meddled with't.
Stra. I'm glad to hear't. [*Seizes her.*
Martia. Why, how now! what's your will?
Stra. Ho, Latrocinio,
Occulto, Silvio!

Re-enter LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, FIDUCIO, *and other Thieves.*

Lat. What, are you caught, sir?
Stra. The pistol cannot speak.
Lat. He was too young,
I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.
Martia. You've found out ways too merciless to betray,
Under the veil of friendship and of charity.
Lat. Away, sirs, bear him into the next copse, and strip him.
Stra. Brandino's copse, the justice?
Lat. Best of all, sir, a man of law; a spider lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckram-bag, man.
Martia. What seek you, sirs? take all, and use no cruelty.
Lat. You shall have songs enough.

Song by LATROCINIO *and the other* Thieves.

How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it!
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute:
From the usurer to his sons there['s] a current swiftly runs;

[1] *tall*] i. e. stout, bold.
[2] *purchase*] i. e. booty.
[3] *keep*] Old ed. "keeps."

[4] *A song*] The songs are frequently omitted in the printed copies of our early dramas; but the present direction seems to mean, that the actor who played Latrocinio was to sing a few words of any song he might choose.

From the sons to queans in chief, from the gallant to the thief;
From the thief unto his host, from the host to husbandmen;
From the country to the court; and so it comes to us agen.[1]
How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it!
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Before* BRANDINO'S *House.*

Enter PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *above, at a window.*

Phil. What time of night is't?
Vio. Time of night do you call't?
It is so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.
Phil. Fie on him! there's no looking for him, then;
Why, sure this gentleman apprehends me not.
Vio. 'Tis happy, then, you're rid of such a fool, mistress.
Phil. Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not out in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wise man,
I'll never trust him with my reputation;
Therefore I made this trial of his wit:
If he cannot conceive what's good for himself,
He will worse understand what's good for me.
Vio. But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely,
He never saw your letter?
Phil. How thou pliest me
With suppositions! why, I tell thee, wench,
'Tis equally as impossible for my husband
To keep it from him as to be young again,
Or as his first wife knew him, which he brags on,
For bearing children by him.
Vio. There's no remedy, then;
I must conclude Francisco is an ass.
Phil. I would my letter, wench, were here again!
I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one,
And travel some five year first.
Vio. So h'ad need, methinks,
To understand the words; methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the perceiverance[2]
Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,[3]
And can nor write nor read, poor fool! this coxcomb
He can do both, and your name's but Philippa;
And yet to see, if he can come when's call'd!
Phil. He never shall be call'd again for me, sirrah.[4]
Well, as hard as the world goes, we'll have a song, wench;
We'll not sit up for nothing.
Vio. That's poor comfort, though.
Phil. Better than any's brought, for aught I see yet:
So set to your lute. [*They sing.*

Phil. If in this question I propound to thee
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.

Vio. You shall most free.
Phil. Which hadst thou rather be,
If thou might choose thy life,
A fool's, a fool's mistress,
Or an old man's wife?
Vio. The choice is hard, I know not which is best;
One ill you're bound to, and I think that's least.
Phil. But being not bound, my dearest sweet,
I could shake off the other.
Vio. Then as you lose your sport by one,
You lose your name by t'other.
Phil. You counsel well, but love refuses
What good counsel often chooses.

[*Exeunt above.*

Enter MARTIA *in a shirt.*

Martia. I ha' got myself unbound yet: merciless villains!
I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me;
'Tis for my sins. That light in yonder window,
That was my only comfort in the woods,
Which oft the trembling of a leaf would lose me,
Has brought me thus far; yet I cannot hope
For succour in this plight, the world's so pitiless,
And every one will fear or doubt me now:
To knock will be too bold; I'll to the gate,
And listen if I can hear any stirring.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. Was ever man so cross'd? no, 'tis but sweat, sure,
Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me;
I thought 't had bled again. These wenching businesses
Are strange unlucky things and fatal fooleries;
No mar'l[5] so many gallants die ere thirty;
'Tis able to vex out a man's heart in five year,
The crosses that belong to't: first, arrested,
That set me back two mangy hours at least;
Yet that's a thing my heat could have forgiven,
Because arresting, in what kind soever,
Is a most gentleman-like affliction;
But here, within a mile o' the town, forsooth,
And two mile off this place, when a man's oath
Might ha' been taken for his own security,
And his thoughts brisk and set upon the business,
To light upon a roguy flight of thieves!
Pox on 'em, here's the length of one of their whittles:[6]
But one of my dear rascals I pursu'd so,
The gaol has him, and he shall bring out's fellows.
Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune?
I'm glad I'm so near yet; the surgeon bade me too
Have a great care; I shall never think of that now.
Martia. One of the thieves come back again? I'll stand close;
He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,
And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer't.
Fran. 'Life, what should that be? a prodigious[7] thing
Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too
Which always appears terrible.
Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me
By my ill purpose; for 'tis man's own sin
That puts on armour upon all his evils,
And gives them strength to strike him: were it less

[1] *agen*] Altered by the modern editors to "again;" but the rhyme requires the old spelling.
[2] *perceiverance*] Or as the word is usually found, *perceivance* — i. e. power of perceiving. — Old ed. "perseverance;" and so the modern editors.
[3] *at Philip*] i. e. when one calls to it *Philip* — a familiar name for a sparrow.
[4] *sirrah*] See note, p. 603.
[5] *mar'l*] i. e. marvel.
[6] *whittles*] i. e. knives. — Old ed. "whistles," a reading which did not startle the modern editors.
[7] *prodigious*] i. e. portentous.

Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve;
A wicked man's own shadow has distracted him.
Were this a business now to save an honour,
As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then,
Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee: now I dare not.
Why may't not be the spirit of my father,
That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste
Now to abuse? and I have been cross'd about it
Most fearfully hitherto, if I well think on't;
Scap'd death but lately too, nay, most miraculously.
And what does fond[1] man venture all these ills for,
That may so sweetly rest in honest peace?
For that which being obtain'd, is as he was
To his own sense, but remov'd nearer still
To death eternal. What delight has man
Now at this present for his pleasant sin
Of yesterday's committing? 'las, 'tis vanish'd,
And nothing but the sting remains within him!
The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do't now,
An 'twere but only that. How blest were man,
Might he but have his end appear still to him,
That he might read his actions i' th' event!
'Twould make him write true, though he never meant.
Whose check soe'er thou art, father's or friend's,
Or enemy's, I thank thee; peace requite thee!
Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewell!
He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell.
[*Exit.*

Martia. He's gone to call the rest, and makes all speed;
I'll knock, whate'er befalls, to please my fears,
For no compassion can be less than theirs.
[*Knocks at the door.*

Re-enter PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *above.*

Phil. He's come, he's come! — Oh, are you come at last, sir?
Make little noise. — Away, he'll knock again else. [*Exit above with* VIOLETTA.

Martia. I should have been at Istria, by daybreak too;
Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy widow's,
There waits one purposely to do me good.
What will become of me?

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Oh, you are a sweet gallant! this your hour?
Give me your hand; come, come, sir, follow me,
I'll bring you to light presently: softly, softly, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A *Room in* BRANDINO'S *House.*

Enter PHILIPPA.

Phil. I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts
The dullest young man, if he had not found it;
So short of apprehension and so worthless,
He were not fit for woman's fellowship;
I've been at cost too for a banquet for him:
Why, 'twould ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit;[2]
I should ha' thought the worse on's wit for ever,
And blam'd mine own for too much forwardness.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Oh, mistress, mistress!
Phil. How now! what's the news?
Vio. Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half!
Phil. Ha!
Vio. They are scarce settled yet, mistress.
Phil. What's the matter?
Vio. Do you ask that seriously?[3]
Did you not hear me squeak?
Phil. How! sure thou art
Out of thy wits indeed.
Vio. Oh, I'm well now,
To what I was, mistress.
Phil. Why, where's the gentleman?
Vio. The gentleman's forthcoming, and a lovely one,
But not Francisco.
Phil. What say'st? not Francisco!
Vio. Pish, he's a coxcomb; think not on him, mistress.
Phil. What's all this?
Vio. I've often heard you say, you'd rather have
A wise man in his shirt than a fool feather'd;
And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentleman,
Robb'd even to nothing, but what first he brought with him:
The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mistress;
I think it was a shirt; I know not well,
For gallants wear both[4] now-a-days.
Phil. This is strange.
Vio. But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, he's a most sweet one;
Francisco is a child of Egypt[5] to him:
I could not but, in pity to the poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.
Phil. 'Twas charitably done.
Vio. You'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as I did. Sweet youth! I'll be sworn, mistress, he's the loveliest, properest young gentleman, and so you'll say yourself, if my master's clothes do not spoil him, that's all the fear now; I would 't had been your luck to have seen him without 'em, but for scaring on you.
Phil. Go, prithee, fetch him in, whom thou commend'st so:
Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much on him;
And better he deserves our love and welcome
Than the respectless fellow 'twas prepar'd for.
[*Exit* VIOLETTA.

[1] *fond*] i. e foolish.
[2] *conceit*] i. e. quickness of apprehension.

[3] *ask that seriously*] Thus improved by the modern editors, — "*ask* me *that* question *seriously*"!
[4] *both*] i. e. shirts and smocks. Compare Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act i. sc. 4:
"*Don.* Give me the shirt then, I'll warm't as well [as] I can too.
Why, look, you whoreson coxcomb, this is a smock!
Page. No, 'tis my master's shirt.
Don. Why, that's true too;
Who knows not that? why, 'tis the fashion, fool;
All your young gallants here of late wear smocks,
Those without beards especially," &c.
Works, iii. 573. ed. Dyce.
[5] *child of Egypt*] i. e. gipsy.

Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,
I will have trial of his wit and faith
Before I make him partner with my honour:
'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceiv'd me;
I'll take more heed o' the next for't: perhaps now,
To furnish his distress, he will appear
Full of fair-promising courtship; but I'll prove him then
For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
And see what he performs then when the storm
Of his so rude misfortunes is blown over,
And he himself again. A distrest man's flatteries
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison;
There's poor assurance in 'em: when he's from me,
And in's own power, then I shall see his love.
'Mass, here he comes.

Enter MARTIA *in* BRANDINO'S *clothes, with* VIOLETTA.

Martia. Never was star-cross'd gentleman
More happy in a courteous virgin's love
Than I in yours.
Vio. I'm sorry they're no better for you;
I wish'd 'em handsomer and more in fashion,
But truly, sir, our house affords it not:
There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' the garret,
But that's far worse than this, if I may judge
With modesty of men's matters.
Martia. I deserve not this,
Dear and kind gentlewoman. Is yond your mistress?
Phil. Why, trust me, here's my husband young again! —
It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.
Martia. I am so much indebted, courteous lady,
To the unmatchèd charity of your house,
My thanks are such poor things they would but shame me.
Phil. Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him! I fear me
I have found wit enough already in him.
If I could truly but resolve[1] myself
My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
Troth, I should think the better of him at fourscore now.
Vio. Nay, mistress, what would he be, were he in fashion —
A hempen curse on those that put him out on't! —
That now appears so handsome and so comely
In clothes able to make a man an unbeliever,
And good for nothing but for shift or so,
If a man chance to fall i' the ditch with better?
This is the best that ever I mark'd in 'em, —
A man may make him ready[2] in such clothes
Without a candle.
Phil. Ay, for shame of himself, wench.
Vio. My master does it oft in winter mornings,
And never sees himself till he be ready.
Phil. No, nor then neither, as he should do, wench. —

[1] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, convince.
[2] *make him ready*] "i. e. dress himself." WEBBER.

I am sorry, gentle sir, we cannot shew you
A courtesy in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth: your name, I crave, sir.
Martia. Ansaldo, lady.
Phil. 'Tis a noble name, sir.
Martia. The most unfortunate now!
Vio. So do I think truly,
As long as that suit's on.
Phil. The most unfitting
And unprovided'st, sir, of all our courtesies,
I do presume, is that you've pass'd already;
Your pardon but for that, and we're encourag'd.
Martia. My faithful service, lady.
Phil. Please you, sir, to taste the next,
A poor slight banquet; for sure I think you were
Unluckily prevented of your supper, sir.
Martia. My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn to me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you.
I am this morning, that with clearness now
So cheerfully hastens me, to meet a friend
Upon my state's establishing, and the place
Ten mile from hence: oh, I am forc'd unwillingly
To crave your leave for't; which done, I return
In service plentiful.
Phil. Is't so important?
Martia. If I should fail, as much as my undoing.
Phil. I think too well of you, t' undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.
Martia. My great happiness!
Phil. But when should I be sure of you here again, sir?
Martia. As fast as speed can possibly return me.
Phil. You will not fail?
Martia. May never wish go well with me, then!
Phil. There's to bear charges, sir. [*Gives purse.*
Martia. Courtesy dwells in you:
I brought my horse up with me from the woods,
That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills too.
May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,
But still supplied as liberally as you give!
Phil. Farewell, sir, and be faithful.
Martia. Time shall prove me. [*Exit.*
Phil. In my opinion, now, this young man's likeliest
To keep his word; he's modest, wise, and courteous;
He has the language of an honest soul in him;
A woman's reputation may lie safe there,
I'm much deceiv'd else; h'as a faithful eye,
If it be well observ'd.
Vio. Good speed be with thee, sir! — [*Looking out.*
He puts him to't, i' faith.
Phil. Violetta.
Vio. Mistress?
Phil. Alas, what have we done, wench?
Vio. What's the matter, mistress?
Phil. Run, run, call him again; he must stay, tell him,

Though it be upon's undoing; we're undone else;
Your master's clothes, they're known the country over.
Vio. Now, by this light, that's true, and well remember'd;
But there's no calling of him, he's out of sight now.
Phil. Oh, what will people think?
Vio. What can they think, mistress?
The gentleman has the worst on't: were I he now,
I'd make this ten mile forty mile about,
Before I'd ride through any market-town with 'em.
Phil. Will he be careful, think'st?
Vio. My life for yours, mistress.
Phil. I shall long mightily to see him agen.[1]
Vio. And so shall I; I shall never laugh till then. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Near* VALERIA'S *House.*

Enter RICARDO *and* Second Suitor *on one side, and* VALERIA *and* First Suitor *on the other.*

Ric. It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.
Sec. Suit. Ay, and shall still to th' end, to th' end, my honey:
Wherefore have I enough, but to have't go well, sir?
First Suit. My whole state on't, thou overthrow'st him, widow.
Val. I hope well still, sir.
First Suit. Hope! be certain, wench:
I make no question now but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-gear.
Val. By'r lady, that I doubt, sir.
First Suit. Oh, 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I mark'd.
Val. What's that, good, sweet sir?
First Suit. A thing that never fail'd me.
Val. Good sir, what?
First Suit. I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort,
Invita voluntate; ha, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief, i' faith!
Val. *Invita voluntate!* what's the meaning, sir?
First Suit. Nay, there I leave you; but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life,
But the cause went on's side, that I mark'd ever.
Sec. Suit. Do, do, and spare not; thou wouldst talk with her?
Ric. Yes, with your leave and liking.
Sec. Suit. Do, my adoption,
My chosen child; an thou hold'st so obedient,
Sure thou wilt live and cozen all my kindred.
Ric. A child's part in your love, that's my ambition, sir.
Sec. Suit. Go, and deserve it, then; please me well now:
I love wrangling 'a-life, boy,[2] there's my delight;
I have no other venery but vexation,
That's all, my honey, now: smartly now to her:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. This need not ha' been, widow.
Val. You say right, sir;
No, nor your treachery, your close conspiracy
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.
Ric. I had you fairly; I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you, whom I reserv'd for wife.
Val. How, wife!
Ric. Ay, wife, wife, widow; be not asham'd on't,
It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace indeed, brag as you list.
Sec. Suit. Ha, ha!
Val. I grant you, sir, but not to be your wife.
First Suit. Oh, oh!
Ric. Not mine! I think 'tis the best bargain
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid, but that's not yet this threescore year;
Let's talk of nearer matters.
Val. You're as near, sir,
As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me.
Ric. Now, before conscience, you're a wilful housewife.
Val. How!
Ric. Ay, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.
Val. Your goods!
Ric. I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.
Val. I'll give you my word you shall, sir.
Ric. Look to't, widow;
A night may come will call you to account for't.
Val. Oh, if you had me now, sir, in this heat,
I do but think how you'd be reveng'd on me!
Ric. Ay, may I perish else, if I would not get
Three children at a birth, an I could, o' thee!
First Suit. Take off your youngster there.
Sec. Suit. Take off your widow first;
He shall have the last word, I pay for't dearly. —
To her again, sweet boy, that side's the weaker:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Val. Oh, brother, see, I'm up to th' ears in law here!
Look, copy[3] upon copy.
Bran. 'Twere grief enough,
If a man did but hear on't, but I am
In pain to see it.
Val. What, sore eyes still, brother?
Bran. Worse and worse, sister; the old woman's water
Does me no good.
Val. Why, 't'as help'd many, sir.

[1] *agen*] See note, p. 705.

[2] *I love wrangling 'a-life*] — *'a-life*, i. e. as my life, excessively. — The modern editors print, "*I love* a *wrangling* life"!

[3] *copy*] "i. e. plenty, a sense in which Ben Jonson frequently used *copy*, from *copia*. Hence we may infer that he wrote this portion of the play. The next scene is in his best manner." COLLIER. Surely, in the text "copy upon copy" is to be understood of law-papers.

Bran. It helps not me, I'm sure.
Mar. Oh, oh!
Val. What ails Martino too?
Mar. Oh, oh, the toothache, the toothache!
Bran. Ah, poor worm! this he endures for me now:
There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion
In a kind husband when his wife breeds child
Than in Martino; I ha' mark'd it ever;
He breeds all my pains in's teeth still, and to quit[1] me,
It is his eye-tooth too.
Mar. Ay, ay, ay, ay.
Val. Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? true, true, sir;
His flag hangs out in town here, i' the Cross Inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions;
It shews him a great travelling and learn'd empiric.
Bran. We'll both to him, Martino.
Val. Hark you, brother;
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.
First Suit. Ay, about that, sweet widow.
Val. True; speak low, sir.
Bran. Well, what's the business? say, say.
Val. Marry, this, brother:
Call the young man aside from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars,
If he will vanish, and let fall the suit,
And never put's to no more cost and trouble.
First Suit. Say me those words, good sir, I'll make 'em worth
A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.
Bran. I shall do much for that.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Val. Welcome, sweetheart,
Thou com'st most happily; I'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.
Vio. I take delight, forsooth,
In any such employment.
First Suit. Good wench, trust me.
Ric. How, sir, let fall the suit! 'life, I'll go naked first.
Bran. A thousand dollars, sir, think upon them.
Ric. Why, they're but a thousand dollars, when they're thought on.
Bran. A good round sum.
Ric. A good round widow's better;
There's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded; but, sir, scorn
To be bought out of my affection.
Bran. Why, here's even just my university spirit;
I priz'd a piece of red deer above gold then.
Ric. My patron would be mad, an he should hear on't.
Mar. I pray, what's good, sir, for a wicked tooth?
Ric. Hang'd, drawn, and quartering: is't a hollow one?
Mar. Ay, 'tis a hollow one.
Ric. Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.
Mar. Why, sure you mock me.
Ric. Troth, I think I do, sir.

[1] *to quit*] i. e. to be even — equal with.

Sec. Suit. Come hither, honey; what's the news? in whispers.
Bran. He will not be bought out.
Val. No? that's strange, brother:
Pray, take a little pains about this project, then,
And try what that effects.
Bran. I like this better. —
Look you, sweet gentle, see what I produce here
For amity's sake and peace, to end all controversy;
This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,
Whom for her person and her portion
I could bestow most richly, but in pity
To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,
I am content to yield to her desire.
Ric. At me!
Bran. But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.
I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,
And a maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks, sir,
Nay, one that has rid fifteen mile this morning
For your love only.
Sec. Suit. Honey, hearken after her;
Being rich, I can have all my money there;
Ease my purse well, and never wage law further:
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.
Ric. Do you love me, forsooth?
Vio. Oh, infinitely!
Ric. I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee,
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.
Vio. My time was come, sir; that's all I can say,
Ric. 'Las, poor soul! where didst thou love me first, prithee?
Vio. In happy hour be't spoke, out at a window, sir.
Ric. A window! prithee, clap it to, and call it in again:
What was I doing then, should make thee love me?
Vio. Twirling your band-string, which, methought, became you
So generously well.
Ric. 'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for; that love was likely to be tied in matrimony that begun in a band-string; yet I ha' known as much come to pass ere now upon a tassel. Fare you well, sister; I may be cozen'd in a maid, I cannot in a widow.
Sec. Suit. Art thou come home again? stick'st thou there still?
I will defend thee still, then.
First Suit. Sir, your malice
Will have enough on't.
Sec. Suit. I will have my humour.
First Suit. Beggary will prove the sponge.
Sec. Suit. Sponge i' thy gascoyns,
Thy gally-gascoyns[2] there!
Ric. Ha, brave protector!
Bran. I thought 'twould come to open wars again:
Let 'em agree as they will, two testy fops!
I'll have a care of mine eyes.
Mar. I of my chops. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *gally-gascoyns*] "i. e. wide hose or slops [trousers]". REED.

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Cross Inn.*

Enter LATROCINIO *disguised as an empiric, and* OCCULTO *as his man.*

Lat. Away, out with the banner! send's good luck to-day!
Occ. I warrant you; your name's spread, sir, for an empiric:
[*Hanging up a Banner of Cures and Diseases.*
There's an old mason troubled with the stone
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel;
He would have ease fain.
Lat. Marry, I cannot blame him, sir;
But how he will come by't, there lies the question.
Occ. You must do somewhat, sir; for he's swoln most piteously,
Has urine in him now was brew'd last March.
Lat. 'Twill be rich gear for dyers.
Occ. I would 'twere come to that, sir.
Lat. Le' me see;
I'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder.[1]
Occ. Gunpowder! what, sir, to break the stone?
Lat. Ay, by my faith, sir,
It is the likeliest thing I know to do't;
I'm sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down;
I see no reason but 't should break the stone.
Occ. Nay, use your pleasure, sir.
Lat. Troth, if that do not,
I ha' nothing else that will.
Occ. I know that too.
Lat. Why, then, thou'rt a coxcomb to make question on't.
Go call in all the rest, I have employment for them. [*Exit* OCCULTO.
When the highways grow thin with travellers,
And few portmanteaus stirring, as all trades
Have their dead time we see, thievery poor takings,
And lechery cold doings, and so forwards still;
Then do I take my inn, and those curmudgeons
Whose purses I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,
And make 'em come to me; it's more state-like too.
Hang him that has but one way to his trade!
He's like a mouth that eats but on one side,
And half cozens his belly, 'specially if he dine among shavers
And both-handed feeders. — Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio!

Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, *and* FIDUCIO.

I will have none left out; there's parts for you.
Sil. For us! pray, let us have 'em.
Lat. Change yourselves
With all speed possible into several shapes,
Far from your own: as, you a farmer, sir;
A grazier you; and you may be a miller.
Fid. Oh, no, a miller comes too near a thief;
That may spoil all again.
Lat. Some country tailor, then.
Fid. That's near enough, by'r lady, yet I'll venture that;
The miller's a white devil, he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges most apparently
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips;
The tailor modestly between his legs.
Lat. Why, pray, do you present that modest thief, then;
And hark you, for the purpose.
Sil. 'Twill improve you, sir.
Lat. 'Twill get believers, believe that, my masters,
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer;
When you see any come, repair you to me,
As samples of my skill: there are few arts
But have their shadows, sirs, to set 'em off;
Then where the art itself is but a shadow,
What need is there, my friends! Make haste, away, sirs.
[*Exeunt* SILVIO, STRATIO, *and* FIDUCIO.

Re-enter OCCULTO.

Occ. Where are you, sir?
Lat. Not far, man; what's the news?
Occ. The old justice, sir, whom we robb'd once by moonlight,
And bound his man and he, in haycock-time,
With a rope made of horse-meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which, I think, ere midnight
Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty ——
Lat. 'Life, what of him, man?
Occ. He's inquiring earnestly
For the great man of art, indeed for you, sir:
Therefore withdraw, sweet sir; make yourself dainty now,
And that's three parts of any profession.
Lat. I have enough on't. [*Exit.*

Enter MARTIA *in* BRANDINO'S *clothes.*

Occ. How now! what thing's this?
Now, by this light, the second part o' the justice
Newly reviv'd, with never a hair on's face.
It should be the first rather by his smoothness,
But I ha' known the first part written last:[2]
'Tis he, or let me perish, the young gentleman
We robb'd and stript; but I am far from knowledge now. [*Aside.*
Martia. One word, I pray, sir.
Occ. With me, gentle sir?
Martia. Was there not lately seen about these parts, sir,
A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?
Occ. Why do you ask, sir?

[1] *Le' me see;*
I'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder, &c. &c.] So in *The Honest Lawyer. Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Servants. Written by S. S.* 1616. 4to.;
"*Valentine.* What is't sir, that my Art cannot extend to?
Gripe. The stone, the stone: I am pittifully grip'd with the stone. . . .
Valentine. . . . . . .
Let's see. Me thinks a little Gun-powder
Should haue some strange relation to this fit.
I haue seene Gun-powder oft driue out stones
From Forts and Castle-walls," &c. Sig. F 2.
Concerning this passage, see my remark, p. 692.

[2] *the first part written last*] "This alludes to the first and second parts of historical plays and tragedies, which had been so much in fashion. It has been ascertained in more than one instance, that the first part of a successful play was written after the second had met with applause." COLLIER.

Martia. There was a poor young gentleman robb'd last night.
Occ. Robb'd!
Martia. Stript of all, i' faith.
Occ. Oh, beastly rascals!
'Las, what was he?
Martia. Look o'me, and know him, sir.
Occ. Hard-hearted villains! strip? troth, when I saw you,
Methought those clothes were never made for you, sir.
Martia. Want made me glad o' 'em.
Occ. Send you better fortunes, sir! —
That we may have a bout with you once again. [*Aside.*
Martia. I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir.
Occ. 'Tis with my heart, i' faith; now store of coin
Ad better clothes be with you!
Martia. There's some honest yet,
nd charitably-minded. How! what's here to do? [*Reads on the banner.*

Here within this place is cur'd
All the griefs that were ever endur'd.

ay, there thou liest; I endur'd one last night
nou canst not cure this morning; a strange promiser! [*Reads.*

Palsy, gout, hydropic humour,
Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,
Fistula in ano, ulcer, megrim,
Or what disease soe'er beleaguer 'em,
Stone, rupture, squinancy, imposthume;
Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.

hat's conscionably said, i'faith. [*Reads.*

In brief, you cannot, I assure you,
Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.

y'r lady, you shall pardon me, I'll not try't, sir.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Bran. Martino, is not yond my hinder parts?
Mar. Yes, and your fore parts too, sir.
Bran. I trow so;
I never saw my hind parts in my life else,
No, nor my fore ones neither. — What are you, sir?
Are you a justice, pray?
Martia. A justice! no, truly.
Bran. How came this suit to you, then?
Martia. How this suit!
Why, must he needs be a justice, sir, that wears it?
Bran. You'll find it so; 'twas made for nobody else:
I paid for't.
Martia. Oh, strange fortune! I have undone
The charitable woman. [*Aside.*
Bran. He'll be gone:
Martino, hold him fast, I'll call for aid.
Martia. Hold me! Oh, curse of fate! [*Strikes* MARTINO.
Mar. Oh, master, master!
Bran. What ails Martino?
Mar. In my conscience,
H'as beat out the wrong tooth; I feel it now
Three degrees off.
Bran. Oh, slave, spoil'd a fine penman!
Martia. He lack'd good manners, though; lay hands o' me!
I scorn all the deserts that belong to it.

Re-enter LATROCINIO.

Lat. Why, how now! what's the broil?
Bran. The man of art,
I take you, sir, to be.
Lat. I'm the professor
Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.
Bran. Our business was to you, most skilful sir;
But in the way to you, right worshipful,
I met a thief.
Lat. A thief!
Bran. With my clothes on, sir:
Let but the hose[1] be search'd, I'll pawn my life
There's yet the tailor's bill in one o' the pockets,
And a white thimble that I found i' moonlight —
Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino.
Mar. Oy, oy!
Bran. Oh, h'as spoil'd
The worthiest clerk that e'er drew warrant here!
Lat. Sir, you're a stranger, but I must deal plain with you.
That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you.
Martia. I dare not say which way, that's my affliction. [*Aside.*
Lat. Is not your worship's name signior Brandino, sir?
Bran. It has been so these threescore year[s] and upwards.
Lat. I heard there was a robbery done last night
Near to your house.
Martia. You heard a truth then, sir,
And I the man was robb'd.
Lat. Ah, that's too gross! —
Send him away for fear of farther mischief;
I do not like him, he's a cunning knave.
Bran. I want but aid.
Lat. Within there!

Enter Servants.

Bran. Seize upon
That impudent thief.
Martia. Then hear me speak.
Bran. Away!
I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those clothes again. —
To prison with the varlet!
Martia. How am I punish'd! [*Aside.*
Bran. I'll make thee bring out all before I leave thee. [*Exeunt* Servants with MARTIA.
Lat. You've took an excellent course with this bold villain, sir.
Bran. I am sworn for service to the commonwealth, sir.

Re-enter SILVIO, STRATIO, *and* FIDUCIO, *disguised.*

What are these, learned sir?
Lat. Oh, they're my patients. —
Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy.
Stra. 'Tis farewell gout almost, I thank your worship.

[1] *hose*] i. e. breeches. — Altered by the modern editors to "coat"!

Lat. What, no, you cannot part so soon, I hope?
You came but lately to me.
Stra. But most happily;
I can go near to leap, sir. [*Leaps.*
Lat. What, you cannot?
Away, I say! take heed, be not too venturous -though;
I've had you but three days, remember that.
Stra. Those three are better than three hundred, sir. [*Leaps.*
Lat. Yet again?
Stra. Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir.
Lat. You with the rupture there, *hernia in scrotum*,
Pray, let me see your space[1] this morning; walk, sir,
I'll take your distance straight; 'twas F. O. yesterday:
Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration!
Secundo gradu, ye F. U. already;
Here's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, sir;
Your knees are come within three inches now
Of one another; by to-morrow noon,
I'll make 'em kiss and jostle.
Sil. Bless your worship!
Bran. You have a hundred prayers in a morning, sir.
Lat. Faith, we have a few to pass away the day with. —
Tailor, you had a stitch?
Fid. Oh, good your worship,
I have had none since Easter: were I rid
But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy;
I cannot thread my needle.
Lat. No? that's hard;
I never mark'd so much.
Fid. It comes by fits, sir.
Lat. Alas, poor man! — What would your worship say now
To see me help this fellow at an instant?
Bran. And make him firm from shaking?
Lat. As a steeple,
From the disease on't.
Bran. 'Tis to me miraculous.
Lat. You with your whoremaster disease, come hither;
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it stedfast; [*Gives glass.*
Yet more, sir; yet, I say; so.
Bran. Admirable!
Lat. Go, live, and thread thy needle.
Bran. Here, Martino: —
Alas, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,
And cannot utter 'em!
Lat. No? What's the malady?
Bran. The fury of a tooth.
Lat. A tooth! ha, ha!
I thought 't had been some gangrene, fistula,
Canker, or ramex.
Bran. No, it's enough as 'tis, sir.
Lat. My man shall ease that straight. — Sit you down there, sir. —
[MARTINO *seats himself.*
Take the tooth, sirrah, daintily, insensibly. —
But what's your worship's malady? that's for me, sir.
Bran. Marry, pray, look you, sir; your worship's counsel
About mine eyes.
Lat. Sore eyes! that's nothing too, sir.
Bran. By'r lady, I that feel it think it somewhat.
Lat. Have you no convulsions, pricking aches, sir,
Ruptures, or apostemates?
Bran. No, by my faith, sir,
Nor do I desire to have 'em.
Lat. Those are cures;
There do I win my fame, sir. — Quickly, sirrah,
Reach me the eye-cup hither. —
[OCCULTO *gives him the eye-cup.*
Do you make water well, sir?
Bran. I'm all well there.
Lat. You feel no grief i' the kidney?
Bran. Sound, sound, sound, sir.
Lat. Oh, here's a breath, sir, I must talk withal,
One of these mornings.
Bran. There I think, i' faith,
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words
Are come to pass, sir.
Mar. Oh, oh! 'tis not that, 'tis not that!
[*While* OCCULTO *gives a pull at one of his teeth.*
It is the next beyond it; there, there, there!
Occ. The best have their mistakings: now I'll fit you, sir.
Bran. What's that, sweet sir, that comforts with his coolness?
Lat. Oh, sovereign gear: wink hard, and keep it in, sir.
[*While he applies the eye-cup to* BRANDINO, *he picks his pocket.*
Mar. Oh, oh, oh!
Occ. Nay, here he goes; one twitch more, and he comes, sir.
[*While he draws one of* MARTINO'S *teeth, he picks his pocket.*
Mar. Auh, ho!
Occ. Spit out; I told you he was gone, sir.
Bran. How cheers Martino?
Mar. Oh, I can answer you now, master;
I feel great ease, sir.
Bran. So do I, Martino.
Mar. I'm rid of a sore burden, for my part, master,
Of a scald little one.
Lat. Please but your worship now
To take three drops of the rich water with you,
I'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir,
At twice i' your own chamber.
Bran. Shall he so, sir?
Lat. I will uphold him in't.
Mar. Then will I do't, sir.
Lat. How lively your man's now!
Mar. Oh, I'm so light, methinks,
Over I was![2]
Bran. What is't contents your worship?
Lat. Even what your worship please; I am not mercenary.
Bran. My purse is gone, Martino!
Lat. How, your purse, sir!

[1] *space*] Altered by the modern editors to "pace" — but I doubt if rightly.

[2] *Over I was*] i. e. above, beyond what I was. — Absurdly altered by Weber to "As o'er *I was*."

Bran. 'Tis gone, i' faith; I've been among some rascals.
Mar. And that's a thing
I ever gave you warning of, master; you care not
What company you run into.
Bran. Lend me some money; chide me anon,
I prithee.
A pox on 'em for vipers! they ha' suck'd blood o' me.
Mar. Oh, master!
Bran. How now, man?
Mar. My purse is gone too!
Bran. How!
I'll never take warning more of thee while I live, then;
Thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit
To give good counsel to thy master, that
Canst not keep from ill company thyself.
Lat. This is most strange, sir; both your purses gone!
Mar. Sir, I'd my hand on mine when I came in.
Lat. Are you but sure of that? oh, would you were!
Mar. As I'm of ease.
Lat. Then they're both gone one way,
Be that your comfort.
Bran. Ay, but what way's that, sir?
Lat. That close knave in your clothes has got 'em both;
'Tis well you've clapt him fast.
Bran. Why, that's impossible.
Lat. Oh, tell not me, sir! I ha' known purses gone,
And the thief stand and look one full i' the face,
As I may do your worship and your man now.
Mar. Nay, that's most certain, master.
Bran. I will make
That rascal in my clothes answer all this, then,
And all the robberies that have been done
Since the moon chang'd. — Get you home first, Martino,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine: tell her he's taken,
And by that token he has took both our purses.
Mar. That's an ill token, master.
Bran. That's all one, sir,
She must have that or nothing; for I'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.
Begone;
Make haste again, and meet me part o' the way.
Mar. I'll hang the villain,
An 'twere for nothing but the souse he gave me.
[*Exit.*
Bran. Sir, I depart asham'd of my requital,
And leave this seal-ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness. [*Gives ring.*
Lat. No, I beseech you, sir.
Bran. Indeed you shall, sir.
Lat. Oh, your worship's word, sir.
Bran. You shall have my word, too, for a rare gentleman
As e'er I met withal.
Lat. Clear sight be with you, sir, —
[*Exit* BRANDINO.
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it! —
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villanous tooth-drawer.
Occ. There was no fear of me; I've often told you
I was bound prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i' the second year.
Lat. Ay, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,
And me afraid of thee. What have we there, sirs?
Occ. Some threescore dollars i' the master's purse,
And sixteen in the clerk's, a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.
Lat. Warrants! where be they? the best news came yet:
'Mass, here's his hand, and here's his seal; I thank him;
This comes most luckily: one of our fellows
Was took last night, we'll set him first at liberty,
And other good boys after him; and if he
In th' old justice's suit, whom we [1] robb'd lately,
Will come off [2] roundly, we'll set him free too.
Occ. That were a good deed, faith; we may, in pity.
Lat. There's nothing done merely for pity now-a-days;
Money or ware must help too.

Song, in parts, by LATROCINIO *and the rest.*

Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth:
Who complains his fate's amiss,
When he has the wide world his?
He that has the devil in fee
Can have but all, and so have we.
Give us fortune, give us health,
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth:
In every hamlet, town, and city,
He has lands that was born witty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Room in* BRANDINO'S *House.*

Enter PHILIPPA *and* VOILETTA.

Phil. How well this gentleman keeps his promise too!
Sure, there's no trust in man.
Vio. They're all Franciscos,
That's my opinion, mistress; fools, or false ones,
He might have had the honesty yet, i' faith,
To send my master's clothes home.
Phil. Ay, those clothes!
Vio. Colliers come by the door every day, mistress;
Nay, this is market-day too, poulterers, butchers;
They would have lain most daintily in a pannier,
And kept veal from the wind.
Phil. Those clothes much trouble me.
Vio. Faith, an he were a gentleman, as he seem'd
To be, they would trouble him too, I think;
Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.

[1] *we*] Old ed. "he."
[2] *come off*] i. e. pay.

Phil. Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should think, wench,
Unless he kept 'em as a testimony
For after-times, to shew what misery
He pass'd in his young days, and then weep over 'em.
Vio. Weep, mistress!
Nay, sure, methinks he should not weep for laughing.

Enter MARTINO.

Phil. Martino! — Oh, we're spoil'd, wench! are they come, then?
Mar. Mistress, be of good cheer, I have excellent news for you;
Comfort your heart. What have you to breakfast, mistress?
You shall have all again, I warrant you.
Phil. What says he, wench?
Vio. I'm loath to understand him.
Mar. Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress;
You shall not lose a hair, take't of my word;
We have him safe enough.
Phil. Oh, 'las, sweet wench,
This man talks fearfully!
Vio. And I know not what yet;
That's the worst, mistress.
Mar. Can you tell me, pray,
Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no?
There's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons
Would have serv'd me this seven year; oh, and my fig-cheese, —
The fig[1] of everlasting obloquy
Go with him, if he have eat it! I'll make haste;
He cannot eat at all yet. He was taken, mistress,
Grossly and beastly; how do you think, i' faith?
Phil. I know not, sir.
Mar. Troth, in my master's clothes:
Would any thief but a beast been taken so?
Phil. Wench, wench!
Vio. I have grief enough of mine own to tend, mistress.
Phil. Did he confess the robbery?
Mar. Oh, no, no, mistress;
He's a young cunning rascal, he confess'd nothing;
While we were examining on him, he took away
My master's purse and mine, but confess'd nothing still.
Phil. That's but some slanderous injury rais'd against him. — [*Aside to* VIO.
Came not your master with you?
Mar. No, sweet mistress:
I must make haste and meet him; pray, despatch me, then.
Phil. I have look'd over all with special heedfulness;
There's nothing miss'd, I can assure you, sir,
But that suit of your master's.
Mar. I'm right glad on't:
That suit would hang him, yet I would not have
Him hang'd in that suit though; it will disgrace
My master's fashion for ever, and make it as hateful
As yellow bands.[2] [*Exit.*
Phil. Oh, what shall's do, wench?
Vio. 'Tis no marvel, mistress,
The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise.
Phil. Alas, sweet man, h'as confess'd nothing yet, wench!
Vio. That shews his constancy and love to you, mistress:
But you must do't of force, there is no help for't,
The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much;
Let 'em make what they can on't. 'Twere sin and pity, i' faith,
To cast away so sweet a gentleman
For such a pair of infidel hose[3] and doublet;
I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.
Phil. Thou say'st true, wench.

Enter MARTIA, *disguised as before.*

Vio. Oh, oh, they're come again, mistress!
Phil. Signior Ansaldo!
Martia. The same; mightily cross'd, lady,
But, past hope, freed again by a doctor's means,
A man of art, I know not justly what indeed;
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
Wrought my release between 'em.
Phil. Met you not
My husband's man?
Martia. I took such strange ways, lady,
I hardly met a creature.
Phil. Oh, most welcome!
Vio. But how shall we bestow him now we have him, mistress?
Phil. Alas, that's true!
Vio. Martino may come back again.
Phil. Step you into that little chamber speedily, sir, —
And dress him up in one of my gowns and head-tires,
His youth will well endure it.
Vio. That will be admirable.
Phil. Nay, do't, do't quickly, then; and cut that suit
Into a hundred pieces, that it may never
Be known again.
Vio. A hundred! nay, ten thousand at the least, mistress; for if there be a piece of that suit left as big as my nail, the deed will come out: 'tis worse than a murder; I fear 'twill never be hid.
Phil. Away, do your endeavour, and despatch, wench.
[*Exeunt* VIOLETTA *and* MARTIA.
I've thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him too,

[1] *The fig*, &c.] See the latter part of Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, i. 51, and Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 492.

[2] *yellow bands*] i. e. bands dyed with *yellow starch*, which was once very fashionable, and is said to have been invented by Mrs. Turner, who was executed Nov. 1615, for having been concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and wore at the gallows a ruff of her favourite colour, — the hangman, we are told, having his bands and cuffs also yellow. Hence the epithet "hateful" in the text. Yet B. Rich, in *The Irish Hubbub*, declares that "yellow starcht bands . . . beganne even then [i. e. immediately after Mrs. Turner's death] to be more generall than they were before;" and they were certainly worn in 1621: see note on *Alba mazer* — Dodley's *Old Plays*, vii. 133, last ed.

[3] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

Without suspicion now: I've heard o' the like;
A gentleman, that for a lady's love
Was thought six months her woman, tended on her
In her own garments, and, she being a widow,
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort;
Marry, in conclusion, match they did together:
Would I'd a copy of the same conclusion!

Enter BRANDINO *with a writing.*

He's come himself now. If thou be'st a happy wench,
Be fortunate in thy speed! I'll delay time
With all the means I can. [*Aside.*] — Oh, welcome, sir!
Bran. I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly;
I'm very busy yet. — [*Reads.*] *Cocksey-down, Memberry,*
Her manor-house at Well-dun.
Phil. What's that, good sir?
Bran. The widow's, your sweet sister's deed of gift;
Sh'as made all her estate over to me, wench:
She'll be too hard for 'em all: and now come buss me,
Good luck after thieves' handsel.
Phil. Oh, 'tis happy, sir,
You have him fast!
Bran. I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.
Phil. I was so lost in joy at the report on't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.
Bran. What's that, sweet blood?
Phil. He and his villains, sir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night.
Bran. A gentlewoman!
Phil. Nay, most uncivilly and basely stript her, sir.
Bran. Oh, barbarous slaves!
Phil. I was even fain, for womanhood's sake,
Alas, and charity's, to receive her in,
And clothe her poor wants in a suit of mine.
Bran. 'Twas most religiously done; I long for her.
Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou, woman?
Phil. Nay, sir, I know not.
Bran. Guess, I prithee, heartily;
An enemy of thine.
Phil. That I hope you have not, sir.
Bran. But all was done in jest; he cries thee mercy;
Francisco, sirrah.[1]
Phil. Oh, I think not on him.
Bran. That letter was but writ to try thy constancy;
He confess'd all to me.
Phil. Joy on him, sir!

Enter FRANCISCO.

So far am I from malice, look you, sir ——
Welcome, sweet signior; but I'll never trust you, sir.
Bran. Faith, I'm beholding[2] to thee, wife, for this.

[1] *sirrah*] See note, p. 603.
[2] *beholding*] See note, p. 612. — Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."

Fran. Methinks I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience;
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek
For a sin stampt last midnight: I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly
With any scornful thought made of his shame:
What a sweet being is an honest mind!
It speaks peace to itself and all mankind. [*Aside.*

Re-enter MARTINO.

Bran. Martino!
Mar. Master?
Bran. There's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party.
Mar. What! your worship mocks,
Under correction.
Phil. I forgot to tell thee;
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.
Mar. Oh, pagan!
This fellow will be ston'd to death with pipkins;
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him
With broken cruises and pitchers without ears,
He will never die alive, that's my opinion.

Re-enter MARTIA *dressed as a woman, and* VIOLETTA.

Phil. Look you, your judgments, gentlemen; — yours especially,
Signior Francisco, whose mere[3] object now
Is woman at these years; that's the eye-saint, I know,
Amongst young gallants: — husband, you have a glimpse too;
You offer half an eye, as old as you are.
Bran. By'r lady, better, wench; an eye and a half, I trow;
I should be sorry else.
Phil. What think you now, sirs,
Is't not a goodly, manly gentlewoman?
Bran. Beshrew my heart else, wife. —
Pray, soft a little, signior; you're but my guest, remember;
I'm master of the house, I'll have the first buss.
Phil. But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit.
Bran. In woodcock or so; but there's no heed to be taken in mutton;[4] we commonly fall so roundly to that, we forget ourselves. —
I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome, lady. [*Kisses* MARTIA.
Mar. My master kisses as I've heard a hackney-man[5]
Cheer up his mare, — chap, chap! [*Aside.*
Bran. I have him fast, lady,
And he shall lie by't close.
Martia. You cannot do me
A greater pleasure, sir.
Bran. I'm happily glad on't.
Fran. Methinks there's somewhat whispers in my soul,
This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance

[3] *mere*] i. e. whole.
[4] *mutton*] Equivalent here to — woman's flesh. The word is very common as a cant term for a prostitute.
[5] *hackney-man*] Altered by the modern editors to "*hackney-coachman*"!

With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts;
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet gentlewoman. [*Aside.*
Phil. Wench, wench!
Vio. Pish, hold in your breath, mistress;
If you be seen to laugh, you spoil all presently:
I keep it in with all the might I have — puh!
Martia. Pray, what young gentleman's that, sir?
Bran. An honest boy, i' faith,
And come[1] of a good kind; dost like him, lady?
I would thou hadst him, an thou be'st not promis'd;
He's worth ten thousand dollars.
Vio. By this light, mistress,
My master will go near to make a match anon:
Methinks I dream of admirable sport, mistress.
Phil. Peace; thou art a drab.
Bran. Come hither now, Francisco:
I've known the time I've had a better stomach;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.
Fran. [*kissing* MARTIA.] That face deserv'd a better fortune, lady,
Than last night's rudeness shew'd.
Martia. We cannot be
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.
Fran. I return better pleas'd than when I went. [*Aside.*
Mar. And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth?
Martia. Most true, forsooth.
I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a gentleman.
Mar. And that's the mother's half.
Martia. There's my hand for you.
Mar. I swear you could not give me any thing
I love better; a hand gets me my living:
Oh, sweet lemon-peel! [*Kisses* MARTIA's *hand.*
Fran. May I request a modest word or two,
Lady, in private with you?
Martia. With me, sir!
Fran. To make it sure from all suspect of injury
Or unbeseeming privacy, which heaven knows
Is not my aim now, I'll entreat this gentleman
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.
Martia. Why, so, I am content, sir.
Bran. So am I, lady.
[*Exeunt* MARTIA *and* FRANCISCO.
Mar. Oh, master, here is a rare bedfellow
For my mistress to-night! for you know we must
Both out of town again.
Bran. That's true, Martino.
Mar. I do but think how they'll lie telling of tales together,
The prettiest!
Bran. The prettiest,[2] indeed.
Mar. Their tongues will never lin[3] wagging, master.
Bran. Never,
Martino, never.
[*Exeunt* BRANDINO *and* MARTINO *severally.*
Phil. Take heed you be not heard.
Vio. I fear you most, mistress.
Phil. Me, fool! ha, ha!
Vio. Why, look you, mistress, faith, you're faulty; ha, ha!
Phil. Well said, i' faith; where lies the fault now, gossip?
Vio. Oh, for a husband! I shall burst with laughing else;
This house is able to spoil any maid.
Phil. I'll be reveng'd now soundly of Francisco,
For failing me when time was.
Vio. Are you there, mistress? I thought you would not forget that, however: a good turn disappointed is ever the last thing that a woman forgives; she'll scarce do't when she's speechless; nay, though she hold up her whole hand for all other injuries, she'll forgive that but with one finger.
Phil. I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.
Vio. But that may mar your hopes too, if our gentlewoman
Be known to be a man.
Phil. Not as I'll work it;
I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,
For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this.

Re-enter MARTIA.

Why, how now, sir! what course take you for laughing?
We are undone for one.
Martia. Faith, with great pain
Stifle it, and keep it in; I ha' no receipt for't.
But, pray, in sadness,[4] say, what is the gentleman?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings;
He will receive no answer.
Phil. Would he would not, sir!
Martia. Says I'm ordain'd for him, merely for him,
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him;
Will force on me a jointure speedily
Of some seven thousand dollars.
Phil. Would thou hadst 'em, sir!
I know he can, an he will.
Martia. For wonder's pity,
What is this gentleman?
Phil. Faith, shall I tell you, sir?
One that would make an excellent, honest husband,
For her that's a just maid at one and twenty;
For, on my conscience, he has his maidenhead yet.
Martia. Fie, out upon him, beast!
Phil. Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.
Martia. Your courtesies, you know, may lay commands on me.
Phil. Then, at his next solicitings, let a consent
Seem to come from you; 'twill make noble sport, sir;
We'll get jointure and all; but you must bear
Yourself most affable to all his purposes.
Martia. I can do that.
Phil. Ay, and take heed of laughing.
Martia. I've bide the worst of that already, lady.

[1] *come*] Old ed. "came;" and so the modern editors.
[2] *prettiest*] Old ed. "pretilie-t."
[3] *lin*] "i. e. cease." WEBER.
[4] *sadness*] i. e. seriousness.

Phil. Peace, set your countenance then, for here he comes.

Re-enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. There is no middle continent in this passion;
I feel it, since it must be love or death,
It was ordain'd for one. [*Aside.*
Phil. Signior Francisco,
I'm sorry 'twas your fortune in my house, sir,
To have so violent a stroke come to you:
The gentlewoman's a stranger; pray, be counsell'd, sir,
Till you hear further of her friends and portion.
Fran. 'Tis only but her love that I desire;
She comes most rich in that.
Phil. But be advis'd, though;
I think she's a rich heir, but see the proof, sir,
Before you make her such a generous jointure.
Fran. 'Tis mine, and I will do't.
Phil. She shall be yours too,
If I may rule her, then.
Fran. You speak all sweetness.
Phil. She likes your person well; I tell you so much,
But take no note I said so.
Fran. Not a word.
Phil. Come, lady, come; the gentleman's desertful,
And, o' my conscience, honest.
Martia. Blame me not;
I am a maid, and fearful.
Fran. Never truth
Came perfecter from man.
Phil. Give her a lip-taste,
That she herself may praise it.
[FRANCISCO *kisses* MARTIA, *and then exit with her*, PHILIPPA, *and* VIOLETTA.

Re-enter BRANDINO.

Bran. Yea, a match, i' faith!
My house is lucky for 'em. —

Re-enter MARTINO.

Now, Martino?
Mar. Master, the widow has the day.
Bran. The day!
Mar. Sh'as overthrown my youngster.
Bran. Precious tidings!
Clap down four woodcocks more.
Mar. They're all at hand, sir.
Bran. What! both her adversaries too?
Mar. They're come, sir.
Bran. Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.
Mar. I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance. [*Exit.*

Enter VALERIA, RICARDO, *and two* Suitors.

Bran. Welcome, sweet sister: which is the man must have you?
I'd welcome nobody else.
First Suit. Come to me, then, sir.
Bran. Are you he, faith, my chain of gold?[1]
I'm glad on't.

[1] *chain of gold*] See the second speech of *First Suitor*, p. 709.

Val. I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have so prosecuted things against me:
But I ha' resolv'd[2] myself 'tis done to spite me.
Ric. Oh, dearth of truth!
Sec. Suit. Nay, do not spoil thy hair;
Hold, hold, I say; I'll get thee a widow somewhere.
Ric. If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?
Sec. Suit. 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning amongst widows;
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd
A contract without gifts to bind it fast;
Every thing now must have a feeling[3] first. —
Do I come near you, widow?
Val. No, indeed, sir,
Nor ever shall, I hope: — and for your comfort, sir,
That sought all means t' entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You had lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir;
Here stands the honest gentleman, my brother,
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.
Bran. Ay, that she has, i' faith; I thank her, gentlemen;
Look you here, sirs. [*Shows writing.*
Val. I must not look for pleasures,
That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.
First Suit. Ha' you serv['d] me so, widow?
Sec. Suit. I'm glad thou hast her not. — Laugh at him, honey; ha, ha!
Val. I must take one that loves me for myself:
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions.[4]
First Suit. Yes, by my faith, I must have lordships too, widow.
Val. How, sir!
First Suit. Your manners, virtue, and conditions, widow,
Are pretty things within doors, I like well on 'em;
But I must have somewhat without, lying or being
In the tenure or occupation of Master[5] such a one: ha!
Those are fine things indeed.
Val. Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.
First Suit. True; but there's two words to a bargain ever,
All the world over; and if love be one,
I'm sure money's the other; 'tis no bargain else:
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, widow.
Val. Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir;
It was this ancient gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.
Sec. Suit. What of me, widow?
Val. Alas, I have wrong'd you, sir! 'twas you that swore
You lov'd me for myself.
Sec. Suit. By my troth, but I did not;

[2] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.
[3] *feeling*] Altered, in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, to "falling," which Weber *corrected* into "selling"!
[4] *conditions*] See note, p. 608.
[5] *Master*] Old ed. "me" (a misprint for M.).

Come, father not your lies upon me, widow:
I love you for yourself! — Spit at me, gentlemen,
If ever I'd such a thought. — Fetch me in, widow!
You'll find your reach too short.
Val. Why, you have enough, you say.
Sec. Suit. Ay, but I will have
My humour too; you never think of that;
They're coach-horses, they go together still.
Val. Whom should a widow trust? I'll swear 'twas one of you
That made me believe so. — Mass, think 'twas you, sir,
Now I remember me.
Ric. I swore too much,
To be believ'd so little.
Val. Was it you, then?
Beshrew my heart for wronging of you!
Ric. Welcome blessing!
Are you mine faithfully now?
Val. As love can make one.
First Suit. Why, this fills the commonwealth so full of beggars,
Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do.
Val. But, now I think on't, we must part again, sir.
Ric. Again!
Val. You're in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too; we must not hold;
Want on both sides makes all affection cold:
I shall not keep you from that gentleman;
You'll be his more than mine; and where he list,
He'll make you lie from me in some sour prison:
Then let him take you now for altogether, sir;
For he that's mine shall be all mine, or nothing.
Ric. I never felt the evil of my debts
Till this afflicting minute.
Sec. Suit. I'll be mad
Once in my days: I have enough to cure me,
And I will have my humour; they are now
But desperate debts again, I never look for 'em;
And ever since I knew what malice was,
I always held it sweeter to sow mischief
Than to receive money; 'tis the finer pleasure.
I'll give him in his bonds, as 'twere in pity,
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary:
Then will they never agree, that's a sure point;
He'll give her a black eye within these three days,
Beat half her teeth out by All-hallowtide,
And break the little household stuff they have
With throwing at one another: oh, sweet sport! — [*Aside.*
Come, widow, come, I'll try your honesty:
Here to my honey you've made many proffers,
I fear they're all but tricks. — Here are his debts, gentlemen; [*Shews bonds.*
How I came by 'em I know best myself. —
Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
And he shall tear 'em all before your face, widow.
Val. Else may all faith refuse me!
Sec. Suit. Tear 'em, honey;
'Tis firm in law, a consideration given:
[RICARDO *tears the bonds.*
What, with thy teeth? thou'lt shortly tear her so,
That's all my hope, thou'dst never had 'em else:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. I'm now at liberty, widow.
Val. I'll be so too,
And then I come to thee. — Give me this from you, brother. [*Takes writing.*
Bran. Hold, sister, sister!
Val. Look you, the deed of gift, sir; I'm as free:
He that has me has all, and thou art he.
Both Suit. How's that?
Val. You're bobb'd;[1] 'twas but a deed in trust, —
And all to prove thee, whom I have found most just.
Bran. I'm bobb'd among the rest too; I'd have sworn
'T had been a thing for me and my heirs for ever;
If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
I[t] had been past redemption.
First Suit. How am I cheated!
Sec. Suit. I hope you'll have the conscience now to pay me, sir.
Ric. Oh, wicked man, sower of strife and envy,
Open not thy lips!
Sec. Suit. How, how's this?
Ric. Thou hast no charge[2] at all, no child of thine own,
But two thou gott'st once of a scouring-woman,
And they are both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital.
Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee;
Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee!
Sec. Suit. I'm gone, my goodness comes all out together:
I have enough, but I have not my humour. [*Exit.*

Re-enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Oh, master, gentlemen, and you, sweet widow, —
I think you are no forwarder, yet I know not, —
If ever you be sure to laugh again,
Now is the time!
Val. Why, what's the matter, wench?
Vio. Ha, ha, ha!
Bran. Speak, speak.
Vio. Ha! — a marriage,
A marriage; I cannot tell't for laughing — ha, ha!
Bran. A marriage! do you make that a laughing matter?
Vio. Ha! — ay, and you'll make it so when you know all.
Here they come, here they come, one man married to another!
Val. How! man to man!
Vio. Ay, man to man, i'faith;
There'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed:

Re-enter MARTIA, PHILIPPA, *and* FRANCISCO.

Do see 'em now? ha, ha, ha!
First Suit. My daughter Martia!
Martia. Oh, my father! your love and pardon, sir!
Val. 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.
Martia. I have been disobedient, I confess,
Unto your mind, and Heaven has punish'd me
With much affliction since I fled your sight;

[1] *bobb'd*] i. e. cheated, fooled.
[2] *Thou hast no charge*, &c.] Compare the last speech of *Second Suitor*, p. 701.
[3] *Here they come*, &c.] Gifford observes that there is a somewhat similar incident in *The New Inn* — note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 433, where he cites the present passage very incorrectly.

But finding reconcilement from above
In peace of heart, the next I hope's your love.
First Suit. I cannot but forgive thee now I see thee:
Thou fledd'st a happy fortune of an old man;
But Francisco's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent.
Fran. I lov'd her not, sir,
As she was yours, for I protest I knew't not,
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,
Which, had you been as foul as you've been spiteful,
I should have lov'd in her.
First Suit. Well, hold your prating, sir;
You are not like to lose by't.
Phil. Oh, Violetta,
Who shall laugh at us now?
Vio. The child unborn, mistress.
Martia. Be good.
Fran. Be honest.
Martia. Heaven will not let you sin, an you'd be careful.
Fran. What means it sends to help you, think, and mend;
You're as much bound as we to praise that friend.
Phil. I am so, and I will so.
Martia. Marry you speedily;
Children tame you, you'll die like a wild beast else.
Vio. Ay, by my troth, should I. I've much ado
To forbear laughing now, more's my hard fortune.

Re-enter MARTINO.

Mar. Oh, master, mistress, and you gentles all,
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do
Your country any service!
Bran. Art not asham'd, Martino, to talk of horsing
So openly before young married couples thus?
Mar. It does concern the commonwealth, and me,
And you, master, and all: the thieves are taken.
Martia. What say'st, Martino?
Mar. La, here's commonwealth's-men!
The man of art, master, that cupp'd your eyes,
Is prov'd an arrant rascal; and his man,
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer—
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly—
Such notable villanies confess'd! —
Bran. Stop there, sir:
We will have time for them. — Come, gentlefolks,
Take a slight meal with us: but the best cheer
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here.[1]
Ric. Stay, stay, sir; I'm as hungry of my widow,
As you can be upon your maid, believe it;
But we must come to our desires in order;
There's duties to be paid ere we go further. —
He that without your likings leaves this place,
Is like one falls to meat and forgets grace;
And that's not handsome, trust me, no:
Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
My widow and my meat then does me good. —
I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true, —
For my report, pray, let her hear't from you.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *here*] After this word, the old ed. has "*Exeunt*," and gives the next speech, on another page, as "*Epilogue*," — which in fact it is.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.[1]

in 1619

The Custome of the Countrey.

In the folios 1647, 1679.

THAT in 1628 *The Custom of the Country* was considered as "an *old* play," will presently be shewn: but by how many years that date was posterior to the original representation of the comedy, we are unable to determine. Whether or not a portion of it was written by Beaumont, is very doubtful: though perhaps it was not brought upon the stage till after his decease, he might possibly have had a share in its composition.

"The under-plot of Rutilio, Duarte, and Guiomar, was suggested by a novel in the *Hecatommithi* of Giovanbattista Giraldi Cinthio, Deca vi. Nov. 6. Ed. 3, 1574, parte II., fol. 87; the substance of which is as follows. 'Livia, a noble lady of the city of Forli, had an only son, named Scipio, adorned with every accomplishment, and warmly attached to his mother. He was unfortunately enamoured of a courtesan; and having accidentally encountered in her lodgings a young man of amiable manners on whom she bestowed her favours, he fought with him before the door, and received a wound, of which he expired soon after. The homicide was instantly pursued by the officers of justice, and seeing the door of Livia's mansion standing open, sought refuge in her apartment, and implored her protection. She granted his request, and concealed him. Suddenly the door opened, and the corpse of her beloved son was brought into the room. The unfortunate mother burst into loud lamentations, and was rendered so insensible by her grief, that she did not perceive the officers searching for the murderer, whom she had taken under her protection. When he was brought in fettered, her affection for her son was subdued by her sense of honour; and she denied his having been the murderer: but the young man, seeing the certainty of death before him, made a last effort to save himself, and, in moving accents, implored the forgiveness of the mother of his enemy; offering to replace the loss she had sustained, and in every respect to become her son, promising the most dutiful and filial affection. Notwithstanding her arms clung to the dead body of her child, she was moved by the speech of the murderer; and, after a struggle between maternal affection and pity for the young man, the latter gained the ascendancy, and she not only forgave the homicide, but adopted him as a son. But the magistrate of the city was a rigid executor of justice, and though he admired the eloquence of the youth, and the compassion of the mother, he ordered the culprit to be imprisoned, and executed the following day; nor could the reasons of Livia, who represented herself as the person most deeply injured, and who conjured him not to deprive her of an adopted son, who would console her for the one she had lost, move him from his resolution. Prospero Colonna, the lord of the city, was fortunately present, to whom she represented her case, and prevailed. The young man was pardoned, and for many years, under the adopted name of Scipio, consoled the afflicted Livia by the most assiduous filial affection. Upon her death-bed she took the most tender leave of him, and left him all her property. Her memory was honoured by a monument, upon which were recorded her noble treatment of the homicide, and his filial sorrow for her death.'" WEBER.[2]

In the Office-book of Henry Herbert the following entry occurs: "The benefitt of the winters day, being the second daye of an old play called *The Custome of the Cuntrye*, came to 17*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* this 22 of Nov. 1628. From the Kinges company att the Blackfryers." Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 176. "The benefitt of the winters day" means the second of the two annual benefits which, for five years and a half, were allowed to Sir Henry by the King's company—"to bee taken out of the second daye of a revived playe, att his owne choyce;" and we learn (*ubi supra*) that the sum received by him on the said representation of *The Custom of the Country* was considerably greater than his emolument from any of the other plays which he selected for his benefits.

A droll made up from the grosser portions of this comedy, and called *The Stallion*, which was acted during the suppression of the theatres, may be found in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Past First*, 1672, p. 50 (see p. 158 of the present work). For some time after the Restoration, *The Custom of the Country* was not unfrequently performed.

"In 1700, Colley Cibber took one of the plots, and, combining it with that of Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, formed his comedy of *Love makes a Man, or The Fop's Fortune* . . . and, in 1715, Charles Johnson took the other plot, and engrafted it into his *Country Lasses, or The Custom of the Manor*." WEBER.

[1] *The Custom of the Country*] "The custom, on which a main part of the plot of this comedy is built, prevailed at one time, as Mons. Bayle tells us, in Italy, till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious cardinal. It obtained likewise for a good long time in Scotland. Eugenius III., king of Scotland, (who began his reign A. D. 535,) ordained that the lord or master should have the first night's lodging with every woman married to his tenant or bondman. This obscene ordinance was abrogated by Malcolm III., who began his reign A. D. 1001, about five years before the Norman conquest, having lasted in force somewhat above five hundred years. See Blount, in his Dictionary of *Law Termes*, under the word *Mercheta*." THEOBALD.

"This account hath received the sanction of several eminent antiquarians; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, hath undertaken to controvert the fact, and deny the actual existence of the custom. See Annals of Scotland. The excellent commentator on the Laws of England is of opinion this custom never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland." REED.

"We may trace the origin of this tradition to the tax imposed, during the feudal times, in numerous countries, (in Scotland for instance,) upon any tenant or bondsman when he married. In process of time, after the tax had gone into disuse, the vulgar would easily convert this historical truth into the fabulous tradition which forms one of the plots of this play." WEBER [qy. Sir W. Scott?]

[2] Whose analysis of the novel I have in some parts altered.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLODIO, a count, and governor of a town in Italy.
CHARINO, father to ZENOCIA.
ARNOLDO, } brothers.
RUTILIO, }
MANUEL DU SOSA, Governor of Lisbon, and brother to GUIOMAR.
DUARTE, son to GUIOMAR.
ALONZO.
LEOPOLD, a sea-captain.
ZABULON, a Jew, servant to HIPPOLYTA.
JAQUES, servant to SULPITIA.
Page, Bravo, Doctors, Surgeons, Officers, Guard, Sailors, men of the male-stews, Servants.

ZENOCIA, daughter to CHARINO.
GUIOMAR, mother to DUARTE, and sister to MANUEL DU SOSA.
HIPPOLYTA, sister to the Duke of Ferrara.
SULPITIA, mistress of the male-stews.

SCENE, — *During the first act, a town in* ITALY; *during the other acts,* LISBON.

The principal actors were —

Joseph Taylor.	Robert Benfield.
John Lowin.	William Egglestone.
Nicholas Toolie.	Richard Sharpe.
John Underwood.	Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

THE PROLOGUE.

So free this work is, gentlemen, from offence,
That, we are confident, it needs no defence
From us or from the poets. We dare look
On any man that brings his table-book [1]
To write down what again he may repeat
At some great table, to deserve his meat:
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor state,
Nor any private person; their poor hate
Will be starv'd here; for Envy shall not find
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.
And yet despair not, gentlemen; the play
Is quick and witty; so the poets say,
And we believe them; the plot neat and new;
Fashion'd like those that are approv'd by you:
Only, 'twill crave attention in the most,
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.
Hear first, then, and judge after, and be free;
And, as our cause is, let our censure [2] be.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE,[3]

AT A REVIVAL.

WE wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this night's book,[4] if new;
It being our ambition to delight
Our kind spectators with what's good and right.
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By such as were held workmen in their trade;
At a time, too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine,
The nectar of the Muses. Some are here,
I dare presume, to whom it did appear
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth
To passionate scenes, mix'd with no vulgar mirth.
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps only by the name,
I am a suitor, that they would prepare
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injustice to decry this now,
For being lik'd before: you may allow
(Your candour safe) what's taught in the old schools, —
All such as liv'd before you were not fools.

[1] *table-book*] i. e. memorandum-book.
[2] *our censure*] i. e. the opinion, or judgment, passed on us.
[3] *Another Prologue*] "In the first folio, this is entitled 'Another Prologue for the Custome of the Countrey. *For my Sonne Clarke.*' What these words allude to, I have not been able to discover." WEBER. Clarke, I presume, was the player who spoke this prologue (perhaps "Hugh Clerke;" see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* ii. 71).
[4] *book*] The first folio has "looke." — The second folio reads "look." — Theobald printed "luck;" and so his successors!

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Town in Italy. A Street.*

Enter RUTILIO *and* ARNOLDO.

Rut. Why do you grieve thus still?
Arn. 'Twould melt a marble,
And tame a savage man, to feel my fortune.
Rut. What fortune? I have liv'd this thirty years,
And run through all these follies you call fortunes,
Yet never fix'd on any good and constant,
But what I made myself: why should I grieve, then,
At that I may mould any way?
Arn. You are wide still.
Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman:
I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.
Arn. You are dispos'd.[1]
Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful calling,
And prettily esteem'd of; but take heed then,
Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune[2]
Than e'er you felt yet; *Fortune my foe*[3] is a friend to it.
Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid;
And am belov'd again.
Rut. That's too much, o' conscience:
To love all these, would run me out o' my wits.
Arn. Prithee, give ear: I am to marry her.
Rut. Despatch it, then, and I'll go call the piper.
Arn. But, oh, the wicked custom of this country!
The barbarous, most inhuman, damnèd custom!
Rut. 'Tis true,[4] to marry is [as damn'd] a custom
[As any] in the world; for, look you, brother,
Would any man stand plucking for the ace of hearts,
With one pack of cards, all days on's life?
Arn. You do not,
Or else you purpose not to, understand me.
Rut. Proceed; I will give ear.
Arn. They have a custom
In this most beastly country — out upon't!
Rut. Let's hear it first.
Arn. That when a maid is contracted,
And ready for the tie o' the church, the governor,
He that commands in chief, must have her maidenhead,
Or ransom it for money, at his pleasure.
Rut. How might a man achieve that place? — a rare custom!
An admirable rare custom! — And none excepted?
Arn. None, none.
Rut. The rarer still! how could I lay about me
In this rare office! — Are they born to it, or chosen?
Arn. Both equal damnable.
Rut. Methinks, both excellent:
Would I were the next heir!
Arn. To this mad[5] fortune
Am I now come; my marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this mischief.
Rut. She's very young —
Arn. Yes.
Rut. And fair I dare proclaim her,
Else mine eyes fail.
Arn. Fair as the bud unblasted.
Rut. I cannot blame him, then: if 'twere mine own case,
I would not go an ace less.[6]
Arn. Fie, Rutilio, —
Why do you make your brother's misery
Your sport and game?
Rut. There is no pastime like it.
Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely counsel,
How to avoid this blow; not to be mock'd at,
And my afflictions jeer'd.
Rut. I tell thee, Arnoldo,
An thou wert my father, as thou art but my brother,
My younger brother too, I must be merry:
And where there is a wench i' the case,[7] a young wench,
A handsome wench, and so near[8] a good turn too,
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.
But you shall see, sir, I can change this habit,
To do you any service; advise what you please,
And see with what devotion I'll attend it:
But yet, methinks, I am taken with this custom,
And could pretend to the place.
Arn. Draw off a little;
Here comes my mistress and her father.
[*They retire.*

Enter CHARINO *and* ZENOCIA.

Rut. A dainty wench!
Would I might farm this[9] custom!
Char. My dear daughter,
Now to bethink yourself of new advice,
Will be too late; later, this timeless sorrow;
No price nor prayers can infringe the fate
Your beauty hath cast on you. My best Zenocia,
Be rul'd by me; a father's care directs you:
Look on the count, look cheerfully and sweetly.
What though he have the power to possess you,

[1] *dispos'd*] See note, p. 657.
[2] *a stranger fortune*] Meaning, of course, as Theobald explains it, "the chance of cuckoldom."
[3] *Fortune my foe*] See note, p. 304. (Since writing that note, I have discovered the source from which Malone quoted the first stanza of this ballad, viz. Lilly's *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600, sig. C 3.)
[4] *'Tis true*, &c.] Here the old text is undoubtedly defective. Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, printed —
"*'Tis true, to marry is* the most inhuman,
Damn'd *custom in the world;*"
and so his successors.
[5] *mad*] Qy. "sad"?
[6] *I would not go an ace less*] "i. e., as we now say, I would not bate an ace of it." THEOBALD. It means properly, — I would not adventure, or hazard, an ace less: see notes, pp. 387, 553.
[7] *i' the case*] Theobald's correction. — The first folio has "it can;" the second "yet can."
[8] *so near*] Theobald's correction. — Both the folios "sooner."
[9] *this*] Both the folios "his."

To pluck your maiden honour, and then slight you,
By custom unresistible to enjoy you?
Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and goodness,
The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty,
Have won upon his wild mind,[1] so much charm'd him,
That, all power laid aside, what law allows him,
Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly;
For ever to be tied your faithful husband.
Consider, my best child.
Zen. I have consider'd.
Char. The blessedness that this breeds too, consider:
Besides your father's honour, your own peace,
The banishment for ever of this custom,
This base and barbarous use; for, after once
He has found the happiness of holy marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one beauty,
How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage,
Left him by lust and lewd progenitors!
All virgins too shall bless your name, shall saint it,
And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,
Fill'd with your pious memory.
Zen. Good father,
Hide not that bitter pill I loathe to swallow
In such sweet words.
Char. The count's a handsome gentleman;
And, having him, you're certain of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune to attend you:
Where,[2] if you fling your love upon this stranger,
This young Arnoldo, not knowing from what place
Or honourable strain of blood[3] he is sprung, you venture
All your own sweets, and my long cares, to nothing:
Nor are you certain of his faith; why may not that
Wander, as he does, every where?
Zen. No more, sir;
I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd thus:
Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.
'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly, and believe yourself too;
A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter
To his intemperate, rude, and wild embraces,
She hates as Heaven hates falsehood.
Rut. A good wench!
She sticks close to you, sir. [*Aside to* ARNOLDO.
Zen. His faith uncertain!
The nobleness his virtue springs from doubted!
D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your body's perfect,
Your stomach's well dispos'd, your pulses temperate,
D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, father,
One hour of this man's goodness, this man's nobleness,
Put in the scale against the count's whole being
(Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life,)
He could no more endure to hold weight with him.
Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples;
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and strong ties of virtue: he has my first love;
To him in sacred vow I have given this body;
In him my mind inhabits.
Rut. Good wench still!
Zen. And till he fling me off as undeserving,
Which I confess I am of such a blessing,
But would be loath to find it so ——
Arn. Oh, never, [*Coming forward.*
Never, my happy mistress, never, never!
When your poor servant lives but[4] in your favour,
One foot i' the grave, the other shall not linger.
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
What danger of more dreadful look than death,
What willing martyrdom to crown me constant,
May merit such a goodness, such a sweetness?
A love so nobly great no power can ruin:
Most blessèd maid, go on: the gods that gave this,
This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,
In their own goodness must preserve and save it
And raise you a reward beyond our recompense.
Zen. I ask but, you a pure maid to possess,
And then they have crown'd my wishes: if I fall then,
Go seek some better love; mine will debase you.
Rut. A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,
Though I think well of your custom, and could wish myself
For this night in your place, heartily wish it,
Yet if you play not fair play,[5] and above-board too,

1 *The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty,*
Have won upon his wild mind, &c.] Heath (*MS. Notes*) supposes that in this passage a line has been shuffled out of its proper place, and would read as follows;

"Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and goodness,
The beauty of your soul, and saint-like modesty,
Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
Have won upon his wild mind, so much charm'd him,
That, all power laid aside, what law allows him,
He sues to be your servant," &c. —

a transposition which I have felt strongly inclined to adopt.

2 *Where*] "i. e. Whereas." WEBER.

3 *of blood*] "These two words have been silently, and therefore most unwarrantably, omitted by modern editors." WEBER.

4 *but*] "i. e. except." MASON.

5 *Yet if you play not fair play,* &c.] "Evidently to be transposed, and read thus: —

'Yet if you play not fair, above-board too,
I'll tell you what —
I've a foolish engine here: — I say no more —
But if your honour's guts are not enchanted' ——

Licentious as the comic metre of B. and F. is, — a far more lawless, and yet far less happy, imitation of the rhythm of animated talk in real life than Massinger's — still it is made worse than it really is by ignorance of the halves, thirds, and two-thirds of a line, which B. and F. adopted from the Italian and Spanish dramatists. Thus in Rutilio's speech [which follows presently:] —

'Though I confess
Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,' &c.

Correct the whole passage —

'Though I confess
Any man would
Desire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet this common hangman
That hath whipt off a thōusānd nāids' heads already —
That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach!'

In all comic metres the gulping of short syllables, and the abbreviation of syllables ordinarily long by the rapid pronunciation of eagerness and vehemence, are not so much a license, as a law, — a faithful copy of nature; and let them be read characteristically, the times will be found nearly equal. Thus the three words marked above make a che-

I have a foolish gin[1] here [*Laying his hand upon sword*] —— I say no more;
I'll tell you what, and if your honour's guts
Are not enchanted —— [*Aside.*
Arn. I should now chide you, sir, for so declining[2]
The goodness and the grace you have ever shew'd me,
And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tied, and seek to give it ——
Rut To a wild fellow, that would worry[3] her;
A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,
Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.
Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle
To the rude claws of such a cat-o'-mountain?
You had better tear her between two oaks:[4] a town-bull
Is a mere stoic to this fellow, a grave philosopher;
And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gentleman.
Arn. Does this seem handsome, sir?
Rut. Though I confess
Any man would desire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet that this common hangman,
That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand maids already,
That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach;
This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the saddle,
And teaches them to stumble ever after,
That he should have her! For my brother now,
That is a handsome young fellow, and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the business;
Or for myself, that have a reputation,
And have studied the conclusions of these causes,
And know the perfect manage — I'll tell you, old sir,
(If I should call you "wise sir," I should belie you,)
This thing you study to betray your child to,
This maiden-monger, when you have done your best,
And think you have fix'd her in the point of honour,
Who do you think you have tied her to? a surgeon;
I must confess, an excellent dissector,
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-pies[5] ——
Char. What I spake, gentlemen, was mere compulsion,
No father's free will; nor did I touch your person[6]
With any edge of spite, or strain[7] your loves
With any base or hir'd persuasions:
Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your fortunes! [*Exit.*
Rut. There's some grace in thee yet. — You are determin'd
To marry this count, lady?
Zen. Marry him, Rutilio!
Rut. Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.
Zen. You cannot mean that;
If you be a true gentleman, you dare not,
The brother to this man, and one that loves him.
I'll marry the devil first.
Rut. A better choice,
And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bed-fellow;
A cooler, o' my conscience.
Arn. Pray, let me ask you;
And, my dear mistress, be not angry with me
For what I shall propound. I am confident
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,
I mean, in way of marriage never stir you;
Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win[8] you:
But, for this custom, which this wretched country
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satisfied;
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd at,
And modesty regarded as a May-game;
What shall be here considered? Power we have none
To make resistance, nor policy to cross it:
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.
Zen. I'll die an atheist, then.
Arn. My noblest mistress,
(Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,)
Say you did render up part of your honour,
(For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot perish,)
Say, for one night you entertain'd this monster;
Should I esteem you worse, forc'd to this render?
Your mind, I know, is pure; and full as beauteous,
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,
And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your lustre.
Zen. Who made you witty, to undo yourself, sir?

riambus – ⏑̄ ⏑̄ –, or perhaps a *pæon primus* – ⏑̄ ⏑̄ ⏑̄; a dactyl, by virtue of comic rapidity, being only equal to an iambus when distinctly pronounced. I have no doubt that all B. and F.'s works might be safely corrected by attention to this rule, and that the editor is entitled to transpositions of all kinds, and to not a few omissions. For the rule of the metre once lost — what was to restrain the actors from interpolation?" Coleridge's *Remains*, ii. 297. With all my respect for this great man, I cannot but think that the preceding remarks are most injudicious. If an editor "is entitled to *transpositions* OF ALL KINDS, *and to not a few omissions*," he ceases to be an editor, — he becomes a *re-writer*.

[1] *gin*] i. e. machine, engine. — Theobald printed "engine;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[2] *declining*] i. e. lowering, impairing.

[3] *worry*] Theobald's correction. — Both the folios "weary."

[4] *You had better tear her between two oaks*] "Sinis, or Sinnis, was a tyrant of a gigantic stature and strength, haunting the isthmus of the Peloponnese, and was called Πιτυοκάμπτης, or the Pinebender. When any unhappy passenger fell into the clutches of this merciless man, he would bend down, by main force, two pines till he had brought them to meet together, and, having fastened an arm and a leg to each of them, tore asunder the limbs of his wretched captives. Pausanias tells us, that one of those pines was to be seen on the banks of a river even in his time, under the reign of Adrian. This Sinnis was put to death by Theseus, in the same manner that he had exercised his cruelty upon others, as Plutarch informs us in the Life of that hero.

—— *Nec lex est justior ulla,*
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua." THEOBALD.

[5] *lamb-pies*] "Seem to have been a favourite dish formerly. — Decker, in his *Belman of London*, calls '*Lamb-pye* a good meat vpon a table,' Ch. viii.," &c. WEBER.

[6] *person*] Theobald printed (most improperly) "persons."

[7] *strain*] "i. e. constrain or force against their natural bent." MASON. Theobald printed "stain"! The Editors of 1778 gave the reading of the old eds., but explained it wrongly.

[8] *win*] Both the folios have "wound."

Or are you loaden with the love I bring you,
And fain would fling that burden on another?
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnoldo,
Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?
D'ye think, because a woman, I must err;
And therefore rather wish that fall before-hand,
Colour'd with custom not to be resisted?
D'ye love, as painters do, only some pieces,
Some certain handsome touches of your mistress,
And let the mind pass by you unexamin'd?
Be not abus'd: with what the maiden vessel
Is season'd first——you understand the proverb.[1]
Rut. I am afraid this thing will make me virtuous.
Zen. Should you lay by the least part of that love
You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have[2] given me,
To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
And, — make the case thus desperate, — she must die else;
D'ye think I would give way, or count this honest?
Be not deceiv'd; these eyes should never see you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you, as if you were born my full antipathy.[3]
Empire, and more imperious love, alone
Rule, and admit no rivals:[4] the purest springs,
When they are courted by lascivious land-floods,
Their maiden pureness and their coolness perish;
And though they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed:
I must have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,
Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and handsome.
Arn. I never shall deserve you; not to thank you:
You are so heavenly good, no man can reach you.
I am sorry I spake so rashly; 'twas but to try you.
Rut. You might have tried a thousand women so,
And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should ha' follow'd your counsel:
Take heed o' clapping spurs to such free cattle.
Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly,
And wisely too; we expect no common danger.
Zen. Be most assur'd I'll die first.
Rut. An't come to that once,
The devil pick his bones that dies a coward!
I'll jog along with you. — Here comes the stallion:

Enter CLODIO *and* Guard.

How smug he looks upon the imagination
Of what he hopes to act! — Pox on your kidneys,
How they begin to melt! — How big he bears!
Sure, he will leap before us all. What a sweet company
Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewdness! —
Plague of your chaps! you ha' more handsome bits
Than a hundred honester men, and more deserving. —
How the dog leers! [*Aside.*
Clod. [*To* ARNOLDO.] You need not now be jealous;
I speak at distance to your wife; but when the priest has done,
We shall grow nearer and[5] more familiar.
Rut. I'll watch you for that trick, baboon; I'll smoke you.
The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains; he broils:
If I do come to the basting of you —— [*Aside.*
Arn. Your lordship
May happily speak this to fright a stranger;
But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.
The custom of this place, if such there be,
At best most damnable, may urge you to it;
But, if you be an honest man, you hate it.
However, I will presently prepare
To make her mine; and most undoubtedly
Believe you are abus'd; this custom feign'd too;
And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous.
Clod. Go, and believe; a good belief does well, sir; —
And you, sir, clear the place; — but leave her here.
Arn. Your lordship's pleasure.
Clod. That anon, Arnoldo;
This is but talk.
Rut. Shall we go off?
Arn. By any means:
I know she has pious thoughts enough to guard her;
Besides, here's nothing due to him till the tie be done,
Nor dare he offer.

1 *with what the maiden vessel*
Is season'd first — you understand the proverb] "The poets here had evidently Horace in their eye:

Quô semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diù." THEOBALD.

"There there is a similar English proverb still in use — 'The cask savours of the first fill.'" WEBER.

2 *have*] Both the folios read "has."

3 *antipathy*] "Alluding to the once-favourite doctrine of sympathies and antipathies; for in both the folios the word is in Italics, and begins with a capital letter." WEBER.

4 *Empire, and more imperious love, alone*
Rule, and admit no rivals] "Theobald says, and the last Editors [those of 1778] seem to agree with him, that this is a fine translation of the following sentiment in Ovid's Metamorphoses —

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et amor.

But every reader, who understands the quotation, will immediately perceive that there is not the slightest resemblance between the two passages. Ovid means to say, that the dignity and reverence attending very elevated rank, but ill agree with the passion of love, which delights in familiarity, and levels those proud distinctions. But Zenocia's sentiment is, that love and empire agree in this circumstance, that neither will admit a rival. *Majestas*, in the passage quoted from Ovid, does not signify empire, but the reverentia awe and dignity that attend it." MASON. Here Theobald certainly made a strange mistake: and yet he has left decided proofs of his attainments in classical literature — see, for instance, the papers signed L. T. in Jortin's *Miscellaneous Observations*, 1731.

5 *nearer and*] Theobald (besides altering the original metrical arrangement of this speech) printed "*nearer* then, *and*," — a reading followed both by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. But "*nearer*" is here a trisyllable: see note, p 689.

And I'll thrust my javelin down thy throat.
Thou dog-whelp,
Thou — pox upon thee, what should I call thee? — pompion,[1]
Thou kiss my lady? thou scour her chamber-pot!
Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat,[2]
You great blind fool! Farewell, and be hang'd to you. —
Lose no time, lady.
Arn. Pray, take your pleasure, sir;
And so, we'll take our leaves.
Zen. We are determin'd,
Die, before yield.
Arn. Honour and a fair grave ——
Zen. Before a lustful bed. So, for our fortunes!
Rut. *Du cat a whee*,[3] good count! cry, prithee, cry;
Oh, what a wench hast thou lost! cry, you great booby! [*Exeunt* Zen., Arn., *and* Rut.
Clod. And is she gone, then? am I dishonour'd thus,
Cozen'd and baffled? — My guard there! — No man answer?
My guard, I say!

Re-enter Charino.

Sirrah, you knew of this plot. —
Where are my guard? — I'll ha' your life, you villain,
You politic old thief!
Char. Heaven send her far enough,
And let me pay the ransom!

Re-enter Guard.

First G. Did your honour call us?
Clod. Post every way, and presently recover
The two strange gentlemen and the fair lady.
First G. This day was married, sir?
Clod. The same.
First G. We saw 'em
Making with all main speed to the port.
Clod. Away, villains!
Recover her, or I shall die. [*Ex.* Guard.] — Deal truly;
Didst not thou know?
Char. By all that's good, I did not.
If your honour mean their flight, to say I grieve for that,
Will be to lie: you may handle me as you please.
Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigour;
For thou hast robb'd me, villain, of a treasure.

Re-enter Guard.

How now?
First G. They're all aboard a bark rode ready for 'em,
And now are under sail, and past recovery.
Clod. Rig me a ship with all the speed that may be;
I will not lose her. — Thou, her most false father,
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.
Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Lisbon.* — *A Room in the House of* Guiomar.

Enter Manuel du Sosa *and* Guiomar.

Man. I hear and see too much of him, and that
Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no uncle's part in him;
And much I fear, the comfort of a son
You will not long enjoy.
Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,
(Peace to his soul!) a mother's prayers and care
Were never wanting in his education:
His childhood I pass o'er,[4] as being brought up
Under my wing; and growing ripe for study,
I overcame the tenderness and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choicest masters, and of greatest name,
Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts.
Man. To train his youth up:[5] — I must witness that.
Gui. How there he prosper'd, to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general scholar,
Being one of note before he was a man,
Is still remember'd in that acadèmy.
From thence I sent him to the emperor's court,
Attended like his father's son; and there
Maintain'd him in such bravery[6] and height
As did become a courtier.
Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him;
My nephew had been happy [but for that].[7]
The court's a school, indeed, in which some few
Learn virtuous principles; but most forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honest:
Trifling is there in practice; serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew
Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known
What's there in grace and fashion.
Gui. I have heard yet,
That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor
Took notice of his carriage and good parts;
The grandees did not scorn his company;
And of the greatest ladies he was held
A complete gentleman.
Man. He, indeed, danc'd well:
A turn o' the toe, with a lofty trick or two,
To argue nimbleness and a strong back,
Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true

[1] *pompion*] Or *pumpion* — pumpkin.
[2] *a motley coat*] See note, p. 643.
[3] *Du cat a whee*] "'Tis very much out of character, that an Italian to an Italian should talk Welch in his merriment, neither of whom in all probability ever heard a syllable of that language." Theobald, — who ought to have known that such inconsistencies are very common in early dramas. The words in question (which occur again, in *Monsieur Thomas* and in *The Night-Walker*) are a corruption of *Duw cadw chwi* — God bless or preserve you.
[4] *o'er*] "This word was first introduced by the editors of the second folio." Weber.
[5] *To train his youth up*] Theobald chose to make these words a portion of the preceding speech.
[6] *bravery*] i. e. finery, splendour of appearance.
[7] [*but for that*] "These words have been introduced by modern editors, and their insertion seems to be absolutely necessary," &c. Weber.

That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows it;
An exact courtier, and he knows that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,
Which he forgets not.
Gui. Nor have I much reason
To grieve his fortune that way.
Man. You are mistaken:
Prosperity does search a gentleman's temper
More than his adverse fortune. I have known
Many, and of rare parts, from their success
In private duels, rais'd up to such a pride,
And so transform'd from what they were, that all
That lov'd them truly wish'd they had fallen in them.
I need not write examples; in your son
'Tis too apparent; for ere Don Duarte
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was
Admir'd for civil courtesy; but now
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,
Ever to be in quarrels; and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair societies.
Gui. Would it were
In my weak power to help it! I will use,
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a governor
To the great king in Lisbon.
Man. Here he comes:
We are unseen;[1] observe him.

Enter DUARTE *and* Page.

Du. Boy.
Page. My lord?
Du. What saith the Spanish captain, that I struck,
To my bold challenge?
Page. He refus'd to read it.
Du. Why didst not leave it there?
Page. I did, my lord;
But to no purpose, for he seems more willing
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair
His honour by the sword. He knows too well,
That from your lordship nothing can be got
But more blows and disgraces.
Du. He's a wretch,
A miserable wretch, and all my fury
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed
I' th' honour of Hippolyta?
Page. 'Tis broke off.
Du. The reason?
Page. This was one; they heard your lordship
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said
They would not serve for foils to set you off.
Du. They at their best are such, and ever shall be,
Where I appear.
Man. Do you note his modesty?
[*Aside to* GUIOMAR.
Du. But was there nothing else pretended?
Page. Yes;
Young Don Alonzo, the great captain's nephew,
Stood on comparisons.
Du. With whom?
Page. With you;
And openly profess'd that all precedence,
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;
Nor were your lordship to contend with one
So far above you.
Du. I look down upon him
With such contempt and scorn as on my slave;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes;
For, had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
"This is a lord," he had liv'd unobserv'd
By any man of mark, and died as one
Among the common rout. Compare with me?
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,
And know myself: that man is truly noble,
And he may justly call that worth his own,
Which his deserts have purchas'd.[2] I could wish
My birth were more obscure, my friends and kinsmen
Of lesser power, or that my provident father
Had been like to that riotous emperor
That chose his belly for his only heir;
For, being of no family then, and poor,
My virtues, wheresoe'er I liv'd, should make
That kingdom my inheritance.
Gui. Strange self-love! [*Aside.*
Du. For, if I studied the country's laws,
I should so easily sound all their depth,
And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,
That now are in most practice and esteem,
Should starve for want of clients: if I travell'd,
Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,
I would return in act more knowing than
Homer could fancy him: if a physician,
So oft I would restore death-wounded men,
That, where I liv'd, Galen should not be nam'd;
And he that join'd again the scatter'd limbs
Of torn Hippolytus should be forgotten:
I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dower
Were all the sun gives light to: and for arms,
Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers, added
To the Turk's[3] present powers, I could direct,
Command, and marshal them.
Man. And yet you know not
[*Coming forward with* GUI.
To rule yourself; you would not to a boy else,
Like Plautus' braggart,[4] boast thus.
Du. All I speak,
In act I can make good.
Gui. Why, then, being master
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them
With self-opinion; or, like a rich miser,
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting,

[1] *We are unseen*] Opposite these words, Weber added a stage-direction, "*They retire*"!

[2] *And he may justly call that worth his own,*
Which his deserts have purchas'd] "This sentiment is evidently founded on Horace:

Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis." THEOBALD.

[3] *Turk's*] "So we should undoubtedly read, and not *Turks'*. The Grand Signior was commonly called by the title of the Great Turk, or merely the Turk." WEBER.

[4] *Plautus' braggart*] i. e. Pyrgopolinices in *Miles Gloriosus.*

Nor to yourself nor others, the use of them?
They are to you but like enchanted viands,
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger;
And those so rare perfections in my son,
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched mother.

Man. You are too insolent;
And those too many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a plurisy,[1] and kill
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think,
All blessings are conferr'd on you alone?
You're grossly cozen'd; there's no good in you
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? so
Are many, and as knowing: are you valiant?
Waste not that courage, then, in brawls, but spend it
In the wars, in service of your king and country.

Du. Yes, so I might be general: no man lives
That's worthy to command me.

Man. Sir, in Lisbon,
I am; and you shall know it. Every hour
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions, and all sexes:[2]
And my authority, which you presume
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,
No longer shall protect you; for I vow,
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
The next fault with as much severity
As if you were a stranger; rest assur'd on't.

Gui. And by that love you should bear, or that duty
You owe a mother, once more I command you
To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,
All that is mine is yours: if not, expect
My prayers and vows for your conversion only,
But never means nor favour.

[*Exeunt* MAN. *and* GUI.

Du. I am tutor'd
As if I were a child still. The base peasants,
That fear and envy my great worth, have done this:
But I will find them out; I will abroad.[3] ——
Get my disguise. — I have too long been idle;
Nor will I curb my spirit; I was born free,
And will pursue the course best liketh me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Harbour.*

Enter LEOPOLD, Sailors, *and* ZENOCIA.

Leop. Divide the spoil amongst you; this fair captive
I only challenge for myself.

First Sail. You have won her,
And well deserve her. Twenty years I have liv'd
A burgess of the sea, and have been present
At many a desperate fight, but never saw
So small a bark with such incredible valour
So long defended, and against such odds;
And by two men scarce arm'd too.

Leop. 'Twas a wonder.
And yet the courage they express'd, being taken,
And their[4] contempt of death, wan[5] more upon me
Than all they did when they were free. Methinks
I see them yet, when they were brought aboard us,
Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;
How on the sudden, as if they had sworn
Never to taste the bread of servitude;
Both snatching up their swords, and from this virgin
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,
They leap'd into the sea.

First Sail. Indeed, 'twas rare.

Leop. It wrought so much on me, that, but I fear'd
The great ship that pursu'd us, our own safety
Hindering my charitable purpose to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They should have had their liberties.

Zen. Oh, too late!
For they are lost, forever lost.

Leop. Take comfort;
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet;
For, when they left the ships, they were within
A league o' the shore, and with such strength and cunning
They, swimming, did delude the rising billows,
With one hand making way, and with the other,
Their bloody swords advanc'd,[6] threatening the sea-gods
With war, unless they brought them safely off,
That I am almost confident they live,
And you again may see them.

Zen. In that hope
I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead,
Death hath so many doors to let out life,[7]
I will not long survive them.

Leop. Hope the best;
And let the courteous usage you have found,
Not usual in men of war, persuade you
To tell me your condition.

Zen. You know it;
A captive my fate and your power have made me;
Such I am now: but what I was, it skills not;[8]

[1] *a plurisy*] i. e. a superabundance. — So the first folio. — The second folio has "pleurisie;" so Theobald, and so the Editors of 1778 ("pleurisy").

[2] *and all sexes*] i. e., as Weber rightly explains it, — and *from* all sexes. — Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "*and all* sects;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[3] *abroad*] The first folio has "aboord," the second "o'boord." — Theobald rightly printed "abroad," but, in a note, gave Sympson's very erroneous explanation of the passage. Mason rightly observes (as Heath had previously done, *MS. Notes*) that "abroad" means out of the house.

[4] *their*] So the second folio. — The first folio "the."

[5] *wan*] Altered by Weber to "won."

[6] *Their bloody swords advanc'd*] Here the poet appears to have recollected a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "But a little way off they saw the mast, whose proude height now lay along, like a widdow having lost her make of whom she held her honour; but upon the mast they saw a yong man [Pyrocles] . . . holding his head vp full of vnmoued maiestie, he held a head aloft with his faire arme, which often he waued about his crowne, as though he wold threaten the world in that extremitie." Lib. i. p. 4. ed. 1598.

[7] *Death hath so many doors to let out life*]

"*Mille viæ mortis,*

as Virgil says in his *Æneis*." THEOBALD.

[8] *it skills not*] "i. e. it is of no moment; it matters not." WEBER.

For, they being dead in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge family or country;
And therefore, sir, inquire not. Let it suffice,
I am your servant, and a thankful servant
(If you will call that so, which is but duty)
I ever will be; and, my honour safe,
(Which nobly hitherto you have preserv'd,)
No slavery can appear in such a form,
Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not
Boldly look on and suffer.
Leop. You mistake me:
That you are made my prisoner, may prove
The birth of your good fortune. I do find
A winning language in your tongue and looks,
Nor can a suit by you mov'd be denied;
And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be
The victor's advocate.
Zen. To whom?
Leop. A lady;
In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,
Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair;
And, had I not seen her before, perhaps
I might have sought to you.[1]
Zen. This I hear gladly.
Leop. To this incomparable lady I will give you;
(Yet, being mine, you are already hers;)
And to serve her is more than to be free,
At least I think so: and when you live with her,
If you will please to think on him that brought you
To such a happiness, (for so her bounty
Will make you think her service,) you shall ever
Make me at your devotion.
Zen. All I can do,
Rest you assur'd of.
Leop. At night I'll present you;
Till when, I am your guard.
Zen. Ever your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ARNOLDO *and* RUTILIO.

Arn. To what are we reserv'd?
Rut. Troth, 'tis uncertain:
Drowning we have 'scap'd miraculously, and
Stand fair, for aught I know, for hanging; money
We have none, nor e'er are[2] like to have, 'tis to be doubted;
Besides, we are strangers, wondrous hungry strangers;
And charity growing cold, and miracles ceasing,
Without a conjuror's help [I] cannot find
When we shall eat again.
Arn. There are no wants,
If put in balance with Zenocia's loss;
In that alone all miseries are spoken:
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,
And that which she may suffer, being a captive,
Then I could curse myself; almost those powers
That sav'd[3] me from the fury of the ocean!
Rut. You have lost a wife, indeed, a fair and chaste one;
Two blessings not found often in one woman.
But she may be recover'd: questionless,
The ship that took us was of Portugal;
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,
We may hear of her.
Arn. In that hope I live.
Rut. And so do I: but hope is a poor sallad
To dine and sup with, after a two-days' fast too.
Have you no money left?
Arn. Not a denier.
Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in fashion:
Having a mistress, sure you should not be
Without a neat historical[4] shirt.
Arn. For shame,
Talk not so poorly.
Rut. I must talk of that
Necessity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me. Something must be done,
And suddenly; resolve on't.[5]

Enter ZABULON *and a* Servant.

Arn. What are these?
Rut. One, by his habit, is a Jew.
Zab. No more:
Thou art sure that's he?
Serv. Most certain.
Zab. How long is it
Since first she saw him?
Serv. Some two hours.
Zab. Be gone;
Let me alone to work him. [*Exit* Servant.
Rut. How he eyes you!
Now he moves towards us: in the devil's name,
What would he with us?
Arn. Innocence is bold;
Nor can I fear.
Zab. That you are poor, and strangers,
I easily perceive.
Rut. But that you'll help us,
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, sir.
Zab. Why think you so?
Rut. Because you are a Jew, sir;
And courtesies come sooner from the devil
Than any of your nation.
Zab. We are men,
And have, like you, compassion, when we find
Fit subjects for our bounty; and, for proof
That we dare give, and freely — (not to you, sir; [*To* RUTILIO.
Pray, spare your pains) — there's gold: stand not amaz'd;
'Tis current, I assure you.
Rut. Take it, man:

[1] *sought to you*] i. e. solicited you (as a lover). So afterwards in this play, "And *seek to her* as a lover," act iii. sc. 5,—"be admir'd and *sought to*," act v. sc. 2.

[2] *e'er are*] Omitted by Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

[3] *sav'd*] Which is obviously the right reading,—was proposed by Seward in *Postscript* to vol. ii. ed. 1759.—Both the folios have "send;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Theobald printed "fenc'd." Sympson (*Addenda* to vol. ii. ed. 1750) conjectured "serv'd."

[4] *historical*] i. e. adorned with worked or woven figures. On this passage Sympson (*Addenda* to vol. ii. ed. 1750) cites the following lines from Mayne's *City-Match*, which shew that smocks also were embellished in the same way;

"She works religious petticoats; for flowers
She'll make church-histories; her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets! besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that, I fear, in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor."
(Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ix. 251. last ed.)

[5] *resolve on't*] "i. e. be assured of it." MASON.

Sure, thy good angel is a Jew, and comes
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish now,
Mine would appear too like a Turk.[1]
Arn. I thank you;
But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue
To any bad act you would have me practise,
I must not take it.
Zab. This is but the earnest
Of that which is to follow; and the bond,
Which you must seal to for't, is your advancement.
Fortune, with all that's in her power to give,
Offers herself up to you: entertain her;
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Presents itself to you.
Arn. 'Tis above wonder.
Zab. But far beneath the truth, in my relation
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it;[2]
And this (in which, beyond all expectation,
You are invited to your good) is yours.
If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer. [*Exit.*
Arn. 'Tis no vision.
Rut. 'Tis gold, I'm sure.
Arn.[3] We must, like brothers, share;
There's for you.
Rut. By this light, I'm glad I have it:
There are few gallants (for men may be such,
And yet want gold, yea, and sometimes silver)
But would receive such favours from the devil,
Though he appear'd like a broker, and demanded
Sixty i' th' hundred.
Arn. Wherefore should I fear
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him.
Farewell; wish me good fortune; we shall meet
Again, I doubt not.
Rut. Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more,
Nor Christian, for his sake. [*Exit* ARNOLDO.
Plague o' my stars,
How long might I have walk'd without a cloak,
Before I should have met with such a fortune!
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,
Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard; that spoils us;
The smooth chin carries all. — What's here to do now?

Enter DUARTE, ALONZO, *and* Page.

Du. I'll take you as I find you.
Alon. That were base;
You see I am unarm'd.
Du. Out with your bodkin,[4]
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto; out with it,
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you are
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers,
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:
You carry poniards to murder men,
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your honour.
Rut. That's true, indeed. Upon my life, this gallant
Is brib'd to repeal banish'd swords. [*Aside.*
Du. I'll shew you
The difference now between a Spanish rapier
And your pure Pisa.[5]
Alon. Let me fetch a sword;
Upon mine honour, I'll return.
Du. Not so, sir.
Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and take this. [*To* RUTILIO.
Rut. To be disgrac'd as you are? no, I thank you:
Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am
Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis
For you, that are a man, to put yourself
Into your enemy's mercy!
Du. Yield it quickly,
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace you;
Thus kick and baffle[6] you [*kicks him*]. As you like this,
You may again prefer complaints against me
To my uncle and my mother, and then think
To make it good with a poniard.
Alon. I am paid
For being of the fashion.
Du. Get a sword;
Then, if you dare redeem your reputation,
You know I am easily found. I'll add this to it,
To put you in mind. [*Kicks him.*
Rut. You are too insolent,
And do insult too much on the advantage
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,
More than your valour.
Du. This to me, you peasant?
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:
Kneel down and thank me for't. How! do you stare?
Rut. I have a sword, sir; you shall find, a good one;
This is no stabbing guard.
Du. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durst attempt thee. [*Strikes him.*
Rut. Then have at you;
I scorn to take blows. [*They fight.*
Du. Oh, I am slain! [*Falls.*
Page. Help! murder! murder!

[1] *like a Turk*] "There is here, in the first folio, this marginal direction — '*Tapers ready.*' And two or three pages afterwards, opposite Rutilio's speech, beginning, 'To be disgrac'd as you are,' &c. — '*Lights ready.*' They are both to remind the prompter to order candles for the ensuing scene." WEBER.

[2] *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*
To make his happiness, if then he seize it] "How much more nobly, and more poetically, is this sentiment expressed by Shakespeare, in his *Julius Cæsar!*

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in misery.' [act iv. sc. 3.]"
THEOBALD.

[3] *Arn.*] This and the next prefix are omitted by mistake in the first folio.

[4] *bodkin*] i. e. small dagger: see the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

[5] *pure Pisa*] Theobald printed "poor *Pisa*." — The Editors of 1778 explain "*pure Pisa*" — a mere Pisa. — Mason says that "*pure*" is used here ironically, and cites from *The Elder Brother*,

"A couple of *pure* puppies yok'd together." Act iv. sc. 2.

Duarte, no doubt, employs the epithet in contempt: but "*pure*" was a term applied to weapons of the finest quality; compare Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. 2, "Nay, 'tis a most *pure* Toledo."

[6] *baffle*] i. e. disgrace, treat with ignominy: see notes, pp. 324, 559.

Alon. Shift for yourself; you are dead else;
You have kill'd the governor's nephew.
Page. Raise the streets, there!
Alon. If once you are beset, you cannot scape:
Will you betray yourself?
Rut. Undone for ever!
[*Exeunt* RUTILIO *and* ALONZO.

Enter Officers.

First Off. Who makes this outcry?
Page. Oh, my lord is murder'd!
This way he took; make after him. — Help, help there! [*Exit.*
Sec. Off. 'Tis Don Duarte.
First Off. Pride has got a fall:
He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-makers,
And all our bill-authority;[1] now ha's paid for't;
You ha' met with your match, sir, now. Bring off his body,
And bear it to the governor. Some pursue
The murderer; yet, if he scape, it skills not:
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't;
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast.
There's few will pity him: but for his mother
I truly grieve, indeed; she's a good lady.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Bed-chamber in the House of* GUIOMAR.

Enter GUIOMAR *and* Servants.

Gui. He's not i' the house?
Serv. No, madam.
Gui. Haste and seek him;
Go all, and every where; I'll not to bed
Till you return him. Take away the lights too;
The moon lends me too much, to find my fears;
And those devotions I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book;
And I shall read them there without a taper.
[*She kneels.* [*Exeunt* Servants.

Enter RUTILIO.

Rut. I am pursu'd; all[2] the ports are stopt too;
Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset — curs'd fortune! —
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too;
Redeem'd from one affliction to another.
Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,
And died obscure and innocent! not, as Nero,
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears brought me?
I am got into a house; the doors all open;
This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,
And other rich adornments, glistering through
The sable mask of night, says it belongs
To one of means and rank. No servant stirring?
Murmur nor whisper?
Gui. Who's that?
Rut. By the voice,
This is a woman. [*Aside.*
Gui. Stephano, Jasper, Julia![3]
Who waits there?
Rut. 'Tis the lady of the house;
I'll fly to her protection.
[*Aside, and then advances.*
Gui. Speak, what are you?
Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man most wretched.
Gui. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners;
You could not with so little reverence else
Press to my private chamber. Whither would you?
Or what do you seek for?
Rut. Gracious woman, hear me:
I am a stranger, and in that I answer
All your demands; a most unfortunate stranger,
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
Have left him dead i' the streets. Justice pursues me,
And for that life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,
Unless you, in your charity, protect me:
Your house is now my sanctuary; and the altar
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.
By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,
And by your innocence that needs no forgiveness,
Take pity on me!
Gui. Are you a Castilian?
Rut. No, madam; Italy claims my birth.
Gui. I ask not
With purpose to betray you; if you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,
If it lay in my power. Lift up these hangings;
Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter. [RUTILIO *conceals himself.*]
So; but from this stir not:
If the officers come, as you expect they will do,
I know they owe such reverence to my lodgings,
That they will easily give credit to me,
And search no further.
Rut. The blest saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you!
Gui. How he quakes!
Thus far I feel his heart beat. — Be of comfort;
Once more I give my promise for your safety.
All men are subject to such accidents,
Especially the valiant; — and who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this stranger,
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

Enter Page, Officers, *and* Servants, *with* DUARTE *on a bier.*

First Serv. Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.
Sec. Serv. Your only son,
My lord Duarte, 's slain.
First Off. His murderer,
Pursu'd by us, was by a boy discover'd
Entering your house, and that induced us
To press into it for his apprehension.
Gui. Oh!
First Serv. Sure, her heart is broke.
First Off. Madam!
Gui. Stand off:
My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,

[1] *bill-authority*] See note, p. 459.
[2] *all*] Theobald printed, for the metre, "and *all*."
[3] *Julia*] Qy. "Julio"?

That you must not partake it; suffer it,
Like wounds that do bleed[1] inward, to despatch me. —
Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophesy! thou art dead;
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,
Or thou fall unrevenged. My soul's divided;
And piety to a son, and true performance
Of hospitable duties to my guest,
That are to others angels, are my Furies:
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
Denies the entrance. Is no medium left,
But that I must protect the murderer,
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar?
Motherly love, give place; the fault made this way,
To keep a vow to which high Heaven is witness,
Heaven may be pleas'd to pardon. [*Aside.*

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, Doctors, *and* Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late;
He's gone, past all recovery: now reproof
Were but unseasonable, when I should give comfort;
And yet remember, sister ——
Gui. Oh, forbear!
Search for the murderer, and remove the body,
And, as you think fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort!
And therefore I entreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you, my lord, for some space to forbear
Your courteous visitations.
Man. We obey you.
[*Exeunt, with* DUARTE *on the bier, all except* GUIOMAR *and* RUTILIO.
Rut. My spirits come back, and now despair resigns
Her place again to hope. [*Aside.*
Gui. Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have given means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth: but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to Heaven.
[RUTILIO *comes forth, with his face covered.*
Thou hast taken from me
The respiration of my heart, the light
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustain'd me:
Yet my word given to save you I make good,
Because what you did was not done with malice.
You are not known; there is no mark about you
That can discover you; let not fear betray you:
With all convenient speed you can, fly from me,
That I may never see you; and that want
Of means may be no let[2] unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns. [*Gives purse.*] You are at the door now,
And so, farewell for ever.
Rut. Let me first fall [*Kneels.*
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodness: next, all blessings to[3] you,
And Heaven restore the joys I have bereft you,
With full increase hereafter! Living, be
The goddess styl'd of hospitality!
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Hall in the House of* HIPPOLYTA.

Enter LEOPOLD and ZENOCIA.

Leop. Fling off these sullen clouds; you are enter'd now
Into a house of joy and happiness;
I have prepar'd a blessing for you.
Zen. Thank you.
My state would rather ask a curse.[4]
Leop. You are peevish,
And know not when you are friended: I have us'd those means,
The lady of this house, the noble lady,
Will take you as her own, and use you graciously.
Make much of what you are mistress of, that beauty,
And expose it not to such betraying sorrows:
When you are old, and all those sweets hang wither'd,
Then sit and sigh.[5]
Zen. My autumn is not far off.

Enter Servant.

Leop. Have you told your lady?
Serv. Yes, sir; I have told her
Both of your noble service, and your present,
Which she accepts.
Leop. I should be blest to see her.
Serv. That now you cannot do: she keeps her chamber,
Not well dispos'd, and has denied all visits.
The maid I have in charge to receive from you,
So please you render her.
Leop. With all my service:
But fain I would have seen ——
Serv. 'Tis but your patience;
No doubt, she cannot but remember nobly.
Leop. These three years I have lov'd this scornful lady,
And followed her with all the truth of service;
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd me
With sight of her blest beauty. — When you please, sir,
You may receive your charge; and tell your lady,
A gentleman, whose life is only dedicated
To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands. —
And, fair one, now your help: you may remember
The honest courtesies, since you were[6] mine,
I ever did your modesty: you shall be near her;
And, if sometimes you name my service to her,
And tell her with what nobleness I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.
Zen. What in my poor[7] power lies, so it be honest —

[1] *bleed*] Both the folios "breed." — Here the first folio has a stage-direction, "*Hold a purse ready.*"
[2] *let*] i. e. hindrance.
[3] *to*] The modern editors print "on."
[4] *My state would rather ask a curse*] "In the first folio this line was misplaced [as the third line] in the following speech of Leopold, which mistake was rectified in the second." WEBER.
[5] *sigh*] So the second folio. — The first folio "sight."
[6] *were*] Both the folios "are."
[7] *poor*] Silently omitted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber!

Leop. I ask no more.
Serv. You must along with me, fair.
Leop. And so I leave you two; but to a fortune
Too happy for my fate: you shall enjoy her.[1]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the same, splendidly furnished.*

Enter ZABULON *and* Servants.

Zab. Be quick, be quick; out with the banquet[2] there! [Servants *set out a banquet.*
These scents are dull; cast richer on, and fuller;
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd the music?
First Serv. Here they stand ready, sir.
Zab. 'Tis well. Be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,
And amber'd[3] all.
First Serv. They are.
Zab. Give fair attendance:
In the best trim and state make ready all.
I shall come presently again.
Sec. Serv. We shall, sir. [*Exit* ZABULON.
What preparation's this? some new device
My lady has in hand.
First Serv. Oh, prosper it,
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,
And good meat with it! Where are all the rest?
Sec. Serv. They are ready to attend.
First. Serv. Sure, some great person;
They would not make this hurry else. [*Music.*
Sec. Serv. Hark, the music!
It will appear now, certain; here it comes.
Now to our places.

Re-enter ZABULON *with* ARNOLDO.

Arn. Whither will he lead me?
What invitation's this? to what new end
Are these fair preparations? a rich banquet,
Music, and every place stuck with adornment,
Fit for a prince's welcome! What new game
Has Fortune now prepar'd, to shew me happy,
And then again to sink me? 'Tis no illusion;
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real:
What wealth and state! [*Aside.*
— *Zab.* Will you sit down and eat, sir?
These carry little wonder, they are usual;
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That that will strike indeed, strike with amazement:
Then, if you be a man — this fair health to you.
[*Drinks.*
Arn. What shall I see? I pledge you, sir.
[*Drinks.*] I was never
So buried in amazement.
Zab. You are so still:
Drink freely.
Arn. The very wines are admirable. —
Good sir, give me leave[4] to ask this question,
For what great worthy man are these prepar'd?
And why do you bring me hither?
Zab. They are for you, sir;
And undervalue not the worth you carry,
You are that worthy man: think well of these,
They shall be more and greater.
Arn. Well, blind Fortune,
Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou art pleas'd
To play thy game out wantonly ——
Zab. Come, be lusty,
And awake your spirits. [*Music ceases.*
Arn. Good sir, do not wake me,
For willingly I would die in this dream. Pray, whose servants
Are all these that attend here?
Zab. They are yours;
They wait on you.
Arn. I never yet remember
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintain so many.
Zab. Now you are, and shall be.
Arn. You'll say this house is mine too?
Zab. Say it! swear it.
Arn. And all this wealth?
Zab. This is the least you see, sir.
Arn. Why, where has this been hid these thirty years?
For certainly I never found I was wealthy
Till this hour; never dream'd of house and servants:
I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poor gentleman.
I may eat boldly, then?
Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for you.
[ARNOLDO *sits down and eats.*
Arn. The taste is perfect and most delicate:
But why for me? — Give me some wine: — I do drink,
I feel it sensibly; and I am here,
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely us'd too. —
Good gentle sir, give me leave to think a little;
For either I am much abus'd ——
Zab. Strike, music;
And sing that lusty song. [*Music, and a Song.*
Arn. Bewitching harmony!
Sure, I am turn'd into another creature,

Enter HIPPOLYTA.

Happy and blest; Arnoldo *was* unfortunate. —
Ha, bless mine eyes! what precious piece of nature
To pose the world?
Zab. I told you, you would see that
Would darken these poor preparations:
What think you now? Nay, rise not; 'tis no vision.
Arn. 'Tis more; 'tis miracle.
Hip. You are welcome, sir.

[1] *her*] i. e., as the Editors of 1778 rightly explain it, the presence of Hippolyta. — Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "here." — Mason supposed that in the first line of this speech Sympson had interpolated "to" (which is in the first folio); and offered the following emendation of the passage;

"*And so I leave you two; but a fortune,*
Too happy for my fate, you shall enjoy here."

[2] *banquet*] i. e. dessert. See notes, pp. 552, 677. — So the second folio. — The first folio has "bucket," a sheer misprint, though Theobald thought it might "relate to the vessel that held the perfumes."

[3] *amber'd*] i. e. scented with ambergris. See Newton's note on Milton's *Par. Reg.* ii. 344.

[4] *me l ave*] Theobald printed, "*me but leave;*" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber (without mentioning the insertion).

Arn. It speaks, and entertains me; still more glorious!
She is warm, and this is flesh here: how she stirs me!
Bless me, what stars are there!
Hip. May I sit near you?
Arn. No, you are too pure an object to behold,
Too excellent to look upon and live;
I must remove.
Zab. She is a woman, sir:
Fie, what faint heart is this?
Arn. The house of wonder!
Zab. Do not you think yourself now truly happy?
You have the abstract of all sweetness by you,
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at:
Nor is she less in honour than in beauty;
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her
His best, his noblest, and most happy sister;
Fortune has made her mistress of herself,
Wealthy and wise, without a power to sway her;
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress.
Arn. And all this is —
Zab. Hippolyta, the beauteous.
Hip. You are a poor relater of my fortunes,
Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings,
And leave out that essential part of story
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate, —
The acquaintance and the noble fellowship
Of this fair gentleman. — Pray you, do not wonder,
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady
Speak freely to you. With your fair leave and courtesy,
I will sit by you.
Arn. I know not what to answer,
Nor where I am, nor to what end, consider:
Why do you use me thus?[1]
Hip. Are you angry, sir,
Because you are entertain'd with all humanity?
Freely and nobly us'd?
Arn. No, gentle lady,
That were uncivil; but it much amazes me,
A stranger, and a man of no desert,
Should find such floods of courtesy.
Hip. I love you,
I honour you, the first and best of all men;
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual
These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful,
Because I say I love you, though I swear it;
Nor think it a stale favour I fling on you:
Though you be handsome, and the only man,
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,
And bring along all promises that please us,
Yet I should hate you then, despise you, scorn you,
And with as much contempt pursue your person,
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,
At least, I think, more master of your fortune;
And so, I drink your health.
Arn. Hold fast, good honesty!
I am a lost man else. [*Aside.*
Hip. Now you may kiss me;
'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to you.
Arn. That I dare do, sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*
Hip. You do it well too!
You are a master, sir; that makes you coy.
Arn. Would you would send your people off!
Hip. Well thought on.
Wait all without.
Zab. I hope she is pleas'd throughly.[2]
[*Aside, and then exit with* Servants.
Hip. Why stand you still? here's no man to detect you;
My people are gone off. Come, come, leave conjuring;
The spirit you would raise is here already;
Look boldly on me.
Arn. What would you have me do?
Hip. Oh, most unmanly question! have you do!
Is't possible your years should want a tutor?
I'll teach you: come, embrace me.
Arn. Fie, stand off;
And give me leave, more now than e'er, to wonder,
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning bare you;
Imagination never made a sweeter;
Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,[3]
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heaven has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they are trusted to a weaker keeper.[4]
Would you have me love you?
Hip. Yes.
Arn. Not for your beauty,
Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us;
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle:
Nor for your wealth, although the world kneel to it,
And make it all addition to a woman;
Fortune, that ruins all, makes that his conquest:
Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you;
At least, be wise; and where you lay these nets,
Strow over 'em a little modesty;
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more fools.

[1] *Nor where I am, nor to what end, consider:*
Why do you use me thus?] i. e. Nor conceive where I am, nor to what end I am here. — Theobald pointed the passage, —

"*Nor where I am; nor to what end consider,*
Why do you use me thus?"

The Editors of 1778,

"*Nor where I am, nor to what end; consider,*
Why do you use me thus?"

Weber adopted the following alteration by Mason,

"*Nor where I am; nor to what end consider*
Why you do *use me thus.*"

"To *consider*," says Mason, "means here to conceive, as it does in many other parts of these plays . . . and the meaning is — I don't know where I am; nor can I conceive for what purpose you use me thus." Mason was right in his explanation of "*consider*," and in that only.

[2] *throughly*] Altered by Weber to "thoroughly."

[3] *suffer*] Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, printed "totter;" an alteration of which Mason approves.

[4] *a weaker keeper*] i. e. a keeper who is not devoid of weakness, — there being perhaps, as Theobald supposes, an allusion to the ἀσθενέστερον σκεῦος, the *weaker vessel*, of Scripture. Seward proposed to read "a wealthy *keeper*;" and Mason defends his conjecture.

Hip. Could any one, that lov'd this wholesome counsel,
But love the giver more? You make me fonder:
You have a virtuous mind; I want that ornament.
Is it a sin I covet to enjoy you?
If you imagine I am too free a lover,
And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:
Mine eyes shall speak, my blushes parley with you;
I will not touch your hand, but with a tremble
Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kiss you,
But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too:
I'll steal it thus: I'll walk your shadow by you,
So still and silent, that it shall be equal
To put me off as that; and when I covet
To give such toys as these — [*Giving jewels.*
Arn. A new temptation! [*Aside.*
Hip. Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I drop 'em,
Which past once are forgotten.
Arn. Excellent vice! [*Aside.*
Hip. Will you be won? Look stedfastly upon me,
Look manly, take a man's affections to you:
Young women, in the old world, were not wont, sir,
To hang out gaudy bushes[1] for their beauties,
To talk themselves into young men's affections:
How cold and dull you are!
Arn. How I stagger![2]
She is wise as fair; but 'tis a wicked wisdom;
I'll choke before I yield. [*Aside.*
Hip. Who waits within there?
Make ready the green chamber.
Zab. [*within.*] It shall be, madam.
Arn. I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed. [*Aside.*
Hip. What music do you love?
Arn. A modest tongue.
Hip. We'll have enough of that. Fie, fie, how lumpish!
In a young lady's arms thus dull?
Arn. For Heaven sake,[3]
Profess a little goodness.
Hip. Of what country?
Arn. I am of Rome.
Hip. Nay, then, I know you mock me;
The Italians are not frighted with such bugbears.
Prithee, go in.
Arn. I am not well.
Hip. I'll make thee;
I'll kiss thee well.
Arn. I am not sick of that sore.
Hip. Upon my conscience, I must ravish thee;
I shall be famous for the first example:
With this I'll tie you first, then try your strength, sir.
Arn. My strength! away, base woman, I abhor thee!
I am not caught with stales:[4] disease dwell with thee! [*Exit.*

Hip. Are you so quick? and have I lost my wishes? —
Ho, Zabulon! my servants!

Re-enter ZABULON *and* Servants.

Zab. Call'd you, madam?
Hip. Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many su'd for?
So many princes? by a stranger too?
Must I endure this? [*Aside.*
Zab. Where's the gentleman?
Hip. Go presently, pursue the stranger, Zabulon;
He has broke from me. Jewels I have given him:
Charge him with theft; he has stolen my love, my freedom:
Draw him before the governor, imprison him.
Why dost thou stay?
Zab. I'll teach him a new dance,
For playing fast and loose with such a lady. —
Come, fellows, come. — I'll execute your anger,
And to the fult.
Hip. His scorn shall feel my vengeance. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter SULPITIA *and* JAQUES.

Sul. Shall I never see a lusty man again?
Ja. Faith, mistress,
You do so over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.
Sul. Where's the Frenchman?
Ja. Alas, he's all to fitters,[5]
And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a syringe![6]
He's chin'd,[7] he's chin'd, good man; he is a mourner.
Sul. What's become of the Dane?
Ja. Who, goldy-locks?
He's foul i' the touch-hole, and recoils again;
The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock;
He lies at the sign of the Sun, to be new-breech'd.
Sul. The rutter,[8] too, is gone.
Ja. Oh, that was a brave rascal!
He would labour like a thresher: but, alas,
What thing can ever last? he has been ill-mew'd,[9]
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the hospital.
Sul. There was an Englishman.
Ja. Ay, there was an Englishman;
You'll scant find any now, to make that name good.
There were those English, that were men indeed,

[1] *bushes*] See note, p. 633.
[2] *How I stagger*] "Modern editors read, without authority, '*How* do *I stagger!*'" WEBER.
[3] *Heaven sake*] The modern editors print "Heaven's *sake*."
[4] *stales*] Explained by Weber — strumpets: so in Shakespeare;

"I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common *stale*."
Much Ado about Nothing, act iv. sc. 1.

But I incline to believe that "stales" (which often mean — decoys; see note, p. 604) are equivalent here to — alluring devices.
[5] *all to fitters*] "i. e. all to pieces, fragments." WEBER.
[6] *taking the height of his fortune with a syringe*] "Alluding to judicial astrology, and the astrolabe." WEBER.
[7] *chin'd*] "i. e. broken-backed. A term of horsemanship." WEBER.
[8] *rutter*] i. e. German trooper (*reiter*, *reuter*). — Theobald printed "Ruttier."
[9] *ill-mewed*] "i. e. not sufficiently confined and kept up. An epithet from falconry." WEBER.

And would perform like men; but now they are vanish'd:
They are so taken up in their own country,
And so beaten off their speed by their own women,
When they come here they draw their legs like hackneys:
Drink and their own devices have undone 'em.
Sul. I must have one that's strong, — no life in Lisbon else, —
Perfect and young; my custom with young ladies
And high-fed city-dames will fall and break else:
I want myself, too, in mine age to nourish me:
They are all sunk I maintain'd. — Now, what's this business?
What goodly fellow's that?

Enter RUTILIO *and* Officers.

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox o' your justice! let me loose.
First Off. Not so, sir.
Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken cellars,
And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open,
But he must be us'd thus rascally?
First Off. What made you wandering
So late i' the night? you know, that is imprisonment.
Rut. May be, I walk in my sleep.
Sec. Off. May be, we'll wake you.
What made you wandering, sir, into that vault,
Where all the city-store and the munition lay?
Rut. I fell into't by chance; I broke my shins for't;
Your worships feel not that: I knock'd my head
Against a hundred posts; would you had had it!
Cannot I break my neck in mine own defence?
Sec. Off. This will not serve; you cannot put it off so:
Your coming thither was to play the villain,
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o' the city.
Rut. Yes, with my nose. Why were the trap-doors open?
Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that way?
I thought your city had sunk.[1]
First Off. You did your best, sir,
We must presume, to help it into the air,
If you call that sinking. We have told you what's the law;
He that is taken there, unless a magistrate
And have command in that place, presently,
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his torture or his present death,
Must either pay his fine for his presumption,
(Which is six hundred ducats,) or for six years
Tug at an oar i' the galleys. Will you walk, sir?
For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.
Rut. Row in the galleys, after all this mischief!
Sec. Off. May be, you were drunk: they'll keep you sober there.
Rut. Tug at an oar! you are not arrant rascals,
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?
Sul. A lusty-minded man.
Ja. A wondrous able.
Sul. Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that liberty
To speak a few words with your prisoner,
And I shall thank you.
First Off. Take your pleasure, lady.
Sul. What would you give that woman should redeem you,
Redeem you from this slavery?
Rut. Besides my service,
I would give her my whole self; I would be her vassal.
Sul. She has reason to expect as much, considering
The great sum she pays for it; yet take comfort:
What you shall do to merit this, is easy,
And I will be the woman shall befriend you;
'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies
And young fair gentlewomen: you guess the way;
But giving of your mind ——
Rut. I am excellent at it;
You cannot pick out such another living.
I understand you: is't not thus? [*Whispers.*
Sul. You have it.
Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll despatch 'em.
I will be none but yours: should another offer
Another way to redeem me, I should scorn it.
What women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty,
Not to be taken down: would you have children?
I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.
Sul. I admire him, wonder at him.
Rut. Hark you, lady; —
You may require sometimes — [*Whispers.*
Sul. Ay, by my faith.
Rut. And you shall have it, by my faith, and handsomely. —
This old cat will suck shrewdly. [*Aside.*] — You have no daughters?
I fly at all. — Now am I in my kingdom.
Tug at an oar! no; tug in a feather-bed,
With good warm caudles; hang your bread and water! —
I'll make you young again, believe that, lady;
I will so frubbish[2] you.
Sul. Come, follow, officers;
This gentleman is free: I'll pay the ducats.
Rut. And when you catch me in your city-powdering-tub
Again, boil me with cabbage.
First Off. You are both warn'd and arm'd, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in* HIPPOLYTA'S *House.*

Enter HIPPOLYTA *and* ZENOCIA, LEOPOLD *behind.*

Zen. Will your ladyship wear this dressing?
Hip. Leave thy prating;
I care not what I wear.
Zen. Yet 'tis my duty

[1] *I thought your city had sunk*] Opposite this passage, in my copy of ed. 1750, some one has written, "A kind of prophecy, 1755."

[2] *frubbish*] Is, of course, a vulgar corruption of — *furbish.* Weber printed "furbish," at the suggestion of Mason, who kindly informs us that it "signifies to rub to brightness."

To know your pleasure, and my worst affliction[1]
To see you discontented.
Hip. Weeping too?
Prithee, forgive me; I am much distemper'd,
And speak I know not what: to make thee amends,
The gown that I wore yesterday is thine.
Let it alone a while.
Leop. Now you perceive,
And taste her bounty.
Zen. Much above my merit.
Leop. But have you not yet found a happy time
To move for me?
Zen. I have watch'd all occasions;
But hitherto without success: yet doubt not
But I'll embrace the first means.
Leop. Do, and prosper.
Excellent creature, whose perfections make [*Coming forward.*
Even sorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me,
What would your smiles do?
Hip. Pox o' this stale courtship!
If I have any power ——
Leop. I am commanded;
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,
Which I pay gladly. [*He retires.*
Hip. To be forc'd to woo,
Being a woman, could not but torment me:
But bringing for my advocates youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth, and then to be denied too,
Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me
That said my looks were charms, my touches fetters,
My locks soft chains to bind the arms of princes,
And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage, happy.
I am, like others of a coarser feature,
As weak to allure, but in my dotage stronger:
I am no Circe; he, more than Ulysses,
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slights my favours,
And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me,[2]
Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.
But he shall find, that in my fell revenge
I am a woman; one that never pardons
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness.
[*Aside.*

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.
Hip. What's done?
Zab. The uncivil stranger
Is at your suit arrested ——
Hip. 'Tis well handled.
Zab. And under guard sent to the governor;
With whom my testimony, and the favour
He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd,
That he is sentenc'd ——
Hip. How!
Zab. To lose his head.
Hip. Is that the means to quench the scorching heat
Of my enrag'd desires? must innocence suffer,
'Cause I am faulty? or is my love so fatal,
That of necessity it must destroy
The object it most longs for? Dull Hippolyta,
To think that injuries could make way for love,
When courtesies were despis'd! that by his death
Thou shouldst gain[3] that, which only thou canst hope for
While he is living! My honour's at the stake now,
And cannot be preserv'd, unless he perish.
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever
Have prized above my fame: why doubt I now, then?
One only way is left me to redeem all. —
Make ready my caroch.
Leop. What will you, madam?
Hip. And yet I am impatient of such stay. —
Bind up my hair — fie, fie, while that is doing,
The law may seize his life![4] Thus as I am, then,
Not like Hippolyta, but a bacchanal,
My frantic love transports me. [*Exit.*
Leop. Sure, she's distracted.
Zab. Pray you, follow her; I will along with you:
I more than guess the cause. Women that love
Are most uncertain; and one minute crave
What in another they refuse to have. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Street.*

Enter CLODIO *and* CHARINO, *disguised.*

Clod. Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd
From what I was: the tempests we have met with
In our uncertain voyage were smooth gales,
Compar'd to those the memory of my lusts
Rais'd in my conscience: and, if e'er again
I live to see Zenocia, I will sue
And seek to her[5] as a lover and a servant;
And not command affection like a tyrant.
Char. In hearing this, you make me young again;
And Heaven, it seems, favouring this good change in you,
In setting of a period to our dangers,
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lisbon,
Which hitherto in vain we long have sought for.
I have receiv'd assur'd intelligence,

[1] *affliction*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "affection;" and so Weber, who says, "I make no doubt that the alteration was unnecessary; for *affection* is continually used for passion in the old writers, and passion frequently for grief." In the present passage, "affection" is evidently a misprint.

[2] *And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me*] An allusion "to the story of Potiphar's wife tempting the patriarch Joseph. The circumstances in the verses that follow fix it down to this story," &c. THEOBALD.

[3] *gain*] So the second folio. — The first folio "give."

[4] *seize his life*] So the second folio; and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778. — The first folio has "cease *his life*;" which was adopted by Weber, who observes, "To *cease* is frequently used as a verb active, for to destroy, to stop, to end. When the second folio was published, (in 1679,) this meaning was becoming obsolete; for which reason the editors substituted '*seize* his life;' and their reading has been followed by modern editors, who only consulted the first edition when their wise heads were puzzled." — That the reading of the first folio in this passage, "cease'd," is a misprint (or a misspelling) for "*seiz'd*," there can be no doubt: afterwards in act v. sc. 2. the same folio gives,

"*Hip.* Where was she, when the inchantment
First *cease'd* upon her?"

[5] *seek to her*] See note, p. 731.

Such strangers have been seen here; and, though yet
I cannot learn their fortunes nor the place
Of their abode, I have a soul presages
A fortunate event here.
Clod. There have pass'd
A mutual interchange of courtesies
Between me and the governor; therefore, boldly
We may presume of him and of his power,
If we find cause to use them; otherwise,
I would not be known here; and these disguises
Will keep us from discovery.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, Doctor, ARNOLDO, *and* Guard.

Char. What are these?
Clod. The governor; with him my rival, bound.
Char. For certain, 'tis Arnoldo.
Clod. Let's attend
What the success will be.
Man. Is't possible
There should be hope of his recovery,
His wounds so many and so deadly?
Doct. So they appear'd at first; but, the blood stopt,
His trance forsook him, and, on better search,
We found they were not mortal.
Man. Use all care
To perfect this unhop'd-for cure; that done,
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall
Hear farther from me, for some ends I have,
Conceal it from his mother.
Doct. We'll not fail, sir. [*Exit.*
Man. You still stand confident on your innocence?
Arn. It is my best and last guard, which I will not
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy.

Enter HIPPOLYTA, ZABULON, LEOPOLD, ZENOCIA, *and two Servants.*

Hip. Who bade you follow me? go home: — and you, sir,
As you respect me, go with her.
Arn. Zenocia!
And in her house a servant! [*Aside.*
Char. 'Tis my daughter.
[ZENOCIA *passes over the stage, and exit with* ZABULON *and Servants.* LEOPOLD *retires.*
Clod. My love! — [*To* CHARINO.] Contain your joy; observe the sequel.
Man. Fie, madam, how undecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike yourself, to be seen thus
In th' open streets! why do you kneel? pray you, rise.
I am acquainted with the wrong and loss
You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now
Stands ready for his punishment.
Hip. Let it fall, sir,
On the offender: he is innocent,
And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;
But I made up of guilt.
Man. What strange turn's this?
Leop. This was my prisoner once.
Hip. If chastity
In a young man, and tempted to the height
Did e'er deserve reward or admiration,
He justly may claim both. Love to his person
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me first to train him to my house;
All engines I rais'd there to shake his virtue,
Which in the assault were useless; he unmov'd still,
As if he had no part of human frailty,
Against the nature of my sex, almost
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,
In our contention, young Apollo fly,
And love-sick Daphne follow: all arts failing,
By flight he wan[1] the victory, breaking from
My scorn'd embraces. The repulse (in women
Unsufferable) invited me to practise
A means to be reveng'd; and from this grew
His accusation, and the abuse
Of your still-equal justice. My rage over,[2]
(Thank[3] Heaven) though wanton, I found not myself
So far engag'd to hell, to prosecute
To the death what I had plotted; for that love,
That made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.
Man. [*To* ARNOLDO.] Whate'er you are, so much I love your virtue,
That I desire your friendship. — Do you unloose him
From those bonds you are worthy of. Your repentance
Makes part of satisfaction; yet I must
Severely reprehend you.
Leop. I am made
A stale[4] on all parts: but this fellow shall
Pay dearly for her favour. [*Aside, and then exit.*
Arn. My life's so full
Of various changes, that I now despair
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,
A new, and worse, succeeds it: what should Zenocia
Do in this woman's house? can chastity
And hot lust dwell together without infection?
I would not be or jealous or secure;
Yet something must be done, to sound the depth on't.
That she lives is my bliss; but living there,
A hell of torments: there's no way to her
In whom I live, but by this door, through which
To me 'tis death to enter; yet I must
And will make trial. [*Aside.*
Man. Let me hear no more
Of these devices, lady; this I pardon,
And, at your intercession, I forgive
Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.
The hundred thousand crowns you lent the city,
Towards the setting forth of the last navy
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which
I balance with your ill now.
Char. Now, sir, to him;
You know my daughter needs it.
Hip. Let me take
A farewell with mine eye, sir, though my lip
Be barr'd the ceremony, courtesy,
And custom, too, allows of.
Arn. Gentle madam,

[1] *wan*] The modern editors print "won."
[2] *over*] Both the folios "ever."
[3] *Thank*] Both the folios "Thanks."
[4] *stale*] Or *stalking-horse* (behind which the fowler approached his game, see note, p. 604), — decoy, cover.

I neither am so cold nor so ill-bred,
But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded;
And let me tell you, that I am asham'd
Of my late rudeness, and would gladly therefore,
If you please to accept my ready service,
Wait on you to your house.
Hip. Above my hope! — [*Aside.*
Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,
He should not be more welcome.
[*Exit with* ARNOLDO.
Clod. Now you know me.
Man. Yes, sir, and honour you; ever remembering
Your many bounties, being ambitious only
To give you cause to say, by some one service,
That I am not ungrateful.
Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a suit to you, and an easy one,
Which ere long you shall know.
Man. When you think fit, sir;
And then as a command I will receive it;
Till when, most welcome. — [*To* CHARINO.] You are welcome too, sir;
'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs not
Much protestation. — At your better leisure,
I will inquire the cause that brought you hither;
In the mean time serve you.
Clod. You out-do me, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the* Doctor's *House.*

Enter DUARTE *disguised, and* Doctor.

Du. You have bestow'd on me a second life,
For which I live your creature; and have better'd
What Nature fram'd unperfect: my first being
Insolent pride made monstrous; but this later,[1]
In learning me to know myself, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.
Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can go to rest without alarum
Given every minute to a guilt-sick conscience,
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent: but when,
In the remembrance of our worser actions,
We ever bear about us whips and Furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Even life's a burden.
Du. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having first made peace
With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,
To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor,
Pray, if you can, resolve[2] me, — was the gentleman,
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?
Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.
Du. That's my grief.
Doct. Why, do you wish he had been punish'd?
Du. No;
The stream of my swoln sorrow runs not that way;
For could I find him, as I vow to Heaven
It shall be my first care to seek him out,
I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword,
In opening my veins which proud blood poison'd,
Gave the first symptoms of true health.
Doct. 'Tis in you
A Christian resolution. That you live
Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge
As yet conceal'd; and though a son's loss never
Was solemniz'd with more tears of true sorrow
Than have been paid by your unequall'd mother
For your supposed death, she's not acquainted
With your recovery.
Du. For some few days,
Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguis'd,
I may abroad unknown.
Doct. Without suspicion
Of being discover'd.
Du. I am confident,
No moisture sooner dries[3] than women's tears;
And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,
Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose
Her farther trial.
Doct. That as you think fit;
I'll not betray you.
Du. To find out this stranger,
This true physician of my mind and manners,
Were such a blessing! He seem'd poor, and may,
Perhaps, be now in want: would I could find him!
The inns I'll search first, then the public stews:
He was of Italy, and that country breeds not
Precisians that way, but hot libertines;
And such the most are: 'tis but a little travail.
I am unfurnish'd too; pray, master doctor,
Can you supply me?
Doct. With what sum you please.
Du. I will not be long absent.
Doct. That I wish too;
For, till you have more strength, I would not have you
To be too bold.
Du. Fear not; I will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter LEOPOLD, ZABULON, *and a* Bravo.

Zab. I have brought him, sir; a fellow that will do it,
Though hell stood in his way; ever provided,
You pay him for't.
Leop. He has a strange aspect,
And looks much like the figure of a hangman
In a table[4] of the Passion.
Zab. He transcends
All precedents, believe it; a flesh'd[5] ruffian,
That hath so often taken the strappado,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler: he hath perus'd too
All dungeons in Portugal; thrice seven years

[1] *later*] The modern editors print "latter."
[2] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
[3] *dries*] So Theobald printed, at the suggestion of Sympson. — Both the folios have "dies:" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber. Mason also preferring that reading; — they all thinking it "more poetical" than "dries." — I cannot for a moment believe that either Beaumont or Fletcher would have deviated so strangely from common phraseology as to talk of moisture *dying*.
[4] *a table*] "i. e. a picture." WEBER.
[5] *flesh'd*] i. e. hardened.

Row'd in the galleys, for three several murders;
Though I presume that he has done a hundred,
And scap'd unpunish'd.
Leop. He is much in debt to you,
You set him off so well. — What will you take, sir,
To beat a fellow for me, that thus[1] wrong'd me?
Bra. To beat him, say you?
Leop. Yes, beat him to lameness;
To cut his lips or nose off; any thing
That may disfigure him.
Bra. Let me consider!
Five hundred pistolets for such a service,
I think, were no dear pennyworth.
Zab. Five hundred!
Why, there are of your brotherhood in the city,
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.
Bra. Kill him! I think so; I'll kill any man
For half the money.
Leop. And will you ask more
For a sound beating than a murder?
Bra. Ay, sir,
And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite;
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.
Leop. A good conclusion. —
The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender:
I'll run some other course. [*Aside.*] — There's your reward,
Without the employment. [*Gives money.*
Bra. For that, as you please, sir.
When you have need to kill a man, pray, use me;
But I am out at beating. [*Exit.*
Zab. What's to be done, then?
Leop. I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy
To my most near designs. This stranger, which
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner
When the last virgin I bestow'd upon her
Was made my prize; how he escap'd, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love
He bears the servant makes him scorn the mistress.
Zab. 'Tis not unlike; for, the first time he saw her,
His looks express'd so much; and, for more proof,
Since he came to my lady's house, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me
To help him to a conference, without
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I promis'd.
Leop. And by all means perform it, for their meeting;
But work it so, that my disdainful mistress
(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,
'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear them.
Zab. To what end, sir?
Leop. This, Zabulon: when she sees
Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness
To leave a princess for her bond-woman,
The sight will[2] make her scorn what now she dotes on.
I'll double thy reward.
Zab. You are like to speed, then;
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,
We serve them best that are most apt to give.
For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,
And yet be unobserv'd.
Leop. That I desire too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in* HIPPOLYTA'S *House, with a gallery.*

Enter ARNOLDO.

Arn. I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts me,
The poison of this place should mix itself
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas she that was commanded,
Or my eyes fail'd me grossly; that youth, that face,
And all that noble sweetness. May she not live here,
And yet be honest still?

Enter ZENOCIA, *behind.*

Zen. It is Arnoldo,
From all his dangers free! Fortune, I bless thee!
My noble husband! how my joy swells in me!
But why in this place? what business hath he here?
He cannot hear of me; I am not known here.
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think now,
And how that joy I had cools and forsakes me!

Enter, above, HIPPOLYTA *and* ZABULON.

This lady is but fair; I have been thought so,
Without compare admir'd. She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot — [*Aside.*
Arn. 'Tis she again; the same,
The same Zenocia!
Zab. There they are[3] together;
Now you may mark.
Hip. Peace; let 'em parley.
Arn. That you are well, Zenocia, and once more
Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd presence,
I thank the gods; but that I meet you here —
Hip. They are acquainted.
Zab. I found that secret, madam,
When you commanded her go[4] home. Pray, hear 'em.
Zen. That you meet me here! ne'er blush at that, Arnoldo.
Your cunning[5] comes too late: I am a woman;
And one woman with another may be trusted.
Do you fear the house?
Arn. More than a fear, I know it;
Know it not good, not honest.
Zen. What do you here, then?
I' the name of virtue, why do you approach it?
Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it?
Where have your eyes been wandering, my Arnoldo?

[1] *thus*] Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "has." "The acute Mr. Sympson did not observe that *thus* might refer to a supposed explanation by Zabulon, before the bravo's interview with Leopold." *Ed.* 1778. — Mason, however, deems Sympson's alteration.

[2] *will*] So the second folio. — Omitted in the first.

[3] *they are*] Weber printed "*are they.*"

[4] *her go*] Weber printed "*her to go*"!

[5] *cunning*] The correction of the Editors of 1778, and, doubtless, the right reading. — The first folio has "commin." The second reads "coming;" and so Theobald, who proposed in a note "coining."

What constancy, what faith, do you call this? Fie,
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another!

Enter LEOPOLD *behind.*

I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous,
And able to betray a strong man's liberty;
But you that have a love, a wife —— you do well
To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnoldo,
Since you are pleas'd to study a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,
Study a nobler way, for shame, to leave me:[1]
Wrong not her honesty ——
Arn. You have confirm'd me.
Zen. Who, though she be your wife, will never hinder you;
So much I rest a servant to your wishes,
And love your loves, though they be my destructions.
No man shall know me, nor the share I have in thee;
No eye suspect I am able to prevent you:
For since I am a slave to this great lady,
Whom I perceive you follow ——
Arn. Be not blinded.
Zen. Fortune shall make me useful to your service:
I will speak for you.
Arn. Speak for me? you wrong me.
Zen. I will endeavour all the ways I am able,
To make her think well of you; — will that please? —
To make her dote upon you, dote to madness.
So far against myself I will obey you:
But when that's done, and I have shew'd this duty,
This great obedience (few will buy it at my price,)
Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well,
But never see you more, nor receive comfort
From any thing, Arnoldo.
Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor desire longer
To be a man, and live, than I am honest,
And only yours: our infinite affections
Abus'd us both.
Zab. Where are your favours now?
The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, madam?
Hip. Have I now found the cause?
Zab. Attend it further.
Zen. Did she invite you, do you say?
Arn. Most cunningly;
And with a preparation of that state
I was brought in and welcom'd ——
Zen. Seem'd to love you?
Arn. Most infinitely, at first sight, most dotingly.
Zen. She is a goodly lady.
Arn. Wondrous handsome.
At first view, being taken unprepar'd,
Your memory not present then to assist me,
She seem'd so glorious sweet, and so far stirr'd me ——
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done.
Zen. Prithee,
Didst thou not kiss, Arnoldo?
Arn. Yes, faith, did I.
Zen. And then ——
Arn. I durst not, did not.
Zen. I forgive you;
Come, tell the truth.
Arn. May be, I lay with her.
Hip. He mocks me too, most basely.
Zen. Did you, faith?
Did you forget so far? [*Weeps.*
Arn. Come, come, no weeping;
I would have lyen first in my grave; believe that.
Why will you ask those things you would not hear?
She is too untemperate to betray my virtues,
Too openly lascivious: had she dealt
But with that seeming modesty she might,
And flung a little art upon her ardour ——
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,
And glad[2] I was deceiv'd. No, my Zenocia,
My first love, here begun, rests here unreap'd yet,
And here for ever.
Zen. You have made me happy,
Even in the midst of bondage blest.
Zab. You see now
What rubs are in your way.
Hip. And quickly, Zabulon,
I'll root 'em out. [*Whispers.*] — Be sure you do this presently.
Zab. Do not you alter, then.
Hip. I am resolute. [*Exit* ZABULON.
Arn. To see you only I came hither last,
Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements;
For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.
Leop. I am glad of that; you have sav'd me so much vengeance,
And so much fear. From this hour, fair befall you! [*Aside, and then exit.*
Arn. Some means I shall make shortly to redeem you;
Till when, observe her well, and fit her temper,
Only her lust contemn.
Zen. When shall I see you?
Arn. I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair still,
Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.
Hip. [*Aloud.*] Shut all the doors.
Arn. Who's that?
Zen. We are betray'd;
The lady of the house has heard our parley,
Seen us, and seen our loves.
Hip. You, courteous gallant,
You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh at
The afflictions and the groans I suffer for you,
That slight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune
My favours can fling on you, have I caught you?
Have I now found the cause you fool my wishes?
Is mine own slave my bane? I nourish that,
That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,
Nor woo no more: thou shalt see, foolish man,
And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on
The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted:
Redeem her, then, and steal her hence. — Ho, Zabulon!
Now to your work.

[1] *leave me*] So Theobald, at Seward's suggestion; and so the Editors of 1778. — Both the folios have "love *me*." — Weber printed "love her."

[2] *glad*] "The word *glad* is here used as a verb, and means rejoice." MASON. No, no. The expression is elliptical, — equivalent to — I *am* glad.

Re-enter ZABULON *with Servants; some seize* ARNOLDO, *others* ZENOCIA, *ready to strangle her with a cord.*

Arn. Lady, but hear me speak first,
As you have pity!
Hip. I have none: you taught me;
When I even[1] hung about your neck, you scorn'd me.
Zab. Shall we pluck yet?
Hip. No, hold a little, Zabulon;
I'll pluck his heart-strings first. — Now am I worthy
A little of your love?
Arn. I'll be your servant;
Command me through what danger you shall aim at,
Let it be death! —
Hip. Be sure, sir, I shall fit you.
Arn. But spare this virgin!
Hip. I would spare that villain first,[2]
Had cut my father's throat.
Arn. Bounteous lady, [*Kneels.*
If in your sex there be that noble softness,
That tenderness of heart women are crown'd for —
Zen. Kneel not, Arnoldo; do her not that honour;
She is not worthy such submission:
I scorn a life depends upon her pity. —
Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy anger
With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody:
I bring a patience here shall make 'em blush,
An innocence shall outlook thee and death too.
Arn. Make me your slave; I give my freedom to you,
For ever to be fetter'd to your service:
'Twas I offended; be not so unjust, then,
To strike the innocent: this gentle maid
Never intended fear and doubt against you;
She is your servant; pay not her observance
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.
Hip. Am I fair now? now am I worth your liking?
Zen. Not fair, not to be lik'd, thou glorious devil,
Thou vanish'd piece of lust, thou painted Fury!
Arn. Speak gently, sweet, speak gently.
Zen. I'll speak nobly;
'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at. —
Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,
And then consider how I weigh thy angers.
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than useful to his honour I preserve it.
If thou hadst studied all the courtesies
Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,
Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit,
Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for honour,
As dying for his sake, to be his martyr;
'Tis such a grace!
Hip. You shall not want that favour:
Let[3] your bones work miracles.
Arn. Dear lady,
By those fair eyes —
Hip. There is but this way left you
To save her life —
Arn. Speak it, and I embrace it.
Hip. Come to my private chamber presently,
And there, what love and I command —
Arn. I'll do it. —
Be comforted, Zenocia.
Zen. Do not do this;
To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you;
I charge you by your love, that love you bear me,
That love, that constant love you have twin'd to me,
By all your promises; — take heed you keep 'em;
Now is your constant trial. If thou dost this,
Or mov'st one foot to guide thee to her lust,
My curses and eternal hate pursue thee!
Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?
Must my undoubted honesty be thy bawd too?
Go, and intwine thyself about that body;
Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour,
Pull'd all thy vows from Heaven; basely, most basely,
Stoop'd to the servile flames[4] of that foul woman,
To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee again, nor name thee for a husband![5]
Arn. What shall I do to save her? [*Aside.*
Hip. How now! what haste there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor, attended with some gentlemen,
Are newly enter'd, to speak with your ladyship.
Hip. Pox o' their business! Reprieve her for this hour;
I shall have other time.
Arn. Now, Fortune, help us!
Hip. I'll meet 'em presently. Retire a while all. [*Exeunt* HIP. *and* Servants.
Zab. You rise to-day upon your right side, lady. —
You know the danger too, and may prevent it;
And, if you suffer her to perish thus,
(As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,
Unless you stand her friend, — you know the way on't, —)
I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.
Let her know nothing, and perform this matter;
There are hours ordain'd for several businesses:
You understand?
Arn. I understand you bawd, sir,
And such a counsellor I never car'd for.

Enter, on one side, MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, CHARINO, LEOPOLD, *and* Attendants; *on the other, re-enter* HIPPOLYTA.

Hip. Your lordship does me honour.
Man. Fair Hippolyta,
I am come to ease you of a charge.

[1] *even*] Weber printed "have"!
[2] *first*] Theobald, thinking the metre of the speech defective, removed this word to the end of the next line.
[3] *Let*] Theobald (ever tampering with the text) printed "And *let*."
[4] *Stoop'd to the servile flames, &c.*
To add an hour, &c.] So the second folio. — In the first folio these lines are transposed by mistake.
[5] *Know thee again, nor name thee for a husband*] "There is no occasion to read, with the second folio, and all the editions printed since, '*Know thee* not *again*:' for the negative in the second part of the sentence is sufficient, and the beautiful versification of Zenocia's speech is destroyed by the interpolated word." WEBER.

Hip. I keep none
I count a burden, sir. — And yet I lie too.
[*Aside.*
Man. Which is the maid? is she here?
Clod. Yes, sir; this is she, this is Zenocia;
The very same I su'd to your lordship for.
Zen. Clodio again? more misery? more ruin?
Under what angry star is my life govern'd?
Man. Come hither, maid: you are once more a free woman;
Here I discharge your bonds.
Arn. Another smile,
Another trick of Fortune to betray us!
Hip. Why does your lordship use me so unnobly,
Against my will to take away my bond-woman?
Man. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman:
She's of that country we hold friendship with,
And ever did; and therefore to be us'd
With entertainment fair and courteous.
The breach of league in us gives foul example;
Therefore, you must be pleas'd to think this honest. —
Did you know what she was? [*To* LEOPOLD.
Leop. Not till this instant;
For, had I known her, she had been no prisoner.
Man. There, take the maid; she is at her own dispose now:
And, if there be aught else to do your honour
Any poor service in —
Clod. I am vow'd your servant.
Arn. Your father's here too, that's our only comfort;
And in a country now we stand, free people,
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.
Zen. I fear some trick yet.
Arn. Be not so dejected.
Man. [*to* HIP.] You must not be displeas'd; so, farewell, lady. —
Come, gentlemen. Captain, you must with me too;
I have a little business.
Leop. I attend your lordship. —
Now my way's free, and my hopes lords again.[1]
[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt all except* HIP. *and* ZAB.
Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going? I may live yet
To make you howl both.
Zab. You might have done; you had power then;
But now the chains are off, the command lost;
And such a story they will make of this,
To laugh out lazy time —
Hip. No means yet left me?
For now I burst with anger! none to satisfy me?
No comfort? no revenge?
Zab. You speak too late;
You might have had all these your useful servants,
Had you been wise and sudden. What power or will
Over her beauty have you now, by violence
To constrain his love? she is as free as you are,
And no law can impeach her liberty;
And whilst she is[2] so, Arnoldo will despise you.
Hip. Either my love or anger must be satisfied,
Or I must die.
Zab. I have a way would do it,
Would do it yet; protect me from the law.
Hip. From any thing: thou know'st what power I have,
What money, and what friends.
Zab. 'Tis a devilish one:
But such must now be us'd. Walk in, I'll tell you;
And, if you like it, if the devil can do any thing —
Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in the House of* SULPITIA.

Enter SULPITIA *and* JAQUES.

Sul. This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,
And so bestirs himself —
Ja. Give him breath, mistress;
You'll melt him else.
Sul. He does perform such wonders —
The women are mad on him.
Ja. Give him breath, I say;
The man is but a man; he must have breath.
Sul. How many[3] had he yesterday?
Ja. About fourteen; and they paid bravely too;
But still I cry, give breath; spare him, and have him.
Sul. Five dames to-day: this was a[4] small stage;
He may endure five more.
Ja. Breath, breath, I cry still;
Body o' me, give breath; the man's a lost man else:
Feed him, and give him breath.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, gentlewomen;
Your're very welcome.
First Gent. We hear you have a lusty and well-complexion'd fellow,
That does rare tricks: my sister and myself here
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.
Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.
Both Gent. There's for your courtesy.
[*Giving money.*
[*Exeunt* JAQUES *and* Gentlewomen.
Sul. Good pay still, good round pay. This happy fellow
Will set me up again; he brings in gold
Faster than I have leisure to receive it.
Oh, that his body were not flesh and fading!
But I'll so pap him up — nothing too dear for him:
What a sweet scent he has!

1 *hopes lords again*] Weber's correction. — The first folio has "*hopes. Lords againe.*" — The second folio reads "hope's lord *again;*" and so Theobald and the Editors of 1778.

2 *whilst she is*] The modern editors print, "while she's."

3 Sul. *How many*, &c.] Both the folios thus:
"*Sulp.* How many had he yesterday?
And they paid bravely too.
Jaq. About fourteene,
But still I cry give breath, spare him and have him."
The necessary tran-position was made by Theobald.

4 *was a*] Theobald printed "*was* but *a*."

Re-enter JAQUES.

Now, what news, Jaques?
Ja. He cannot last; I pity the poor man,
I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,
And they drive as the devil were in the wheels,
Are ready now to enter: and behind these,
An old dead-palsied lady in a litter;
And she makes all the haste she can. The man's lost:
You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-pins;
But, for his flesh ——
Sul. These are but easy labours;
Yet, for I know he must have rest ——
Ja. He must;
You'll beat him off his legs else presently.
Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself; I am pleas'd too;
To-morrow's a new day: but, if he can,
I would have him take pity o' the old lady;
Alas, 'tis charity!
Ja. I'll tell him all this;
And, if he be not too fool-hardy —— [*Exit.*

Enter ZABULON.

Sul. How now!
What news with you?
Zab. You must presently
Shew all the art you have, and for my lady.
Sul. She may command.
Zab. You must not dream nor trifle.
Sul. Which way?
Zab. A spell you must prepare, a powerful one;
Peruse but these directions, you shall find all;
[*Gives a writing, &c.*
There is the picture too; be quick and faithful,
And do it with that strength —— When 'tis perform'd,
Pitch your reward at what you please, you have it.
Sul. I'll do my best, and suddenly. But, hark you,
Will you never lie at home again?
Zab. Excuse me;
I have too much business yet.
Sul. I am right glad on't.
Zab. Think on your business; so, farewell.
Sul. I'll do it.
Zab. Within this hour I'll visit you again,
And give you greater lights.
Sul. I shall observe you.
This brings a brave reward; bravely I'll do it,
And all the hidden art I have express in't.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter RUTILIO, *in a night-cap.*

Rut. Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden:[1]
Fie, how my hams shrink under me! oh me,
I am broken-winded too! Is this a life?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?
I had a body once, a handsome body,
And wholesome too: now I appear like a rascal
That had been hung a year or two in gibbets.
Fie, how I faint! — Women! keep me from women!
Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure;
Stretch me upon a rack, a reparation;
But women, women! oh, the devil! women!
Curtius's gulf was never half so dangerous.
Is there no way to find the trap-door again,
And fall into the cellar, and be taken?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way?
No galleys to be got, nor yet no gallows?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,
But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women.
How devilishly my bones ache! oh, the old lady!
I have a kind of waiting-woman lies 'cross my back too;
Oh, how she stings! No treason to deliver me?

Enter three Men, *in night-caps, very faintly.*

Now, what are you? do you mock me?
First Man. No, sir, no;
We were your predecessors in this place.
Sec. Man. And come to see [how] you bear up.
Rut. Good gentlemen,
You seem to have a snuffing[2] in your head, sir,
A parlous[3] snuffing; but this same dampish air —
Sec. Man. A dampish air, indeed.
Rut. Blow your face tenderly,
Your nose will ne'er endure it. — Mercy o' me,
What are men chang'd to here! is my nose fast yet?
Methinks it shakes i' th' hilts. [*Aside.*] — Pray, tell me, gentlemen,
How long is't since you flourish'd here?
Third Man. Not long since.
Rut. Move yourself easily; I see you are tender. —
Nor long endur'd?
Sec. Man. The labour was so much, sir,
And so few to perform it ——
Rut. Must I come to this,
And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble. [*Aside.*
Will you sue for this place again, gentlemen?
First Man. No, truly, sir;
The place has been too warm for our complexions.
Sec. Man. We have enough on't: rest you merry, sir!
We came but to congratulate your fortune;
You have abundance.
Third Man. Bear your fortune soberly;
And so we leave you to the next fair lady.
[*Exeunt three* Men.
Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gentlemen,
At the next hospital. — There's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer:
With all the helps and heats that can be given me,
I am at my trot already.[4] They are fair and young,

[1] *crow-trodden*] "Rutilio compares his manner of walking to the waddling of crows. Or the allusion may be to the wooden legs of scarecrows, in our authors' time called crow-keepers." WEBER. Surely, *crow-trodden* means — having wrinkles under the eyes, or at the corners of them, like the impression of crows' feet.

[2] *snuffing*] Altered by Theobald to "snuffling;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[3] *parlous* i. e. *perilous*, — excessive.

[4] *With all the helps and heats that can be given me, I am at my trot already*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber

Most of the women that repair unto me;
But they stick on like burs, shake me like feathers.

Re-enter SULPITIA.

More women yet? Would I were honestly married
To any thing that had but half a face,
And not a groat to keep her nor a smock,
That I might be civilly merry when I pleas'd,
Rather than labouring in these fulling-mills!
Sul. By this, the spell begins to work.[1] [*Aside.*] — You are lusty;
I see, you bear up bravely yet.
Rut. Do you hear, lady?
Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold:
Play me with some discretion; to-day one course,
And, two days hence, another.
Sul. If you be so angry,
Pay back the money I redeem'd you at,
And take your course; I can have men enough.
You have cost me an hundred crowns, since you came hither,
In broths and strengthening caudles; till you do pay me,
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour;
I'll chain you to't else.
Rut. Make me a dog-kennel,
I'll keep your house, and bark, and feed on bare bones,
And be whipp'd out o' doors; do you mark me, lady? whipp'd;
I'll eat old shoes.

Enter DUARTE, *disguised.*

Du. In this house, I am told,
There is a stranger of a goodly person;
And such a one that[2] was; if I could see him,
I yet remember him.
Sul. Your business, sir?
If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd;
I keep none here. [*Exit.*
Du. Certain, this is the gentleman;
The very same. [*Aside.*
Rut. 'Death, if I had but money,
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I would thresh, set up a cobbler's shop, keep hogs,
And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes and knights of gingerbread,
Thatch for three half-pence a-day, and think it lordly,
From this base stallion-trade! — Why does he eye me,
Eye me so narrowly? [*Aside.*
Du. It seems, you are troubled, sir;
I heard you speak of want.
Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far than relieving, sir.
Du. I do not think so:
You knew me not.
Rut. Not yet, that I remember.
Du. You shall, and for your friend; I am beholding[3] to you,
Greatly beholding, sir. If you remember,
You fought with such a man they call'd Duarte,
A proud distemper'd man: he was my enemy,
My mortal foe; you slew him fairly, nobly.
Rut. Speak softly, sir; you do not mean to betray me? —
I wish'd the gallows; now they're coming fairly. [*Aside.*
Du. Be confident; for, as I live, I love you;
And now you shall perceive it: for that service,
Me and my purse command; there, take it to you;
'Tis gold, and no small sum; a thousand ducats:
Supply your want.
Rut. But do you do this faithfully?
Du. If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick me.
In what else I may serve you, sir —[4]
Rut. I thank you.
This is as strange to me as knights' adventures. — [*Aside.*
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,
And now I'll tempt my fortune.
Du. Trust me with it.
Rut. You are so good and honest, I must trust you;
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady
That sav'd my life once.
Du. That will be most thankful;
I will do't with all care.
Rut. Where are you, White-broth?

Re-enter SULPITIA.

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your money;
'Tis ready here: no threats, nor no orations,
Nor prayers now!
Sul. You do not mean to leave me?
Rut. I'll live in hell sooner than here, and cooler.
Come, quickly, come, despatch; this air's unwholesome:
Quickly, good lady, quickly to't.
Sul. Well, since it must be,
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.
Rut. And pick his bones, as you've done mine, pox take you!
Du. At my lodging, for a while, you shall be quarter'd,
And there take physic for your health.

printed, "*With all the* help," &c. — "'*I am at my trot*' means, I am reduced to a trot, I am off my speed. . . . The heats that Rutilio means are the nourishing meats which were given him to warm his blood; and accordingly Sulpitia tells him, in the next page,

'You have cost me an hundred crowns, since you came hither,
In broths and strengthening caudles,' &c." MASON.

[1] *By this, the spell begins to work*] "She is speaking of the incantations which she is employed in at the instance of Hippolyta. The spell was undoubtedly the wax image of Zenocia, one of the strongest within the knowledge of witches. In Middleton's *Witch*, ed. 1778, page 100, Hecat proffers to destroy Almachildes in the following manner:

'His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.'" WEBER.

[2] *that*] Mason's correction. — Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes to read "this." — Both the folios have "there;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *beholding*] See note, p. 602. — Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "beholden."

[4] *In what else I may serve you, sir* —] The modern editors print,

"*In what else* may I *serve you, sir?*"

Rut. I thank you. —
I have found my angel now too,[1] if I can keep him. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt, on one side,* DUARTE *and* RUTILIO, *on the other,* SULPITIA.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter RUTILIO *and* DUARTE.

Rut. You like the letter?
Du. Yes; but I must tell you,
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit
The mother (and the griev'd one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of him you slew so lately.
Rut. I have told you
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not
A nearer way to make her satisfaction
For a lost son, than speedily to help her
To a good husband; one that will beget
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recover'd
What I lost in my late service; 'twas a hot one;
It fir'd and fir'd me;[2] but, all thanks to you, sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.
Du. What is done, sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;
And therefore spare your thanks.
Rut. I'll no more whoring;
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more wears one
Than all the exercise in the world besides:
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,
Or like gourd-water, to it; twenty surfeits
Come short of one night's work there. If I get this lady,
(As ten to one I shall, I was ne'er denied yet,)
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely [twice to church o' Sundays],[3]
And then instruct my family. You are sad;
What do you muse on, sir?
Du. Truth, I was thinking
What course to take for the delivery of your letter;
And now I have it. But, faith, did this lady
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know
You kill'd her son?
Rut. Give me a book, I'll swear't:
Denied me to the officers that pursu'd me,
Brought me herself to the door, then gave me gold
To bear my charges; and shall I make doubt, then,
But that she lov'd me? I am confident,
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I shall be
Most welcome to her: for then to have woo'd her
Had been unseasonable.
Du. Well, sir, there's more money
To make you handsome. I'll about your business:
You know where you must stay.
Rut. There you shall find me.
Would I could meet my brother now, to know
Whether the Jew. his genius, or my Christian,
Has prov'd the better friend! [*Aside, and then exit.*
Du. Oh, who would trust
Deceiving woman? or believe that one,
The best and most canòniz'd, ever was
More than a seeming goodness? I could rail now
Against the sex, and curse it; but the theme
And way's too common. Yet that Guiomar,
My mother, (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation,) she that was
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,
Both wife and widow; she that in my breeding
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care
And tenderness to a son; she that yet feigns
Such sorrow for me; good God, that this mother,
After all this, should give up to a stranger
The wreak she ow'd her son![4] I fear her honour.
That he was sav'd much joys me; and grieve[5] only
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,
Or us'd to cloke her base hypocrisy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Another Street.*

Enter HIPPOLYTA, *and* SULPITIA *in a magical robe.*

Hip. Are you assur'd the charm prevails?
Sul. Do I live?
Or you[6] speak to me? now, this very instant,
Health takes its last leave of her; meagre paleness,
Like winter, nips the roses and the lilies,
The spring that youth and love adorn'd her face with.
To force affection is beyond our art;
For I have prov'd all means that hell has taught me,
Or the malice of a woman, which exceeds it,
To change Arnoldo's love; but to no purpose:
But, for your bond-woman
Hip. Let her pine and die:
She remov'd,[7] which, like a brighter sun,

[1] *I have found my angel now too*] "He considered Zabulon as Arnoldo's angel, and says to him, in the 731st page, when Zabulon offers money to Arnoldo,

'——— Take it, man:
Sure, thy good angel is a Jew.'" MASON.

"The same allusion is repeated again in the next scene." WEBER.

[2] *It fir'd and fir'd me*] Theobald. at Sympson's suggestion, printed, "*It fir'd and* fetter'd *me*," because, with the old reading, "the contrast to *freed* is wanting." — A wretched alteration!

[3] [*twice to church o' Sundays*] That something equivalent to these words has been omitted here, is beyond a doubt, though the modern editors seem not to have perceived the incompleteness of the text.

[4] *that this mother,*
After all this, should give up to a stranger
The wreak she ow'd her son] "i. e. that she should give up the right and duty of vengeance which she owed for her son's murder, by screening, protecting, and dismissing his murderer out of the pursuit and reach of justice." THEOBALD.

[5] *and griere*] Means, of course, and I grieve. — Altered silently by the modern editors to "I *grieve*."

[6] *Or you*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "*Or do you;*" and so Theobald.

[7] *She remov'd*] Theobald printed "*She once remov'd;*" and so probably the poet wrote.

Obscures my beams, I may shine out again,
And, as I have been, be admir'd and sought to.[1]
How long has she to live?
Sul. Lady, before
The sun twice rise and set, be confident
She is but dead; I know my charm hath found her;
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,
Her father's sorrow, or his power that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter ZABULON.

Zab. All things have succeeded
As you could wish; I saw her brought sick home,
The image of pale death stamp'd on her forehead.
Let me adore this second Hecate,
This great commandress of the fatal sisters,
That, as she pleases, can cut short,[2] or lengthen
The thread of life!
Hip. Where was she when the enchantment
First seiz'd upon her?
Zab. Taking the fresh air,
In the company of the governor and Count Clodio;
Arnoldo too was present, with her father;
When, in a moment (so the servants told me),
As she was giving thanks to the governor
And Clodio for her unexpected freedom,
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,
To their amazement.
Hip. 'Tis thy master-piece,
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here;[3]
And with the hazard of thy life no more
Make trial of thy powerful art; which known,
Our laws call death. Off with this magical robe,
And be thyself.
Sul. Stand close; you shall hear more.
[*Takes off her robe, and retires with* HIP. *and* ZAB.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, *and* CHARINO.

Man. You must have patience; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids that we should question
What is decreed above, or ask a reason
Why Heaven determines this or that way of us.
Clod. Heaven has no hand in't; 'tis a work of hell:
Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions
So free from the suspicion of crime,[4]
As rather she deserves a saint's place here,
Than to endure what now her sweetness suffers.
Char. Not for her fault, but mine, sir, Zenocia suffers:
The sin I made, when I sought to raze down
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow
He now expresses for her, does deserve her
Above all kings, though such had been his rivals.
Clod. All ancient stories of the love of husbands
To virtuous wives be now no more remember'd!
Char. The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his sake, believ'd!
Man. I have heard there has been
Between some married pairs such sympathy,
That the husband has felt really the throes
His wife, then teeming, suffers: this true grief
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.
Clod. We shall find
Fit time for this hereafter; let's use now
All possible means to help her.
Man. Care, nor cost,
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting.
Make use of any means or men.
Char. You are noble.
[*Exeunt* MAN., CLOD., *and* CHAR.
Sul. Ten colleges of doctors shall not save her.
Her fate is in your hand.
Hip. Can I restore her?
Sul. If you command my art.
Hip. I'll die myself first:
And yet I will go visit her, and see
This miracle of sorrow in Arnoldo:
And 'twere for me, I should change places with her,
And die most happy; such a lover's tears
Were a rich monument: but too good for her
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,
You shall along with me. — Good Zabulon,
Be not far off.
Zab. I will attend you, madam [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *An Ante-room in* GUIOMAR'S *House.*

Enter DUARTE *disguised, and a* Servant.

Serv. I have serv'd you from my youth, and ever you
Have found me faithful. That you live's a treasure
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth
But when you give me warrant.
Du. I rely
Upon thy faith: nay, no more protestations;
Too many of them will call that in question
Which now I doubt not. She is there?
Serv. Alone too;
But, take it on my life, your entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.
For the displeasure I shall undergo
I am prepar'd.
Du. Leave me; I'll stand the hazard.
[*Exit* Servant.
The silence that's observ'd, her close retirements,
No visitants admitted, not the day,
These sable colours, all signs of true sorrow,
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
Manners, give leave. — She sits upon the ground;
[*Looking out.*

1 *sought to*] See note, p. 731.

2 *cut short*] "Other editions — 'shut *short*.' Corrected by Mr. Mason. The compositor undoubtedly caught the first two letters of the ensuing word." WEBER, — who, if he had examined the "other editions," would have found that the misprint "shut *short*" is extant only in the ed. of 1778!

3 *Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here*, &c.] "i. e. I'll reward thee so liberally, as to set thee above all the necessities of life, and thou shalt rest in this last trial of thy pernicious destructive practices, which, once discovered, are death by the laws." THEOBALD.

4 *suspicion of crime*] "*Suspicion* is here a word of four syllables, and therefore there is no occasion for reading, with the modern editors (who, as in innumerable other instances, interpolate, without making any mention of it) — '*suspicion of a crime*.' Three lines afterwards they have, equally unwarrantably, struck out the word *sir*." WEBER.

By Heaven, she weeps; my picture in her hand too;
She kisses it, and weeps again.

Enter GUIOMAR.

Gui. Who's there?
Du. There is no starting back now. [*Aside.*] — Madam.
Gui. Ha!
Another murderer! I'll not protect thee,
Though I have no more sons.
Du. Your pardon, lady;
There's no such foul fact taints me.
Gui. What mak's[t] thou here, then? —
Where are my servants? do none but my sorrows
Attend upon me? — Speak, what brought thee hither?
Du. A will to give you comfort.
Gui. Thou art but a man,
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.
If thou could[st] raise the dead out of their graves,
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee:
But that's impossible.
Du. Please you but to read[1] this;
You shall know better there why I am sent,
Than if I should deliver it. [*Gives letter.*
Gui. From whom comes it?
Du. That will instruct you. — I suspect this stranger;
Yet she spake something that holds such alliance
With his reports, I know not what to think on't.
What a frown was there! she looks me through and through;
Now reads again, now pauses; and now smiles,
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth:
These are strange changes: oh, I understand it;
She's full of serious thoughts. [*Aside.*
Gui. You are just, you Heavens,
And never do forget to hear their prayers,
That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd vengeance,
For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,
Under which, as a mountain, my heart groans yet,
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;
And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.
The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me! — [*Aside.*
Come hither, friend; I am sure you know the gentleman
That sent these charms.
Du. Charms, lady!
Gui. These charms;[2]
I well may call them so, they've won upon me
More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it,)
And therefore I'll be open-breasted to thee:
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,
Was most desir'd of all men: let me blush,
And then I'll say I love him.
Du. All men see
In this a woman's virtue! [*Aside.*
Gui. I expected,
For the courtesy I did, long since to have seen him;
And though I then forbad it, you men know,
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large distance:
But I'll excuse him; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in respect my son
Fell by his hand.
Du. And reason, lady.
Gui. No;
He did me a pleasure in't; a riotous fellow,
And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning.
I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,
For my friends' sake partly, but especially
For his long absence.
Du. Oh, the devil! [*Aside.*
Gui. Therefore,
Bid him be speedy; a priest shall be ready
To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him;
Deliver that, and bring him.
Du. I am dumb:
A good cause I have now, and a good sword,
And something I shall do. [*Aside.*] — I wait upon you. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in the Palace of* MANUEL DU SOSA.

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, CHARINO, ARNOLDO, ZENOCIA *borne in a chair by* Servants, *and two* Doctors.

First Doct. Give her more air; she dies else.
Arn. Oh, thou dread power,
That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship
This virgin wife the master-piece, look down on her!
Let her mind's virtues, cloth'd in this fair garment,
That worthily deserves a better name
Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail for her!
Or, if those are denied, let Innocence,
To which all passages in Heaven stand open,
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,
And mediate for her! or, if this age of sin
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun
In his diurnal progress never saw
So sweet a subject to employ it on!
Man. Wonders are ceas'd, sir; we must work by means.
Arn. 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians are. —
To you thus low I fall, then so may you ever [*Kneels.*
Be styl'd the hands of Heaven, Nature's restorers;
Get wealth and honours; and by your success
In all your undertakings propagate
Your great opinion in the world,[3] as now
You use your saving art! for know, good gentlemen,
Besides the fame, and all that I possess,
For a reward, posterity shall stand

[1] *but to read*] Theobald printed, with the second folio, "*but read.*"

[2] *These charms*] Theobald printed "Ay, *these charms;*" and so the Editors of 1778.

[3] *Your great opinion in the world*] "i. e. the great opinion conceived of you in the world." MASON. "Mr. Mason is wrong. 'Your great opinion' signifies, in old language, 'Your great reputation.'" WEBER, — who ought to have pointed out the *difference* between his own explanation and that of Mason.

Indebted to you; for (as Heaven forbid it!)
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age
Of all that's good or graceful, times succeeding,
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,
Will suffer in the want of her example.
First Doct. Were all the world to perish with her, we
Can do no more than what art and experience
Give[1] us assurance of. We have us'd all means
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot:
How should we, then, promise the cure?
Arn. Away! [*Rises.*
I did believe you, when I charg'd you with
The power of doing: ye are mere names only,
And even your best perfection accidental. —
Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,
(As some hold all diseases that afflict us,)
As love already makes me sensible
Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,
And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,
And I will swear thou'rt merciful!
First Doct. Your hand, lady. —
What a strange heat is here! — Bring some warm water.
Arn. She shall use nothing that is yours; my sorrow
Provides her of a better bath; my tears
Shall do that office.
Zen. Oh, my best Arnoldo,
The truest of all lovers! I would live,
Were Heaven so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow
With my true service; but since that's denied me,
May you live long and happy! Do not suffer —
By your affection to me, I conjure you! —
My sickness to infect you; though much love
Makes you too subject to it.
Arn. In this only
Zenocia wrongs her servant. Can the body
Subsist, the soul departed? 'tis as easy
As I to live without you. I am your husband,
And long have been so, though our adverse fortune,
Bandying us from one hazard to another,
Would never grant me so much happiness
As to pay a husband's debt: despite of fortune,
In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;
And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me.
Clod. So true a sorrow, and so feelingly
Express'd, I never read of.
Man. I am struck
With wonder to behold it, as with pity.
Char. If you, that are a stranger, suffer for them,
Being tied no further than humanity
Leads you to soft compassion; think, great sir,
What of necessity I must endure
That am a father.

Enter HIPPOLYTA, *speaking to* ZABULON *and*[2] SULPITIA *at the door.*

Hip.[3] Wait me there; I hold it
Unfit to have you seen: as I find cause,
You shall proceed.
Man. You are welcome, lady.
Hip. Sir,
I come to do a charitable office.
How does the patient?
Clod. You may inquire
Of more than one; for two are sick and deadly:
He languishes in her; her health's despair'd of,
And in hers, his.
Hip. 'Tis a strange spectacle:
With what a patience they sit unmov'd!
Are they not dead already?
First Doct. By her pulse,
She cannot last a day.
Arn. Oh, by that summons
I know my time too!
Hip. Look to the man.
Clod. Apply
Your art to save the lady; preserve her,
A town[4] is your reward.
Hip. I'll treble it
In ready gold, if you restore Arnoldo;
For in his death I die too.
Clod. Without her
I am no more.
Arn. Are you there, madam? now
You may feast on my miseries. My coldness
In answering your affections, or hardness,
(Give it what name you please,) you are reveng'd of;
For now you may perceive our thread of life
Was spun together, and the poor Arnoldo
Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia,
And not to serve the use of any other;
And in that she may equal;[5] my lord Clodio
Had long since else enjoy'd her; nor could I
Have been so blind as not to see your great
And many excellencies, far, far beyond
Or my deservings or my hopes. We are now
Going our latest journey, and together,
Our only comfort: we desire[6] — pray, give it —
Your charity to our ashes — such we must be —
And not to curse our memories.
Hip. I am much mov'd.
Clod. I am wholly overcome. All love to women
Farewell for ever! — Ere you die, your pardon;
And yours, sir: had she many years to live,
Perhaps I might look on her as a brother,
But as a lover never: and since all
Your sad misfortunes had original
From the barbarous custom practis'd in my country,
Heaven witness, for your sake, I here release it!
So, to your memory chaste wives and virgins
Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you;
And wish she were so now as when my lust
Forc'd you to quit the country.

[1] *Give*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Gives."
[2] ZABULON *and*] Ought perhaps to be omitted; for afterwards in this scene Sulpitia only comes on the stage. Yet both the folios have "*Zabulon and Sulpitia at the door.*"
[3] *Hip.*] Both the folios "Zab."
[4] *town*] Theobald, at Sympson's suggestion, printed "crown"!
[5] *And in that she may equal*, &c.] "i. e. in that respect, in her being made to enjoy only me, Zenocia's destiny may be said to equal my own; if not, Lord Clodio would have enjoyed her long since." WEBER. — Theobald, with the concurrence of Sympson, printed "*And, in that, she* my *equal.*"
[6] *and together,*
Our only comfort: we desire, &c.] Though Mason had rightly explained this passage — that their going together was their only comfort — yet Weber retained the erroneous punctuation of the preceding editions, viz.
"*and together;*
Our only comfort we desire," &c.

Hip. It is in vain
To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends. —
Look up, Zenocia: health in me speaks to you;
She gives him to you, that by divers ways
So long has kept him from you: and repent not
That you were once my servant; for which, health,
And, recompense[1] of what I made you suffer,
The hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,
Shall be your dower.
Man. 'Tis a magnificent gift,
Had it been timely given.
Hip. It is, believe it. —

Enter a Servant, *who whispers* MANUEL.

Sulpitia!

Enter SULPITIA.

Sul. Madam?
Hip. Quick, unto the charm:
Ask not a reason why; let it suffice,
It is my will.
Sul. Which I obey, and gladly. [*Exit.*
Man. Is to be married, say'st thou?
Serv. So she says, sir,
And does desire your presence.
Man. Tell[2] her I'll come. [*Exit* Servant.
Hip. Pray, carry them to their rest; for though already
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,
If they recover not.
Man. What you have warranted,
Assure yourself, will be expected from you. —
Look to them carefully; and till the trial ——
[ZENOCIA *and* ARNOLDO *are borne off in chairs.*
Hip. Which shall not be above four hours.
Man. Let me
Entreat your companies: there is something[3]
Of weight invites me hence.
All. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in the House of* GUIOMAR.

Enter GUIOMAR *and* Servants.

Gui. You understand what my directions are,
And what they guide you to; the faithful promise
You have made me all?
All. We do, and will perform it.
Gui. The governor will not fail to be here presently.
Retire a while, till you shall find occasion;
And bring me word when they arrive.
All. We shall, madam.
Gui. Only stay you to entertain.
First Serv. I am ready. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Gui. I wonder at the bold and practis'd malice
Men ever have a-foot against our honours;
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,
No shape put on so pious (no, not think
What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,
Never so laden with admir'd example),
But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,
Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded.
Why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger,
Whose life I sav'd — at what dear price sticks here yet —
Why should he hope? he was not here an hour;
And certainly in that time, I may swear it,
I gave him no loose look — I had no reason —
Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships,
The killing of my son a kindness to me —
Why should he send to me, or with what safety,
(Examining the ruin he had wrought me,)
Though at that time my pious pity found[4] him,
And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly troubled.

Re-enter First Servant.

First Serv. The gentlemen are come.
Gui. Then bid 'em welcome:
I must retire. [*Exit.*

Enter RUTILIO, *and* DUARTE *disguised.*

First Serv. You are welcome, gentlemen.[5]
Rut. I thank you, friend; I would speak with your lady.
First Serv. I'll let her understand.
Rut. It shall befit you — [*Exit First* Servant.
How do I look, sir, in this handsome trim?
Methinks I am wondrous brave.[6]
Du. You are very decent.
Rut. These by themselves, without more helps of nature,
Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,
And where their first aims light: I'll lay my head on't,
I'll take her eye as soon as she looks on me;
And, if I come to speak once, woe be to her!
I have her in a nooze, she cannot scape me:
I have their several lasts.[7]
Du. You are throughly[8] studied.
But tell me, sir, being unacquainted with her,
As you confess you are ——
Rut. That's not an hour's work;
I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.
Du. She being set in years, next; none of those lustres
Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy,
Nor nothing in her face but handsome ruins ——
Rut. I love old stories: those live believ'd, authentic,
When twenty of your modern faces are call'd in,

[1] *And, recompense*] Both the folios have "In *recompence.*" — Weber printed, "[*And*] in *recompence.*" — Theobald gave the passage thus,

"In *recompense of what I made you suffer,*
And *th' hundred thousand crowns the city owes me,*
Shall be your dower;"

and so the Editors of 1778.

[2] *Tell*] Both the folios have "And *tell*" (the eye of the original compositor having caught "And" in the preceding line).

[3] *there is something*] Silently altered by the modern editors to "*there* now *is something.*"

[4] *found*] Theobald silently altered the word to "fenc'd;" and so his successors!

[5] *welcome, gentlemen*] So the second folio — The first folio has "*welcome* home *Gentlemen.*"

[6] *brave*] i. e. fine, richly dressed.

[7] *their several lasts*] i. e., as we now say, the measure of their feet.

[8] *throughly*] The modern editors print "thoroughly."

For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;
Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she sav'd me,
She sav'd my life; have I not cause to love her?
She's rich, and of a constant state,[1] a fair one;
Have I not cause to woo her? I have tried sufficient
All your young fillies; I think, this back has tried 'em,
And smarted for it too; they run away with me,
Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils:
A staid pace now becomes my years, a sure one,
Where I may sit and crack no girths.
Du. How miserable,
If my mother should confirm what I suspect now,
Beyond all human cure, were my condition!
Then I shall wish this body had been so too. — [*Aside.*
Here comes the lady, sir.

Re-enter GUIOMAR.

Rut. Excellent lady,
To shew I am a creature bound to your service,
And only yours —
Gui. Keep at that distance, sir;
For, if you stir —
Rut. I am obedient. —
She has found already I am for her turn:
With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds me!
Mark how she musters all my parts. [*Aside to* DUARTE.
Gui. A goodly gentleman,
Of a more manly set I never look'd on. [*Aside.*
Rut. Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but the carriage of 'em.
Gui. How happy am I now, since my son fell,
He fell not by a base unnoble hand!
As that still troubled me. How far more happy
Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice
I offer to his grave shall be both worthy
A son's untimely loss and a mother's sorrow! [*Aside.*
Rut. Sir, I am made, believe it; she is mine own:
I told you what a spell I carried with me:
All this time does she spend in contemplation
Of that unmatch'd delight — I shall be thankful to you;
And, if you please to know my house, to use it,
To take it for your own —
Gui. Who waits without there?

Enter Guard *and* Servants; *they seize* RUTILIO, *and bind him.*

Rut. How now! what means this, lady?
Gui. Bind him fast.
Rut. Are these the bride-laces you prepare for me?
The colours[2] that you give?
Du. Fie, gentle lady!
This is not noble dealing.
Gui. Be you satisfied:
It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;
You shall not be so long.

[1] *state*] "The word seems, in the present instance, to mean conduct, behaviour." WEBER. — Rather, I believe, — estate.
[2] *colours*] i. e. wedding-favours.

Rut. Do you call this wooing? —
Is there no end of women's persecutions?
Must I needs fool into[3] mine own destruction?
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough (too?
Still pick the devil's teeth? [*Aside.*] — You are not mad, lady?
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman,
To offer you that honour —
Gui. You are deceiv'd, sir;
You come, besotted, to your own destruction;
I sent not for you. What honour can you add to me,
That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd on?
That robb'd me of that right made me a mother?
Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with terror,
And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul;
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs o'er thee!
Thou desperate fool, who bade thee seek this ruin?
What mad unmanly fate made thee discover
Thy cursèd face to me again? was't not enough
To have the fair protection of my house,
When misery and justice close pursu'd thee?
When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
Hatch'd[4] in the life of him? Yet I forgave thee:
My hospitable word, even when I saw
The goodliest branch of all my blood lopt from me,
Did I not seal still to thee?
Rut. I am gone. [*Aside.*
Gui. And when thou went'st, to imp thy misery,
Did I not give thee means?[5] but hark, ungrateful!
Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?
To keep thy name for ever from my memory,
Thy cursèd blood and kindred? did I not swear then,
If ever, in this wretched life thou hast left me,
Short and unfortunate, I saw thee again,
Or came but to the knowledge where thou wandredst,
To call my vow back, and pursue with vengeance,
With all the miseries a mother suffers?
Rut. I was born to be hang'd; there's no avoiding it. [*Aside.*
Gui. And dar'st thou with this impudence appear here,
Walk like the winding-sheet my son was put in,
Stain'd[6] with those wounds?
Du. I am happy now again:
Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother
So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows! [*Aside.*

[3] *fool into*] Theobald, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*fool* it to."
[4] *Hatch'd*] Equivalent here to — coloured, stained: see note, p. 425.
[5] *to imp thy misery,*
Did I not give thee means?] "i. e. did I not furnish thee with money, to *assist thy flight?* It is a term in *falconry:* to *imp* is said, when a fresh feather of a *hawk* is put to an old broken stump." THEOBALD. See note, p. 154.
[6] *Stain'd*] The correction of the Editors of 1778. — Both the folios "Stand;" and so Theobald!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The governor's come in.
Gui. Oh, let him enter. [*Exit* Servant.
Rut. I have fool'd myself a fair thread: of all my fortunes,
This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,
But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me to it. [*Aside.*

Enter MANUEL DU SOSA, CLODIO, *and* CHARINO.

Man. Are these fit preparations for a wedding, lady?
I came prepar'd a guest.
Gui. Oh, give me justice!
As ever you will leave a virtuous name,
Do justice, justice, sir!
Man. You need not ask it;
I am bound to it.
Gui. Justice upon this man,
That kill'd my son!
Man. Do you confess the act?
Rut. Yes, sir.
Clod. Rutilio?
Cha. 'Tis the same.
Clod. How fell he thus?
Here will be sorrow for the good Arnoldo.
Man. Take heed, sir, what you say.
Rut. I have weigh'd it well;
I am the man: nor is it life I start at;
Only I am unhappy I am poor,
Poor in expense of lives; there I am wretched,
That I have not two lives lent me for this[1] sacrifice,
One for her son, another for her sorrows.[2] —
Excellent lady, now rejoice again;
For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in blood,
Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance,
(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies that,)
Yet, let the world believe you lov'd Duarte:
The unmatch'd courtesies you have done my miseries,
Without this forfeit to the law, would charge me
To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.
Gui. Shall I have justice?
Man. Yes.
Rut. I'll ask it for you;
I'll follow it myself, against myself. —
Sir, 'tis most fit I die: despatch it quickly;
The monstrous burden of that grief she labours with
Will kill her else; then blood on blood lies on me:
Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,
Before I would draw one tear more from that virtue.
Gui. Be not too cruel, sir — and yet his bold sword —
But his life cannot restore that — he's a man too
Of a fair promise — but, alas, my son's dead! —
If I have justice, must it kill him?
Man. Yes.
Gui. If I have not, it kills me. — Strong and goodly!
Why should he perish too?
Man. It lies in your power;
You only may accuse him, or may quit[3] him.
Clod. Be there no other witnesses?
Gui. Not any.
And, if I save him, will not the world proclaim,
I have forgot a son, to save a murderer?
And yet he looks not like one; he looks manly.
Clod.[4] Pity so brave a gentleman should perish:
She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.
Gui. Will you pronounce? — yet, stay a little, sir.
Rut. Rid yourself, lady, of this misery,
And let me go: I do but breed more tempests,
With which you are already too much shaken.
Gui. Do now, pronounce! I will not hear.
Du. You shall not! [*Discovering himself.*
Yet turn and see, good madam.
Man. Do not wonder:
'Tis he, restor'd again, thank the good doctor.
Pray, do not stand amaz'd; it is Duarte;
Is well, is safe again.
Gui. Oh, my sweet son!
I will not press my wonder now with questions. —
Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty
I urg'd against you.
Rut. Madam, it was but justice.
Du. 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body again;
But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind perfect:
The good sharp lessons his sword read to me,
Sav'd me; for which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,
Honour and love this man.
Gui. You sent this letter?
Rut. My boldness makes me blush now.
Gui. I'll wipe off that;
And with this kiss I take you for my husband.
Your wooing's done, sir; I believe you love me,
And that's the wealth I look for now.
Rut. You have it.
Du. You have ended my desire to all my wishes.
Man. Now 'tis a wedding again: and, if Hippolyta
Make good what with the hazard of her life
She undertook, the evening will set clear,
After a stormy day.
Char. Here comes the lady.

Enter HIPPOLYTA[5] *leading* ARNOLDO *and* ZENOCIA, LEOPOLD, ZABULON, *and* SULPITIA.

Clod. With fair Zenocia, health with life again
Restor'd unto her.
Zen. The gift of her goodness.
Rut. Let us embrace; I am of your order too:
And though I once despair'd of women, now
I find they relish much of scorpions,

[1] *this*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios "his."
[2] *sorrows*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "sorrow."
[3] *quit*] i. e. acquit.
[4] *Clod.*] Both the folios "Hip."
[5] *Enter Hippolyta, &c.*] Both the folios have "*Enter* HIPPOLYTA, *leading* LEOPOLD, ARNOLDO, ZENOCIA, *in either hand*, ZABULON, SULPITIA," — which is far from intelligible

For both have stings, and both can hurt, and cure too.
But what have been your fortunes?
Arn. We'll defer
Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence virtue, and in that
Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,
Or, for her sake, Arnoldo,[1] join with us
In th' honour of this lady.
Char. She deserves it.
Hip. Hippolyta's life shall make that good hereafter:
Nor will I alone better myself, but others;
For these, whose wants perhaps have made their actions
Not altogether innocent, shall from me
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them
To any course of life but what the law
Shall give allowance to.
Zab. Sul. Your ladyship's creatures.
Rut. Be so, and no more your man-huckster.[2]
Hip. And, worthy Leopold, you that with such fervour
So long have sought me, and in that deserv'd me,
Shall now find full reward for all your travails,
Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance:
And though my violent dotage did transport me
Beyond those bounds my modesty should have kept in,
Though my desires were loose, from unchaste act,[3]
Heaven knows, I am free.
Leop. The thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your offer.
Rut. Do so, sir;
A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.
Man. You shall be all my guests;
I must not be denied.
Arn. Come, my Zenocia;
Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour,
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;
To instruct others, by our fair example,
That, though good purposes are long withstood,
The hand of Heaven still guides such as are good. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WHY there should be an epilogue to a play,
I know no cause. The old and usual way,
For which they were made, was to entreat the grace
Of such as were spectators: in this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpose; for, I know,
What you resolve already to bestow
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say
In the behalf of us and of the play;
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,
You may or cry it up or silence it.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL.

I SPAKE much in the prologue for the play,
To its desert, I hope; yet you might say,
Should I change now from that which then was meant,
Or in a syllable grow less confident,
I were weak-hearted: I am still the same
In my opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification or excuse. If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,
Shew it with any sign, and from this place,
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.

[1] *Arnoldo*] The modern editors print "Arnoldo's."

[2] *Be so, and no more your man huckster*] Theobald's correction. — The first folio has,

"*Be so and no more*, you *man-huckster*."

The second folio,

"*Be so, and no more* you *man-huckster*."

The Editors of 1778 and Weber, not understanding the speech, retained the "you" of the folios, — Weber putting a break after "*man-huckster*," as if the sense were incomplete.

[3] *act*] Theobald's emendation (in which Seward and Sympson concurred); and so the Editors of 1778. — Both the folios have "art;" and so Weber. — "The change [of 'art' into '*act*']," observes Mason, "was unnecessary, as the word *art* is frequently used by the ancient dramatic writers to express practice, practical knowledge, or act. So, in *The Beggars' Bush* [act ii. sc. 3.], Goswin says —

'Not all the anger can be sent unto her
In frown or voice, or other *art*, shall force her.'"

I nevertheless am confident that in the present passage "act" is the right reading.

BONDUCA.

The Tragedie of Bonduca.

In the folios 1647, 1679.

THAT Fletcher had any assistance from Beaumont in composing this tragedy is much to be doubted, though Weber inclines to believe that it was a joint-effort of the poets. Concerning its date we are left in uncertainty; but, as Burbadge played one of the characters (most probably Caratach), it must have been produced before March 1618–19,[1] about the middle of which month that celebrated actor died.

The greater portion of *Bonduca* was evidently derived from the invention of the poet (or poets): but its groundwork may be found in the *Annalia* of Tacitus, lib. xiv. c. 29, sqq.; and the death of Pœnius, which forms so important an incident in the play, is thus related by the Roman historian: "Et Pœnius Postumus, præfectus castrorum secundæ legionis, cognitis quartadecimanorum vicesimanorumque prosperis rebus, quia pari gloria legionem suam fraudaverat, abnueratque, contra ritum militiæ, jussa ducis, se ipsum gladio transegit." c. 37.

A wretched alteration of this tragedy, under the title of *Bonduca, or The British Heroine*, was produced at the Theatre Royal, in 1696, and published during the same year by George Powell the actor, with the following address

"*To the Reader.*

"I must make room for one page more, to tell you how our *Bonduca* set Foot upon the Stage. The Value of the Original is not unknown to those who have read it in Fletcher: A Value that has often times been prized so high, that the whole Brotherhood of the Quill have for many Years been blamed for letting so Ingenious a Relick of the Last Age, as *Bonduca*, lie dormant, when so inconsiderable an Additional Touch of the Pen was wanting, to make it fit for an Honourable Reception in This.

"This Consideration prompted a Friend of mine, a much abler Hand than my own, to attempt it; not that his Leisure, Attendance, or Inclinations, would permit him to make any long Toil of it. For to tell the Truth, the whole Play was revised quite through, and likewise studied up in one Fortnight.

"This Undertaker, who bestow'd but Four Days Labour upon it, being above the Interest Part of an Author; and likewise a Person of that Modesty, as to affect no Plumes from Poetry, he was generously pleased to put it into my Hands to usher it into the World."

Bonduca, with alterations by the elder Colman, was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, and printed, in 1778. A third alteration of the play by Mr. J. R. Planché, under the title of *Caractacus*, was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1837, but has not been printed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARATACH, general of the Britons, brother-in-law[2] to BONDUCA,
NENNIUS, a British commander.
HENGO, nephew to CARATACH and BONDUCA.
SUETONIUS, general of the Roman army in Britain.
PŒNIUS,[3] JUNIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS,[4] CURIUS, } Roman captains.
REGULUS, DRUSUS,[5] } Roman officers subordinate to PŒNIUS.
MACER, a lieutenant.
JUDAS, a corporal.
Herald.
Druids.
Soldiers.
Guides, Servants.

BONDUCA,[6] queen of the Iceni.
Her two Daughters by PRASUTAGUS.

SCENE, — BRITAIN.

The principal actors were —

Richard Burbadge.	William Ostler.
Henry Condel.	John Lowin.
William Egglestone.	John Underwood.
Nicholas Toolie.	Richard Robinson.

Fol. 1679.

[1] "Richard Burbadge Player was buried the XVIth of Marche. [1618–19 — his place of residence having been] Hollywell St." I copy this entry literatim from the Register of Burials belonging to St. Leonard's Church Shoreditch. Mr. Collier has fixed the death of Burbadge in March 1619–20. (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* i 430).

[2] *brother-in-law*] See act iii. sc. 5, p. 774, where the second Daughter calls him "uncle." — Bonduca, indeed, addresses him as "cousin," but formerly that word was common in the sense of — kinsman.

[3] *Pœnius*] Such, I believe, is the proper spelling of the name — not Pœnius: see Ernesti's note on Taciti *Annal.* xiv. 37. — Both the folios have "Penius."

[4] *Petillius*] So both the folios throughout the play. — The name is variously written, Petilius, Petillius, Pœtelius, Pœtilius.

[5] *Drusus*] So, in some places of the play, both the folios; in other places, both have "Drusius."

[6] *Bonduca, &c.*] The first folio wants the *Dram. Pers.* — The second folio gives here, —

"BONDUCA, Queen of the Iceni, a brave Virago, by Prosutagus.
Her two Daughters."

We learn, as Weber observes, from act iii. sc. 2, that the name of the youngest daughter was Bonvica; that of the eldest does not appear.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The British Camp.*

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, HENGO, NENNIUS, *and* Soldiers.

Bond. The hardy Romans! — oh, ye gods of Britain! —
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!
Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,

Enter CARATACH, *behind.*

That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in 'em;
Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nurs'd 'em;
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scatter'd 'em;
And through their big-bon'd Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sit in triumph,[1]
Made themes for songs to shame 'em: and a woman,
A woman beat 'em, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman beat these Romans!
Car. [*coming forward.*] So it seems;
A man would shame to talk so.
Bond. Who's that?
Car. I.
Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?
Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes;
You put too much wind to your sail: discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.
Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?
Car. No, Bonduca;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans — fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:
Does this become a doer? are they such?
Bond. They are no more.
Car. Where is your conquest, then?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druides composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers;
Put out [y]our holy fires, no timbrel ring;
Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full a[2] flame. — Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes!
Bond. By [the gods],[3] I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach.
Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given:
I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressèd Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought thorough,
And all to try these Romans: ten times a-night
I have swom the rivers, when the stars[4] of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers!)
As ready, and as full of that I brought
(Which was not fear nor flight), as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,

[1] *The honour of their actions sit in triumph*] The modern editors print "sits:" but the old text, however it may offend against grammatical propriety, is doubtless genuine. So Shakespeare has (among other passages which might be cited here) —

"more than the scope
Of these dilated articles *allow.*"
Hamlet, act i. sc. 2.

So too Heywood at the commencement of *A Marriage Triumphe*, &c., 1613;

"Now the wet winter of our teares *are* past."

where, in the reprint for the Percy Society, the editor has altered "*are*" to "is." — See also act v. sc. 3 (speech sixth) of the present play.

[2] *a*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "of;" and so the modern editors.

[3] [*the gods*] Both the folios mark the omission here by a break.

[4] *stars*] Theobald wished to alter this word to "shafts" or "darts:" the Editors of 1778 thought his conjecture "very plausible:" and Weber sagaciously observed that the old text contains "an evident allusion to the shooting of stars." — The poet had here an eye to the Song of Deborah — "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." *Judges*, v. 20.

And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons ——
Bond. What?
Car. Dishearted,
Run, run, Bonduca; not the quick rack[1] swifter,
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight[2] drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By [the gods],[3]
I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.
Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!
Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I have seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then when Pœnius
(The Roman girl!) cut thorough your armèd carts,
And drove[4] 'em headlong on ye down the hill;
Then when he hunted ye, like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approvèd men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods[5] of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?
Car. I fled too;
But not so fast, — your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there; he trash'd[6] me, Nennius:
For, when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and with my tough belt to my back
I buckled him; behind him my sure shield;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of virtue, Pœnius,
Seeing me steer thorough all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword), my prow
Turn'd to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,
"Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine." I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.
Bond. Oh, cousin,
From what a flight of honour[7] hast thou check'd me!
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?
Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses.
Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to shew us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despis'd us,
And held it equal whether banqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have gall'd you.
Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.
Car. Do; but so think as we may[8] be conquer'd;
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after-ages: our registers
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn[9] their mentions with upbraidings?
Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me, cousin,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with glory:
Thy temperance has cur'd that tympany,
And given me health again, nay, more, discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.
Bond. Your reason?
Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?
Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making a[10] head against commotions,

[1] *rack*] i. e. thin vapoury clouds: see note, p. 270.
[2] *a flight*] i. e. an arrow — properly, a long and light-feathered arrow that went level to the mark (and was not, like *a rover*, shot compass-wise): see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 370.
[3] [*the gods*] Both the folios mark the omission here by a break.
[4] *drove*] Both the folios "drive."
[5] *tods*] "i. e. bushes." WEBER.
[6] *trash'd*] Sympson thought the right reading was "trac'd" (but he did not, as Weber states, "alter" the text). The Editors of 1778 gave here a note by Warton, in which he confounds a corruption of the common word *thrash* with "*trash*." Mason erroneously explained "*trash'd*" — followed. — It means, undoubtedly, — checked, retarded: Todd (*Johnson's Dict.* in v.) cites from Hammond, "There is no means on the earth, besides the very hand of God, able to *trash* or overslow this furious driver." *Works*, iv. 563; "Among other incumbrances and delays in our ways to heaven, there is no one that doth so clog and *trash*, so disadvantage and backward us," &c. *Ibid.* p. 663. To *trash* is a hunting term; and the *trash* (whatever it was, — whether a strap, a rope dragging loose on the ground, or a weight) was fastened round the neck of a too forward dog, to check his movements: "Above this lower roome shall be your huntsmans lodging, wherein hee shall also keep his cooples, liams, collars, *trashes*, boxes, and pots, with salues and ointments," &c. Markham's *Countrey Contentments*, B. 1, c. 1, p. 15. ed. 1615.
[7] *honour*] I am inclined to believe that this is not the poet's word, but that it was caught by the original compositor from the second line above.
[8] *but so think as we may*] Sympson printed "*but so think it, as we may.*"
[9] *burn*] Sympson proposed "brand," which was adopted by the Editors of 1778. — "Sympson," observes Mason, "urges, in support of the alteration, a Latin phrase, *notam inserere*; but the more correct Latin phrase is *notam inurere*, which confirms the old reading." — Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures "*blur.*"
[10] *a*] Silently omitted by the modern editors.

After a day of blood, peace might be argu'd:
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,
And with those swords that know no end of battle,
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds that where the day is claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i' the bowels on us;
It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our ends our swords.[1] That hardy Roman,
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes.
Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans shall have worthy wars.
Car. They shall: —
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.
Hengo. And what then, uncle?
Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant Roman
That calls you knave.
Hengo. And must I kill but one?
Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.
Hengo. I hope, five hundred.
Car. That's a noble boy! — Come, worthy lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Romam Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS *and* PETILLIUS.

Pet. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want meat?
Jun. No.
Pet. Clothes?
Jun. Neither. For Heaven's love, leave me.
Pet. Drink?
Jun. You tire me.
Pet. Come, 'tis drink; I know 'tis drink.
Jun. 'Tis no drink.
Pet. I say, 'tis drink; for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.
Jun. Prithee, Petillius ——
Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.
Jun. Why do you do this to me?
Pet. For I see,
Although your modesty would fain conceal it,
Which sits as sweetly on a soldier
As an old side-saddle ——
Jun. What do you see?
Pet. I see as fair[2] as day that thou want'st drink.
Did I not find thee gaping, like an oyster
For a new tide? thy very thoughts lie bare,
Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moor'd for want of liquor. Do but see
Into thyself; for, by [the gods],[3] I do;
For all thy body's chapt and crack'd like timber,
For want of moisture: what is't thou want'st there, Junius,
An if it be not drink?
Jun. You have too much on't.
Pet. It may be a whore too; say it be; come, meecher,[4]
Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow
Die for a little lap and lechery?
No, it shall ne'er be said in our country,

[1] *ends our swords*] Sympson printed "hands *our swords*," with the following note. "The sense seems to labour here; what I have offered is clear and absolute. Let us use the peace of honour, but not tamely and submissively desire it: no, let us seek it with our swords in our hands, as though we could carve it out for ourselves, if the conditions offered are not honourable." — Sympson's alteration was pronounced by Mason to be the right reading; and it was adopted by Weber, who defends it thus — "Caratach does not mean to say that war is the sole and absolute purpose which the Britons should aim at; but 'the peace of honour,' to be guarded with sword in hand: as the Romans, however, intended a complete subjugation and disarming of the Britons, it became the latter to make no propositions for concluding a 'peace of dishonour.'" — The Editors of 1778 retained the old reading. "'*Ends*,'" they observed, "here means *purposes*: 'we may deal honourably, but our *end* must be war.' This is the sum of the whole speech; and the propriety of this interpretation is confirmed by Bonduca afterwards saying,

'*The Romans shall have* WORTHY WARS.'"

Among the *MS. Notes* of Heath I find as follows. "'*The peace of honour*' I take to be that peace which generous enemies, men of bravery and honour, preserve with their adversaries even in the midst of war: the nature of this peace the poets at the same time explain by adding that it is '*fair dealing*,' that is, that they carry on the war fairly without taking treacherous advantages of each other. This peace Caratach exhorts the Britons to use, but at the same time '*in their ends*,' that is, in their final purposes and determined resolutions, '*to use their swords*,' which is as much as to say, never to lay down their swords till they had driven the Romans quite out of the island. The same expression, '*in our ends*,' is used in a sense much like this before, —

'a truth is none of ours,
Nor *in our ends*, more than the noble bearing' (p. 8);

that is, a truth that will no farther advantage us, nor our final purposes, what we have upon the whole in view, than as we bear ourselves nobly upon the knowledge of it." — I may add, that the Rev. J. Mitford thinks the reading of the folios undoubtedly the genuine one.

[2] *fair*] The correction of Sympson and Seward. — Both the folios "far."

[3] [*the gods*] Both the folios mark the omission here by a break.

[4] *meecher*] Written also *micher* (see p. 425.), — i. e. lurker, skulker, — sly knave.

Thou diedst o' the chin-cough. Hear, thou noble Roman,
The son of her that loves a soldier,
Hear what I promis'd for thee; thus I said:
"Lady, I take thy son to my companion;
Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,
Which is society and lechery;
These two beget commanders: fear not, lady;
Thy son shall lead."
Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.
Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm's in drink? in a good wholesome wench?
I do beseech you, sir, what error? yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk: come, no more fooling;
The general has new wine, new come over.
Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank you.
Pet. "None, I thank you"!
A short and touchy answer: "None, I thank you"!
You do not scorn it, do you?
Jun. Gods defend,[1] sir!
I owe him still more honour.
Pet. "None, I thank you,
No company, no drink, no wench, I thank you"!
You shall be worse entreated, sir.
Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me.
Pet. "None, I thank you"!
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you by your new sirname
Of "Junius None-I-thank-you." I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks,[2] lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges;
I have view'd you, and I have found you by my skill
To be a fool o' the first head,[3] Junius,
And I will hunt you: you are in love, I know it;
You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it;
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;
A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

[1] *defend*] i. e. forbid.
[2] *the forks*] "i. e. the gallows." SYMPSON. No. Compare a passage in act ii. sc. 4;

"I'll have an engine . . . even the *forks*,
Where you shall have two lictors with two whips
Hammer your hide."

The *furca* (a wooden instrument) was fixed round the neck of the offender, with his hands tied to it, and while he was forced to carry it about, he was at the same time scourged.
[3] *a fool o' the first head*] "A phrase from deer-hunting." WEBER.

Enter JUDAS *and four* Soldiers.

Judas. A bean! a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compass.
First Sold. Fight like hogs for acorns!
Sec. Sold. Venture our lives for pig-nuts!
Pet. What ail these rascals?
Third Sold. If this hold, we are starv'd.
Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a-day (a hard world
For officers and men of action),
And those so clipt by Master Mouse, and rotten
(For understand 'em French beans, where the fruits
Are ripen'd, like the people, in old tubs[4])—
For mine own part, I say, I am starv'd already,
Not worth another bean, consum'd to nothing,
Nothing but flesh and bones[5] left, miserable:
Now, if this musty provender can prick me
To honourable matters of atchievement, gentlemen,
Why, there's the point.
Fourth Sold. I'll fight no more.
Pet. You'll hang, then;
A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,
Whose gods are beef and brewis![6] whose brave angers
Do execution upon these and chibbals![7]
Ye dogs' heads[8] i' the porridge-pot! you fight no more!
Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy pie-crust?
Third Sold. Would we had it!
Judas. I may do service, captain.
Pet. In a fish-market:
You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth? do you hope to triumph?
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobbler,
Clap a new sole to the kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye dog-whelps,
You fight, or not fight!
Judas. Captain—
Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies,
Nothing but noise and nastiness!
Judas. Gives us meat,
Whereby we may do.
Pet. Whereby hangs your valour.[9]
Judas. Good bits afford good blows.
Pet. A good position:
How long is't since thou eat'st last? wipe thy mouth,
And then tell truth.

[4] *tubs*] Used for the cure of the venereal disease: see p. 293 and note.
[5] *flesh and bones*] Sympson proposed to read "*skin and bones*"!!!—We have had this joke already,

"I have *nothing left but flesh and bones* about me."
Wit without Money, act v. sc. 1.—p. 653.

[6] *brewis*] Means, in our early English writers, broth, soup.—In Scotland, at the present day, the word, pronounced *brose*, signifies "A kind of pottage, made by pouring water or broth on meal, which is stirred while the liquid is poured. The dish is denominated from the nature of the liquid, as *water-brose*, *kail-brose*." Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*
[7] *chibbals*] "A [small] sort of onions." SYMPSON.
[8] *heads*] Weber printed "head."
[9] *valour*] After this word, both the folios have an interrogation-point; which the modern editors retain.

Judas. I have not eat to the purpose ——
Pet. To the purpose! what's that? half a cow and garlick?
Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes, slaves —
Dare ye cry out for[1] hunger, and those extant?
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em marchpane.[2] To the purpose!
A grievous penance! Dost thou see that gentleman,
That melancholy monsieur?
Jun. Pray you, Petillius —
Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.
Sec. Sold. H'as drunk the more, then.
Third Sold. And that's all one.
Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.
Judas. Captain, we do beseech you, as poor soldiers,
Men that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometimes feel afflictions —— [*To* JUNIUS.
Jun. This, Petillius,
Is not so nobly done.
Pet. 'Tis common profit. —
Urge him to the point; he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach, a strange furmety[3]
Will feed ye up as fat as hens i' the foreheads,
And make ye fight like fitchocks:[4] to him!
Judas. Captain ——
Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?
Pet. See what mettle
It makes in him: two meals more of this melancholy,
And there lies Caratach.
Judas. We do beseech you ——
Sec. Sold. Humbly beseech your valour ——
Jun. Am I only
Become your sport, Petillius?
Judas. But to render
In way of general good, in preservation ——
Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves!
Fourth Sold. Or rather pity ——
Third Sold. Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.
Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.
Pet. Out with your table-books![5]
Jun. Is this true friendship?
And must my killing griefs make others' Maygames? [*Draws.*
Stand from my sword's point, slaves! your poor starv'd spirits
Can make me no oblations; else, oh, Love,
Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows. [*Exit.*
Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir!
Pet. So he does, sir;
And cannot you do so too? All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what provant[6] is: *aye-mes* and hearty *heigh-hoes*
Are sallads fit for soldiers. Live by meat!
By larding up your bodies! 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And shews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight, like camels, with baskets at your noses.
Get ye in love: ye can whore well enough,
That all the world knows; fast ye into famine,
Yet ye can crawl, like crabs, to wenches: handsomely
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
And follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,
There's so much charge sav'd, and your hunger's ended. [*Drum within.*
Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear
No more of these rude murmurings; and discretely
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy
A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *with drum and colours.*

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger despatch'd
To Pœnius, to command him to bring up
The Volans regiment?
Dem. He's there by this time.
Suet. And are the horse well view'd we brought from Mona?[7]
Dec. The troops are full and lusty.
Suet. Good Petillius,
Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.
Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I find
As deaf as adders to delays: your clemency
Hath made their murmurs mutinies, nay, rebellious;
Now, an they want but mustard, they're in uproars;
No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs,
And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy 'em;
The British waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful; Orontes[8] must be sought for,
And apples from the Happy Isles; the truth is,
They are more curious[9] now in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turn'd up their treasures.
This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our fortunes; great discretion

[1] *for*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "of."
[2] *marchpane*] See note, p. 655.
[3] *furmety*] See note, p. 479.
[4] *fitchocks*] See note, p. 415 (where the second letter of this word ought to have been an *i*, not a *y*).
[5] *table-books*] i. e. memorandum-books.
[6] *provant*] i. e. provision.
[7] *Mona*] "i. e. the Isle of Anglesea." *Ed.* 1778.
[8] *Orontes*] "Our poets are sadly out here in their choice of pleasant waters for drinking. Mr. Maundrell says, the waters of this river are thick and turbid, as unfit to be drunk as its fish to be eaten. *Choaspes* was undoubtedly what they would have said; but, trusting to memory, they made this mistake. The waters of this river were famous for their fineness, &c.; and, as Ælian tells us, were drunk by the Persian monarchs, let them be in what part of their dominions they would." SYMPSON.
[9] *curious*] i. e. fastidious, difficult to please.

To follow offer'd victory; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.
Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius; I confess,
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
To execute that will, let in these losses:
All shall be right again; and, as a pine,
Rent from Oëta[1] by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him, so will I,
Piec'd to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer thorough these swelling dangers, plough their prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests.
They keep the field still?
Dem. Confident and full.
Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew:
The hills are wooded with their partizans,[2]
And all the valleys overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank rushes; no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike. Say fortune
And our endeavours bring us into 'em,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,
We shall be kill'd with killing; of desperate women,
That neither fear or shame e'er found, the devil
Has rank'd amongst 'em multitudes; say the men fail,
They'll poison us with their petticoats; say they fail,
They have priests enough to pray us into nothing.
Suet. These are imaginations, dreams of nothings:
The man that doubts or fears ——
Dec. I am free of both.
Dem. The self-same I.
Pet. And I as free as any;
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble general,
It was a wisdom learn'd from you, I learn'd it,
And worthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate circumstance
The ends of accidents, above their offers;
How to go on, and yet[3] to save a Roman,
Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of these painted wasps; how, viewing,
To find advantage out; how, found, to follow it
With counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune
Should claim the victory.
Suet. 'Tis true, Petillius,
And worthily remember'd: the rule's certain,
Their uses no less excellent;[4] but where time
Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all
Tend to a present peril,[5] 'tis requir'd
Our swords and manhoods be best counsellors,
Our expeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,
Where Reason, Time, and Counsel are our camp-masters;
But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
Where pale Destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In wants and mutinies, ourselves but handfuls,
And to ourselves our own fears,[6] needs a new way,
A sudden and a desperate execution:
Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
Only a present well-united strength,
And minds made up for all attempts, despatch it:
Disputing and delay here cools the courage;
Necessity gives [no][7] time for doubts; things infinite,
According to the spirit they are preach'd to;
Rewards like them,[8] and names for after-ages,
Must steel the soldier, his own shame help to arm him;
And having forc'd his spirit, ere he cools,
Fling him upon his enemies: sudden and swift,
Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for't;
Fury must be our fortune; shame we have lost,
Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward:
There is no other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruin, but destruction;
The soldier's order first, and then his anger.
Dem. No doubt, they dare redeem all.
Suet. Then, no doubt,
The day must needs be ours. That the proud woman
Is infinite in number better likes[9] me,
Than if we dealt with squadrons; half her army
Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig their graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears; one single valour,

1 *as a pine,*
Rent from Oëta, &c.] Considerable resemblance may be traced between this simile and the following Greek epigram:
Ὄυρεσιν ἐν δολιχοῖς βλωθρὴν πέτυν ὑέτιός με
πυῤῥίζον γαίης ἐξεκύλισε Νότος·
ἄνθεν ναῦς γενόμην, ἀνέμοις πάλιν ὄφρα μάχωμαι.
ἄνθρωποι τόλμης οὐ ποτε φειδόμενοι.
ΕΠ. ΑΔΕΣΠ. CCCLXXXIV. *Anthol.* t. iv. 199. ed. Jacobs.

2 *partizans*] "i. e. pikes or halberts." *Ed.* 1778.

3 *yet*] Sympson's conjecture, which undoubtedly restores the true reading. He, however, retained in his text the reading of both the folios, "get:" and so did the Editors of 1778, who say that "*to go on and* get" means simply *to proceed with advantage!*

4 *the rule's certain,*
Their uses no less excellent] "Whose uses? the word '*their*' has no correlative: we should read therefore, '*The* uses no less excellent.' Suetonius means to say, that the rule was just, and the application of it excellent." MASON. "Though I have adopted this amendment [by Mason], I much suspect that the inaccuracy was produced by the inadvertency of the poet. Perhaps it would be better to read —

'the *rules are* certain,
Their uses no less excellent.'" WEBER.

I have little doubt that the old text is genuine. — Similar inaccuracies of expression are occasionally to be found in these plays. See notes, pp. 430, 438, 500.

5 *danger, time and all*
Tend to a present peril] "Seward, not understanding this passage, proposes the reading of 'evil' instead of '*peril*,' on a supposition that *danger* and *peril* are synonymous terms: but *peril* does not here mean danger: it means trial or hazard. *Periculum*, in Latin, from which *peril* is derived, has the same signification. The whole of Suetonius's speech tends to prove the necessity of hazarding an action, even on disadvantage." MASON.

6 *to ourselves our own fears*] "i. e. in addition to the circumstance that 'ourselves are but handfuls,' our fears, the fears or dangers of our situation." WEBER.

7 [*no*] Which is absolutely necessary for the sense, was proposed in a note by the Editors of 1778.

8 *Rewards like them*] "The editors having obscured the sense, by puttting the words —

'things infinite,
According to the spirit they are preach'd to,'

into parentheses, conclude either that the text is corrupt, or that a line is lost. But nothing can be plainer. *Rewards like* THEM means *infinite rewards: them* referring to *things infinite*, in the preceding line but one." WEBER (who borrowed this note from Mason).

9 *likes*] i. e. pleases.

The virtues of the valiant Caratach
More doubts[1] me than all Britain: he's a soldier
So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him Roman. But no more. — Petillius,
How stands your charge?
Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, sir.
Suet. 'Tis well govern'd;
To-morrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts;
I' the mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius?
Pet. In's cabin, sick o' the mumps, sir.
Suet. How!
Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably loving,
To the tune of *Queen Dido*.[2]
Dec. Alas, poor gentleman!
Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what lady?
I'll be a spokesman for him.
Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.
Suet. Who is't?
Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest, crack'd i' the ring.[3]
Suet. I am sorry for him:
But, sure, his own discretion will reclaim him;
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can unto the soldiers; fire their spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own provision[4] shall be shar'd amongst 'em,
Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em,
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want forever banish'd. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Before the Tent of* Pœnius.

Enter Pœnius, Regulus, Drusus, *and* Macer.

Pœn. I *must* come!
Macer. So the general commands, sir.
Pœn. I *must* bring up my regiment!
Macer. Believe, sir,
I bring no lie.
Pœn. But did he say, I *must* come?
Macer. So deliver'd.
Pœn. How long is't, Regulus, since I commanded
In Britain here?
Reg. About five years, great Pœnius.
Pœn. The general some five months. Are all my actions
So poor and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remember'd in no nobler language
But *must* come up?
Macer. I do beseech you, sir,
Weigh but the time's estate.
Pœn. Yes, good lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up!
Am I turn'd bare centurion? *must* and *shall*
Fit embassies to court my honour?
Macer. Sir ——
Pœn. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves,
That have march'd name by name with Rome's best doers!
Serve 'em up some other meat; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. I *must* my language![5]

Enter Curius.

Cur. Pœnius, where lies the host?
Pœn. Where fate may find 'em.
Cur. Are they ingirt?
Pœn. The battle's lost.
Cur. So soon?
Pœn. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain-swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.
Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrific'd
For Rome's increase?
Pœn. Yes, Curius; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is smother'd with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhal'd all valours,[6]
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless and out of name, both rude and naked:[7]
Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying
And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes
Into this Britain-gulf, this quicksand-ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us? what noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poison'd with their blasting breaths and curses,

1 *doubts*] i. e. appals.
2 *To the tune of Queen Dido*] See note, p. 499.
3 *crack'd i' the ring*] See note, p. 492. The daughters of Bonduca had been ravished by the Romans.
4 *provision*] The modern editors print "provisions."

5 *my language*] "i. e. language to be used to me." Mason.
6 *valours*] The Editors of 1778 proposed to read "vapours;" of which Mason approves. — "Our authors are very frequently liable to similar objections on the score of inaccuracy of metaphor," &c. Weber.
7 *Noteless and out of name, both rude and naked*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios have,
"*Noteless and out of name*, but *rude and naked*."
Mason conjectured, —
"*Noteless and* not *of name*, but *rude and naked*;"
which was adopted by Weber.

Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are, with labouring sweat and breathless pain,
Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again?
Dru. Pœnius, mark ancient wars, and know that then
A captain weigh'd [1] an hundred thousand men.
Pœn. Drusus, mark ancient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that sav'd his men.
I must not go.
Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, sir.
Pœn. Who drew up, Regulus?
Ha! speak; did you? whose bold will durst attempt this?
Drawn out! why, who commands, sir? on whose warrant
Durst they advance?
Reg. I keep mine own obedience.
Dru. 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants ——
Pœn. Without my knowledge!
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?
Dru. By [Heaven],[2] sir, I am ignorant.
Pœn. What! am I grown a shadow? — Hark! they march. [*Drum within.*
I will know, and will be myself.

Enter Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

Stand, disobedience!
He that advances one foot higher dies for't. —
Run thorough the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge 'em, on command, beat[3] back again;
By [Heaven], I'll tithe 'em[4] all else!
Reg. We'll do our best.
[*Exeunt* DRUSUS *and* REGULUS.
Pœn. Back! cease your bawling drums there;
I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back!
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? home, home! — Ha!
Do ye stare upon me? are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to wildfires?
Oh, gods, to disobedience? Command, farewell!
And be ye witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these men's shames! March, soldiers,
And seek your own sad ruins; your old Pœnius
Dares not behold your murders.
First Sold. Captain!
Sec. Sold. Captain!
Third Sold. Dear, honour'd captain!
Pœn. Too, too dear-lov'd soldiers, —
Which made ye weary of me, and Heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you, —
Take your own wills: 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves; I wrong ye,
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much dishonour'd ye! go, seek the Britons,
And say ye come to glut their sacrifices;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good and govern'd,
Is only left of my command, for story;
What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well. [*Going.*

Re-enter DRUSUS *and* REGULUS.

Dru. Oh, turn again, great Pœnius! see the soldier
In all points apt for duty.
Reg. See his sorrow
For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste he thought to please you with. See, captain,
The toughness of his courage turn'd to water;
See how his manly heart melts.
Pœn. Go; beat homeward;
There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Macer. My answer, sir.
Pœn. Tell the great general,
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches,
Myself no man that *must* or *shall* can carry:
Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;
And, when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the captains.
Macer. All this I shall deliver.
Pœn. Farewell, Macer.
[*Exeunt* PŒNIUS *and* MACER *severally.*
Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief!
Reg. It must needs,
If stout Suetonius win; for then his anger,
Besides the soldier's[5] loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.
Dru. He's a brave fellow;
And, but a little hide his haughtiness
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes),
He shews the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.
Cur. I shall endeavour.
Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen: if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts!
Reg. We dare, alas,[6] but cannot fight our parts!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Before the Tent of* JUNIUS.

Enter JUNIUS, *followed by* PETILLIUS *and a* Herald.

Pet. Let him go on. Stay; now he talks.

[1] *A captain weigh'd*] The correction of the Editors of 1778, which was adopted by Weber. — Both the folios have "Captains *weigh'd.*" — Sympson printed "Ten captains *weigh'd.*"

[2] [*Heaven*] Here, and in the next speech, both the folios mark the omission by a break.

[3] *beat*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "bear;" but in the next page we have, "Go; *beat* homeward."

[4] *tithe 'em*] "i. e. decimate the regiment." WEBER.

[5] *soldier's*] The modern editors print "soldiers';" but compare the speeches of Drusus and Regulus on their re-entrance.

[6] *We dare, alas, &c.*] "This has hitherto been made a continuation of *Curius's* speech; but it is impossible that this line, and that which precedes it, should belong to any one person. *Curius* is going to the engagement, therefore properly speaks the former; but the latter must be spoke by either *Drusus* or *Regulus* (who are subordinate to Pœnius), and is expressive of their discontent at being kept from the field." *Ed.* 1778.

Jun. Why,
Why should I love mine enemy? what is beauty?
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits? Blind they feign him;
I am sure, I find it so ——
Pet. A dog shall lead you.
Jun. His fond affections blighter ——
Pet. Hold you there still.
Jun. It takes away my sleep ——
Pet. Alas, poor chicken!
Jun. My company, content, almost my fashion ——
Pet. Yes, and your weight too,[1] if you follow it.
Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an antidote; 'tis far worse, hell.
Pet. Thou art damn'd without redemption, then.
Jun. The way to't
Strew'd with fair western smiles and April blushes,
Led by the brightest constellations, eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying Heaven;[2] but from thence
No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.
Pet. Yes, a smart water, Junius.
Jun. Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
Than when we have enjoy'd our ends we lose 'em,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages? ——
Pet. Sweet philosopher!
Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy, gods!
Why am I thus ridiculous?
Pet. Motley on thee![3]
Thou art an arrant ass.
Jun. Can red and white,
An eye, a nose, a cheek ——
Pet. But one cheek, Junius?
An half-face'd mistress?
Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Dote on my horse well trapp'd, my sword well hatch'd?[4]
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravish'd),
My nature must not know (she hates our nation),
Thus to dispose my spirit!
Pet. Stay a little; he will declaim again.
Jun. I will not love; I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting
Nor whining for a wench; there are a thousand —
Pet. Hold thee there, boy.
Jun. A thousand will entreat me.
Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.
Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to[5] my fashion valiant; can please nightly.
Pet. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I have known thee
Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.
Jun. I will be man again.
Pet. Now mark the working;
The devil and the spirit tug for't; twenty pound
Upon the devil's head!
Jun. I must be wretched —
Pet. I knew I had won.
Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my fortune.
Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the shapes imagination breeds,
But I will fright thy devil. — Stay, he sings now.

[*Song by* JUNIUS, *and* PETILLIUS *after him in mockage.*

Jun. Must I be thus abus'd?
Pet. Yes, marry, must you. —
Let's follow him close: oh, there he is; now read it.
Her. [*reads.*] *It is the general's command, that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within the trenches: he that fears has liberty*[6] *to leave the field: fools, boys, and lovers,*[7] *must not come near the regiments, for fear of their infections, especially those cowards they call lovers.*
Jun. Ha!
Pet. Read on.
Her. [*reads.*] *If any common soldier love an enemy, he's whipped and made a slave; if any captain, cast, with loss of honours, flung out o' the army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a soldier.*
Jun. The [pox][8] consume ye all, rogues! [*Exit.*
Pet. Let this work;
H'as something now to chew upon. He's gone;
Come, shake no more.
Her. Well, sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their confines ——
Pet. There's your payment; [*Gives money.*
And keep this private.
Her. I am school'd for talking. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Pet. How now, Demetrius! are we drawn?
Dem. 'Tis doing;
Your company stands fair. But, pray you, where's Junius?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty
That Decius leads.
Pet. Hunting for victuals:
Upon my life, free-booting rogues, their stomachs
Are, like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied.

1 Jun. *My company, content, almost my fashion* —
Pet. *Yes, and your weight too*] "The value of any articles made of gold or silver depends upon both the fashion and the weight; to this Petillius alludes." MASON.
2 *envying Heaven*] Rightly explained by Seward (and Mason) — vying with, emulating Heaven. — Weber thought that it probably meant — causing Heaven to envy.
3 *Motley on thee*] "i. e. 'You deserve to wear a fool's habit,' which was composed of various colours." WEBER.
4 *hatch'd*] See note, p. 425.
5 *to*] i. e. in addition to.
6 *fears has liberty*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios have "*fears* his *libertie*."
7 *lovers*] Altered by Sympson to "cowards;" and so his successors.
8 [*pox*] A break here in both the folios

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy
Master of all the country.
Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on ladders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.[1]
Dem. They may be hang'd, though.
Pet. There's their joyful supper;
And, no doubt, they are at it.
Dem. But, for Heaven's sake,
How does young Junius?
Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.
Dem. What, to his end?
Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.
Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.
Pet. Oh, a great one,
Fit to command young goslings. But what news?
Dem. I think the messenger's come back from Pœnius
By this time; let's go know.
Pet. What will you say now,
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd
With an ill accent, or some style left out?
Dem. I cannot think he dare.
Pet. He dare speak treason,
Dare say what no man dares believe, dares do ——
But that's all one: I'll lay you my black armour
To twenty crowns, he comes not.
Dem. Done.
Pet. You'll pay?
Dem. I will.
Pet. Then keep thine old use, Pœnius,
Be stubborn and vain-glorious, and I thank thee.
Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us
I fear will trouble Heaven no more: two good blows
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,
And my part's done.
Dem. I do not think of dying.
Pet. 'Tis possible we may live; but, Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,
Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,
That I may drink yet like a soldier ——
Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on your armour.
Pet. Mine's in your purse, sir; let's go try the wager. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The British Camp. In the background, the tent of* BONDUCA. *A rock on one side of the stage.*[2]

Enter British Soldiers, bringing in JUDAS *and four Roman Soldiers with halters about their necks;* BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* NENNIUS *following, with Servants.*

Bond. Come, hang 'em presently.
Nen. What made your rogueships
Harrying[3] for victuals here? are we your friends?
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? do not ye long for't?
Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must,
And 'tis as good to despatch it merrily,
As pull an arse, like dogs, to't.
First Sold. Any way,
So it be handsome.
Third Sold. I had as lief 'twere toothsome too:
But all agree, and I'll not out,[4] boys.
Fourth Sold. Let's hang pleasantly.
Judas. Then pleasantly be it. — Captain, the truth is,
We had as lief hang with meat in our mouths,
As ask your pardon empty.
Bond. These are brave hungers. —
What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?
Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell you.
Bond. Torment 'em, wenches; — I must back; — then hang 'em. [*Exit.*
Judas. We humbly thank your grace.
First Daugh. The rogues laugh at us.
Sec. Daugh. Sirrah, what think you of a wench now?
Judas. A wench, lady!
I do beseech your ladyship, retire;
I'll tell you presently: you see the time's short;
One crash, even to the settling of my conscience.
Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?
Judas. Yes, ride too, captain,
Will you but see my seat.
First Daugh. You shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake you.
Judas. Sheets, good madam,
Will do it ten times better.[5]
First Daugh. Whips, good soldier,
Which you shall taste before you hang, to mortify you;
'Tis pity you should die thus desperate.
Sec. Daugh. These are the merry Romans, the brave madcaps: —
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions. —
Bring out the whips.
Judas. Would your good ladyship
Would exercise 'em too!
Fourth Sold. Surely, ladies,
We'd shew you a strange patience.
Nen. Hang 'em, rascals!
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter CARATACH.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?

[1] *Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers*] "Sympson reads, '*Ropes*, gallows's, *and* overlook *all dangers*.' To OVERDO *all dangers* is to *run more risks than the occasion requires*. We see no need of altering the old text." *Ed.* 1778.

[2] *A rock on one side o the stage*] I have substituted these words for Weber's "*with a raised Platform*." The folios, of course, do not mark the locality.

[3] *Harrying*] "i. e. pillaging, plundering [or, as Nennius presently says, foraging]." WEBER.

[4] *I'll not out*] i. e. I will make one of the party. — Altered by Sympson to "*I'll not* stick *out*;" and so his successors!

[5] First Daugh. *You shall be set, sir,*
Upon a jade shall shake you.
Judas. *Sheets, good madam,*
Will do it ten times better] "*The shaking of the sheets* was a favourite dance, and is repeatedly alluded to in old plays, [generally with a *double entendre*]." WEBER.

Nen. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.
Car. Is that all, Nennius?
Judas. Would I were fairly hang'd! this is the devil,
The kill-cow Caratach.[1]
Car. And you would hang 'em?
Nen. Are they not enemies?
First Sold. My breech makes buttons.[2]
First Daugh. Are they not our tormentors?
Car. Tormentors! flea-traps.[3] —
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, Caratach;
Taint not your wisdom.
Car. Wisdom, Nennius!
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we despatch our foes thus? What's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger,
A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?
Do these deserve the gallows? they are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starv'd. —
Art thou not hungry?
Judas. Monstrous hungry.
Car. He looks like Hunger's self. Get 'em some victuals,
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick.
[*Exeunt Servants.*
Hang up poor pilchers![4]
Sec. Sold. This is the bravest captain ——
Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your will.
Car. I'll answer all, sir. [*Exit* NENNIUS.
Sec. Daugh. Let's up and view his entertainment of 'em.
I am glad they are shifted any way; their tongues else
Would still have murder'd us.
First Daugh. Let's up and see it.
[*Exeunt* Daughters.

Enter HENGO.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves. — Why, where's this wine and victuals?
Who waits there?
Serv.[5] [*within.*] Sir, 'tis coming.
Hengo. Who are these, uncle?
Car. They are Romans, boy.
Hengo. Are these they
That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they look
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em;
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:
Why, I dare fight with these.
Car. That's my good chicken! — And how do ye?
How do you feel your stomachs?
Judas. Wondrous apt, sir;
As shall appear when time calls.

Re-enter Servants *with victuals and wine, and set out a table.*

Car. That's well; down with't. —
A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly;
You'll choke, ye knaves, else. — Give 'em wine.
Judas. Not yet, sir;
We're even a little busy.
Hengo. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat? — Thou fellow —
Judas. Away, boy,
Away! this is no boy's play.
Hengo. By [Heaven,][6] uncle,
If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most valiant.
Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.
Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?
Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good soldiers.
Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?
Car. No more, boy.
Come, I'll sit with you too, — Sit down by me, boy.
Judas. Pray, bring your dish, then.
Car. Hearty knaves! — More meat there.
First Sold. That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now, and pledge me.
Judas. This little piece, sir.
Car. By [Heaven],[6] square[7] eaters! —
More meat, I say! — Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month: how terribly
They charge upon their victuals! — Dare ye fight thus?
Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils.
Car. Well said, Famine:
Here's to thy general. [*Drinks.*
Judas. Most excellent captain,
I will now pledge thee.
Car. And to-morrow night, say to him,
His head is mine.
Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing.[8]
Car. Well said.

Enter Daughters *on the rock.*

First Daugh. Here's a strange entertainment: how the thieves drink!
Sec. Daugh. Danger is dry; they look'd for colder liquor.
Car. Fill 'em more wine; give 'em full bowls. — Which of you all now,

[1] *The kill-cow Caratach*] "In this place the poet evidently alludes, in spite of the anachronism, to the redoubted Guy of Warwick, whose destruction of the Dun Cow of Dunsmore-heath was not one of the least perilous adventures atchieved by knights errant." WEBER.

[2] *My breech makes buttons*] See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 179, ed. 1768.

[3] *Tormentors! flea-traps*] The allusion is to articles which were formerly hawked about the streets of London. Among "The Cries of Rome" [London], appended to Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, we find, "Buy a very fine mouse-trap or a *tormentor for your fleaes*." See also *Bartholomew Fair*, act iii. sc. 1. — Jonson's *Works*, ii. 415. ed. Gifford (who has no note on the passage); and *The Travels of Twelve-pence*, p. 71 — Taylor's *Workes*, ed. 1630.

[4] *pilchers*] i. e. pilchards.

[5] *Serv.*] The first folio has "Suit.," the second "Swet."

[6] [*Heaven*] Here both the folios have a break.

[7] *square*] i. e. stout, hearty. So in *The Captain*, act ii. sc. 2. (p. 494) we have, —

"*Fred.* And a *tall* one too.
Lod. Yes, *of his teeth*," &c.

[8] *He will not give it for this washing*] This proverbial expression has already occurred: see *Cupid's Revenge*, act iv sc. 3. p. 368.

In recompense of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle?
Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompense,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it.
Hengo. Thou dar'st as well be damn'd: thou knock his brains out,
Thou skin of man! — Uncle, I will not hear this.
Judas. Tie up your whelp.
Hengo. Thou kill my uncle! would I
Had but a sword for thy sake, thou dried dog!
Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries!
Hengo. Kill mine uncle!
Car. He shall not, child.
Hengo. He cannot; he's a rogue,
An only eating rogue: kill my sweet uncle!
Oh, that I were a man!
Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to Captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter
Most sweetly and most fearfully, I will do it.
Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.
Car. No more, boy. —
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows! [*Drinks.*
Sec. Daugh. In love with me! that love shall cost your lives all. —
Come, sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easy conquest of 'em,
If fortune favour me. [*Exeunt* Daughters *above.*
Car. Let's see ye sweat
To-morrow blood and spirit, boys, this wine
Turn'd to stern valour.
First Sold. Hark you, Judas;
If he should hang us after all this?
Judas. Let him:
I'll hang like a gentleman and a Roman.
Car. Take away there;
They have enough. [*The table removed.*
Judas. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer; and, if we meet to-morrow,
One of us pays for't.
Car. Get 'em guides; their wine
Has over-master'd 'em. [*Exit a* Servant.

Re-enter Second Daughter *and a* Servant.

Sec. Daugh. That hungry fellow
With the red beard[1] there, give it him, and this
To see it well deliver'd. [*Giving letter and purse.*
Car. Farewell, knaves:
Speak nobly of us; keep your words to-morrow,
And do something worthy your meat. —

Enter a Guide.

Go, guide 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.
Judas. Meaning me, sir?
Serv. The same.
The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you
To give this privately to Captain Junius;
This for your pains.

[1] *With the red beard*] Judas Iscariot, according to the common notion, had red hair and beard, and was so represented in tapestries and pictures. Hence (absurdly enough) "the red beard" of Corporal *Judas.*

Judas. I rest her humble servant;
Commend me to thy lady. — Keep your files, boys.
Serv. I must instruct you farther.
Judas. Keep your files there;
Order, sweet friends; faces about[2] now.
Guide. Here, sir;
Here lies your way.
Judas. Bless the founders,[3] I say. —
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now; close, boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The Roman Camp.*

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe! not come, because commanded!
Was it not thus?
Macer. It was, sir.
Pet. What now think you?
Suet. *Must come* so heinous to him, so distasteful!
Pet. Give me my money.
Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir,
And presently I'll pay it.
Suet. His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tender'd!
Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The captains at all points steel'd up; their preparations
Full of resolve and confidence; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Pœnius
Stept, like a stormy cloud, 'twixt them and hopes.
Suet. And stopt their resolutions?
Macer. True; his reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.
Suet. Well, Pœnius,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think: thou hast lopt a limb off from me;
And let it be thy glory thou wast stubborn,
Thy wisdom that thou left'st thy general naked:
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see
All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wish "I *must* come up" had been thy blessing.
Pet. Let's force him.
Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stem.
Pet. I think, a traitor.
Suet. No ill words: let his own shame first revile him. —
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles
May presently advance; no man discover,

[2] *faces about*] i. e. wheel, turn about: see note, p. 307. The expression occurs several times in these plays.
[3] *Bless the founders*] See note, p. 450.

Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your starv'd people yet come home?
Dec. I hope so.
Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience: this is no time
To chide; I could be angry else, and say more to you;
But come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my saint.
Pet. We shall be holy all, then.
[*Exeunt all except* DECIUS.

Enter JUDAS *and four* Soldiers.

Judas. Captain, captain, I have brought 'em off again;
The drunkenest slaves!
Dec. [Pox][1] confound your rogueships!
I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.
Judas. Pray, who will you command, then?
Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ringleader to these devices,
Whose maw is never cramm'd, I'll have an engine—
Judas. A wench, sweet captain.
Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,[2]
Where you shall have two lictors with two whips
Hammer your hide.
Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain: if you like not us,
Farewell; we have employment.
Dec. Where hast thou been?
Judas. There where you dare not be, with all your valour.
Dec. Where's that?
Judas. With the best good fellow living.
First Sold. The king of all good fellows.
Dec. Who's that?
Judas. Caratach.
Shake now, and say we have done something worthy;
Mark me, with Caratach; by this [light],[3] Caratach:
Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach!—
You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking,—
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach!—Besides the drink, captain,
The bravest running banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef!
Dec. How scap'd ye hanging?
Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen;
And I say still, old Caratach!
Dec. Belike, then,
You are turn'd rebels all.
Judas. We are Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,
This day, this very day——
Dec. Away, you rascal!
Judas. Fair words, I say again.
Dec. What must you do, sir?
Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to do;
But my word's past.
Dec. What is it?
Judas. Why, kill Caratach:
That's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Judas. Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin, I had not promis'd it!
For such another Caratach——
Dec. [illegible]me, fool,
Have y[illegible] done your country service?
Judas. I have brought that
To captain Junius——
Dec. How!
Judas. I think will do all;
I cannot tell; I think so.
Dec. How! to Junius!—
I'll more inquire of this. [*Aside.*]—You'll fight now?
Judas. Promise,
Take heed of promise, captain!
Dec. Away, and rank, then.
Judas. But, hark you, captain; there is wine distributing;
I would fain know what share I have.
Dec. Be gone;
You have too much.
Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting:
There's one call'd Caratach that has wine.
Dec. Well, sir,
If you'll be rul'd now, and do well——
Judas. Do excellent.
Dec. You shall have wine, or any thing: go file;
I'll see you have your share. Drag out your dormice,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep handsomely;
They'll hear a hunt's-up,[4] shortly.
Judas. Now I love thee;
But no more forks nor whips!
Dec. Deserve 'em not, then.
Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;
And get 'em sober quickly. [*Exit.*
Judas. Arm, arm, bullies!
All's right again and straight; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis![5]
Be sober and discreet; we have much to do, boys. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Temple of the Druids.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice! the queen comes.

[1] [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.
[2] *forks*] See note, p. 760.
[3] [*light*] "The modern editors fill up the gap with *Heaven*; but, as I do not recollect the phrase—*by this heaven*, I have substituted an asseveration more common." WEBER.

[4] *a hunt's-up*] Properly, a tune to rouse and call together the sportsmen in a morning.
[5] *men of Memphis*] This cant expression has occurred before: see p. 654.

Music. Enter in solemnity the Druids *singing, second* Daughter *strewing flowers; then* BONDUCA, *First* Daughter, CARATACH, NENNIUS, *and others.*

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers;
Hear us, you great revengers; and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours;
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast; the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless! On our [illegible]
This day pale Terror sit, horrors and [illegible]s
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armèd carts; and 'fore our troops
Despair and Death; Shame beyond these attend 'em!
Rise from the dust, ye relics of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing;
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!

Nen. Thou great Tiranes,[1] whom our sacred priests,
Armèd with dreadful thunder, place on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home; stick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction; thorough their phalanx
Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree; shake their bodies,
Make their strengths totter, and their topless[2] fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin!

First Daugh. Oh, thou god,
Thou fearèd god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs and ravishments of women
(Women deriv'd from thee), their shames, the sufferings
Of those that daily fill'd thy sacrifice
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me!
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans,
Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessèd isle
Of what Rome is or has been!

Bond. Give more[3] incense:
The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts: pour on.

Sec. Daugh. See, Heaven,
And all you powers that guide us, see, and shame,
We kneel so long for pity! Over your altars,
Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your powers into compassion:
This tear for Prasutagus[4] my brave father;
(Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my mother
And all her miseries; yet see, and save us!
But now ye must be open-ey'd. See, Heaven,
Oh, see thy showers stoln from thee; our dishonours, —
Oh, sister, our dishonours! — can ye be gods,
And these sins smother'd?

[*A smoke from the altar.*

Bond. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fretful[5] prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions;
The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em. —
Divine Andate,[6] thou who hold'st the reins
Of furious battles and disorder'd war,
And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot-wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steel'd sternness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both sides, wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-ey'd god;[7] who does best,
Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!
Grant this, divine Andate! 'tis but justice;
And my first blow thus on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee. [*A flame arises.*

Bond. It flames out.

Car. Now sing, ye Druides.[8] [*Music and Song.*

Bond. 'Tis out again.

[1] *Tiranes*] "Thus wrote our authors, though the antiquarians of latter days have not followed their example.
"Mr. Sammes, in his *Britannia Antiqua Illustrata*, calls this god *Taramis*: Toland, in his *Remains*, *Taramis* or *Taranis*, but Mr. Baxter allows neither the one or the other. *Jupiter Tonans* verò sive *Tanarus* Lucano *Taranis* Gallorum lingua dicitur. Nam vitiosum esse *Taramis*, Britannorum hodierna lingua clarissimo est argumento, cui *Tonitrua* dicuntur *Taraneu*, ut sit singulari numero *Taran*. Vid. *Glossar. Antiq. Britannic. in voc. Tanarus.* From so great a choice of names as I have here served up, the reader may take which pleases him best." SYMPSON.

[2] *topless*] i. e. supreme, having no superior: the word is very common with this meaning. Here the Editors of 1778 proposed to read "sapless"!

[3] *Give more*] Weber chose to print "*Give* me *more*."

[4] *Prasutagus*] Both the folios "Prosutagus:" but see Taciti *Ann.* xiv. 31.

[5] *fretful*] The first folio has "fetrfull." — The second reads "fearful;" and so Sympson.

[6] *Andate*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "Audate." — "The real name of this goddess, says Mr. Baxter from Xiphilin, is not *Andate* but *Andrasta*: and so I have ventured to alter the text."!! SYMPSON.

[7] *thou red-ey'd god*] "As the Greeks use Θεὸς, and the Latins *Deus*, both for god and goddess, so our poets here have taken the same liberty, and call Andrasta *red-eyed god*, though she was really a goddess." SYMPSON. "Caratach does not address Andate any where as a goddess, but alludes to a god in a very distinct manner three several times. — '*He* has given us leave to fight.' — 'Tempt *him* no more.' — '*His* hidden meaning.' — This makes it more than probable that Fletcher was not very accurately skilled in the British mythology." WEBER. — The second folio has 'Tempt *her* no more' and '*Her* hidden meaning;' but that folio is of much less authority than the first.

[8] *Druides*] "The poets uniformly pronounce and spell this as a trisyllable." WEBER, — who had forgotten the line in preceding col., —

"Whose noble deeds our holy *Druids* sing."

Car. H'as[1] given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more;
The rest hangs in our resolutions:
Tempt him no more.
Bond. I would know further, cousin.
Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours;
Our valours are our best gods. Cheer the soldier,
And let him eat.
Mess. He's at it, sir.
Car. Away, then;
When he has done, let's march. — Come, fear not, lady;
This day the Roman gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.
Bond. Now I am confident.
[*Exeunt, recorders*[2] *playing.*

SCENE II. — *The Roman Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.
Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forsake me in so just a service,
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?
Read but the letter; you may love too,
Dec. Read it.
If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you.
Read it, good Curius.
Cur. Willingly.
Jun. Now mark it.
Cur. [*Reads.*] *Health to thy heart, my honour'd Junius,*
And all thy love requited! I am thine,
Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
Compels this; 'tis the gods' decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet; yet fail not;
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger to come to me;
For I have purpos'd a delivery
Both of myself and fortune this blest day
Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To shew thee
How infinite my love is, even my mother
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your danger like a lover,
A just affecter of thy faith: thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly; and our marriage,
If not redeem,[3] *yet lessen Rome's ambition:*
I am weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour;
And let this disobedience to my parent[4]
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest;
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles; we will be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young Bonvica.

This letter carries much belief, and most objections
Answer'd,[5] we must have doubted.
Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet?
Jun. Yes.
Dec. And examin'd?
Jun. Far more than that; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.
Dec. Strange!
Cur. If she mean what she writes, as't may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.
Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.
Dec. Think an hour more;
Then, if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.
Jun. Nobly done: I thank ye.
Ye know the time.
Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.
Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready?
Jun. All our troops attend, sir.
Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, Junius:
I hope you are dispossess'd.
Jun. I hope so too, sir.
Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now:
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itself: to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
But loss of time; ye[6] know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so: to tell ye further,
His body shews more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance: draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topless[7] Apennine,[8] and blows
To all the under-world, all nations, the seas,
And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells;

[1] *H'as*] Sympson printed (from Theobald's marginal note) "Sh'as."
[2] *recorders*] i. e. flageolets.
[3] *redeem*] The Editors of 1778 propose, very unnecessarily, to read "reclaim."
[4] *parent*] Both the folios have "parents;" and so Sympson.

[5] *Answer'd*] i. e. *Are* answered.
[6] *ye*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "yet." Sympson gave "*ye*" as *a conjectural correction*, in which "Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward concurred with him"!
[7] *topless*] See note, p. 770.
[8] *Apennine*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "Perinine". — The Editors of 1778 thought proper to give the passage thus (hoping that their alterations would "be allowed *to throw new beauties* on it!!);

"loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, where the snow dwells,
And blows to all the under-world, all nations,
The seas and unfrequented desarts; wakens
The ruin'd monuments; and there where nothing
But eternal death and sleep is, informs again
The dead bones with your virtues. Go on, I say:
Valiant and wise rule Heav'n, and all the great
Aspects! attend 'em, do but blow upon
This enemy, who but," &c.

Wakens the ruin'd monuments; and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
Go on, I say: valiant and wise rule Heaven,
And all the great aspects[1] attend 'em: do but blow
Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours; fight and conquer!
Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.
Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot!
Suet. Sufficient.
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
March close and sudden, like a tempest: all executions [*March.*
Done without sparkling[2] of the body; keep your phalanx
Sure-lin'd and piec'd together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Country between the Camps. A hill on one side of the stage.*

Enter CARATACH *and* NENNIUS.

Nen. The Roman is advanc'd; from yond hill's brow
We may behold him, Caratach.
Car. Let's thither. [*They ascend the hill.*
[*Drums at one place afar off.*
I see the dust fly. Now I see the body;
Observe 'em, Nennius; by [Heaven],[3] a handsome body,
And of a few strongly and wisely jointed:
Suetonius is a soldier.
Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.
Car. Very likely;
He shews no less than general: see how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains stick like plumes: he comes apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant
Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,
And, as he charges, open to enclose 'em;
The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard.
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't.
Haste thee, good Nennius; I'll follow instantly.
[*Exit* NENNIUS.

How close they march, as if they grew together,
[*March sounded within.*
No place but lin'd alike, sure from oppression!
They will not change this figure; we must charge 'em,
And charge 'em home at both ends, van and rear;
They[4] never totter else.
[*Drums in another place afar off.*
I hear our music,
And must attend it. Hold, good sword, but this day,
And bite hard where I hound thee;[5] and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Before the Roman Camp.*

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Jun. Now is the time; the fellow stays.
Dec. What think you?
Cur. I think 'tis true.
Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of you so naked, to run headlong?
Dec. Let's take Petillius with us.
Jun. By no means;
He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous
But where the end's his own: we are strong enough,
If not too many. Behind yonder hill,
The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded,
Her mother and her sister.
Cur. I would venture.
Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't. Weigh the good,
The general good may come.
Dec. Away! I'll with ye;
But with what doubt——
Jun. Fear not: my soul for all!
[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in several places afar off, as at a main battle.*

SCENE V. — *Near the Field of Battle. A hill on one side of the stage.*[6]

Enter DRUSUS *and* PŒNIUS *above.*

Dru. Here you may see 'em all, sir; from this hill
The country shews off level.
Pœn. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites!
The Roman power shews like a little star
Hedg'd with a double halo.[7] — Now the knell rings: [*Loud shouts within.*
Hark, how they shout to the battle! how the air
Totters, and reels, and rends a-pieces, Drusus,
With the huge-vollied clamours!
Dru. Now they charge
(Oh, gods!) of all sides, fearfully.

[1] *aspects*] "This is an allusion to judicial astrology." MASON.
[2] *sparkling*] i. e. scattering, dispersing — a sense in which the word occurs again in these plays more than once.
[3] [*Heaven*] Both the folios have a break here.
[4] *They*] Sympson printed "They'll."
[5] *hound thee*] i. e. set thee on.
[6] *A hill on one side of the stage*] Weber gave "*In the Back-ground the Tent of Pœnius, with a Platform.*"
[7] *halo*] The first folio has "halloa;" the second "hollo"

Pœn. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing Hydra one short hour,
And thou hast out-done Hercules!
Dru. The dust hides 'em;
We cannot see what follows.
Pœn. They are gone,
Gone, swallow'd, Drusus; this eternal sun
Shall never see 'em march more.
Dru. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field! some forty
Against four hundred!
Pœn. Well fought, bravely follow'd!
Oh, nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too! Drusus,
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all;
[*Loud shouts within.*
Close, close, I say! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men? More daring spirits?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they are gone too;
For ever gone: see, Drusus, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,
Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where's thy wisdom?
Dru. They are gone indeed, sir.
Pœn. Look out toward the army;
I am heavy with these slaughters.
Dru. 'Tis the same still,
Cover'd with dust and fury.

Enter Daughters *with* Junius, Curius, Decius, *and* Soldiers.

Sec. Daugh. Bring 'em in;
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.
First Daugh. Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your loves!
Sec. Daugh. Your death[s], fools!
Dec. We deserve 'em;
And, women, do your worst.
First Daugh. Ye need not beg it.
Sec. Daugh. Which is kind Junius?
First Sold.[1] This.
Sec. Daugh. Are you my sweetheart?
It looks ill on't. How long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first lov'd? had we not reason
To dote extremely upon one another?
How does my love? This is not he; my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.
Jun. Monster ——
Sec. Daugh. Oh, now it courts!
Jun. Arm'd with more malice
Than he that got thee has, the devil.
Sec. Daugh. Good:
Proceed, sweet chick.
Jun. I hate thee; that's my last.
Sec. Daugh. Nay, an you love me, forward! — No? — Come, sister,
Let's prick our answers on our arrows' points,
And make 'em laugh a little. — Ye damn'd lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i' the noose? Since ye are such loving creatures,
We'll be your Cupids: do ye see these arrows?
We'll send 'em to your wanton livers, goats.
First Daugh. Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains,
Ambitious salt-itch'd slaves, Rome's master-sins!
The mountain-rams topp'd[2] your hot mothers.
Sec. Daugh. Dogs,
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck!
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my fell[3] anger
I do not out-do all example!

Enter Caratach.

Car. Where,
Where are these ladies? — Ye keep noble quarter!
Your mother thinks ye dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle. — Sure, these faces
I have beheld and known; they are Roman leaders:
How came they here?
Sec. Daugh. A trick, sir, that we us'd;
A certain policy conducted 'em
Unto our snare: we have done you no small service.
These us'd as we intend, we are for the battle.
Car. As you intend! taken by treachery!
First Daugh. Is't not allow'd?
Car. Those that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by craft!
Sec. Daugh. By any means that's lawful.
Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs! Out!
Out,[4] ye sluts, ye follies! From our swords
Filch our revenges basely! — Arm again, gentlemen. —
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.
Sec. Daugh. By [Heaven],[5] uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes.
Car. By [Heaven],
You should have kept your legs close, then. — Despatch there.
First Daugh. I will not off thus.
Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be yourselves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day given us,
Not to be snatch'd out of our hands but basely,
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for soldiers? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stales[6] for victories.
Give 'em their swords.

1 *First Sold.*] Both the folios "Serv." (in consequence of which, the Editors of 1778 and Weber added to the stage-direction on the entrance of the Daughters "*and Servants.*" But "Serv." means merely one of the soldiers who bring in the captives.)

2 *topp'd*] Weber and the Editors of 1778 printed "tupt."

3 *fell*] So the first folio (a reading which Sympson gives as a *correction* by himself and Seward!). — The second folio "self."

4 *Out*] The Editors of 1778 printed "*Out*, out;" and so Weber

5 [*Heaven*] Here, and in the next speech, both the folios mark the omission by a break.

6 *stales*] i. e. decoys. — Both the folios have "scales."

Sec. Daugh. Oh, gods!
Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother.
Sec. Daugh. One shot, gentle uncle!
Car. One cut her fiddle-string! — Bear 'em off, I say!
First Daugh. The [devil][1] take this fortune!
Car. Learn to spin,
And curse your knotted hemp.
[*Exeunt* Daughters *and* Soldiers.
Go, gentlemen,
Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser;
There thank me like tall[2] soldiers: I shall seek ye. [*Exit.*
Cur. A noble worth!
Dec. Well, Junius?
Jun. Pray ye, no more!
Cur. He blushes; do not load him.
Dec. Where's your love now?
[*Drums loud within.*
Jun. Puff, there it flies! Come, let's redeem our follies.
[*Exeunt* JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.
Dru. Awake, sir; yet the Roman body's whole;
I see 'em clear again.
Pœn. Whole! 'tis not possible;
Drusus, they must be lost.
Dru. By [Heaven],[3] they are whole, sir,
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.
Pœn. But see there, Drusus, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains!
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm; see them, and view 'em,
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armèd carts stand, a new army!
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdering!
Death rides in triumph, Drusus, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em;
Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought![4] honour till now ne'er shew'd
Her golden face i' the field: like lions, gentlemen,
You've held your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,
Curius, and Decius?
Pet. Gone to Heaven, I think, sir.
Suet. Their worths go with 'em! Breathe a while. How do ye?
Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart's whole yet.
Dem. Would they would give us more ground!
Suet. Give! we'll have it.
Pet. Have it! and hold it too, despite the devil.

Re-enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Jun. Lead up to the head, and line sure: the queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general?
Suet. Oh, they are living yet! — Come, my brave soldiers,
Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye: live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.
Jun. Best;
We shall appear the sterner to the foe.
Dec. More wounds, more honour.
Pet. Lose no time.
Suet. Away, then;
And stand this shock, ye have stood the world.
Pet. We'll grow to't. —
Is not this better now than lousy loving?
Jun. I am myself, Petillius.
Pet. 'Tis I love thee.[5]
[*Exeunt all, except* DRUSUS *and* PŒNIUS *above.*

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, CARATACH, NENNIUS, *and* Soldiers.

Car. Charge 'em i' the flanks! Oh, you have play'd the fool,
The fool extremely, the mad fool!
Bond. Why, cousin?
Car. The woman-fool! why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people
In gross before the enemy? we pay for't;
Our own swords cut our throats: why, [a pox][6] on't,
Why do you offer to command? the devil,
The devil and his dam too, who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs?
Bond. I'll help all.
Car. Home,
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.
[*Exeunt* BONDUCA *and* Daughters.
Open before there, or all's ruin['d]! — How!
[*Shouts within.*
Now comes the tempest — on ourselves, by [Heaven]![7]
[*Within.*] *Victoria!*
Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman! [*Exit with* NENNIUS *and* Soldiers.
Dru. *Victoria, victoria!*
Pœn. How's that, Drusus?
Dru. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look, look, look, sir,
For Heaven's sake, look!
The Britons fly, the Britons fly! *Victoria!*

[1] [*devil*] A break here in both the folios.
[2] *tall*] i. e. stout, bold.
[3] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.
[4] *Oh, bravely fought*, &c.] Such is the arrangement of this speech in both the folios. The Editors of 1778 gave a new division of the lines, that the metre might run on regularly from the preceding speech; and so Weber.

[5] *'Tis I love thee*] Sympson, with the approbation of Seward, printed "*'Tis* now *I love thee.*" The Editors of 1778 rightly observe that "Petillius means to oppose *his* love to that of Bonvica."
[6] [*a pox*] Here both the folios have a break.
[7] [*Heaven*] Here both the folios have a break.

Re-enter SUETONIUS, JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, &c., *and* Soldiers.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers.
Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius! they are ours,
The world cannot redeem 'em. Stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers!
[*Exeunt all, except* DRUSUS *and* PŒNIUS *above.*

Re-enter BONDUCA *and* Daughters, *with* Soldiers.

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons?
Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again? Back, cowards!
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave me?
Leave your queen desolate? her hapless children to Roman rape again and fury?

Re-enter CARATACH *with* HENGO.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards!
Ye have wings enough, ye fear! — Get thee gone, woman, [*Loud shout within.*
Shame tread upon thy heels! All's lost, all's lost! Hark,
Hark how the Romans ring our knells!
[*Exeunt* BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* Soldiers.
Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.
Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me [*Takes* HENGO *on his back*]; shake not;
I'll breech[1] you, if you do, boy. —

Re-enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Come, brave Romans;
All is not lost yet.
Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach.
Car. Thou art a soldier; strike home, home! have at you! [*They fight. Drums.*
Pœn. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.
Dec. I am weary.
Pet. So am I.
Car. Send more swords to me.
[*Exit with* HENGO.
Jun. Let's sit and rest.
[JUN., PET., *and* DEC., *sit down.*
Dru. What think you now?
Pœn. Oh, Drusus,
I have lost mine honour, lost my name,[2]
Lost all that was my light! These are true Romans,
And I a Briton-coward, a base coward!
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me! Oh, blind Fortune,
Hast thou abus'd me thus?
Dru. Good sir, be comforted;
It was your wisdom rul'd you. Pray you, go home;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat sounded within.*
Pœn. Fool, fool, coward!
[*Exeunt* PŒNIUS *and* DRUSUS *above.*

Re-enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

Suet. Draw in, draw in! — Well have ye fought, and worthy
Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
Defy us once again: to-morrow morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know our fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls. Come, sons of Honour,
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd[3] with Britain-blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in gules[4] like suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Roman Camp. Before the tent of* JUNIUS.

Enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* DEMETRIUS, *singing.*

Pet. Smooth was his cheek,
Dec. And his chin it was sleek,
Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!
Dem. Junius was this captain's name,
A lad for a lass's viewing.
Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,
Dec. Made up for love's pursuing.
Dem. Smooth was his cheek,
Pet. And his chin it was sleek,
Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!

Pet. Oh, my vex'd thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy brains perfect?
Jun. Sound as bells.
Pet. Thy back-worm
Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?
Jun. Dead, Petillius,
Dead to all folly, and now my anger only.
Pet. Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his quiver,
A drunken brawling boy! Thy honour'd saint
Be thy ten shillings, Junius; there's the money,
And there's the ware; square dealing: this but sweats thee
Like a nesh[5] nag, and makes thee look pin-buttock'd;
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads,[6]
And shews thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
Turn'd to a tail of green-fish[7] without butter.
Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of wine,

[1] *breech*] "i. e. whip." MASON.
[2] *my name*] Qy. "*my name* for ever"? — Sympson altered the original regulation of this speech, and was followed by the Editors of 1778.

[3] *hatch'd*] Equivalent here to — adorned, coloured; see note, p. 425.
[4] *gules*] "The heraldic term for *red*." WEBER.
[5] *nesh*] "i. e. tender, delicate." SYMPSON.
[6] *ballads*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "madness;" and so Sympson.
[7] *green-fish*] "Green-fish, Asellus." "A Seller of Green-fish, Salsamentarius." Coles's *Dict.*

A mistress for a king; she leaps to kiss thee;
Her red and white's her own; she makes good blood,
Takes none away; what she heats sleep can help,
Without a groping surgeon.
Jun. I am counsell'd;
And henceforth, when I dote again ——
Dem. Take heed;
You had almost paid for't.
Pet. Love no more great ladies;
Thou canst not step amiss, then: there's no delight in 'em;
All's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks;
They're only made for handsome view, not handling;
Their bodies of so weak and wash[1] a temper,
A rough-pac'd bed will shake 'em all to pieces;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their souls;
Plenæ rimarum sunt,[2] they are full of rennet,
And take the skin off where they are tasted: shun 'em:
They live in cullises,[3] like rotten cocks,
Stew'd to a tenderness that holds no tack:
Give me a thing I may crush.
Jun. Thou speak'st truly:
The wars shall be my mistress now.
Pet. Well chosen,
For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate i' the morning.
Jun. Yesterday
I found these favours infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to the purpose,
Which never woman did yet; she'll hold grappling,
And he that lays on best is her best servant:
All other loves are mere catching of dotterels,[4]
Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness.
Here comes the general.

Enter SUETONIUS, CURIUS, *and* MACER.

Suet. I am glad I have found ye:
Are those come in yet that pursu'd bold Caratach?
Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Pœnius:
I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
H'as pull'd upon himself, will be his ruin;
I fear his soldiers' fury too: haste presently;
I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him, Petillius ——
Pet. That that shall choke him. [*Aside.*
Suet. All the noble counsel,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour ——
Pet. For me, I think, as handsome. [*Aside.*
Suet. All the comfort;
And tell the soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.
Pet. I conceive, sir,
And will do that shall cure all.
Suet. Bring him with you
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him;
There you shall find us following of our conquest.
Make haste.
Pet. The best I may. [*Exit.*
Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies: we'll presently
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done
Till she be seiz'd; without her, nothing won.
[*Exeunt. Short flourish.*

SCENE II. — *Open Country between the Camps.*

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO.

Car. How does my boy?
Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well;
I do not fear.
Car. My good boy!
Hengo. I know, uncle,
We must all die; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure,
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But, pray, tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead?
Car. Strange questions! — [*Aside.*
Why, to the blessed'st place, boy! ever-sweetness
And happiness dwells there.
Hengo. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my sweet boy.
Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins?
Car. All, my good child.
Hengo. No Romans, uncle?
Car. No, boy.
Hengo. I should be loath to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
That live by violence and strong oppression,
Come thither; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.
Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely
I am persuaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd 'em, uncle, nor transgress'd my parents;[5]
I always said my prayers.
Car. Thou shalt go, then,
Indeed thou shalt.
Hengo. When they please.
Car. That's my good boy!
Art thou not weary, Hengo?
Hengo. Weary, uncle!
I have heard you say you have march'd all day in armour.

[1] *wash*] i. e. washy. — "So in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* [Act iii. sc. 1,] 'Tis a *wash* knave, he will not keep his flesh well.'" WEBER.
[2] *Plenæ rimarum sunt*] An alteration of a passage in Terence, which has been already cited: see note, p. 423.
[3] *cullises*] i. e. strong broths, strained and made clear.
[4] *mere catching of dotterels,*
Stretching of legs out only] "The dotterel is a proverbially foolish bird, which is said to allow itself to be caught while it apes the actions of the fowler: its folly in stretching out a leg, if the fowler does so, is frequently alluded to by our early writers." WEBER (the note altered).
[5] *transgress'd my parents*] Here Sympson cites from *Women Pleased*, act iii. sc. i.
"You are too royal to me,
To me that have so foolishly *transgress'd* you."

Car. I have, boy.
Hengo. Am not I your kinsman?
Car. Yes.
Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things as blood?
Car. Thou art too tender.
Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,
But, to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.
Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength!
Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom. Hark, [*Drum within.*
Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS *and* Soldiers, *and remain at the side of the stage.*

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they are here. Who dare charge?
First Sold. He
That dares be knock'd o' the head: I'll not come near him.
Judas. Retire again, and watch, then. How he stares!
H'as eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well;
If we could take or kill him — A [pox][1] on you,
How fierce you look! See, how he broods[2] the boy!
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say,
Apace, apace! h'as found us. [*Exit with* Soldiers.
Car. Do ye hunt us?
Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starv'd rascal,
The eating Roman, see where he thirds the thickets!
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; strike's head off,
That I may piss in's face.
Car. Do ye make us foxes? —
Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy.
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me. —
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [*Exit.*
Hengo. Now he pays 'em:
Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Re-enter JUDAS.

Judas. Here's the boy;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.
Hengo. Uncle, uncle!
Famine[3] is faln upon me, uncle!
Judas. Come, sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing,)
I'll tickle your young tail else.
Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-made man of mat! charge home, sirrah!
Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st.
Judas. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me: how it looks, how bravely!
How confident the worm is! a scabb'd boy
To handle me thus! — Yield, or I cut thy head off.
Hengo. Thou dar'st not cut my finger; here 'tis, touch it.
Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler. — Prithee, yield, boy;
Come, here's an apple; yield.
Hengo. By [Heaven],[4] he fears me!
I'll give you sharper language: when, you coward,
When come you up?
Judas. If he should beat me ——
Hengo. When, sir?
I long to kill thee: come, thou canst not scape me;
I have twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.
Judas. Sure, 'tis the devil,
A dwarf-devil in a doublet.
Hengo. I have kill'd a captain, sirrah, a brave captain,
And, when I have done, I have kick'd him thus. Look here;
See how I charge this staff!
Judas. Most certain
This boy will cut my throat yet.

Re-enter two Soldiers *running.*

First Sold. Flee, flee! he kills us!
Sec. Sold. He comes, he comes!
Judas. The devil take the hindmost! [*Exeunt* JUDAS *and* Soldiers.
Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank rogues!
'A comes, 'a comes, 'a comes, 'a comes! that's he, boys! —
What a brave cry they make!

Re-enter CARATACH, *with a soldier's head.*

Car. How does my chicken?
Hengo. Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I have out-brav'd Hunger.[5]
Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy!
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.
Hengo. Good provision:
Before I starve, my sweet-fac'd gentleman,
I'll try your favour.[6]
Car. A right complete soldier!
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in;
Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.
Hengo. Any thing;

[1] [*pox*] A break here in both the folios.
[2] *broods*] i. e. cherishes, watches over, as a mother over her young.
[3] *Famine*] Means, of course, Judas: compare act ii. sc. 3; "*Judas.* Believe it, sir, like devils.
Car. Well said, *Famine.*" p. 767.

[4] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.
[5] *Hunger*] See note 3, 1st col.
[6] *favour*] "i. e. countenance." WEBER.

I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.
Hengo. And boldly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Tent of* PŒNIUS.

Enter PŒNIUS, DRUSUS, *and* REGULUS.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.
Pœn. Pray ye, forsake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.
Dru. Dear captain!
Reg. Most honour'd sir!
Pœn. Most hated, most abhorr'd!
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!
Reg. Sure,
His mind is dangerous.
Dru. The good gods cure it!
Pœn. My honour got thorough fire, thorough stubborn breeches,
Thorough battles that have been as hard to win as heaven,
Thorough Death himself in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!
And now I am left to scornful tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, "That's he,
That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,
The most wise Pœnius, the disputing coward!"
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me;
Cut out the coward from my heart!
Reg. You are none.
Pœn. He lies that says so; by [Heaven],[1] he lies, lies basely,
Baser than I have done![2] Come, soldiers, seek me;
I have robb'd ye of your virtues! Justice seek me;
I have broke my fair obedience! lost! Shame take me,[3]
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, endless shame! — and, pray, do you forsake me.
Dru. What shall we do?
Pœn. Good gentlemen, forsake me;
You were not wont to be commanded; friends, pray, do it:
And do not fear; for, as I am a coward,
I will not hurt myself (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help), I dare not.
[*Throws himself upon the ground.*

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. Good morrow, gentlemen. Where's the tribune?
Reg. There.
Dru. Whence come you, good Petillius?
Pet. From the general.
Dru. With what, for Heaven's sake?
Pet. With good counsel, Drusus,
And love, to comfort him.
Dru. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter.
[*Exeunt* DRUSUS *and* REGULUS.
Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you! [*Aside.*]
— Sure, he's dead, [*Half aside.*
It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune;
He must die, 'tis most necessary; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely, fie upon't!
So poorly to betray his worth! so coldly
To cut all credit from the soldier! sure,
If this man mean to live, (as I should think it
Beyond belief,) he must retire where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. [PŒNIUS *rises.*] Now he rises. —
How does lord Pœnius?
Pœn. As you see.
Pet. I am glad on't;
Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius ——
Pœn. No more of me is spoken; my name's perish'd. [*Aside.*
Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day
By his own valour and discretion,
(When, as some say, Pœnius refus'd to come,
But I believe 'em not,) sent me to see you.
Pœn. You are welcome; and, pray, see me, see me well;
You shall not see me long.
Pet. I hope so, Pœnius. — [*Aside.*
The gods defend,[4] sir!
Pœn. See me, and understand me. This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to the wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Swet blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off; that fool,
That having gold and copper offer'd him,
Refus'd the wealth, and took the waste; that soldier,
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damn'd!
Pet. It was an error.
Pœn. A foul one, and a black one.
Pet. Yet the blackest
May be wash'd white again.
Pœn. Never.
Pet. Your leave, sir;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort. Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities? are our natures
More than men's natures? when we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine call'd sweet mercy?
Pœn. None, Petillius;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I have sinn'd beyond it.

1 [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.
2 *Baser than I have done*] "i. e. more basely than I have acted." MASON.
3 *lost! Shame take me*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "last, *Shame take me.*"
4 *defend*] i. e. forbid.

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.
Pœn. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon.
Pet. Oh, but the general ——
Pœn. He's a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be play'd withal; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Pet. What would you do?
Pœn. Die.
Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient
That fear the law. Die! fie, great captain! you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment,[1] and let your passion
Betray your reason! I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour ——
Pœn. Prithee, no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou ——
By [Heaven],[2] thou didst! I overheard thee there,
There where thou stand'st now — deliver me for rascal,
Poor, dead, cold, coward, miserable, wretched,
If I out-liv'd this ruin?
Pet. I!
Pœn. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee.
Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.
Pœn. Oh, now thou lov'st me![3]
Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own command think, from whose swords
You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompense of arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience? must not these kill you?
Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more? Dare you know these ventures?
If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it?
Pœn. No, no, Petillius, no.
Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still; but how? — yet pardon me:
You may out-wear all too; — but when? — and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take't upon conditions.
Pœn. No, by no means: I am only thinking now, sir,
(For I am resolv'd to go,) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.
Pet. You shall not; you're a gentleman I honour,
I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging! 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.
Pœn. The fitter for my baseness.
Pet. Besides, the man that's hang'd preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.
Pœn. That's true; I'll take a fitter, — poison.
Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys that fear correction.
Die like a man.
Pœn. Why, my sword, then.
Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir:
There's nothing under heaven that's like your sword;
Your sword's a death indeed.
Pœn. It shall be sharp, sir.
Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison,[4] if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords. Your sword must do the deed:
'Tis shame to die chok'd, fame to die and bleed.
Pœn. Thou hast confirm'd me; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.
Pet. 'Twas my commission;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.
Pœn. Farewell, captain:
Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shak'st thou?
Pet. I do not, sir.
Pœn. I would thou hadst, Petillius!
I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies; a kind of earthquake
Thorough all stern valours but mine own.
Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.
Pœn. Keep it still;
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.
Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honour'd Pœnius, ——
Pœn. That again!
Oh, how it heightens me! again, Petillius!
Pet. Most excellent commander!
Pœn. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine!
Pet. They are still.
Pœn. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at you! — Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours!
[*Falls upon his sword.*

[1] *regiment*] i. e. command.
[2] [*Heaven*] Both the folios have a break here.
[3] *Oh, now thou lov'st me*] A reading proposed by Mason; and, doubtless, the genuine one: so in act v. sc. 1, "Oh, now thou pleasest me!" — Both the folios have "*O how thou lovest me!*"; and so the modern editors.

[4] *Mithridates was an arrant ass*
To die by poison] "It is true, as Sympson says, that Mithridates did not die by poison; but it was the kind of death that he always preferred, and was always prepared for, though it was not his fate." MASON. "After all, the poets must certainly plead guilty to the accusation of inadvertency brought forward by Sympson." WEBER.

The work's done,
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting[1] envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general: kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor Pœnius,
Made more and happier, light on him! — I faint —
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune. —
I die:
Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth! [*Dies.*
Pet. And on my sin! — Farewell, great Pœnius! —
The soldier is in fury; now I am glad
[*Noise within.*
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil, — for thee, the way of honour!
[*Exit.*

Re-enter, and remain at the side of the stage, DRUSUS *and* REGULUS, *with* Soldiers, *who are pressing in.*

Soldiers. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Dru. What will ye do?
Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers ——
Soldiers. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Dru. Kill us first; we command too.
Reg. Valiant soldiers,
Consider but whose life ye seek. — Oh, Drusus,
Bid him be gone! he dies else. [DRUSUS *advances.*] — Shall Rome say,
Ye most approvèd soldiers, her dear children
Devour'd the father[2] of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?
Dru. Oh, let 'em in! all's done, all's ended, Regulus;
Pœnius has found his last eclipse. [REGULUS *advances.*] — Come, soldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
[Soldiers *advance.*
And here bestow your darts. — Oh, only Roman,
Oh, father of the wars!
Reg. Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheath'd in Pœnius? do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause; howl ever:
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?
Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and courted
By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,
Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honour living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
Build[s] houses for ye to oblivion?
Dru. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no more now soldiers,
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun that warm'd your bloods is set for ever. —
I'll kiss thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great Pœnius,
Thou thunderbolt, farewell! — Take up the body:
To-morrow morning[3] to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye,
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march, bearing the body.*

SCENE IV. — *Before the Fort of* BONDUCA.

Enter SUETONIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, CURIUS, *and* Soldiers, *with drums and colours:* BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* NENNIUS, *on the ramparts.*

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;
We will not be out-brav'd thus.
Nen. Shake the earth;
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armèd heads make the fort totter;
Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit above.*
Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes.
Dec. Yield, queen.
Bond. I am unacquainted with that language, Roman.
Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy;
We love thy nobleness. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. I thank ye; ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.
Suet. You cannot scape our strength; you must yield, lady;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vicious; and, your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety;
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatchèd houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth; where the blest household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stor'd,
Make people noble, and the place ador'd.
Suet. Beat the wall deeper!

[1] *melting*] "Seward quarrels with the epithet *melting*, applied to *envy*; but it alludes to the general propensity of malice to deface and obliterate the fame of superior merit." MASON. "The poets seem to refer to Ovid's

—— *quod nec Jovis ira, nec* IGNIS,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas." *Ed.* 1778.

[2] *father*] Both the folios "fathers;" and so the modern editors. — "We should certainly read '*father*.' The only person alluded to is Penius, whom Drusus, in the next speech, calls the 'father of the wars.'" MASON.

[3] *morning*] The Editors of 1778 printed "mourning," — a reading proposed by Seward and Sympson.

Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.
Suet. I'll make ye.
Bond. No.

Enter PETILLIUS, *who whispers* SUETONIUS.

Sec. Daugh. Oh, mother, these are fearful hours! speak gently
To these fierce men; they will afford you pity.
Bond. Pity, thou fearful girl! 'tis for those wretches
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
Wast not thou born a princess? can my blood,
And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself
As mercy from these tyrants? Thou lov'st lust, sure,
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conscience,
The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Shew such another fear, and, [by the gods],[1]
I'll fling thee to their fury!
Suet. He is dead, then?
Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, sir,
Even to the hazard of my life ——
Suet. No more:
We must not seem to mourn here.

Re-enter DECIUS.

Dec. There's a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, sir?
Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!
Bond. I scorn to answer: —
Speak to him, girl, — and hear thy sister.[2]
First Daugh. General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face,
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.
Pet. Brave behaviour!
First Daugh. The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full, —
Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her!
First Daugh. To torture ye with suffering like our slaves,
To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem [it][3]
The end of all ambitions.
Bond. Do ye wonder?
We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune;
In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody seres,[4] and fortunate,
As if we prey'd on heartless doves.
Suet. Strange stiffness! —
Decius, go charge the breach. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. Charge it home, Roman;
We shall deceive thee else. — Where's Nennius?

Re-enter NENNIUS, *above.*

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I'll do it.
First Daugh. And then be sure to die.
Nen. It shall go hard else.
Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! we shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.
Nen. Gods take thee, lady! [*Exit.*
Bond. Bring up the swords and poison.

Enter, above, an attendant with swords and a great cup.

Sec. Daugh. Oh, my fortune!
Bond. How, how, you whore?
Sec. Daugh. Good mother, nothing to offend you.
Bond. Here, wench. —
Behold us, Romans!
Suet. Mercy yet!
Bond. No talking!
Puff, there goes all your pity! — Come, short prayers,
And let's despatch the business. You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.
Sec. Daugh. Oh, gentle mother! —
Oh, Romans! — Oh, my heart! I dare not.
Suet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman!
Sec. Daugh. Oh, persuade her, Romans!
Alas, I am young, and would live! — Noble mother,
Can you kill that you gave life? are my years
Fit for destruction?
Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk! — Come, hold it,
And put it home.
First Daugh. Fie, sister, fie!
What would you live to be?
Bond. A whore still?

[1] [*by the gods*] A break here in both the folios.
[2] *Speak to him, girl, — and hear thy sister*] "The first part of this line is addressed to the eldest, the latter part to the second daughter. She desires the first to speak, the other to listen." MASON.
[3] [*it*] "The insertion of this word is recommended by Mason, and seems absolutely requisite." WEBER.
[4] *seres*] i. e. talons. This word (from the Fr. *serre*) is occasionally used by our early writers. — The first folio has "fears." — The second folio reads "soars;" and so the modern editors!

Sec. Daugh. Mercy!
Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!
Sec. Daugh. Mercy, mother!
Oh, whither will you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight.
Bond. Oh, gods,
Fear in my family! — Do it, and nobly.
Sec. Daugh. Oh, do not frown, then!
First Daugh. Do it, worthy sister;
'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure: we'll go with you.
Sec. Daugh. Oh, if I knew but whither!
First Daugh. To the blessèd;
Where we shall meet our father ——
Suet. Woman!
Bond. Talk not.
First Daugh. Where nothing but true joy is —
Bond. That's a good wench! [1]
Mine own sweet girl! put it close to thee.
Sec. Daugh. Oh,
Comfort me still, for Heaven's sake!
First Daugh. Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no wars come,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.
Sec. Daugh. That steels me;
A long farewell to this world!
Bond. Good; I'll help thee.
[Sec. Daugh. *stabs herself, and dies.*
First Daugh. The next is mine. —
Shew me a Roman lady, in all your stories,
Dare do this for her honour; they are cowards,
Eat coals like compell'd cats: [2] your great saint Lucrece
Died not for honour; Tarquin topp'd [3] her well;
And, mad she could not hold him, bled.
Pet. By [Heaven], [4]
I am in love; I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil!
First Daugh. Ye shall see me example: all your Rome,
If I were proud and lov'd ambition,
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer ——
Bond. Make haste.
First Daugh. I will — could not entice to live,
But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live, as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die.
[*Stabs herself, and dies.*
Bond. I come, wench. — To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you
That ease the agèd Destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw 'em! here,
Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar
To pledge it for the glory's sake!
Cur. Great lady!
Suet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.
Suet. Stay!
Dem. Stay!
Suet. Be any thing!
Bond. A saint, Suetonius, [*Drinks.*
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools,
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquer'd;
Ye sweat for us in vain else: see him here!
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies. — I feel the poison. —
Poor vanquish'd Romans, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye! but I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet; nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel ere I die, —
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton's soul.
[*Dies.*
Suet. Desperate and strange!

Re-enter DECIUS.

Dec. 'Tis won, sir, and the Britons
All put to the sword.
Suet. Give her fair funeral;
She was truly noble, and a queen.
Pet. [Pox] [5] take it,
A love-mange grown upon me! what a spirit!
Jun. I am glad of this; I have found you.
[*Aside.*
Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles!
Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye! [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Woods.*

CARATACH *discovered upon a rock in the background, and* HENGO *by him sleeping.*

Car. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties,
And, to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
Thus we awake to sorrows. — Oh, thou woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence!

1 *That's a good wench*] Here Weber placed a stage-direction, "2 *Daugh. drinks;*" and to the last speech of the First Daughter in the next page he added a similar stage-direction, "*Drinks.*" But that the Second Daughter stabs herself is plain from the expressions used by Bonduca in this scene, "put it home," "put it close to thee;" and that the First Daughter dies in the same manner is proved by the ballad which Junius afterwards cites, with an allusion to her fate, act v. sc. 2, p. 784, —

"She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see," &c.

2 *Eat coals like compell'd cats*] "It was a vulgar notion, that cats, when angry, would eat coals. So in [*The Woman's Prize, or*] *The Tamer Tamed*, Tranio says to Moroso —

'I would learn to eat coals with an angry cat,
And spit fire at him [act i. sc. 1.].'" MASON.

3 *topp'd*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "tupt."

4 [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

5 [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.

My sweet chicken.

To Britanie,[1] by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes? The strong man's valour
Thou hast betray'd to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends, whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blest ancestors;
The virgins thou hast robb'd of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turned their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals;
The land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches.—
The boy begins to stir: thy safety made,
Would my soul were in heaven!
Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out! I dream'd we were betray'd.
Car. No harm, boy; [*A soft dead march within.*
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds those fancies:
Thou shalt have meat anon.
Hengo. A little, uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely. — What are those,
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march there?
They come upon us stealing by.
Car. I see 'em;
And, prithee, be not fearful.
Hengo. Now you hate me;
Would I were dead!
Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.
Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle? were I a man now,
I should be angry with you.

Enter DRUSUS, REGULUS, *and Soldiers, with* PŒNIUS'S *hearse, drums, and colours.*

Car. My sweet chicken! —
See, they have reach'd us; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures
And sad solemnities; it well appears too
To be of eminence. — Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature
To be in love with death? most honourable
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve[2] me!
First Sold. 'Tis the body
Of the great captain Pœnius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.
Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion which you owe those gods
That led ye on to victories! by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye!
Dru. Stay. —
What's thy will, Caratach?
Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans;
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' sorrows, set it down a while,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy that loves a soldier,)
And lend a tear to virtue: even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometimes stubborn, yet, when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Oh, set it down!
Dru. Set down the body, soldiers.
Car. Thou hallow'd relic, thou rich diamond
Cut with thine own dust; thou, for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honour'd ashes, though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths: sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms adieu! all noble battles,
Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!
Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?
Car. Thou never knew'st thy father.
Hengo. He died before I was born.
Car. This worthy Roman
Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy. — Excellent nature!
See how it works into his eyes! — mine own boy!
Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodness —
Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me! weep still, my child,
As if thou saw'st me dead; with such a flux
Or flood of sorrow; still thou pleasest me. —
And, worthy soldiers, pray, receive these pledges,
These hatchments[3] of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his hearse. Now, if ye please,
Bear off the noble burden; raise his pile
High as Olympus, making Heaven to wonder
To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs:
And ever-loved, ever-living be
Thy honour'd and most sacred memory!
Dru. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy soul to Heaven. — Now march on, soldiers.
[*Exeunt Romans with a dead march.*
Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.
Hengo. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.
Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child: if but this day

[1] *Britanie*] "So both the old folios, and it is necessary to retain the reading, as the metre is defective, if we read with the octavos of 1711 and 1778 — *Britain.* England is frequently denominated *Britanie* in old authors." WEBER. The poet, I suspect, wrote "Britain."
[2] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

[3] *hatchments*] Perhaps, as Weber supposes, a scarf from Hengo and a plume from Caratach.

Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.
Hengo. Pray, fear not me;
Indeed I am very hearty.
Car. Be so still:
His mischiefs lessen, that controls his ill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Roman Camp.*

Enter PETILLIUS.

Pet. What do I ail, i' the name of Heaven? I did but see her,
And see her die; she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks. She was a woman,
A thing I never car'd for; but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly — oh, the devil,
I have the bots! — by [Heaven],[1] she scorn'd us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do; threaten'd us
With such a noble anger, and so govern'd
With such a fiery spirit — the plain bots!
A [pox] upon the bots, the love-bots! Hang me,
Hang me even out o' the way, directly hang me!
Oh, penny-pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,[2]
Is crept upon ye![3]

Enter JUNIUS.

Jun. Here he is; have at him! [*Aside.*]
[*Sings.*

She set the sword[4] unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her life-warm blood
Run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? and, i' faith, how dost thou?
Pet. Well, gramercy; how dost thou? — H'as found me,
Scented me out; the shame the devil ow'd me,
H'as kept his day with. [*Aside.*] — And what news, Junius?
Jun. [*sings*]

It was an old tale, ten thousand times told,
Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,
Her life it[5] was lovely, her death it was bold.

Pet. A cruel rogue, now h'as drawn, pursue on me![6]
He hunts me like a devil. [*Aside.*] — No more singing;
Thou hast got a cold: come, let's go drink some sack, boy.
Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Pet. Why dost thou laugh?
What mare's nest hast thou found?
Jun. Ha, ha, ha!
I cannot laugh alone: — Decius! Demetrius!
Curius! — oh, my sides! ha, ha, ha, ha! —
The strangest jest!
Pet. Prithee, no more.
Jun. The admirablest fooling!
Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow!
Jun. Sirs!
Pet. Why, Junius,
Prithee, away, sweet Junius!
Jun. Let me sing, then.
Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now! sing a song o' sixpence!
By [Heaven], if — prithee — [pox][7] on't, Junius!
Jun. I must either sing or laugh.
Pet. And what's your reason?
Jun. What's that to you?
Pet. And I must whistle.
Jun. Do so.
Oh, I hear 'em coming.
Pet. I have a little business.
Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it. What! a gentleman
Of thy sweet conversation!
Pet. Captain Junius,
Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity:
Things are not always one; and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gibe: none of your doleful ditties,
Nor your sweet conversation; you will find then
I may be anger'd.
Jun. By no means, Petillius;
Anger a man that never knew passion!
'Tis most impossible: a noble captain,
A wise and generous gentleman!
Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me: I have found you;
But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.
Your subtle understanding may discover,
As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,
Some straw to tickle you; but do not trust to't;
You're a young man, and may do well; be sober,
Carry yourself discreetly.
Jun. Yes, forsooth.

Enter DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* CURIUS.

Dem. How does the brave Petillius?
Jun. Monstrous merry:
We two were talking what a kind of thing

1 [*Heaven*] Here, and in the next line but three, both the folios have a break.

2 *silver sounds*] This expression applied to music is frequently found in our early writers; see the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 5.

3 *crept upon ye*] "Sympson calls this nonsense, and reads, '*crept upon* ME;' for, says he, 'Love was not crept upon *them*, but *himself*.' Petillius means, 'What a sweet subject is fallen in *your* way!'" Ed. 1778.

4 *She set the sword*, &c.] "This stanza, with considerable variations, occurs in several old ballads; the two last lines, for instance, in *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*." WEBER. In the ballad to which Weber refers, the stanza runs thus, —

"He cut her pappes from off her brest;
Great pitye it was to see
The drops of this fair ladyes bloode
Run trickling downe her knee."
Percy's *Rel. of A. E. P.* iii. 69, ed. 1794.

5 *it*] So the second folio. — Omitted in the first folio; and by Weber.

6 *A cruel rogue, now h'as drawn, pursue on me*] i. e. A cruel rogue, now that he has scented me out, to pursue me. "To Draw (as hounds) by scent, investigo, odoror." Cotes's *Dict.* — So the first folio. The second folio has "*now h'as drawn, pursue* it *on me*." — Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*now he has drawn* pursuit *on me*;" and so his successors.

7 [*Heaven*] . . . [*pox*] Breaks here in both the folios.

I was when I was in love; what a strange monster
For little boys and girls to wonder at;
How like a fool I look'd.
Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull slavering fools.
Jun. Petillius saw too.
Pet. No more of this; 'tis scurvy; peace.
Jun. How nastily,
Indeed how beastly, all I did became me;
How I forgot to blow my nose. There he stands,
An honest and a wise man; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love ——
Pet. I am angry.
Jun. Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self,
His understanding self so maul his ass-self ——
Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
The poverties, and baseness that belongs to't;
H'as read upon the reformations long.
Pet. He has so.
Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do't: nor is it fit indeed
Any such coward ——
Pet. You'll leave prating?
Jun. Should dare come near the regiments, especially
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviours: those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away because a woman dies well;
Commit with passions only; fornicate
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observ'd the world ——
Pet. Dost thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours:
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, jackdaws. [*Exit.*
Dec. What a strange thing he's grown!
Jun. I am glad he is so;
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.
Cur. Is't possible her mere death ——
Jun. I observ'd him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery; I have follow'd him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scabbard,
Call dying "dainty dear," her brave mind "mistress;"
Casting[1] a thousand ways to give those forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old armours.
He had got me o' the hip[2] once; it shall go hard, friends,
But he shall find his own coin.

Enter MACER.

Dec. How now, Macer!
Is Judas yet come in?
Macer. Yes, and has lost
Most of his men too. Here he is.

Enter JUDAS.

Cur. What news?
Judas. I have lodg'd him; rouse him, he that dares.
Dem. Where, Judas?
Judas. On a steep rock i' the woods, the boy too with him;
And there he swears he will keep his Christmas, gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditions,
Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;
Yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four several times at half-sword with him,
Twice stood his partizan;[3] but the plain truth is,
He's a mere devil, and no man. I' th' end, he swinge'd us,
And swinge'd us soundly too: he fights by witchcraft;
Yet for all that I saw[4] him lodg'd.
Jun. Take more men,
And scout him round. — Macer, march you along. —
What victuals has he?
Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,
Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water
More than they make themselves: they lie
Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food.
Dec. Cut off, then,
All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.
Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives: that man
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.
Macer. He shall have fair play; he deserves it.
Judas. Hark ye;
What should I do there, then? You are brave captains,
Most valiant men: go up yourselves; use virtue;
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too: there ye shall find him,
His sword by his side, plums of a pound weight by him
Will make your chops ache: you'll find it a more labour
To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.
Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up,
I am sure, within these two hours. Watch him close.
Macer. He shall flee thorough the air, if he escape us. [*A sad noise within.*
Jun. What's this loud lamentation?
Macer. The dead body
Of the great Pœnius is new come to the camp, sir.
Dem. Dead!

[1] *Casting*] i. e. contriving, devising.
[2] *He had got me o' the hip*] i. e. He had me at advantage. The expression occurs twice in Shakespeare, *Merch. of Ven.* act. i. sc. 3, *Othello*, act. ii. sc. 1. In his note on the latter passage Johnson says that the phrase is taken from the art of wrestling; but in his *Dict.* he derives it from hunting — "the *hip* or *haunch* of a deer being the part commonly seized by the dogs." It is not of frequent occurrence; but it may be found in Warner's *Albions England*, p. 262. ed. 1586, *Sir Thomas More*, a play among the *Harl. MSS.* 7368 fol. 8, and Taylor's *Anagrams and Sonnets*, p. 256, — *Works*, ed. 1630.
[3] *partizan*] i. e. pike.
[4] *saw*] Both the folios "see."

Macer. By himself, they say.
Jun. I fear'd that fortune.
Cur. Peace guide him up to Heaven!
Jun. Away, good Macer.
[*Exeunt* MACER *and* JUDAS.

Enter SUETONIUS, DRUSUS, REGULUS, *and* PETILLIUS.

Suet. If thou beest guilty,
Some sullen plague, thou hat'st most, light upon thee!
The regiment return on Junius;
He well deserves it.
Pet. So!
Suet. Draw out three companies, —
Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius, —
And make up instantly to Caratach;
He's in the wood before ye: we shall follow,
After due ceremony done to the dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.
[*Exeunt all except* PETILLIUS.
Pet. The regiment given from me! disgrac'd openly!
In love too with a trifle to abuse me!
A merry world, a fine world! serv'd seven years
To be an ass o' both sides! sweet Petillius,
You have brought your hogs to a fine market: you are wise, sir,
Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding gentleman, your projects
Cast[1] with assurance ever. Wouldst not thou now
Be bang'd about the pate, Petillius?
Answer to that, sweet soldier: surely, surely,
I think you would; pull'd by the nose, kick'd: hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'st rascal! trust thy wisdom
With any thing of weight? the wind with feathers.
Out, you blind puppy! you command? you govern?
Dig for a groat a-day, or serve a swine-herd;
Too noble for thy nature too. — I must up;
But what I shall do there, let time discover.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Woods, with a rock in the back-ground (as before).*

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *with meat and a bottle.*

Macer. Hang it o' the side o' the rock, as though the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him: who first ventures
To fetch it off is ours. I cannot see him.
Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger. — Ha! no; 'tis not he.
Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.
Judas. [Pox][2] shake 'em!
I am sure they shake me soundly. — There!
Macer. 'Tis nothing.
Judas. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones fall[3] upon us. 'Tis done: away, close!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CARATACH *on the rock.*

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou feed'st on:
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou art sick, extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lin'd with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i' the purchase.[4] Good gods comfort thee!
[*Exit above.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Woods.*

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, *and* Guide.

Guide. You are not far off now, sir.
Jun. Draw the companies
The closest way thorough the woods; we'll keep on this way.
Guide. I will, sir. Half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o' the rock: keep on the left side;
You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your companies
In the wild vines beyond ye.
[*Exit.*
Dec. Do you mark him?
[*Pointing to* PETILLIUS.
Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.
Pet. Junius,
Pray, let me speak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore;
I'll overtake you straight.
Dec. I will.
[*Exit.*
Jun. Now, captain?
Pet. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, Junius.
Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.
Pet. And that love
Should not deny me any honest thing.
Jun. It shall not.
Pet. Dare you swear it?
I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you.[5]
Jun. What would this man have? [*Aside.*] — By [the gods],[6] I do, sir,
So it be fit to grant you.
Pet. 'Tis most honest.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Pet. Kill me.
Jun. How!
Pet. Pray, kill me.
Jun. Kill you!
Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly;
Now kill me.
Jun. On what reason? you amaze me.

[1] *Cast*] See note, p. 785.
[2] [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.
[3] *fall*] Altered by the modern editors to "falls;" but see note, p. 757.

[4] *i' the purchase*] i. e. in the attempt to procure the food.
[5] *forgot you*] Sympson printed "forget you" (i. e. do you in your turn forget them;) and so the Editors of 1778. Weber retained "*forget*," but omitted "*you*." I dislike both alterations.
[6] [*the gods*] A break here in both the folios.

Pet. If you do love me, kill me; ask me not why:
I would be kill'd, and by you.
Jun. Mercy on me!
What ails this man? [*Aside.*] — Petillius!
Pet. Pray you, despatch me;
You are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, even to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis justice;
I shall kill you else.
Jun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.
Pet. I am disgrac'd, my service
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly
I dare not trust myself with: prithee, kill me.
Jun. All these may be redeemed as easily
As you would heal your finger.
Pet. Nay ——
Jun. Stay, I'll do it;
You shall not need your anger: but first, Petillius,
You shall unarm yourself; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.
Pet. There's my sword; [*Gives his sword.*
And do it handsomely.
Jun. Yes, I will kill you;
Believe that certain: but first I'll lay before you
The most extreme fool you have play'd in this,
The honour purpos'd for you, the great honour
The general intended you.
Pet. How!
Jun. And then I'll kill you,
Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
The regiment was given me, but till time
Call'd you to do some worthy deed might stop
The people's ill thoughts of you for lord Pœnius,
I mean, his death. How soon this time's come to you,
And hasted by Suetonius! "Go," says he,
"Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,"
(Distinctly "thou, Petillius,") "and draw up,
To take stout Caratach:" there's the deed purpos'd,
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
"And thou, Petillius," mark it, there's the honour;
And that done, all made even.
Pet. Stay!
Jun. No, I'll kill you.
He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out,
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A subject, such a subject ——
Pet. Hark you, Junius;
I will live now.
Jun. By no means — woo'd thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sank'st, and shew'd thee
How Honour held her arms out. Come, make ready,
Since you will die an ass.
Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?
Jun. By [Heaven],[1] but I will, sir: I'll have no man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward: besides, you have gotten
Honour enough; let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cause you shall die,) howe'er he carry it,
Such a strong doting on you, that I fear
You shall command in chief: how are we paid, then?
Come, if you will pray, despatch it.
Pet. Is there no way?
Jun. Not any way to live.
Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem myself at any price: good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but offer
My life up like a soldier!
Jun. You will seek then
To outdo every man.
Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies?
Pet. Dare you trust me?
By all that's good and honest!
Jun. There's your sword, then;
And now, come on a new man: virtue guide thee! [*Exeunt.*

[1] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

SCENE V. — *The Woods, with a rock in the background (as before).*

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO *on the rock.*

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat: look, Hengo,
Look where some blessèd Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: cheer up, boy; —
Do not forsake me now.
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long! yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.
Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.
Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *and remain at the side of the stage.*

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.
Judas. Peace, as you love your life.
Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?
Car. Of bells, boy! 'tis thy fancy;
Alas, thy body's full of wind!
Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state: nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet uncle; you will kill me sooner.
Car. Oh, my poor chicken!
Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted, uncle!
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myself, boy.
Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle:
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray, tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee!
Come, child,
My valiant child!
Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train:[1] and you must hold me sure too;
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry ——
Car. Go, i' the name of Heaven, boy!
[*Lets* HENGO *down by his belt.*
Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle! I have it. [JUDAS *shoots* HENGO *with an arrow.*] Oh!
Car. What ail'st thou?
Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!
Car. I see you,
And Heaven direct my hand! destruction
Go with thy coward soul!
[*Kills* JUDAS *with a stone, and then draws up* HENGO. *Exit* MACER.]
How dost thou, boy?—
Oh, villain, pocky villain!
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
Oh, how it pricks me!—am I preserv'd for this?—
Extremely pricks me!
Car. Coward, rascal coward!
Dogs eat thy flesh!
Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard! I faint too; out upon't,
How sick I am!—The lean rogue, uncle!
Car. Look, boy;
I have laid him sure enough.
Hengo. Have you knock'd his brains out?
Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: cheer up, child.
Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh, wretched fortune,
Just we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.
Car. Heaven look upon this noble child!
Hengo. I once hop'd
I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans
At my sword's point, to have reveng'd my father,
To have beaten 'em,—oh, hold me hard!—but, uncle—
Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?
Hengo. You draw away my soul, then. I would live
A little longer—spare me, Heavens!—but only
To thank you for your tender love: good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not.
Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what shall I lose!
Hengo. Why, a child,
That must have died however; had this scap'd me,
Fever or famine ——I was born to die, sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my boy?
Hengo. I go the straighter
My journey to the gods. Sure, I shall know you
When you come, uncle?
Car. Yes, boy.
Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.
Car. Most certain, child.
Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.
Car. Lift 'em up.
Hengo. Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew.—Mercy!
Car. Mercy!
You blessèd angels, take him!
Hengo. Kiss me: so.
Farewell, farewell! [*Dies.*
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever!—Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph; look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to!—Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! the peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

Enter PETILLIUS *and* JUNIUS *on the rock.*

Ha! dare ye, Romans? ye shall win me bravely.
Thou art mine! [*They fight.*
Jun. Not yet, sir.
Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your ancient valours;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em—

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, CURIUS, REGULUS, DRUSUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers.

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach! By all [the gods],[2]
As I am soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.
Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!
Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy prisoners.
Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend!
Car. Oh, Romans, see what here is!
Had this boy liv'd ——
Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desir'st to build thy virtues greater!
By all that's excellent in man, and honest ——
Car. I do believe. Ye have had me a brave foe;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in.
Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.
Car. I yield, then;
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.
[*Comes down with* PETILLIUS *and* JUNIUS.
Pet. Thus we conduct, then, to the arms of peace
The wonder of the world.

[1] *train*] i. e. artifice, stratagem.

[2] [*the gods*] A break here in both the folios.

Suet. Thus I embrace thee; [*Flourish.*
And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier.
Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome?
Suet. You must.
Car. Then Rome shall know
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.
Suet. Petillius,
You have shewn much worth this day, redeem'd much error:
You have my love again; preserve it. — Junius,
With you I make him equal in the regiment.
Jun. The elder and the nobler; I'll give place, sir.
Suet. You shew a friend's soul. —
March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung! [*Exeunt.*

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

The Knight of Malta.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The Knight of Malta, according to Weber, was partly composed by Beaumont; but from that opinion I am strongly inclined to dissent. The date of its first representation cannot be determined: we only know, that, as one of the characters was acted by Burbadge, the play must have been brought upon the stage before March 1618–19, about the middle of which month the death of that performer took place.[1]

Whether the plot of this tragi-comedy is original or borrowed, remains to be ascertained.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALETTA, the Grand-master of Malta.
MOUNTFERRAT, a Frenchman, } Knights of Malta
ASTORIUS, } Knights of Malta
CASTRIOT, } Knights of Malta
MIRANDA, an Italian gentleman.
PETER GOMERA, a Spanish gentleman.
NORANDINE, a Dane, commander of the Maltese galleys.
COLONNA (whose real name is ANGELO), kinsman to MIRANDA, and a prisoner.
ROCCA, servant to MOUNTFERRAT.
Two Bishops.
Two Marshals.
Doctor.
Surgeon.[2]
Corporal.
One of the Esguard.
Knights, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Sailors, Prisoners, Guards, Servants.

ORIANA, sister to VALETTA.
ZANTHIA (called also ABDELLA),[3] a Moor, } Her Attendants.
VELLEDA, } Her Attendants.
Two Gentlewomen, } Her Attendants.
LUCINDA, a Turkish woman and a prisoner, contracted to ANGELO.

SCENE, — MALTA.

The principal actors were —

Richard Burbadge.	Henry Condel.
Nathan Field.	Robert Benfield.
John Underwood.	John Lowin.
Richard Sharpe.	Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — VALETTA. *A Room in* MOUNTFERRAT'S *House.*

Enter MOUNTFERRAT.

Mount. Dares she despise me thus? me, that with spoil
And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years,
Have led, as hand-maids, Fortune, Victory,
Whom the Maltezzi call my servitors?
Tempests I have subdu'd, and fought 'em calm,
Out-lighten'd lightning in my chivalry,
Rid tame as patience billows that kick'd heaven,
Whistled enragèd Boreas till his gusts
Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh
Because he could not shew the air my keel;
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which, though they blaze, both comfort and invite;
Neither by force nor fraud pass through her ear,
Whose guard is only blushing innocence,
To take the least possession of her heart.
Did I attempt her with a thread-bare name,
Un-napt[4] with meritorious actions,
She might with colour disallow my suit:
But, by the honour of this Christian cross,
(In blood of infidels so often dyed,
Which mine own soul and sword hath fixèd here,
And neither favour nor birth's privilege,)
Oriana shall confess, (although she be

[1] See note, p. 756.

[2] *Doctor.*
Surgeon.] Are, I suspect, different terms for the same person.

[3] *Zanthia (called also Abdella)*] In the stage-directions of both the folios we find, "*Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella,*" "*Enter Abdella,*" &c.; but the name "*Abdella*" occurs only once in the text, act iv. sc. i. I suspect that, while the play was in progress, the author (or authors) altered the name of this personage from *Abdella* to *Zanthia*: and that in the passage of the text just mentioned, the former name had been left, by an oversight, in the original MS.

[4] *Un-napt*] "Means, I suppose, unadorned; from the *nap* or villous substance of cloth." WERES. Of course, it does.

Valetta's sister, our Grand-master here,)
The wages of scorn'd love is baneful hate,
And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate.

Enter ROCCA.

Rocca, my trusty servant, welcome.
Rocca. Sir,
I wish my news deserv'd it: hapless I,
That, being lov'd and trusted, fail to bring
The loving answer that you do expect.
Mount. Why speak'st thou from me?[1] thy pleas'd eyes send forth
Beams brighter than the star that ushers day;
Thy smiles restore sick expectation.
Rocca. I bring you, sir, her smiles, not mine.
Mount. Her smiles!
Why, they are presents for kings' eldest sons:
Great Solyman, that wearies his hot eyes
But to peruse his deck'd seraglio,
When from the number of his concubines
He chooseth one for that night, in his pride
Of them, wives, wealth, is not so rich as I
In this one smile, from Oriana sent.
Rocca. Sir, fare you well.
Mount. Oh, Rocca, thou art wise,
And wouldst not have the torrent of my joy
Ruin me headlong! aptly thou conceiv'st,
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
What trances will the sweet words which thou bring'st
Cast me into. I felt, my dearest friend,
(No more my servant,) when I employ'd thee,
That knew'st to look[2] and speak as lovers should,
And carry faithfully thy master's sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold heart;
And all my labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold prize.
Rocca. Will you yet hear me?
Mount. Yes:
But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou dost
Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears
With her consent now to embrace my love;
For thou well know'st I have been so plung'd, so torn
With her resolv'd rejection[3] and neglect,
That to report her soft acceptance now
Will stupefy sense in me, if not kill.
Why shew'st thou this distemper?
Rocca. Draw your sword,
And, when I with my breath have blasted you,
Kill me with it:
I bring you smiles of pity, not affection;
For such she sent.
Mount. Oh, can she pity me?
Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the straightest.
Rocca. Waken, sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still: she bids you throw your pearl
Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
Ere her to foul dishonour; write your plaints
In rocks of coral grown above the sea;
Them hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love-sick pale,
Ere work her to your impious requests:
All your loose thoughts she chides you home again,
But with such calm behaviour and mild looks,
She gentlier denies than others grant,
For just as others love, so doth she hate:
She says, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels, then,
You would thus violate her and your own faith,
That being the virgin you should now protect:
Hitherto, she professes, she has conceal'd
Your lustful batteries; but the next, she vows,
In open hall, before the honour'd cross
And her great brother, she will quite disclose,
Calling for justice, to your utter shame.
Mount. Hence! find the blackamoor that waits upon her,
Bring her unto me; she doth love me yet,
And I must her now, at least seem to do. —
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguish. — Art not gone?
[*Exit* ROCCA.
Shall my desires, like beggars, wait at door,
Whilst any others[4] revel in her breast?
Sweat on, my spirits! Know, thou trick'd-up toy,
My love's a violent flood, where thou art faln;
Playing with which tide thou'dst been gently toss'd,
But, crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd and lost.

Enter ASTORIUS *and* CASTRIOT.

Cast. Monsieur, good day.
Asto. Good morrow, valiant knight:
What, are you for this great solemnity
This morn intended?
Mount. What solemnity?
Asto. The investing of the martial Spaniard,
Peter Gomera, with our Christian badge.
Cast. And young Miranda, the Italian;
Both which, with wondrous prowess and great luck,
Have dar'd and done for Malta such high feats,
That not one fort in it but rings their names
As loud as any man's.
Mount. As any man's!
Why, we have fought for Malta.
Asto. Yes, Mountferrat,
No bold knight ever pass'd you; but we wear
The dignity of Christians on our breasts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our conquests:
These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet.
Mount. Astorius, you are a most indulgent knight,
Detracting from yourself, to add to others.
You know this title is the period
To all our labours, the extremity
Of that tall pyramid, where honour hangs;
Which we with sweat and agony have reach'd,
And should not then so easily impart
So bright a wreath to every cheap desert.
Cast. [*Aside to* ASTORIUS.] How is this Frenchman chang'd, Astorius!
Some sullen discontent possesses him,
That makes him envy what he heretofore
Did most ingenuously but emulate.

1 *from me*] "i. e. with averted face." MASON.
2 *look*] Weber printed "love"!
3 *rejection*] Is, no doubt, (as Mason first saw,) the genuine reading. Both the folios have "reject;" and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.
4 *others*] Weber printed "othef."

Mount. Oh, furious desire, how like a whirlwind
Thou hurriest me beyond mine honour's point!
Out of my heart, base lust! or, heart, I vow
Those flames that heat me[1] thus, I'll burn thee in. [*Aside.*
Asto. Do you observe him?
Mount. What news of the Dane,
That valiant captain, Norandine?
Cast. He fights still,
In view o' the town; he plays the devil with 'em,
And they the Turks with him.
Mount. They're well met, then;
'Twere sin to sever 'em. — Pish — woman — memory,
Would one of ye would leave me! [*Aside.*
Asto. Six fresh galleys
I in St. Angelo from the promontory
This morn descried, making a girdle for him;
But our Great-master doth intend relief
This present meeting. Will you walk along?
Mount. Hum — I have read, ladies enjoy'd have been
The gulphs of worthiest men, buried their names,
Their former valour, bounty, beauty, virtue,
And sent 'em stinking to untimely graves.
I, that cannot enjoy, by her disdain
Am like to prove as wretched; woman, then,
Checking or granting, is the grave of men. [*Aside.*
Asto. He's saying of his prayers, sure.
Cast. Will you go, sir?
Mount. I cry you mercy: I am so transported
(Your pardon, noble brothers) with a business
That doth concern all Malta, that I am
(Anon you'll hear it) almost blind and deaf —
Lust neither sees nor hears aught but itself. — [*Aside.*
But I will follow instantly. [MOUNTFERRAT's *cross drops.*] Your cross.
Asto. Not mine.
Cast. Nor mine; 'tis yours.
Asto. Cast. Good morrow, brother. [*Exeunt.*
Mount. White innocent sign, thou dost abhor to dwell
So near the dim thoughts of this troubled breast,
And grace these graceless projects of my heart:
Yet I must wear thee to protect my crimes,
If not for conscience, for hypocrisy;
Some churchmen so wear cassocks.

Enter ZANTHIA.[2]

Oh, my Zanthia,
My pearl that scorns a stain! I much repent
All my neglects; let me, Ixion-like,
Embrace my black cloud, since my Juno is
So wrathful and averse: thou art more soft
And full of dalliance than the fairest flesh,
And far more loving.
Zan. Ay, you say so now;
But, like a property, when I have serv'd
Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up
For a sign somewhere.
Mount. May my life then forsake me,
Or, from my[3] expected bliss, be cast to hell!
Zan. My tongue, sir, cannot lisp to meet you so,
Nor my black cheek put on a feignèd blush,
To make me seem more modest than I am;
This ground-work will not bear adulterate red
Nor artificial white, to cozen love;
These dark locks are not purchas'd, nor these teeth,
For every night they are my bed-fellows;
No bath, no blanching water, smoothing oils,
Doth mend me up; and yet, Mountferrat, know,
I am as full of pleasure in the touch
As e'er a white-fac'd puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firm; unfledge 'em of their tires,
Their wires,[4] their partlets,[5] pins, and perriwigs,
And they appear like bald coots in the nest:
I can as blithely work in my love's bed,
And deck thy fair neck with these jetty chains;
Sing thee asleep, being wearied; and, refresh'd,
With the same organ steal sleep off again.
Mount. Oh, my black swan, silkier[6] than cygnet's plush,
Sweeter than is the sweet of pomander,[7]
Breath'd like curl'd Zephyrus cooling lemontress,
Straight as young pines or cedars in the grove!
Quickly descend, lovers' best canopy,
Still night, for Zanthia doth enamour me
Beyond all continence! Perpetrate, dear wench,
What thou hast promis'd, and I vow by Heaven,
Malta I'll leave; in it my honours here;
And in some other country Zanthia make
My wife and my best fortune.
Zan. From this hope,
Here is an answer to that letter, which
I lately shew'd you, sent from Tripoli
By the great basha, which importunes her
Love unto him and treachery to the island;
Which will she undertake, by Mahomet
The Turk there vows, on his blest Alcoran,
Marriage unto her: this the Master knows,
But is resolv'd[8] of her integrity,
As well he may, sweet lady: yet, for love,
For love of thee, Mountferrat, (oh, what chains
Of deity or duty can hold love?)
I have this answer fram'd, so like her hand [*Giving letter.*
As if it had been moulded off, returning
The basha's letter safe into her pocket.
What you will do with it, yourself best knows:
Farewell; keep my true heart, keep true your vows.[9]

[1] *me*] So the second folio. — The first folio "thee."
[2] *Zanthia*] Both the folios "*Enter Zanthia* alias Abdella." See note on *Dram. Pers.*

[3] *Or, from my*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "Of my."
[4] *wires*] See note, p. 168. — Compare also the following lines from Gosson's *Pleasant Quippes for Vpstart Newfangled Gentlewomen*, 1595;
"These flaming heads with staring haire,
These *wyers* twinde like hornes of ram," &c.
p. 5. reprint.
[5] *partlets*] "A partlet means a ruff." MASON. Rather — a sort of neck-kerchief, or habit-shirt: see Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c. ii. 368, and Sir F. Madden's note on *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary*, p. 255.
[6] *silkier*] Mason's correction. — The first folio has "silkner." The second folio reads "sleeker;" and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.
[7] *pomander*] See note, p. 552.
[8] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, convinced.
[9] *keep my true heart, keep true your vows*] Heath (*MS.*

Hist

Mount. Till I be dust, my Zanthia, be confirm'd: [*Kisses her.*
Sparrows and doves sit coupling 'twixt thy lips. [*Exit* ZANTHIA.
It is not love, but strong libidinous will
That triumphs o'er me; and to satiate that,
What difference 'twixt this Moor and her fair dame?
Night makes their hues alike, their use is so:
Whose hand [1] so subtle he can colours name,
If he do wink, and touch 'em? lust, being blind,
Never in women did distinction find. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Grand-master's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlewomen.

First Gent. But, i' faith, dost thou think my lady was never in love?

Sec. Gent. I rather think she was ever in love; [2] in perfect charity, I mean, with all the world.

First Gent. A most Christian answer, I promise you: but I mean, in love with a man.

Sec. Gent. With a man! what else? wouldst have her in love with a beast?

First Gent. You are somewhat quick; but, if she were, it were no precedent: did you never read of Europa the fair, that leapt a bull, that leapt the sea, that swom to land, and then leapt her?

Sec. Gent. Oh, heavens, a bull!

First Gent. Yes, a white bull.

Sec. Gent. Lord, how could she sit him? where did she hold?

First Gent. Why, by the horn; since which time, no woman almost is contented till she have a horn of her own to hold by.

Sec. Gent. Thou art very knavish.

First Gent. And thou very foolish. But, sirrah,[3] why dost not thou marry?

Sec. Gent. Because I would be no man's looking-glass.

First Gent. As how?

Sec. Gent. As thus. There is no wife, if she be good and true, will honour and obey, but must reflect the true countenance of her husband upon him; if he look sad upon her, she must not look merrily upon him; if he look merrily, she must not sorrowfully; else she is a false glass, and fit for nothing but breaking; his anger must be her discontent, his pleasure her delight; if he weep, she must cry; if he laugh, she must shew her teeth; if he be sick, she must not be in health; if he eat caudles, she must eat pottage: she must have no proper passion of her own: — and is not this a tyranny?

First Gent. Yes, i' faith: marriage may well be called a yoke; wives then are but like superficial lines in geometry that have no proper motion of their own, but as their bodies (their husbands) move. Yet I know some wives, that are never freely merry, nor truly pleased, but when they are farthest off their husbands.

Sec. Gent. That's because the moon governs 'em; which hath most light and shines brightest, the more remote it is from the sun; and contrary, is more sullen, dim, and shews least splendour, when it is nearest.

First Gent. But, if I were to marry, I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

Sec. Gent. Why?

First Gent. Because I would lead the blind whither I list.

Sec. Gent. And I the wisest man I could get for money, because I had rather follow the clear-sighted: bless me from a husband that sails by his wife's compass!

First Gent. Why?

Sec. Gent. Why, 'tis ten to one but she breaks his head in her youth; and, when she is old, she'll never leave till she has broke his back too.

First Gent. But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta,[4] that when they are dubbed take their oath of allegiance to live poor and chastely ever after!

Sec. Gent. Faith, many knights in other nations, I have heard, are as poor as ours; marry, where one of 'em has taken the oath of chastity, we want a new Columbus to find out.

Enter ZANTHIA.

Zan. Hist, wenches! my lady calls; she's entering the terrace to see the show.

First Gent. Oh, black-pudding!

Sec. Gent. My little labour in vain! [5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Hall in the same, with a gallery.*

Enter above, ORIANA, ZANTHIA, *and two Gentlewomen; beneath,* VALETTA *who takes the chair of*

Notes) would read, "*keep* true, my heart, *keep true your vows.*"

1 *Whose hand*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "*Whose hand* is;" and so the modern editors ("*Whose hand's*").

2 *Sec. Gent. I rather think she was ever in love*, &c.] Distributed thus in both the folios;

"2. *I rather think she was ever in love: in perfect charity.*
1. *I meane, with all the world.*
2. *A most christian answer I promise you: but I meane in love with a man.*
2. *With a man?*" &c.

3 *sirrah*] Was frequently used in addressing women: see p. 603, 609.

4 —— *broke his back too.*
First Gent. *But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta*, &c.] Both the folios thus:

"*broke his back too* —
But what scurvy Knight *have* you *here in Malta*, &c.
[sec. folio. *Enter Zanthia.*]
Zan. *Hist, wenches: my Lady cals, she's entring*
The Tarrasse, to see the show.
1. *Oh black pudding.*
2. *My little labour in vaine.*
1. *But what scurvy Knights have we here in Malta, that when they are dubd take their oath of allegeance to live poore, and chastly ever after?*
2. *Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have heard) are as poore as ours: marry where one of 'em has taken the Oath of chastity, we want a new Columbus* [sec. folio *Columbus*] *to find out.* [*Exeunt.*"

"This confusion and repetition appear in all the editions but the present. We apprehend there can be no doubt but Zanthia's entry, and the five following lines, should be removed to the conclusion of the scene, which hitherto ended with the words, '*Columbus to find out.*' The '*&c.*' (with the senseless variation of the words) induces us to think, that the first occurrence of the reiterated line was meant as a direction for the performer to pass on to that passage beginning '*But what scurvy*,' &c." *Ed.* 1778.

5 *My little labour in vain*] "Alluding to the vulgar saying, that they labour in vain who attempt to wash a black-a-moor white." MASON.

state, MOUNTFERRAT, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, GOMERA, MIRANDA, *Knights, and Attendants.*

Mount. Are you there, lady?
Ori. Thou art a naughty man;
Heaven mend thee!
Val. Our great meeting, princely brothers,
Ye holy soldiers of the Christian cross,
Is to relieve our captain Norandine,
Now fighting 'fore Valetta[1] with the Turk;
A valiant gentleman, a noble Dane
As e'er the country bred, endanger'd now
By fresh supply of head-bound[2] infidels.
Much means, much blood this warlike Dane hath spent
To advance our flag above their hornèd moons,
And oft hath brought in profitable conquest:
We must not see him perish in our view.
How far off fight they?
Mir. Sir, within a league.
Val. 'Tis well. Our next occasion of conventing
Are these two gentlemen, standing in your sight,
Ye noble props of Malta. Royally
Descended are they both, valiant as War,[3]
Miranda and Gomera: full ten years
They have serv'd this island, perfected exploits
Matchless and infinite; they are honest, wise,
Not empty of one ornament of man:
Most eminent agents were they in that slaughter,
That great marvellous slaughter of the Turks,
Before St. Elme, where five-and-twenty thousand
Fell, for five thousand of our Christians.
These ripe considerations moving us,
Having had your allowance on their worths,[4]
Here we would call 'em to our brotherhood:
If any therefore can their manners tax,
Their faith, their chastity, any part of life,
Let 'em speak now.
Asto. None does.
All. None can, Great-master.
Val. The dignity, then, dignified by them,
Is their reward.[5] Tender Miranda first
(Because he is to succour Norandine)
Our sacred robe of knighthood, our white cross,
(The holy cognizance of him we serve,)
The sword, the spurs.
Mir. Grave and most honour'd Master,
With humble duty, and my soul's best thanks
To you, and all this famous conventicle,
Let me with modesty refuse acceptance
Of this high order: I, alas, am yet
Unworthy and uncapable of such honour!
That merit, which with favour you enlarge,
Is far, far short of this propos'd reward.
Who take[s] upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure thoughts and a gather'd[6] mind,
That time nor all occasions ever may
After disperse or stain. Did this title here
Of knighthood ask no other ornaments
Than other countries' glittering show, poor pride,
A jingling spur, a feather, a white hand,
A frizzled hair, powder'd,[7] perfumes, and lust,
Drinking sweet wines, surfeits, and ignorance,
Rashly and easily should I venture on't;
But this requires another kind of man.
Mount. A staid and mature judgment! — Speak on, sir.
Mir May it please you, then, to allow me some small time
To rectify myself for that high seat,
Or give my reasons to the contrary;
I' the mean space, to dismiss me to the aid
Of Norandine; my ships ride in the bay,
Ready to disembogue, tackled and mann'd
Even to[8] my wishes.
Mount. His request
Is fair and honest.
Val. At your pleasure go.
Mir. I humbly take my leave of all; — of you,
My noble friend Mountferrat, — gracious mistress —
Oh, that auspicious smile doth arm your soldier!
Who fights for those eyes and this sacred cross,
Can neither meet sad accident nor loss.
Ori. The mighty master of that livery
Conduct thee safely to these eyes again!
[*Exit* MIRANDA.
Mount. Blows the wind that way? [*Aside.*
Val. Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, Gomera, you
Without excuse receive that dignity,
Which our provincial chapter hath decreed you
Gom. Great-master of Jerusalem's Hospital,
From whence to Rhodes this blest fraternity
Was driven, but now among the Maltois stands,
Long may it flourish, whilst Gomera serves it,
But dares not enter farther!
All. This is strange!
Val. What do you object?
Gom. Nothing against it, but myself, fair knights;
I may not wear this robe.
Val. Express your reasons:
Doth any hid sin gore your conscience?
Asto. Are you unstedfast in religion?
Cast. Or do you intend to forsake Malta now,
And visit your own country, fruitful Spain?

1 *fighting 'fore Valetta*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios have "*fighting for Valetta.*" — "We see no need for variation, the sense being, that he is fighting *for* Valetta, upon the safety of which town their own security depends." *Ed.* 1778. "Mr. Mason insists upon the propriety of Sympson's variation, because the town could not be endangered by the Turkish force combated by Norandine. But surely that commentator might have known, that soldiers may fight for their country without its being in immediate danger of being conquered." WEBER. — Sympson's alteration is confirmed by other passages of the play:

"*Mount.* What news of the Dane,
That valiant captain, Norandine?
Cast. He fights still,
In view o' the town," &c. Act i. sc. 1.
"We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same galleys *'fore* Valetta fought."
Act v. sc. 2.

2 *head-bound*] "i. e. turbaned." THEOBALD.
3 *valiant as War*] Here Sympson offers three emendations, of which the first is "valiant as *Mars.*"
4 *their worths*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "*their* worthies."
5 *The dignity, then, dignified by them,*
Is their reward] Is obviously the right reading. — The first folio has,

"*The dignity then*, dignifie, *by them*
Is their reward."

The second folio reads

"*The dignity then* dignifie, by them,
As *their reward;*"

and so Sympson and his successors.

6 *gather'd*] "i. e. collected." MASON.
7 *powder'd*] Sympson, with Seward's approbation, printed "powder;" and so the Editors of 1778.
8 *to*] Sympson printed "unto."

Gom. Never,[1] good sir.
Val. Then explicate your thoughts.
Gom. This, then: I should be perjur'd to receive it.
Once in Malita,[2] your next city here,
When I was younger, read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once: none but a gentleman
Can be admitted ——
Val. That's no obstacle
In you.
Gom. I should be sorry that were it: —
No married man ——
Mount. You never felt that yoke.
Gom. None that hath been contracted ——
Cast. Were you ever?
Gom. Nor married, nor contracted: —— none that ever
Hath vow'd his love to any womankind,
Or finds that secret fire within his thoughts:
Here I am cast; this article my heart
Objects against the title of my fame;
I am in love. Laugh not: though time hath set
Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd locks
Will shortly dye into another hue,
Yet, yet I am in love (i' faith, you smile):
What age, what sex, or what profession
Divine or human, from the man that cries
For alms in the highway, to him that sings
At the high altar and doth sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is love?
Val. 'Tis honestly profess'd. With whom, Gomera?
Name the lady, that with all advantage
We may advance your suit.
Gom. But will you, sir?
Val. Now, by our holy rock, were it our sister,
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy: freely name her.
Gom. Be master of your word: it is she, sir,
The matchless Oriana.
Val. Come down, lady. —
You have made her blush: let her consent, I will
Make good my oath.
[ORIANA *comes down, with* ZAN. *and two Gentlew.*
Mount. Is't so? [*Aside.*] — Stay: I do love
So tenderly, Gomera, your bright fame,[3]
As not to suffer your perdition.
Gom. What means Mountferrat?
Mount. This whole Auberge[4] hath —
A guard upon this lady! — wonder not —

Enter Guard.

Ta'en public notice of the basha's love
Of Tripoli unto her, and consented
She should return this answer; as he writ
For her conversion and betraying Malta,
She should advise him betray Tripoli,
And, turning Christian, he should marry her.
All. All this was so.
Mount. How weakly does this court, then,
Send vessels forth to sea, to guard the land,
Taking such special care to save one bark,
Or strive to add fam'd men unto our cloak,
When they lurk in our bosoms would subvert
This state and us, presuming on their blood
And partial indulgence to their sex?
Val. Who can this be?
Mount. Your sister, great Valetta;
Which thus I prove: demand the basha's letter.
Ori. 'Tis here; nor from this pocket hath been mov'd,
Nor answer'd, nor perus'd, by —— [*Gives letter.*
Mount. Do not swear;
Cast not away your fair soul; to your treason
Add not foul perjury. Is this your hand?
[*Shewing a letter.*
Ori. 'Tis very like it.
Mount. May it please the Master,
Confer[5] these letters, and then read her answer,
Which I have intercepted. Pardon me,
Reverend Valetta, that am made the means
To punish this most beauteous treachery,
Even in your sister, since in it I save
Malta from ruin: I am bolder in't,
Because it is so palpable, and withal
Know our Great-master to this country firm
As was the Roman Marcus, who spar'd not
As dear a sister in the public cause.
Val. I am amaz'd! Attend me.
[Reads.] *Let your forces by the next even be ready; my brother feasts then; put in at St. Michael's; the ascent at that port is easiest; the keys of the castle you shall receive at my hands. That possessed, you are lord of Malta, and may soon destroy all by fire; than which I am hotter, till I embrace you. Farewell: Your wife, Oriana.*
From this time let me never read again!
First Gentlew. 'Tis certain, her hand.
Val. This letter too,
So close kept by herself, could not be answer'd
To every period thus, but by herself.
Ori. Sir, hear me!
Val. Peace, thou fair sweet bank of flowers,
Under whose beauty scorpions lie and kill!
Wert thou akin to me in some new name
Dearer than sister, mother, or all blood,
I would not hear thee speak. — Bear her to prison:
So gross is this, it needs no formal course. —
Prepare thyself; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Ori. I die a martyr, then, and a poor maid,
Almost, i' faith, as innocent as born. —
Thou know'st thou art wicked, Frenchman; Heaven forgive thee!
[*Exit with* Guard, *followed by* ZAN. *and two Gentlew.*

[1] *Never*] Seward in a note proposed to read "Neither," which was adopted by the Editors of 1778.
[2] *Malita*] Weber printed "Malta."
[3] *fame*] Both the folios "flame."
[4] *Auberge*] "In the *Anciens et Nouveaux Statuts de L'Ordre de Saint Jean de Jerusalem*, the word *Auberge* frequently occurs; and, in the chapter *De la Signification des Termes*, is thus explained: 'Auberge *est un nom connu des François, des Espagnols, & des Italiens, pour signifier un lieu, où l'on mange, & où l'on s'assemble nation par nation.*' Vertot's *Histoire de Chevaliers de Malthe*, tome vi. p. 266, Edit. Paris, 1761." *Ed.* 1778. "The word *auberge* is French, and signifies an inn. The Knights of Malta were originally the Knights Hospitalliers, or of St. John of Jerusalem, whose duty it was to receive and protect all persons travelling to the Holy Land. Each fraternity of these knights was called in Latin *hospitium*; *albergo* in Italian; *auberge* in French; and inns in England; the words in these respective languages bearing the same import. The two most ancient of our inns of court, the Inner and Middle Temple, were formerly possessed by the Knights Templar, from whom the Knights of Malta are derived. The Free Masons still call their fraternities lodges." MASON.
[5] *Confer*] i. e. Compare.

All. This scene is strangely turn'd.
Val. Yet, can nature be
So dead in me? I would my charge were off!
Mountferrat should perceive my sister had
A brother would not live to see her die
Unfought for, since the statutes of our state
Allow, in case of accusations,
A champion to defend a lady's truth. — [*Aside.*
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy wife:
Death pleads a precontract.
Gom. I have lost my tongue,
My sense, my heart, and every faculty. —
Mountferrat, go not up: with reverence
To our Great-master and this consistory,
(I have consider'd it, it cannot be,)
Thou art a villain and a forger,
A blood-sucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A most unworthy wearer of our cross:
To make which good, take, if thou dar'st, that gage, [*Throws down his glove.*
And, arm'd at all points like a gentleman,
Meet me to-morrow morning, where the Master
And this fraternity shall design;[1] where I
Will cram this slander back into thy throat,
And with my sword's point thrust it to thy heart,
The very nest where lust and slander breeds. —
Pardon my passion. — I will tear those spurs
Off from thy heels, and stick 'em in thy front,
As a mark'd villain.
Mount. This I look'd not for. — [*Aside.*
Ten times more villain, I return my gage,
And crave the law of arms.
Gom. 'Tis that I crave.
All. It cannot be denied.
Gom. Do not I know,
With thousand gifts and importunacies
Thou often hast solicited this lady
(Contrary to thy oath of chastity)?
Who ne'er disclosing this thy hot-rein'd lust,
Yet tender to prevent a public scandal,
That Christendom might justly have impos'd
Upon this holy institution,
Thou now hast drawn this practice[2] 'gainst her life,
To quit[3] her charity.
Mount. Spaniard, thou liest!
Asto. No more, Gomera: thou art granted combat. —
And you, Mountferrat, must prepare against
To-morrow morning, in the valley here,
Adjoining to St. George's Port. A lady,
In case of life, 'gainst whom one witness comes,
May have her champion.
Val. And who hath most right,
With or against our sister, speed in fight!
[*Flourish. Exeunt all except* MOUNTFERRAT.

Enter ROCCA.

Mount. Rocca, the first news of Miranda's service
Let me have notice of.
Rocca. You shall. The Moor
Waits you without.

[1] *design*] "This word has its original signification to *appoint* or *decree*; in Latin, *designare*, from whence *designator*, an herald." SEWARD.
[2] *practice*] i. e. artful contrivance, stratagem.
[3] *quit*] "i. e. requite." WEBER.

Mount. Admit her. — Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit* ROCCA.
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! Gomera
Loves Oriana; she, as I should guess,
Affects Miranda; these are two dear friends,
As firm and full of fire as steel and flint:
To make 'em so now, one against the other —

Re-enter ZANTHIA.

Stay; let me look it better.[4] — Zanthia,
First tell me this; did Don Gomera use
To give his visits to your mistress?[5]
Zan. Yes, and Miranda too; but severally.
Mount. Which did she most apply to?
Zan. Faith, to neither:
Yet infinitely I have heard her praise 'em both,
And in that manner, that, were both one man,
I think she was in love with't.
Mount. Zanthia,
Another letter you must frame for me
Instantly, in your lady's character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee straight:
Go in,[6] and stay me; go. [*Exit* ZANTHIA
My tinder-box —
[*Taking it from his pocket.*
Cross lines I'll cross — so, so — my after-game
I must play better. Woman, I will spread
My vengeance over Malta, for thy sake:
Spaniard, Italian, like my steel and stone,
I'll knock you thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink, to save the sparkles from mine eyes.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Harbour. A sea-fight within, alarm.*

Enter NORANDINE *wounded*, MIRANDA, Gentlemen, Soldiers, *and* Sailors.

Mir. How is it, sir?
Nor. Pray, set me down: I cool,
And my wounds smart.
Mir. I hope yet,
Though there be many, there's none dangerous.
Nor. I know not, nor I care not much; I got 'em
Like a too-forward fool; but I hope the surgeons
Will take an order I shall not leave 'em so:
I make the rogues more work than all the island,
And yet they give me the hardest words for my money.

[4] *look it better*] i. e. look at, consider it better. — Both the folios have "like *it better*;" so the Editors of 1778; and so Weber, who explains the words to mean "grow still more enamoured of my design." Sympson printed (without any note) "lick *it better*;" "that is," says Mason, who approves of Sympson's reading, "reduce it to a more perfect form"!
[5] *mistress*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber, not understanding that this word is here a trisyllable (as in act ii. sc. 1,
"You have one left yet, to choose your *mistress*"),
divided the next speech thus;
"Zan. *Yes,*
And Miranda too, but severally."
[6] *Go in*, &c.] In both the folios thus,
"*Go in, and stay me: go my tinder-box;*"
and so the modern editors!

Mir. I am glad you are so sprightly. You fought bravely, —
Go call the surgeons, soldiers [*Exeunt* Soldiers], — wondrous nobly;
Upon my life, I have not seen such valour,
Maintain'd so long, and to so large a ruin,
The odds so strong against you.[1]
Nor. I thank you,
And thank you for your help, your timely succour:
By the mass, it came i' the nick, sir, and well handled,
Stoutly and strongly handled; we had duck'd else;
My Turk had turk'd me else: but he has well paid for't.
Why, what a sign for an almanack h'as made me!

Enter ASTORIUS.

Asto. I am glad to find you here, sir; of necessity [*To* MIR.
I must have come aboard else. — And, brave captain,
We all joy much in your fair victory,
And all the island speaks your valour nobly.
Have you brought the Turk in that you took?
Mir. He rides there.
Nor. If he were out again, the devil should bring him:
H'as truly circumcis'd me.
Asto. I have a business [*To* MIR.
Which much concerns you, presently concerns you;
But not this place nor people; pray you, draw off, sir;
For 'tis of that weight to you ——
Mir. I'll wait on you. —
I must crave leave a while; my care dwells with you,
And I must wait myself ——
Nor. Your servant, sir.
Mir. Believe I shall, and what my love can minister —
Keep your stout heart still ——
Nor. That's my best physician.
Mir. And I shall keep your fame fair.
Nor. You are too noble.
[*Exeunt* MIRANDA *and* ASTORIUS.
A brave young fellow, of a matchless spirit!
He brought me off like thunder, charg'd and boarded,
As if he had been shot to save mine honour;
And when my fainting men, tir'd with their labour
And lack of blood, gave to the Turk assurance
The day was his, when I was cut in shreds thus,
And not a corn of powder left to bless us,
Then flew his sword in, then his cannon roar'd,
And let fly blood and death in storms amongst em:
Then might I hear their sleepy prophet howl'd to;[2]
And all their silver crescents[3] then I saw
Like falling meteors spent, and set for ever
Under the cross of Malta: Death so wanton
I never look'd upon, so full of revel. —

Enter Surgeon, *with* Soldiers.

I will not be dress'd yet. — Methought that fellow
Was fit for no conversation, nor no Christian,
That had not half his brains knock'd out, no soldier.
Oh, valiant young man, how I love thy virtue!
First Sold. Pray you, sir, be dress'd: alas, you bleed apace yet!
Nor. 'Tis but the sweat of honour. Alas, thou milksop,
Thou man of marchpane,[4] canst thou fear to see
A few light hurts, that blush they are no bigger?
A few small scratches? Get you a caudle, sirrah,
(Your finger aches,) and let the old wives watch thee.
Bring in the booty and the prisoners:
By Heaven, I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,
Before I have a drop of blood wip'd from me: go.
Surg. You'll faint, sir. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Nor. No, you lie, sir, like an ass, sir:
I have no such pig's heart[5] in my belly.
Surg. By my life, captain,
These hurts are not to be jested with.
Nor. If thou hadst 'em.
They are my companions, fool, my family;
I cannot eat nor sleep without their company.
Dost take me for Saint Davy, that fell dead
With seeing of his nose bleed?
Surg. Here they come, sir:

Re-enter Soldiers *with booty.*

But would you would be dress'd!
Nor. Pox, dress thyself first!
Thou faint'st a great deal faster. — What's all this?
First Sold. The money and the merchandise you took, sir.
Nor. A goodly purchase![6] is it for this we venture
Our liberties and lives? what can all this do?
Get me some dozen surfeits, some seven fresh whores,
And twenty pot-allies too; and then I am virtuous.[7]

[1] *you*] Sympson silently added "too."
[2] *howl'd to*] The first folio has "*howl'd* too." The second folio reads "howl too;" and so the modern editors!!
[3] *And all their silver crescents, &c.*] Gifford compares this fine allusion to the impress of the Turkish and Maltese standards with the following passage of Massinger's *Renegado*, act ii. sc. 5;

"These Knights of Malta, but a handful to
Your armies, that drink rivers up, have stood
Your fury at the height, and with their crosses
Struck pale your horned moons."
Works, ii. 161. ed. 1813.

With the passage just cited, compare too a line in act i. sc. 3. (p. 794.)

"To advance our flag above their hornèd moons."

[4] *marchpane*] See note, p. 655.
[5] *pig's heart*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios "*pigs* hurt."
[6] *purchase*] i. e. booty.
[7] *And twenty pot-allies too: and then I am virtuous*] Heath's correction (*MS. Notes*), which, probably, restores the genuine reading. — The first folio has,

"*And twenty pot*-alleys and to: *and then I am vertuous.*"

The second folio reads,

"*And twenty pot-Allies; and then I am virtuous.*"

and so the modern editors.

Lay the knight's[1] part by, and that to pay the soldier:
This is mine own; I think I have deserv'd it. —
Come, now look to me, and grope me like a chambermaid;
I'll neither start nor squeak. — What's that i' the truss there?
Sec. Sold. 'Tis cloth of tissue, sir; and this is scarlet.
Nor. I shall look redder shortly, then, I fear me,
And, as a captain ought, a great deal prouder. —
Can you cure me of that crack, surgeon?
Surg. Yes, when your suit's at pawn, sir.
Nor. There's for your plaster.
A very learnèd surgeon! — What's in that pack there?
First Sold. 'Tis English cloth.
Nor. That's a good wear indeed,
Both strong and rich; but it has[2] a virtue,
A twang of the own country, that spoils all;
A man shall ne'er be sober in't. — Where are the gentlemen
That ventur'd with me both their lives and fortunes?
Come forward, my fair spirits: Norandine
Forgets his worth when he forgets your valours.
You have lost an eye; I saw you face all hazards;
You have one left yet, to choose your mistress:
You have your leg broke with a shot; yet, sitting,
I saw you make the place good with your pike still:
And your hand's gone; a good heart wants no instruments.
Share that amongst ye: there's an eye; an arm;
And that will bear you up, when your legs cannot. —
Oh, where's the honest sailor? that poor fellow,
Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his musket
Taught them new ways how to put their caps off,
That stood the fire of all the fight, twice blown,
And twice I gave him drown'd? — Welcome ashore, knave!
Give me thy hand, if they be not both lost: faith, thou art welcome,
My tough knave, welcome! thou wilt not shrink i' the washing:
Hold, there's a piece of scarlet; get thee handsome;
And this to buy thee buttons.
Sailor. Thank you, captain.
Command my life at all hours.
Nor. Thou durst give it. —
You have deserv'd too?
Third Sold. We have seen the fight, sir.
Nor. Yes; coil'd up in a cable, like salt eels,
Or buried low i' the ballass:[3] do you call that fighting?
Where be your wounds? your knocks? your want of limbs, rogues?
Art not thou he that ask'd the master-gunner
Where thou might'st lie safest? and he straight answer'd,
Put thy head in that hole new bor'd with a cannon,
For 'twas a hundred to one, another shot would not hit there?
Your wages you shall have; but for rewards
Take your own ways, and get ye to the taverns;
There, when ye are hot with wine, 'mongst your admirers,
Take ships, and towns, and castles at your pleasures,
And make the Great Turk shake at your valours. —
Bring in the prisoners.

Soldiers bring in Prisoners, among whom is LUCINDA.

Now, my brave Mussulmans,[4]
You that are lords o' the sea, and scorn us Christians,
Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here? —
Away to prison with 'em; see 'em safe. —
You shall find we have galleys too, and slaves too.
First Sold. What shall be done with this woman, sir?
Nor. Pox take her! [*Surgeon dresses him.*
'Twas she that set me on to fight with these rogues. —
That ring-worm, rot it! — What can you do now,
With all your paintings and your pouncings,[5] lady,
To restore my blood again? you, and your Cupid,
That have made a carbonado of me — Plague take you, [*To the Surgeon.*
You are too deep, you rogue! — This is thy work, woman,
Thou lousy woman! — 'Death, you go too deep still! —
The seeing of your simpering sweetness — [pox],[6] you filly,
You tit, you tomboy, what can one night's jingling,
Or two, or ten, "sweetheart" and "oh, my dear chicken,"
Scratching my head, or fumbling with my foremast,
Do me good now? You have powder'd me for one year;
I am in souce,[7] I thank you; thank your beauty,
Your most sweet beauty! Pox upon those goggles!
We cannot fight, like honest men, for honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the devil's holiness
And you must have a dance. — Away with her!
She stinks to me now.
First Sold. Shall I have her, captain?
Sec. Sold. Or I?
Third Sold. I'll marry her ——
Fourth Sold. Good captain, I ——

[1] *knight's*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "knights'," — improperly, as is shewn by what immediately follows, — "*the soldier.*"
[2] *but it has*] Here we have another of Sympson's silent interpolations, — "*but* yet *it has.*"
[3] *ballass*] So the first folio. The second folio "ballast;" and so the modern editors.
[4] *Mussulmans*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "Musslemen;" and so Sympson.
[5] *pouncings*] See note, p. 640.
[6] [*pox*] A break here in both the folios.
[7] *souce*] "i. e. pickle." WEBER.

Third Sold. And make her a good Christian.
Lay hands off[1] her:
I know she's mine.
Sec. Sold. I'll give my full share for her.—
Have ye no manners,
To thrust the woman so?
Nor. Share her among ye;
And may she give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches!
Luc. Noble captain,
Be pleas'd to free me from these soldiers' wildness,
Till I but speak two words. [*Kneels.*
Nor. Now for your maidenhead!
You have your book; proceed.[2]
Luc. Victorious sir,
'Tis seldom seen, in men so valiant,[3]
Minds so devoid of virtue: he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preserve his conquest;
'Tis but a base theft else: valour's a virtue,
Crown of men's actions here; yours, as you make it:
And can you put so rough a foil as violence,
As wronging of weak woman, to your triumph?
Nor. Let her alone.
Luc. I have lost my husband, sir,—
You feel not that; him that I love,—you care not:
When fortune falls on you thus, you may grieve too.
My liberty I kneel not for; mine honour
(If ever virtuous honour touch'd your heart yet)
Make dear and precious, sir: you had a mother.[4]
Nor. The roguy thing speaks finely, neat.—
Who took you?
For he must be your guard.
Luc. I wish no better:
A noble gentleman, and nobly us'd me;
They call'd his name Miranda.
Nor. You are his, then:
You have light[5] upon a young man worth your service.
I free you from all the rest, and from all violence;
He that doth offer't, by my head, he hangs for't.—
Go see her safe kept, till the noble gentleman
Be ready to dispose her.—Thank your tongue,
You have a good one, and preserve it good still.—
Soldiers, come wait on me; I'll see ye paid all.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter MIRANDA *and* ASTORIUS.

Asto. I knew you lov'd her, virtuously you lov'd her,
Which made me make that haste: I knew you priz'd her,
As all fair minds do goodness.
Mir. Good Astorius,
I must confess I do much honour her,
And worthily I hope still.
Asto. 'Tis no doubt, sir;
For, on my life, she is much wrong'd.
Mir. Very likely;
And I as much tormented I was absent.
Asto. You need not fear; Peter Gomera's noble,
Of a tried faith and valour.
Mir. This I know too:
But whilst I was not there, and whilst she suffer'd,
Whilst virtue suffer'd, friend—oh, how it loads me!
Whilst innocence and sweetness sunk together—
How cold it sits here! If my arm had fought [for] her,
My truth,[6] though naked, stood against all treasons,
My sword here grasp'd, love on the edge and honour,
And but a signal from her eye to steel[7] it;
If then she had been lost—I brag too late,
And too much I decline[8] the noble Peter.
Yet some poor service I would do her sweetness:
Alas, she needs it, my Astorius,
The gentle lady needs it!
Asto. Noble spirit!
Mir. And what I can—prithee, bear with this weakness:
Often I do not use these women's weapons;
But where true pity is—I am much troubled,
And something have to do, I cannot form yet.
Asto. I'll take my leave, sir; I shall but disturb you.
Mir. An please you, for a while; and pray to Fortune
To smile upon this lady.
Asto. All my help, sir. [*Exit.*
Mir. Gomera's old and stiff, and he may lose her,
The winter of his years and wounds upon him;
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:
Mountferrat's fury's[9] in his heat of summer,
The whistling of his sword like angry storms,
Renting up life by the roots; I have seen him scale
As if a falcon had run up a train,
Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass,
And at his pitch inmew the town[10] below him.
I must do something.

[1] *off*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "on;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[2] *Now for your maidenhead!*
You have your book; proceed] "Alluding to the ancient custom, which required that persons condemned for felony should read in court, in order to obtain the benefit of clergy." MASON.

[3] *'Tis seldom seen, in men so valiant*] Altered by Sympson to
"*Seldom* are *seen in men so valiant;*"
and so the Editors of 1778.

[4] *mother*] After this word the modern editors put a break, as if the sense were incomplete.

[5] *light*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "lit."

[6] *truth*] The modern editors print "youth"!

[7] *steel*] Seward's emendation, which (though rejected by Sympson) was adopted by the Editors of 1778.—Both the folios have "seal," which Weber gave,—Mason having observed that "'a signal from her eye to *seal* it' may well mean—a look from her to confirm that the cause was honourable; which, considering the confidence of the accuser, might be doubted. The word to *seal* it refers particularly to '*honour*,'" a very forced interpretation.

[8] *decline*] i. e. lower, degrade.

[9] *fury's*] Both the folios "fury;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[10] *town*] Theobald proposed to read "fowl."—"The metaphors in the speech are taken from hawking, but the direct meaning is constantly kept in sight. Metaphorically we have the words *falcon*, *pinions*, *pitch*, and *inmew* (that is, inclose in a *mew* or cage); and to these are opposed the words *scale*, *train*, *cuirass*, and *town*, as referring to the direct meaning of the passage." WEBER.

Enter COLONNA.

Col. Noble sir, for Heaven sake,
Take pity of a poor afflicted Christian,
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!
Mir. Boldly you ask that; we are bound to give it.[1]
From what affliction, sir?
Col. From cold and hunger,
From nakedness and stripes.
Mir. A prisoner?
Col. A slave, sir, in the Turkish prize, new taken;
That, in the heat of fight, when your brave hand
Brought the Dane succour, got my irons off,
And put myself to mercy of the ocean.
Mir. And swom to land?
Col. I did, sir; Heaven was gracious:
But now a stranger, and my wants upon me,
(Though willingly I would preserve this life, sir,
With honesty and truth,) I am not look'd on;
The hand of pity, that should give for Heaven sake,
And charitable hearts, are grown so cold, sir,
Never remembering what their fortunes may be.
Mir. Thou say'st too true. Of what profession art thou?
Col. I have been better train'd, and can serve truly,
Where trust is laid upon me.
Mir. A handsome fellow! — [*Aside.*
Hast thou e'er bore arms?
Col. I have trod full many a march, sir,
And some hurts have to shew, before me too, sir.
Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forc'd for want,
Come to a worse end. [*Aside.*] — I know not what thou mayst be,
But if thou think'st it fit to be a servant,
I'll be a master, and a good one to thee,
If you deserve, sir.
Col. Else I ask no favour.
Mir. Then, sir, to try your trust, because I like you,
Go to the Dane; of him receive a woman,
A Turkish prisoner, for me receive her;
I hear she is my prize: look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, though now my prisoner,
The Christians need no schoolmasters for honour.
Take this to buy thee clothes; this ring to help thée
Into the fellowship of my house; you are a stranger,
And my servants will not know you else; there keep her,
And with all modesty preserve your service.
Col. A foul example find me else! Heaven thank you!
Of Captain Norandine?
Mir. The same.
Col. 'Tis done, sir:
And may Heaven's goodness ever dwell about you!
Mir. Wait there till I come home.
Col. I shall not fail, sir. [*Exeunt severally.*

[1] it] Was omitted by Sympson — rightly, perhaps.

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* MOUNTFERRAT.

Enter MOUNTFERRAT *and* ZANTHIA.[2]

Zan. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your high mettle
Should check thus poorly, dully, most unmanly —
Mount. Let me alone.
Zan. Thus leadenly ——
Mount. [Pox][3] take you!
Zan. At every childish fear, at every shadow.
Are you Mountferrat, that have done such deeds?
Wrought through such bloody fields men shake to speak of?
Can you go back? is there a safety left yet,
But fore-right?[4] is not ruin round about you?
Have you not still these arms, that sword, that heart whole?
Is't not a man you fight with, and an old man,
A man half-kill'd already? am not I here?
As lovely in my black to entertain thee,
As high and full of heat to meet thy pleasures?
Mount. I will be alone.
Zan. You shall. Farewell, sir;
And do it bravely: never think of conscience;
There is none to a man resolv'd: be happy.
[*Exit.*

Enter MIRANDA, *behind.*

Mount. No, most unhappy wretch, as thou hast made me,
More devil than thyself, I am.
Mir. Alone,
And troubled too, I take it: how he starts!
All is not handsome in thy heart, Mountferrat. — [*Aside, and then advances.*
God speed you, sir! I have been seeking of you:
They say you are to fight to-day.
Mount. What then?
Mir. Nay, nothing, but good fortune to your sword, sir!
You have a cause requires it; the island's safety,
The order's, and your honour's.
Mount. And do you make a question
I will not fight it nobly?
Mir. You dare fight;
You have; and with as great a[5] confidence as justice;
I have seen you strike as home, and hit as deadly.
Mount. Why are these questions, then?
Mir. I'll tell you quickly.
You have a lady in your cause, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on ground, a nobler ——
Mount. Do you come on so fast? I have it for you. [*Aside.*
Mir. The sun ne'er saw a sweeter.
Mount. These I grant you;
Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up,
It were unmanly, sir, too much unmanly:

[2] *Zanthia*] "Zanthia has hitherto been called Abdella in this and all the following scenes; but in order to prevent confusion, it has been judged expedient to call her by the former name throughout." WEBER. See note on the *Dram. Pers.*
[3] [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.
[4] *fore-right*] i. e. right forward, onward.
[5] *a*] Omitted by Sympson.

But when these excellencies turn to ruin,
To ruin of themselves and those protect 'em;
When virtue's lost, lust and dishonour enter'd;
Loss of ourselves and souls basely projected ——
Mir. Do you think 'tis so?
Mount. Too sure.
Mir. And can it be?
Can it be thought, Mountferrat, so much sweetness,
So great a magazine of all things precious,
A mind so heavenly made — prithee, observe me.
Mount. I thought so too: now, by my holy order,
He that had told me, (till experience found it,
Too bold a proof,) this lady had been vicious —
I wear no dull sword, sir, nor hate I virtue.
Mir. Against her brother? to the man has bred her?
Her blood and honour?
Mount. Where ambitious lust
Desires to be above the rule prescrib'd her,
Takes hold, and wins, poor chastity, cold duty,
Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
And puts on blood and mischief, death and ruin,
To raise her new-built hopes, new faith to fasten her:
Ma foy, she is as foul as Heaven is beauteous.
Mir. Thou liest, thou liest, Mountferrat, thou liest basely!
Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride: thou liest;
And this shall make it good.
Mount. Out with your heat first!
You shall be fought withal.
Mir. By [Heaven],[1] that lady,
The virtue of that woman, were all the good deeds
Of all thy family[2] bound in one faggot,
From Adam to this hour, but with one sparkle
Would fire that wisp, and turn it to light ashes.
Mount. Oh, pitiful young man, struck blind with beauty,
Shot with a woman's smile! poor, poor Miranda!
Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou lost man,
Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
How art thou cozen'd! Didst thou know what I do,
And how far thy dear honour, (mark me, fool,)
Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender honour, is abus'd — but fight first,
And then, too late, thou shalt know all.
Mir. Thou liest still!
Mount. Stay; now I'll shew thee all, and then I'll kill thee:
I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace thee.
Read that. [*Gives a letter.*
Mir. It is her hand, it is most certain.
Good angels keep me! that I should be her agent
To betray Malta, and bring her to the basha!
That on my tender love lay all her project!
Eyes, never see again, melt out for sorrow!
Did the devil do this?
Mount. No, but his dam did it,
The virtuous lady that you love so dearly.
Come, will you fight again?

[1] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.
[2] *family*] Both the folios "families;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Mir. No; prithee, kill me,
For Heaven sake, and for goodness' sake, despatch me!
For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill me!
Mount. Why, are you guilty?
Mir. I have liv'd, Mountferrat,
To see dishonour swallow up all virtue,
And now would die. By Heaven's eternal brightness,
I am as clear as innocence!
Mount. I knew it,
And therefore kept this letter from all knowledge,
And this sword[3] from anger; you had died else —
And yet I lie, and basely lie. [*Aside.*
Mir. Oh, virtue,
Unspotted virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
What hast thou left to[4] abuse our frailties,
In shape of goodness?
Mount. Come, take courage, man:
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions;
And, by my troth, I griev'd your love. Take comfort:
There be more women.
Mir. And more mischief in 'em.
Mount. The justice I shall do, to right these villanies,
Shall make you man again: I'll strike it sure, sir: —
Come, look up bravely; put this puling passion
Out of your mind: — one knock for thee, Miranda,
And for the *boy* the grave Gomera gave thee,
When she accepted thee her champion,
And in thy absence, like a valiant gentleman;
I yet remember it; "He is too young,
Too boyish, and too tender, to adventure:"
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love thee;
Thou art a brave young spark.
Mir. Boy did he call me?
Gomera call me boy!
Mount. It pleas'd his gravity
To think so of you then: they that do service,
And honest service, such as thou and I do,
Are either knaves or boys.
Mir. Boy, by Gomera!
How look'd he when he said it? for Gomera
Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman,
Humane and sweet.
Mount. Yes, when he will, he can be.
But let it go; I would not breed dissention;
'Tis an unfriendly office: and had it been
To any of a higher[5] strain than you, sir,

[3] *this sword*] Sympson printed "*this* my *sword*."
[4] *left to*] Altered by Sympson to "*left* us *to*;" and so his successors.
[5] *higher*] "At first glance, the reader may think, as I once did with Mr. Seward, that *lighter* or *lower*, or some such word, should supply the place of *higher*. But possibly the passage is right as it is, and refers only to the *even temper and disposition* of Miranda, and means, that, had he been of an hot fiery temper, prone to passion, &c., he should not have discovered a secret, which might possibly breed dissension betwixt Gomera and him. This I only offer the reader, in order to give the text fair play; if he does not approve of the explanation, *lighter* or *lower* are still at his service." SYMPSON. "Mountferrat certainly means, 'had it been any who assumed a higher and more arrogant strain of language than you,' &c." WEBER. I am by no means satisfied that "*higher*" is the right reading.

The well-known, well-approv'd, and lov'd Miranda.
I had not thought on't: 'twas happly his haste too,
And zeal to her.
Mir. A traitor and a boy too!
Shame take me, if I suffer't! — Puff! farewell love!
Mount. You know my business; I must leave you, sir;
My hour grows on apace.
Mir. I must not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesy. You say you love me?
Mount. I do, and dearly; ask, and let that courtesy
Nothing concern mine honour ——
Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.
Mount. What is it?
It shall be great that puts you off: pray, speak it.
Mir. Pray, let me fight to-day; good, dear Mountferrat,
Let me and bold Gomera ——
Mount. Fie, Miranda!
Do you weigh my worth so little?
Mir. On my knees! [*Kneels.*
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honour lov'd thee —
Mount. Shall I turn recreant now?
Mir. 'Tis not thy cause;
Thou hast no reputation wounded in't;
Thine's but a general zeal: 'death, I am tainted;
The dearest twin to life, my credit's murder'd,
Baffled[1] and boy'd!
Mount. I am glad you have swallow'd it. — [*Aside.*
I must confess I pity you; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these injuries;
I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do it,
And man as much as man may: but, Miranda —
Why do you kneel?
Mir. By [Heaven],[2] I'll grow to the ground here,
And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall in't,
Unless thou grant me! dear Mountferrat! friend!
Is any thing in my power, to my life, sir?
The honour shall be yours.
Mount. I love you dearly;
Yet so much I should tender ——
Mir. I'll preserve all;
By [Heaven], I will, or all the sin fall with me!
Pray, let me.
Mount. You have won; I'll once be coward
To pleasure you.
Mir. [*rising.*] I kiss your hands, and thank you.
Mount. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.
Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.

[1] *Baffled*] i. e. disgraced, insulted: see notes, pp. 394, 539.
[2] [*Heaven*] Here, and in the next speech of Miranda, both the folios have a break.

Mount. I'll send mine armour;
My man shall presently attend you with it
(For you must arm immediately, the hour calls);
I know 'twill fit you right. Be sure, and secret,
And last be fortunate! farewell. — You are fitted:
I am glad the load's off me. [*Aside.*
Mir. My best Mountferrat!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. — *A Room in the House of* NORANDINE.

Enter NORANDINE *and* Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I will see the combat, that's the truth on't;
If I had never a leg, I would crawl to see it.
Doctor. You are most unfit, if I might counsel you,
Your wounds so many, and the air ——
Nor. The halter!
The air's as good an air, as fine an air —
Wouldst thou have me live in an oven?
Doctor. Beside, the noise, sir;
Which, to a tender body ——
Nor. That's it, doctor,
My body must be cur'd withal. If you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a drum-head in my broth; I never prosper
With knuckles o' veal, and birds in sorrel sops,
Caudles and cullises;[3] they wash me away
Like a horse had eaten grains: if thou wilt cure me,
A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, doctor,
And half a dozen trumpets.
Doctor. You are a strange gentleman ——
Nor. As e'er thou knew'st. Wilt thou give me another glister,
That I may sit cleanly there, like a French lady
When she goes to a masque at court? where's thy hoboy?[4]
Doctor. I am glad you are grown so merry.

Enter ASTORIUS *and* CASTRIOT.

Nor. Welcome, gentlemen.
Asto. We come to see you, sir; and glad we are
To see you thus, thus forward to your health, sir.
Nor. I thank my doctor here.
Doctor. Nay, thank yourself, sir: —
For, by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd;
He ne'er observes any of our prescriptions.
Nor. Give me my money again, then, good sweet doctor:
Wilt thou have twenty shillings a-day for vexing me?
Doctor. That shall not serve you, sir.
Nor. Then forty shall, sir,
And that will make you speak well. — Hark, the drums!
[*Drums afar off: — a low march.*
Cast. They begin to beat to the field. Oh, noble Dane,

[3] *cullises*] See note, p. 776.
[4] *hoboy*] i. e. hautboy (he means — glister-pipe.)

Never was such a stake, I hope, of innocence,
Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before!
Asto. It makes us hang our heads all.
Nor. A bold villain,
If there be treason in it; accuse poor ladies!
And yet they may do mischief too. I'll be with ye:
If she be innocent, I shall find it quickly,
And something then I'll say.[1]
Asto. Come, lean on us, sir.
Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen: — and, *domine* doctor,
Pray, bring a little sneezing powder in your pocket,
For fear I swound[2] when I see blood.
Doctor. You are pleasant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The Valley adjoining St. George's Port. An open field; a scaffold hung with black in the back-ground, stairs leading up to it.*

Enter two Marshals.

First Marsh. Are the combatants come in?
Sec. Marsh. Yes.
First Marsh. Make the field clear there.
Sec. Marsh. That's done too.
First Marsh. Then to the prisoner; the Grand-master's coming:
Let's see that all be ready there.
Sec. Marsh. Too ready.
How ceremonious our very ends are!
Alas, sweet lady, if she be innocent,
No doubt but justice will direct her champion! [*Flourish.*
Away! I hear 'em come.
First Marsh. Pray Heaven she prosper! [*Exeunt.*

Enter VALETTA, NORANDINE, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, *and other Knights.*

Val. Give captain Norandine a chair.
Nor. I thank your lordship.
Val. Sit, sir, and take your ease; your hurts require it:
You come to see a woman's cause decided
(That's all the knowledge now or name I have for her);
They say a false, a base, and treacherous woman,
And partly prov'd too.
Nor. Pity it should be so;
And, if your lordship durst ask my opinion,
Sure I should answer No, (so much I honour her,)
And answer't with my life too. But Gomera
Is a brave gentleman; the other valiant,
And, if he be not good, dogs gnaw his flesh off!
And one above 'em both will find the truth out;
He never fails, sir.
Val. That's the hope rests with me.
Nor. How nature and his honour struggle in him!
A sweet, clear, noble gentleman!
[*Guard within.*] Make room there!

Enter ORIANA, *two* Gentlewomen, ZANTHIA, Executioner, *and* Guard.

Val. Go up, and what you have to say, say there.
Ori. Thus I ascend — nearer, I hope, to Heaven: [*Mounts the scaffold.*
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion,
The image of my grave; each foot we move
Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us
Knolls sadly toward it. My noble brother,
(For yet mine innocence dares call you so,)
And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,
The chorus to this tragic scene, behold me,
Behold me with your justice, not with pity
(My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion);
Behold me in this spotless white I wear,
The emblem of my life, of all my actions,
So ye shall find my story, though I perish;
Behold me in my sex; I am no soldier;
Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,
Unharden'd with relentless thoughts, unhatch'd[3]
With blood and bloody practice:[4] alas, we tremble
But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies,
Die with a tale well told! Had I been practis'd,
And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it,
And given my blood and honour up to reach it;
Forgot religion, and the line I sprung on;[5]
Oh, Heaven, I had been fit then for thy justice,
And then in black, as dark as hell, I had howl'd here!
Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence:
Amongst ye I was planted from an infant,
(Would then, if Heaven had so been pleas'd, I had perish'd!)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage:
And am I blasted in my bud with treason?
Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,
And hither brought to find my rest in ruin?
But he that knows all, he that rights all wrongs,
And in his time restores, knows me! I have spoken.
Val. If you be innocent, Heaven will protect you,
And so I leave you to his sword strikes for you;
Farewell.
Ori. Oh, that went deep! — Farewell, dear brother,
And howsoe'er my cause goes, see my body
(Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely;
For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.
Asto. Justice sit on your cause, and Heaven fight for you!
Nor. Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the honour
To lead me to her; good my lord, your leave too.
Val. You have it, sir. [NOR. *is led up to* ORI.
Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless:
As white as this, I see your innocence,
As spotless, and as pure: be not afraid, lady;
You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
To add unto your life immortal story:
Virtue through hardest things arrives at happiness.

[1] *say*] After this word the modern editors put a break, as if the sense were incomplete.
[2] *swound*] Altered by the modern editors to "swoon:" see note, p. 230.
[3] *unhatch'd*] Equivalent to — unstained: see note, p. 495.
[4] *practice*] See note, p. 796.
[5] *on*] i. e. of. — Sympson printed "of."

Shame follow that blunt sword that loses you!
And he that strikes against you, I shall study
A curse or two for him. Once more your fair hands:
I never brought ill luck yet; be fearless, happy.
Ori. I thank you, noble captain.
Nor. So I leave you.
[NOR. *is led back to his chair.*
Val. Call in the knights severally.
[*Exit* Guard.

Enter, severally, GOMERA, *and* MIRANDA *in the armour of* MOUNTFERRAT, *with* Guard.

Ori. But two words to my champion;
And then to Heaven and him I give my cause up.
Val. Speak quickly, and speak short.
Ori. I have not much, sir. —
Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
You have undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
And with the hazard of your life; and happily
You may suspect the cause, though in your true worth
You will not shew it; therefore take this testimony,
(And, as I hope for happiness, a true one,)
And may it steel your heart, and edge your good sword!
You fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs
As Heaven is of our sins, or truth of errors;
And so defy that treacherous man, and prosper!
Nor. Blessing o' thy heart, lady!
Val. Give the signal to 'em.
[*Low alarms. They fight.*
Nor. 'Tis bravely fought, Gomera; follow that blow:
Well struck again, boy! look upon the lady,
And gather spirit: brave again! lie close,
Lie close, I say! he fights aloft, and strongly;
Close for thy life! A [pox][1] o' that fell buffet!
Retire and gather breath; ye have day enough, knights. ——
Look lovely on him, lady. — To't again, now!
Stand, stand, Gomera, stand! one blow for all now,
Gather thy strength together. — God bless the woman!
Why, where's thy noble heart? Heaven bless the lady!
All. Oh, oh!
Val. She is gone, she is gone.
Nor. Now strike it. [MIRANDA *falls.*
Hold, hold, he yields; hold thy brave sword, he's conquer'd;
He's thine, Gomera. — Now be joyful, lady. —
What could this thief have done, had his cause been equal![2]
He made my heart-strings tremble.
Val. Off with his casque there! —
And, executioner, take you his head next.
Zan. Oh, cursèd fortune! [*Aside.*
Gom. Stay, I beseech you, sir! and this one honour
Grant me, — I have deserv'd it; that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my justice;
That he may pine and die, before the sword fall,
Viewing the glory I have won her goodness.

[1] [*pox*] Here the first folio has a break, which the editor of the second folio filled up with "vengeance."
[2] *equal*] "i. e. just." WEBER.

Val. He shall; and you the harvest of your valour
Shall reap, brave sir, abundantly.
Gom. I have sav'd her,
Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction[3]
(Her white name to eternity deliver'd),
Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ruin.
Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour
May but deserve her favour ——
Mir. Stay, and hear me first.
Val. Off with his casque! this is Mirandi's voice.
Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eyes abuse me:
What makes he here thus?
Ori. The young Miranda!
Is he mine enemy too?
Mir. None has deserv'd her,
If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that sav'd her honour.
Gom. That's I, Miranda.
Mir. No, no; that's I, Gomera; be not so forward:
In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.
Gom. I fought it.
Mir. And I gave it: which is nobler?[4]
Why, every gentleman would have done as much
As you did: fought it! that's a poor desert, sir;
They are bound to that. But then to make that fight sure,
To do as I did, take all danger from it,
Suffer that coldness that must call me now
Into disgrace for ever, into pity ——
Gom. I undertook first, to preserve from hazard.
Mir. And I made sure no hazard should come near her.
Gom. 'Twas I defied Mountferrat.
Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
You had had a dark day else; 'twas I defied
His conscience first, 'twas I that shook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.
Gom. My life and honour
At stake I laid.
Mir. My care and truth lay by it,
Lest that stake might be lost. I have deserv'd her,
And none but I: the lady might have perish'd,
Had fell Mountferrat struck it, from whose malice,
With cunning and bold confidence, I catch'd it;
And 'twas high time: — and such a service, lady,
For you and for your innocence — for who knows not
The all-devouring sword of fierce Mountferrat?
I shew'd you what I could do, had I been spiteful,
Or master but of half the poison he bears
(Hell take his heart for't!); and beshrew these hands, madam,
With all my heart I wish a mischief on 'em,
They made you once look sad! such another fright
I would not put you in to own the island:

[3] *destruction*] Sympson proposes to read "detraction."
[4] *And I gave it: which is nobler?*] Such is the punctuation in both the folios. — The Editors of 1778 and Weber point the words thus, —
"*And I gave it, which is nobler.*"

Yet, pardon me; 'twas but to shew a soldier,
Which, when I had done, I ended your poor coward.
Val. Let some look out for the base knight Mountferrat ——
Zan. I hope he's far enough, if his man be trusty.
This was a strange misfortune; I must not know it. [*Aside.*
Val. That most deboshèd[1] knight.
[*Exit* ASTORIUS *with others.*
Come down, sweet sister,
My spotless sister now!
[ORIANA *descends from the scaffold.*
Pray, thank these gentlemen;
They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of you,
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour,
All the respect and favour ——
Ori. Both shall have it;
And as my life their memories I'll nourish.
Val. Ye are both true knights, and both most worthy lovers;
Here stands a lady ripen'd with your service,
Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly honourable:
'Tis my will she shall marry, marry now, and one of you
(She cannot take more nobly): your deserts
Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
Cannot enjoy: dare ye make[2] me your umpire?
Gom. Mir. With all our souls.
Val. He must not then be angry
That loses her.
Gom. Oh, that were, sir, unworthy!
Mir. A little sorrow he may find.
Val. 'Tis manly. —
Gomera, you are a brave accomplish'd gentleman;
A braver no where lives than is Miranda:
In the white way of virtue and true valour
You have been a pilgrim long; yet no man farther
Has trod those thorny steps than young Miranda:
You are gentle; he is gentleness itself: Experience
Calls you her brother; this her hopeful heir.
Nor. The young man now, an't be thy will! [*Aside.*
Val. Your hand, sir: [*To* GOMERA.
You undertook first, nobly undertook,
This lady's cause; you made it good, and fought it;
You must be serv'd first: take her, and enjoy her;
I give her to you; kiss her. Are you pleas'd now?
Gom. My joy's so much I cannot speak.
Val. Nay, fairest sir, [*To* MIRANDA.
You must not be displeased; you break your promise.
Mir. I never griev'd at good; nor dare I now, sir,
Though something seem strange to me.
Val. I have provided
A better match for you, more full of beauty;
I'll wed you to our order: there's a mistress
Whose beauty ne'er decays (Time stands below her);
Whose honour, ermine-like, can never suffer
Spot or black soil; whose[3] eternal issue
Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves 'em sainted;
Her you shall marry.
Mir. I must humbly thank you.
Val. Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no small value,
I give you too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits; and, to breed you pious,
I'll send you a probation-robe; wear that,
Till you shall please to be our brother.

Re-enter ASTORIUS.

How now!
Asto. Mountferrat's fled, sir.
Val. Let him go a while,
Till we have done these rites, and seen these coupled:
His mischief now lies open. Come, all friends now:
And so let's march to the temple. Sound those instruments,
That were the signal to a day of blood:
Evil-beginning hours may end in good.
[*Flourish.*
Nor. Come, we'll have wenches, man, and all brave things.
[Pox,][4] let her go! we'll want no mistresses;
Good swords, and good strong armours!
Mir. Those are best, captain.
Nor. And fight till queens be in love with us, and run after us.
I'll see you at the fort within these two days;
And let's be merry, prithee.
Mir. By that time I shall.
Nor. Why, that's well said: I like a good heart, truly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *One of the City-gates.*

Enter NORANDINE *and* Servant. Soldiers *above in the guard-room.*

Serv. The day's not yet broke, sir.
Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding.
I must go see Miranda: bring my horse
Round to the south port; I'll out here at the beach,
And meet you at the end o' the sycamores:
'Tis a sweet walk, and, if the wind be stirring,
Serves like a fan to cool.
Serv. Which walk?
Nor. Why, that, sir,
Where the fine city-dames meet to make matches.
Serv. I know it.
Nor. Speed you, then. [*Exit* Servant
[*Singing above.*] What mirth is this?
The watches are not yet discharg'd, I take it:

[1] *deboshèd*] i. e. debauched. So the first folio. — The second has "debauch'd."
[2] *make*] Both the folios "mark."
[3] *whose*] Sympson printed "and *whose*."
[4] [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.

These are brave careless rogues! I'll hear the song out,
And then I'll fit ye for't, merry companions! [*Aside.*

SONG[1] BY THE WATCH.

1. Sit, soldiers, sit and sing, the round is clear,
And cock-a-loodle-loo tells us the day is near:
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

2. To thee a full pot, my little lanceprisado,[2]
And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidado:
Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner skinks[3] it,
Whilst with his wife the frolic soldier drinks it.

3. The drums beat, ensigns wave, and cannons thump it;
Our game is ruff,[4] and the best heart doth trump it:
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

4. I'll pledge thee, my corporal, were it a flagon;
After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon:
What blood we lose i' the town, we gain i' the tuns;
Furr'd gowns and flat caps[5] give the wall to guns:
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

Nor. Here's notable order! Now for a trick to tame ye! — [*Aside.*
Owgh, owgh!
First Watch. Hark, hark! what's that below us? — Who goes there?
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!
Sec. Watch. 'Tis a bear broke loose. — Pray, call the corporal. [*Exit Third* Watch.
First Watch. The Dutchman's huge fat sow.
Sec. Watch. I see her now,
And five fine pigs.
Nor. Owgh, owgh!

Enter Corporal *above, with Third* Watch.

Corp. Now, what's the matter?
First Watch. Here's the great fat sow, corporal,
The Dutchman's sow, and all the pigs, brave fat pigs:
You have been wishing long she would break loose.
Nor. Owgh, owgh!
Corp. 'Tis she indeed; there's a white pig now sucking:
Look, look! do you see it, sirs?
First Watch. Yes, very well, sir.
Corp. A notable fat whoreson! Come, two of ye,
Go down with me; we'll have a tickling breakfast.
Sec. Watch. Let's eat 'em at the Cross.
Corp. There's the best liquor.
[*Exit, above, with First and Sec.* Watch.
Nor. I'll liquor some of ye, ye lazy rogues?
Your minds are of nothing but eating and swilling.
What a sweet beast they have made of me! a sow!
Hog upon hog! I hear 'em come.

Enter, below, Corporal *with First and Sec.* Watch.

Corp. Go softly,
And fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.
First Watch. Bless me!
Corp. Why, what's the matter?
First Watch. Oh, the devil! the devil,
As high as a steeple!
Sec. Watch. There he goes, corporal!
His feet are cloven too.
Corp. Stand, stand, I say! ——
'Death, how I shake! — Where be your muskets?
First Watch. There's no good of them:
Where be our prayers, man?
Sec. Watch. Lord, how he stalks! Speak to him, corporal.
Corp. Why, what a devil art thou?
Nor. Owgh, owgh!
Corp. A dumb devil!
The worst devil that could come, a dumb devil!
Give me a musket. He gathers in to me!
I' the name of [Heaven],[6] speak! what art thou? speak, devil,
Or I'll put a plumb in your belly.
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!
Corp. Fie, fie, in what a sweat I am! Lord bless me,
My musket's gone too! I am not able to stir it.
Nor. Who goes there? stand, speak!
Corp. Sure, I am enchanted;
Yet here's my halbert still. — Nay, who goes there, sir? —
What, have I lost myself? — What are you?
Nor. The guard.
Corp. Why, what are we, then? — He's not half so long now,
Nor he has no tail at all. I shake still damnably.
Nor. The word.
Corp. Have mercy on me! what word does he mean? —
Prithee, devil, if thou be'st the devil,
Do not make an ass of me; for I remember yet,
As well as I am here, I am the corporal;
I'll lay my life on't, devil.
Nor. Thou art damn'd.
Corp. That's all one: but am not I the corporal?
I would give a thousand pound to be resolv'd[7] now.
Had not I soldiers here?
Nor. No, not a man;
Thou art debosh'd,[8] and cozen'd.
Corp. That may be;
It may be I am drunk. Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my halbert in my hand?
Nor. No, 'tis a May-pole.
Corp. Why, then, I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.
Nor. You are an arrant rascal:
You corporal of a watch!
Corp. 'Tis the Dane's voice. —
You are no devil, then?
Nor. No, nor no sow, sir.

[1] *Song*, &c.] Is found only in the second folio, where it is wrongly placed after the first speech of Norandine.
[2] *lanceprisado*] See note, p. 137.
[3] *skinks*] i. e. pours out, serves: the correction of the Editors of 1778. — The folio has "slinks;" and so Sympson.
[4] *ruff*] Was a game at cards, called also *trump*, and nearly the same as whist.
[5] *Furr'd gowns and flat caps*] Were worn by the citizens, and are frequently mentioned with ridicule.
[6] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.
[7] *to be resolv'd*] "i. e. to be assured whether I am or not." MASON.
[8] *deb sh'd*] i. e. debauched. — So the first folio. The second folio "debauch'd."

Corp. Of that I am right glad, sir: I was ne'er
So frighted in my life, as I am a soldier.
Nor. Tall[1] watchmen!
A guard for a goose! you sing away your sentries;
A careful company! Let me out o' the port here,
(I was a little merry with your worships,)
And keep your guards strong, though the devil walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits again.
[*Gives money.*
Go off no more to hunt pigs; such another trick,
And you will hunt the gallows.
Corp. Pray, sir, pardon us:
And, let the devil come next, I'll make him stand,
Or make him stink.
Nor. Do, do your duty truly.
Come, let me out, and come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in* GOMERA'S *House.*

Enter ZANTHIA *with a letter, and* ROCCA.

Rocca. No more rage.[2]
Zan. Write thus to me! He hath fearfully and basely
Betray'd his own cause; yet, to free himself,
He now ascribes the fault to me.
Rocca. I know not
What he hath done; but what he now desires
His letters have inform'd you.
Zan. Yes; he is
Too well acquainted with the power he holds
Over my mad affections. I want time
To write; but, pray you, tell him, if I were
No better steel'd in my strong resolutions
Than he hath shown himself in his, or thought
There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven
But in enjoying him, I should stick here,
And move no further: bid him yet take comfort;
For something I will do the devil would quake at,
But I'll untie this nuptial knot of love,
And make way for his wishes: in the mean time
Let him lie close (for he is strictly sought for),
And practise to love her, that for his ends
Scorns fear and danger.
Rocca. All this I will tell him.
Zan. Do so: farewell. [*Exit* ROCCA.

Enter ORIANA *and* VELLEDA.

My lady with my fellow
So earnest in discourse! Whate'er it be,
I'll second it. [*Aside.*
Vel. He is such a noble husband,
In every circumstance so truly loving,
That I might say, and without flattery, madam,
The sun sees not a lady but yourself
That can deserve him.
Zan. Of all men, I say,
That dare (for 'tis a desperate adventure)
Wear on their free necks the sweet yoke of woman,
(For they that do repine are no true husbands,)
Give me a soldier.
Ori. Why, are they more loving
Than other men?
Zan. And love too with more judgment:
For, but observe, your courtier is more curious
To set himself forth richly than his lady;
His baths, perfumes, nay, paintings too, more costly
Than his frugality will allow to her;
His clothes as chargeable; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may pass
At all times for a woman, and with some
Have better welcome: now, your man of lands
For the most part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his lady fallow: your great merchant
Breaks oftener for the debt he owes his wife,
Than with his creditors; and that's the reason
She looks elsewhere for payment: now, your soldier —
Vel. Ay, marry, do him right.
Zan. First, who has one
Has a perpetual guard upon her honour;
For, while he wears a sword, Slander herself
Dares not bark at it; next, she sits at home
Like a great queen, and sends him forth to fetch in
Her tribute from all parts; which being brought home,
He lays it at her feet, and seeks no further
For his reward than what she may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.
Ori. Be more modest.
Zan. Why, we may speak of that we are glad to taste of,
Among ourselves I mean.
Ori. Thou talk'st of nothing.
Zan. Of nothing, madam! you have found it something;
Or, with the raising up this pretty mount here,
My lord hath dealt with spirits.[3]

Enter GOMERA, *and a* Servant *carrying cloths.*

Ori. Two long hours absent?
Gom. Thy pardon, sweet. I have been looking on
The prize that was brought in by the brave Dane,
The valiant Norandine, and have brought something
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiss,
And then possess my purchase: there's a piece
Of cloth of tissue, this of purple velvet,
And, as they swear, of the right Tyrian dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy use, wear them; if not,
Bestow them on thy women.
Zan. Here's the husband!
Gom. While there is any trading on the sea,
Thou shalt want nothing: 'tis a soldier's glory,
However he neglect himself, to keep
His mistress in full lustre.
Ori. You exceed, sir.

[1] *Tall*] i. e. stout, brave.

[2] *No more rage*] Both the folios make these words a portion of the preceding speech of Norandine, thus, —

"*Come let me out, and come away:* no more rage."

The words, as Sympson first saw (though he followed the old copies), undoubtedly belong to Rocca.

[3] *My lord hath dealt with spirits*] "Gomera must indeed have dealt with spirits; for he has been married not more than three days, yet his wife is far advanced in her pregnancy. The incidents of this play are very ill conducted with respect to time." MASON.

Gom. Yet, there was one part of the prize dispos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miss'd of,
Being almost assur'd it would have been
A welcome present.
Ori. Pray you, say what was it?
Gom. A Turkish captive, of incomparable beauty,
And, without question, in her country noble;
Which, as companion to thy faithful Moor,
I would have given thee for thy slave.
Ori. But was she
Of such an exquisite form?
Gom. Most exquisite.
Ori. And well descended?
Gom. So the habit promis'd,
In which she was taken.
Ori. Of what years?
Gom. 'Tis said,
A virgin of fourteen.
Ori. I pity her,
And wish she were mine, that I might have the means
To entertain her gently.
Gom. She's now Miranda's;
And, as I have heard, made it her suit to be so.
Ori. Miranda's! then her fate deserves not pity,
But envy rather.
Gom. Envy, Oriana!
Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.
Gom. How's this?
Ori. Why, she is faln into the hands of one,
So full of that which in men we style goodness,
That, in her being his slave, she is happier far
Than if she were confirm'd the sultan's mistress.
Gom. Miranda is indeed a gentleman
Of fair desert and better hopes; but yet
He hath his equals.
Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for travels,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the scale, or parallel'd
In any thing that's noble, with Miranda.
His knowledge in all services of war,
And ready courage to put into act
That knowing judgment, as you are a soldier,
You best may speak of; nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject:
And Heaven did well, in such a lovely feature
To place so chaste a mind; for he is of
So sweet a carriage, such a winning nature,
And such a bold yet well-dispos'd behaviour,
And, to all these, has such a charming tongue,
That, if he would serve under Love's fresh colours,
What monumental trophies might he raise
Of his free conquests, made in ladies' favours!
Gom. Yet you did resist him,[1] when he was
An earnest suitor to you.
Ori. Yes, I did;
And, if I were again sought to,[2] I should;
But must ascribe it rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, than any power
Which I can call mine own.

[1] *Yet you did resist him*] Sympson chose to print "*Yet did not you resist him.*"
[2] *sought to*] i. e. solicited: see note, p. 731.

Gom. Even so?
Zan. Thanks, Fortune!
The plot I had to raise in him doubts of her
Thou hast effected. [*Aside.*
Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him; with what reason
In thankfulness he may expect from me
All due observance: but I pass that, as
A benefit for which, in my behalf,
You are his debtor.
Zan. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd looks. [*Aside.*
Ori. He is not in the city,
Is he, my lord?
Gom. Who, lady?
Ori. Why, Miranda:
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my inquiry?
Gom. This is somewhat more
Than love to virtue. [*Aside.*
Ori. Faith, when he comes hither,
(As sometimes, without question, you shall meet him,)
Invite him home.
Gom. To what end?
Ori. To dine with us,
Or sup.
Gom. And then to take a hard bed with you;
Mean you not so?
Ori. If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better. For his entertainment,
Leave that to me; he shall find noble usage,
And from me a free welcome.
Gom. Have you never
Heard of a Roman lady, Oriana,
Remember'd as a precedent for matrons,
(Chaste ones, I pray you understand,) whose husband,
Tax'd for his sour breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife for not acquainting him
With his infirmity?
Ori. 'Tis a common one:
Her answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
She thought it was a general disease
All men were subject to. But what infer you
From that, my lord?
Gom. Why, that this virtuous lady
Had all her thoughts so fix'd upon her lord,
That she could find no spare time to sing praises
Of any other; nor would she employ
Her husband (though perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an instrument
To bring home younger men, that might delight her
With their discourse, or ——
Ori. What, my lord?
Gom. Their persons;
Or, if I should speak plainer ——
Ori. No, it needs not;
You have said enough to make my innocence know
It is suspected.
Gom. You betray yourself
To more than a suspicion: could you else,
To me that live in nothing but love to you,
Make such a gross discovery, that your lust
Had sold that heart, I thought mine, to Miranda?

Or rise to such a height in impudence,
As to presume to work my yielding weakness
To play, for your bad ends, to my disgrace,
The wittol[1] or the pander?
Ori. Do not study
To print more wounds (for that were tyranny)
Upon a heart that is pierc'd through already.
Gom. Thy heart! thou hast pierc'd through mine honour, false one,
The honour of my house! fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving trust
Of wicked woman! for thy sake, vild[2] creature,
For all I have done well in, in my life,
I have digg'd a grave, all buried in a wife;
For thee I have defied[3] my constant mistress,
That never fail'd her servant, glorious War;
For thee refus'd the fellowship of an order
Which princes through all dangers have been proud
To fetch as far as from Jerusalem;
And am I thus rewarded?
Vel. By all goodness,
You wrong my lady, and deserve her not
When you are at your best! repent your rashness;
'Twill shew well in you.
Zan. Do, and ask her pardon.
Ori. No; I have liv'd too long to have my faith,
My tried faith, call'd in question, and by him
That should know true affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without ruin.
Study ingratitude, all, from my example!
For to be thankful now is to be false.
But, be it so; let me die; I see you wish it:
Yet dead, for truth and pity's[4] sake, report
What weapon you made choice of when you kill'd me.
Vel. She faints.
Zan. What have you done?
Ori. My last breath cannot
Be better spent than to say I forgive you;
Nor is my death untimely, since with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In scorn deliver'd for the doubtful issue
Of a suspected mother. [*Swoons.*
Vel. Oh, she's gone!
Zan. For ever gone! — Are you a man?
Gom. I grow here!
Zan. Open her mouth, and pour this cordial in it:
If any spark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her. —
[*Gives a vial, from which they pour some liquor into* ORIANA'S *mouth.*
Vel. 'Tis all in vain;
She's stiff already. Live I, and she dead?
Gom. How like a murderer I stand! — Look up,
And hear me curse myself, or but behold
The vengeance I will take for't, Oriana,
And then in peace forsake me! Jealousy,
Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below,
What desperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my heart and soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in death find ease. And does my fault, then,
Deserve no greater punishment? no; I'll live
To keep thee for a Fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth.
All joys and hopes forsake me! all men's malice,
And all the plagues they can inflict, I wish it,
Fall thick upon me! let my tears be laugh'd at,
And may my enemies smile to hear me groan;
And dead, may I be pitiéd of none!
[*Exeunt, carrying out* ORIANA.

SCENE III. — *A Room in St. Thomas's Fort.*

Enter COLONNA *and* LUCINDA.

Luc. Pray you, sir, why was the ordnance of the fort
Discharg'd so suddenly?
Col. 'Twas the governor's pleasure,
In honour of the Dane; a custom us'd
To speak a soldier's welcome.
Luc. 'Tis a fit one.
But is my master here too?
Col. Three days since.
Luc. Might I demand without offence so much,
Is't pride in him (however now a slave)
That I am not admitted to his presence?
Col. His courtesy to you and to mankind
May easily resolve[5] you, he is free
From that poor vice which only empty men
Esteem a virtue.
Luc. What's the reason, then,
As you imagine, sir?
Col. Why, I will tell you:
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, however virtuous, as a man,
Subject to human frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see you,
He is not ignorant; and therefore chooses
With care to avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep rank
With the rare temperance which is admir'd
In his life hitherto.
Luc. This much increases
My strong desire to see him.
Col. It should rather
Teach you to thank the prophet that you worship,
That you are such a man's, who, though he may
Do any thing which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them.
Your entertainment's noble, and not like
Your present fortune; and, if all those tears
Which made grief lovely in you, in the relation
Of the sad story that forc'd me to weep too
Your husband's hard fate, were not counterfeit,
You should rejoice that you have means to pay
A chaste life to his memory, and bring to him
Those sweets, which while he liv'd he could not taste of:
But, if you wantonly bestow them on
Another man, you offer violence

[1] *wittol*] i. e. tame cuckold.
[2] *vild*] i. e. vile: see note, p. 201. — Altered by the modern editors to "vile."
[3] *defied*] i. e. renounced, rejected.
[4] *pity's*] The modern editors print "pities'," because the word is so spelt in both the folios.
[5] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

To him, though dead; and his griev'd spirit will suffer
For your immodest looseness.
Luc. Why, I hope, sir,
My willingness to look on him to whom
I owe my life and service, is no proof
Of any unchaste purpose.
Col. So I wish too;
And in the confidence it is not, lady,
I dare the better tell you he will see you
This night, in which by him I am commanded
To bring you to his chamber; to what end
I easily should guess, were I Lucinda:[1]
And therefore, though I can yield little reason
(But in a general love to women's goodness)
Why I should be so tender of your honour,
I willingly would bestow some counsel of[2] you,
An would you follow it.
Luc. Let me first hear it,
And then I can resolve[3] you.
Col. My advice, then,
Is, that you would not (as most ladies use,
When they prepare themselves for such encounters)
Study to add, by artificial dressings,
To native excellence; yours, without help,
But seen as it is now, would make a hermit
Leave his death's head, and change his after-hopes
Of endless comforts for a few short minutes
Of present pleasures; to prevent which, lady,
Practise to take away from your perfections,
And to preserve your chastity unstain'd:
The most deform'd shape that you can put on,
To cloud your body's fair gifts, or your mind's,
(It being labour'd to so chaste an end)
Will prove the fairest ornament.
Luc. To take from
The workmanship from Heaven is an offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which I'll not be guilty. Chastity,
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A mulct impos'd by Nature than a blessing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,
Though ne'er so oft assaulted, in resistance:
For me, I'll therefore so dispose myself,
That, if I hold out, it shall be with honour;
Or, if I yield, Miranda shall find something
To make him love his victory. [*Exit.*
Col. With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation!
Nor should I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born sophisters, to maintain
That lust is lawful, and the end and use
Of their creation. Would I never had
Hop'd better of her, or could not believe,
Though seen, the ruin I must ever grieve! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *and* Servants *with lights.*

Mir. I'll see you in your chamber.
Nor. Pray you, no farther.
It is a ceremony I expect not:
I am no stranger here; I know my lodging,
And have slept soundly there, when the Turks' cannon
Play'd thick upon it: oh, 'twas royal music!
And, to procure a sound sleep for a soldier,
Worth forty of your fiddles. As you love me,
Press it no further.
Mir. You will overcome. —
Wait on him carefully.
Nor. I have took, since supper,
A rouse[4] or two too much, and, by [the gods],[5]
It warms my blood.
Mir. You'll sleep the better for't.
Nor. [Pox][6] on't, I should, had but I a kind wench
To pull my boot-hose[7] off, and warm my night-cap;
There's no charm like it: I love old Adam's way;
Give me a diligent Eve, to wait towards bed-time;
Hang up your smooth-chin page! and, now I think on't,
Where is your Turkish prisoner?
Mir. In the castle;
But yet I never saw her.
Nor. Fie upon you!
See her, for shame! or, hark you; if you would
Perform the friend's part to me, the friend's part,
It being a fashion of the last edition,
Far from panderism,[8] now send her to me.
You look strange on't: no entertainment's perfect
Without it, on my word, no livery like it;
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his fee:[9] there's no suit got without it;
Gold is an ass to't.
Mir. Go to bed, to bed.
Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her;
If not, the sin lie on your head! Good night.
[*Exeunt* NORANDINE *and* Servants.

Enter COLONNA *and* LUCINDA.

Col. There you shall find him, lady: you know what I have said,
And, if you please, you may make use.
Luc. No doubt, sir.
Col. From hence I shall hear all.
[*Aside, and then retires behind the arras.*
Mir. Come hither, young one. —
Beshrew my heart, a handsome wench! [*Aside.*]
— Come nearer. —
A very handsome one! [*Aside.*] — Do not you grieve, sweet,
You are a prisoner?

1 *Lucinda*] Both the folios have "Miranda."
2 *of*] i. e. on. The modern editors give, with both the folios, the conclusion of this speech as a question, —
"And *would you follow it?*"
3 *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
4 *rouse*] i. e. bumper: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 240, ed. 1813.
5 [*the gods*] A break here in both the folios.
6 [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.
7 *boot-hose*] See note, p. 643.
8 *Far from panderism*] Sympson printed "*From panderism far.*"
9 *I'll tell her he looks for it as duly*
As for his fee] So the first folio. — Omitted in the second folio. — "These lines," Mason observes, "are absolutely unintelligible as they stand. . . . Some amendment is necessary; and I have little doubt but they ought to run thus —
'*Your lawyer*, he looks for it as duly
As for his fee.'
The following words, 'There's no suit got without it,' confirm this conjecture."

Luc. The loss of liberty,
No doubt, sir, is a heavy and sharp burden
To them that feel it truly: but your servant,
Your humble handmaid, never felt that rigour;
Thanks to that noble will! no want, no hunger
(Companions still to slaves), no violence,
Nor any unbeseeming act we start at,
Have I yet met with: all content and goodness,
Civility and sweetness of behaviour,
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy master,
I cannot say I grieve my liberty.
Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a soldier,
Too obstinate an enemy to youth,
That had so fair a jewel in my cabinet,
And in so long a time would ne'er look on it?
Col. What can she say now? [*Aside.*
Luc. Sure, I desir'd to see you;
And with a longing wish ——
Col. There's all her virtue! [*Aside.*
Luc. Pursu'd that full desire, to give you thanks, sir,
The only sacrifice I have left, and service,
For all the virtuous care you have kept me safe with.
Col. She holds well yet.
Mir. The pretty fool speaks finely. [*Aside.*] —
Come, sit down here.
Luc. Oh, sir, 'tis most unseemly!
Mir. I'll have it so; sit close. Now tell me truly,
Did you e'er love yet?
Luc. My years[1] will answer that, sir.
Mir. And did you then love truly?
Luc. So I thought, sir.
Mir. Can you love me so?
Col. Now! [*Aside.*
Luc. With all my duty;
I were unworthy of those favours else,
You daily shower upon me.
Mir. What think'st thou of me?
Luc. I think you are a truly worthy gentleman,
A pattern and a pride to the age you live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give you.
Mir. A pretty flattering rogue! [*Aside.*] —
Dare you kiss that sweet man
You speak so sweetly of? come.
Col. Farewell, virtue! [*Aside.*
Mir. What hast thou got between thy lips? —
Kiss once more. —
Sure, thou hast a spell there.
Luc. More than e'er I knew, sir.
Col. All hopes go now. [*Aside.*
Mir. I must tell you a thing in your ear; and you must hear me,
And hear me willingly, and grant me so too;
'Twill not be worth my asking else.
Luc. It must be
A very hard thing, sir, and from my power,
I shall deny your goodness.
Mir. 'Tis a good wench!
I must lie with you, lady.
Luc. 'Tis something strange;
For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.
Mir. You will quickly find that knowledge.
Luc. To what end, sir?
Mir. Art thou so innocent thou canst not guess at it?
Did thy dreams never direct thee?
Luc. Faith, none yet, sir.
Mir. I'll tell thee, then: I would meet thy youth and pleasure;
Give thee my youth for that — by Heaven, she fires me! — [*Aside.*
And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton ivies,
A thousand new embraces.
Luc. Is that all, sir?
And say I should try, may not we lie quietly?
Upon my conscience, I could.
Mir. That's as we make it.
Luc. Grant that that likes[2] you best, what would you do, then?
Mir. What would I do! certainly I am no baby,
Nor brought up for a nun. Hark in thine ear.
[*Whispers.*
Luc. Fie, fie, sir!
Mir. I would get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.
Luc. Sure, we shall get ill Christians.
Mir. We'll mend 'em in the breeding, then.
Luc. Sweet master ——
Col. Never belief in woman come near me more! [*Aside.*
Luc. My best and noblest sir, if a poor virgin
(For yet, by [Heaven],[3] I am so) should chance so far
(Seeing your excellence and able sweetness)
To forget herself, and slip into your bosom
Or to your bed, out of a doting on you,
(Take it the best way,) have you that cruel heart,
That murdering mind, to ——[4]
Mir. Yes, by my troth, sweet, have I,
To lie with her.
Luc. And do you think it well done?
Mir. That's as she'll think when 'tis done. Come to bed, wench;
For thou art so pretty and so witty a companion,
We must not part to-night.
Luc. Faith, let me go, sir,
And think better on't.
Mir. I' faith, thou shalt not:
I warrant thee, I'll think on't.
Luc. I have heard 'em say here,
You are a maid too.
Mir. I am sure I am, wench,
If that will please thee.
Luc. I have seen a wonder:
And would you lose that, for a little wantonness,
(Consider, my sweet master, like a man, now,)
For a few honied kisses, slight embraces,

1 *years*] Sympson, in a note, proposed to read "tears," which was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. — "Mr. Sympson asks, what will her years answer? is it a consequence that because she is young, therefore she must have been in love? and in pursuance of this reasoning he would read 'My *tears*.' But there is not the least countenance given, either by what she herself says, or by the context, that she just now bursts into tears. On the contrary, throughout the whole scene, she seems to possess herself with the utmost calmness and coolness of temper. But to answer Mr. Sympson's question: I admit there was no consequence to be drawn from her being young, but at the same time I suppose it might appear to our poets a very natural and probable consequence, from her being arrived at a competent maturity of years, that she had been already in love." HEATH. (*MS. Notes.*)

2 *likes*] i. e. pleases.
3 [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.
4 *mind, to* —] Both the folios have "*mind too?*"

That glory of your youth? that crown of sweetness
Can you deliver? that unvalu'd treasure
Would you forsake, to seek your own dishonour?
What gone, no age recovers nor repentance?
To a poor stranger?
Col. Hold there, again thou art perfect. [*Aside.*
Luc. I know you do but try me.
Mir. And I know
I'll try you a great deal further: prithee, to bed;
I love thee, and so well — come, kiss me once more:
Is a maidenhead ill bestow'd o' me?
Luc. What's this, sir? [*Taking hold of his cross.*
Mir. Why, 'tis the badge, my sweet, of that holy order
I shortly must receive, the Cross of Malta.
Luc. What virtue has it?
Mir. All that we call virtuous.
Luc. Who gave it first?
Mir. He that gave all, to save us.
Luc. Why, then, 'tis holy too?
Mir. True sign of holiness;
The badge of all his soldiers that profess him.
Luc. The badge of all his soldiers that profess him!
Can't[1] save in dangers?
Mir. Yes.
Luc. In troubles comfort?
Mir. You say true, sweet.
Luc. In sickness restore health?
Mir. All this it can do.
Luc. Preserve from evils that afflict our frailties?
Mir. I hope she will be Christian. [*Aside.*] — All these truly.
Luc. Why are you sick, then, sick to death with lust?
In danger to be lost? no holy thought
In all that heart? Nothing but wandering frailties,
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,
Inhabit there.
Mir. Forgive me, Heaven! she says true. [*Aside.*
Luc. Dare you profess that badge, profane that goodness ——
Col. Thou hast redeem'd thyself again most rarely. [*Aside.*
Luc. That holiness and truth you make me wonder at?
Blast all the bounty Heaven gives? that remembrance ——
Col. Oh, excellent woman! [*Aside.*
Luc. Fling it from you quickly,
If you be thus resolv'd; I see a virtue
Appear in't like a sword, both edges flaming,
That will consume you and your thoughts to ashes.
Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of thought, that build the cross,
Not those that break it. By [Heaven],[2] if you touch me,
Even in the act, I'll make that cross, and curse you!
Mir. You shall not, fair: I did dissemble with you,
And but to try your faith I fashion'd all this:
Yet something you provok'd me. This fair cross,
By me (if he but please to help first gave it)
Shall ne'er be worn upon a heart corrupted.
Go to your rest, my modest, honest servant,
My fair and virtuous maid, and sleep secure there;
For, when you suffer, I forget this sign here.
Col. A man of men too! oh, most perfect gentleman! [*Aside.*
Luc. All sweet rest to you, sir! I am half a Christian;
The other half I'll pray for; then for you, sir.
Mir. This is the foulest play I'll shew. Good night, sweet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Cave.*

MOUNTFERRAT *is discovered lying on the ground,* ROCCA *standing by.*

Mount. The sun's not set yet?
Rocca. No, sir.
Mount. Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the world!
And yet to what vain purpose do I wish it,
Since, though I were environ'd with thick mists,
Black as Cimmerian darkness or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which, as an anvil,
Ten thousand hammers strike, and every spark
They force from it, to me's another sun
To light me to my shame?
Rocca. Take hope and comfort.
Mount. They are aids, indeed; but yet as far from me
As I from being innocent. This cave, fashion'd
By provident Nature in this solid rock
To be a den for beasts, alone receives me;
And having prov'd an enemy to mankind,
All human helps forsake me.
Rocca. I'll ne'er leave you;
And wish you would call back that noble courage,
That old invincible fortitude of yours,
That us'd to shrink at nothing.
Mount. Then it did not;
But 'twas when I was honest; then, in the height
Of all my happiness, of all my glories,
Of all delights that made life precious to me,
I durst die, Rocca; death itself then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew
The fame of a good knight would ever live
Fresh on my memory: but since I fell
From my integrity, and dismiss'd those guards,
Those strong assurances of innocence,
That constancy fled from me: and, what's worse,
Now I am loathsome to myself, and life
A burden to me; rack'd with sad remembrance
Of what I have done, and my present horrors
Unsufferable to me; tortur'd with despair
That I shall ne'er find mercy; hell about me,

[1] *Can't*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Can."
[2] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

Behind me, and before me; yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched being.
Rocca. To see this would deter a doubtful man
From mischievous intents, much more the practice
Of what is wicked. [*Aside.*

Enter ZANTHIA.

Here's the Moor: look up, sir;
Some ease may come from her.
Mount. New trouble rather;
And I expect it.
Zan. Who is this? Mountferrat?
Rise up, for shame! and, like a river dried up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous sea,
Receive those tides of comfort that flow to you.
If ever I look'd lovely, if desert
Could ever challenge welcome, if revenge
And unexpected wreak were ever pleasing,
Or could endear the giver of such blessings,
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make challenge of those so long-wish'd embraces,
Which you, unkind, have hitherto denied me.
Mount. Why, what have you done for me?
Zan. Made Gomera
As truly miserable as you thought him happy:
Could you wish more?
Mount. As if his sickness could
Recover me! the injuries I receiv'd
Were Oriana's.
Zan. She has paid dear for them;
She's dead.
Mount. How!
Zan. Dead; my hate could reach no further:
Taking advantage of her in a swoon,
Under pretence to give a cordial to her,
I poison'd her. What stupid dulness is this?
What you should entertain with sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?
Mount. Bloody deeds
Are grateful offerings, pleasing to the devil;
And thou, in thy black shape and blacker actions,
Being hell's perfect character,[1] art delighted
To do what I, though infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear. Thou hast, in this, ta'en from me
All means to make amends with penitence
To her wrong'd virtues, and despoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already or must suffer.
Zan. I did it for the best.
Mount. For thy worst ends;
And be assur'd, but that I think to kill thee
Would but prevent what thy despair must force thee
To do unto thyself, and so to add to
Thy most assur'd damnation, thou wert dead now.
But, get thee from my sight! and, if lust of me
Did ever fire thee (love I cannot call it),
Leap down from those steep rocks, or take advantage
Of the next tree to hang thyself, and then
I may laugh at it.
Zan. In the mean time, I must
Be bold to do so much for you: ha, ha!
Mount. Why grinn'st thou, devil?
Zan. That 'tis in my power
To punish thy ingratitude. I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I know
I am us'd only for a property,
I can and will revenge it to the full;
For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of Oriana, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are lost for ever.
Mount. Why, lives she?
Zan. Yes; but never to Mountferrat,
Although it is in me with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy possession
As to remove this rush; which yet despair of;
For, by my much-wrong'd love, flattery, nor threats,
Tears, prayers, nor vows, shall ever win me to it:
So, with my curse, I leave thee!
Mount. Prithee, stay;
Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish and perverse, so apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me!
Zan. To persuade me
To break my neck, to hang, then damn myself,
With you are trifles.
Mount. 'Twas my melancholy
That made me speak I know not what: forgive;
I will redeem my fault.
Rocca. Believe him, lady.
Mount. A thousand times I will demand thy pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy lips with kisses.
Zan. There's something else, that would prevail more with me.
Mount. Thou shalt have all thy wishes: do but bless me
With means to satisfy my mad desires
For once in Oriana, and for ever
I am thine, only thine, my best Abdella.[2]
Zan. Were I assur'd of this, and that you would,
Having enjoy'd her ——
Mount. Any thing; make choice of
Thine own conditions.
Zan. Swear, then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter,)
To give me leave to kill her.
Mount. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.
Zan. Then know
It was not poison, but a sleeping potion,
Which she receiv'd; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her senses that no sign
Of life appear'd in her; and thus thought dead,
In her best habit,[3] as the custom is,
You know, in Malta, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her family's monument,
In the Temple of St. John: I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are, disguis'd. Some six hours hence,
The potion will leave working.
Rocca. Let us haste, then.
Mount. Be my good angel; guide me.

[1] *character*] "Means here, stamp or representation." MASON.

[2] *Abdella*] See note on *Dram. Pers.*

[3] *In her best habit*, &c.] "This speech bears an obvious similitude to one of Friar Laurence in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* [act iv. sc. 5]." *Ed.* 1778.

Zan. But remember
You keep your oath.
Mount. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake!
Zan. I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Interior of the Temple of St. John. A monument in the back-ground.*

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *and* COLONNA *with a light.*

Col. Here, sir: I have got the key; I borrow'd it
Of him that keeps the church; the door is open.
Mir. Look to the horses, then, and please the fellow:
After a few devotions, I'll retire:
Be not far off; there may be some use of you:
Give me the light. [*Exit* COLONNA.
Come, friend, a few good prayers
Were not bestow'd in vain now, even from you, sir:
Men, that are bred in blood, have no way left 'em,
No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out
Or wash it off, but penitence and prayer.
I am to take the order; and my youth
Loaden, I must confess, with many follies,
Circled and bound about with sins as many
As in the house of memory live figures:
My heart I'll open now, my faults confess,
And rise a new man, Heaven, I hope, to a new life.
Nor. I have no great devotion, at this instant;
But, for a prayer or two, I will not out, sir.
Hold up your finger when you have pray'd enough.
Mir. Go you to that end.
Nor. I shall ne'er pray alone sure, I have been so used to answer the clerk. Would I had a cushion! for I shall ne'er make a good hermit, and kneel till my knees are horn; these stones are plaguy hard. Where shall I begin now? for, if I do not observe a method, I shall be out presently.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. What's that, sir? did you hear?
Mir. Ha! to your prayers.
Nor. 'Twas hereabouts: 't has put me clean awry now;
I shall ne'er get in again. Ha!
"By land and water, all children and all women;"[1]
Ay, there it was I left.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. Never tell me, sir!
Here's something got amongst us.
Mir. I heard a groan,
A dismal one.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. Here, 'tis here, sir, 'tis here, sir;
A devil in the wall!
Mir. 'Tis some illusion
To fright us from devotion.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. Why, 'tis here;
The spirit of a Dutchman[2] chok'd with butter.
Here's a new tomb, new trickments[3] too.
Mir. For certain
This has not been three days here.
Nor. And a tablet
With rhymes upon't.
Mir. I prithee, read 'em, Norandine.
Nor. [*reads.*] *An epi — an epi — taph*, I think 'tis; ay, 'tis *taph, — an epitaph upon the most excel — excel — lent — and —*
Mir. Thou canst not read.
Nor. I have spoil'd mine eyes with gunpowder.
Mir. [*reads.*] *An epitaph upon the most virtuous and excellent lady, the honour of chastity, Oriana.*
Nor. The Grand-master's sister! how a devil came she here?
When slipt she out o' the way? the stone's but half upon her.
Mir. It is a sudden change! Certain the mischief
Mountferrat offer'd to her broke her heart-strings.
Nor. Would he were here! I would be the clerk myself,
And, by this little light, I would bury him alive here.
Here's no lamenting[4] now.
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. There 'tis.
Mir. Sure, from the monument;
The very stone groans for her. Oh, dear lady,
Blessing of women, virtue of thy sex,
How art thou set forever, how stoln from us!
Babbling and prating now converse with women!
Nor. Sir, it rises; it looks up!
[ORIANA *rises up from a coffin in the monument.*
Mir. Heaven bless us!
Nor. It is in woman's clothes: it rises higher.
Mir. It looks about, and wonders: sure, she lives, sir!
'Tis she, 'tis Oriana, 'tis that lady!
Nor. Shall I go to her?
Ori. Where am I?
Mir. Stand still.
Ori. What place is this?
Nor. She is as live as I am.
Ori. What smell of earth and rotten bones? what dark place?
Lord, whither am I carried?
Nor. How she stares,
And sets her eyes upon him!
Mir. How is't, dear lady?
Do you know me? — How she shakes!
Ori. You are a man.
Mir. A man that honours you.
Ori. A cruel man;
Ye are all cruel: are you in your grave too?
For there's no trusting cruel man above ground.
Nor. By'r lady, that goes hard!

[1] "*By land and water, all children and all women*"] A profane quotation from the Litany.

[2] *Dutchman*] The ingenious and certain correction of Seward, who observed that Dutchmen "are always laughed at for eating such quantities of oiled butter." Yet Sympson and the Editors of 1778 retained the gross misprint of the two folios, "huntsman"!

[3] *trickments*] "i. e. decorations, adornments." WEBER.

[4] *Here's no lamenting*] Means — Here's cause for abundance of lamentation: see note, p. 685.

Mir. To do you service,
And to restore you to the joys you were in.[1]
Ori. I was in joys indeed, and hope ——
Mir. She sinks again;
Again she's gone, she's gone, gone as a shadow;
She sinks for ever, friend!
Nor. She is cold now;
She is certainly departed: I must cry too.
Mir. The blessèd angels guide thee! — Put the stone to. —
Beauty, thou art gone to dust, goodness to ashes!
Nor. Pray, take it well; we must all have our hours, sir.
Mir. Ay, thus we are; and all our painted glory
A bubble that a boy blows into the air,
And there it breaks.
Nor. I am glad you sav'd her honour yet.
Mir. Would I had sav'd her life now too! Oh, Heaven,
For such a blessing, such a timely blessing!
Oh, friend, what dear content 'twould be, what story
To keep my name from worms!
Ori. Oh, oh!
Nor. She lives again;
'Twas but a trance.
Mir. Pray you, call my man in presently:
Help with the stone first. Oh, she stirs again!
Oh, call my man! away!
Nor. I fly, I fly, sir! [*Exit.*
Mir. Upon my knees, oh, Heaven, oh, Heaven, I thank thee! —
The living heat steals into every member.

Re-enter NORANDINE *and* COLONNA.

Come, help the coffin out, softly and suddenly.
Where is the clerk?
Col. Drunk above; he is sure, sir.
Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.
Col. As your soul, sir.
[*They remove the coffin, lift* ORIANA *out of it, and then put it back into the monument.*
Mir. Softly, good friend; take her into your arms.
Nor. Put in the crust again.
Mir. And bring her out there, when I am a-horseback:
My man and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the fort; stay you, and watch what issue,
And what inquiry's for the body.
Nor. Well, sir.
Mir. And when you have done, come back to me.
Nor. I will.
Mir. Softly, oh, softly!
Nor. She grows warmer still, sir.
Col. What shall I do with the key?
Mir. Thou canst not stir now;
Leave it i' the door. Go, get the horses ready.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROCCA, MOUNTFERRAT, *and* ZANTHIA *with a dark lantern.*

Rocca. The door's already open, the key in it.
Mount. What were those pass'd by?
Rocca. Some scout of soldiers, I think.
Mount. It may be well so, for I saw their horses:
They saw not us, I hope.
Zan. No, no, we were close;
Beside, they were far off.
Mount. What time of night is't?
Zan. Much about twelve, I think.
Rocca. Let me go in first;
For, by the leaving open of the door here,
There may be somebody in the church. Give me the lantern.
Zan. You'll love me now, I hope.
Mount. Make that good to me
Your promise is engag'd for.
Zan. Why, she is there,
Ready prepar'd; and much about this time
Life will look up again.
Rocca. Come in; all's sure;
Not a foot stirring, nor a tongue.
Mount. Heaven bless me!
I never enter'd, with such unholy thoughts,
This place before.
Zan. You are a fearful fool:
If men have appetites allowèd 'em,
And warm desires, are there not ends too for'em?
Mount. Whither shall we carry her?
Rocca. Why, to the bark, sir;
I have provided one already waits us:
The wind stands wondrous fair too for our passage.
Zan. And there, when you have enjoy'd her, (for you have that liberty,)
Let me alone to send her to feed fishes:
I'll no more sighs for her.
Mount. Where is the monument?
Thou art sure she will awake about this time?
Zan. Most sure,
If she be not knock'd o' the head. Give me the lantern.
Here 'tis. — How is this? the stone off!
Rocca. Ay, and nothing
Within the monument, that's worse; no body,
I am sure of that, nor sign of any here,
But an empty coffin.
Mount. No lady?
Rocca. No, nor lord, sir;
This pie has been cut up before.
Zan. Either the devil
Must do these tricks ——
Mount. Or thou, damnèd[2] one, worse!
Thou black swoln pitchy cloud of all my afflictions,
Thou night-hag, gotten when the bright moon suffer'd,
Thou hell itself confin'd in flesh, what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly, what thy mischief
Has done with her, and to what end, and whither
Thou hast remov'd her body; or, by this holy place,
This sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strow thee o'er the temple,
A sacrifice to thy black sire, the devil!
Rocca. Tell him; you see he's angry.
Zan. Let him burst!

[1] *in*] After this word, the modern editors put a break: but the speech is complete, — *A man to do you service*, &c.

[2] *thou, damnèd*] Sympson printed "*thou*, thou *damn'd*;" and so possibly the poet wrote.

Neither his sword nor anger do I shake at;
Nor will yield,[1] to feed his poor suspicions,
His idle jealousies, and mad-dog's heats,
One thought against myself. — You have done a brave deed,
A manly and a valiant piece of service,
When you have kill'd me! reckon't amongst your battles!
I am sorry you are so poor, so weak a gentleman,
Able to stand no fortune: I dispose of her!
My mischief make her away! a likely project,
I must play booty against myself! If any thing cross you,
I am the devil, and the devil's heir,
All plagues, all mischiefs.

Mount. Will you leave, and do yet?

Zan. I have done too much,
Far, far too much, for such a thankless fellow.
If I be devil, you created me:
I never knew those arts nor bloody practices,
([Plague][2] o' your cunning heart, that mine of mischief!)
Before your flatteries won 'em into me.
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this hour to wake again.

Mount. Where is she?
This is the last demand.

Zan. Did I now know it,
And were I sure this were my latest minute,
I would not tell thee. Strike, and then I'll curse thee.

Rocca. I see a light. Stand close, and leave your angers;
We all miscarry else.

Enter GOMERA, *and* Page *with a torch.*

Zan. I am now careless.

Mount. Peace, prithee, peace, sweet; peace; all friends.

Zan. Stand close, then.

Gom. Wait there, boy, with the light, till I call to thee. —
In darkness was my soul and senses clouded
When my fair jewel fell, the night of jealousy
In all her blackness drawn about my judgment;
No light was let into me, to distinguish
Betwixt my sudden anger and her honour:
A blind sad pilgrimage shall be my penance;
No comfort of the day will I look up at;
Far darker than my jealous ignorance
Each place of my abode shall be; my prayers
No ceremonious lights shall set off more;
Bright arms, and all that carry lustre, life,
Society, and solace, I forsake ye!
And, were it not once more to see her beauties,
(For in her bed of death she must be sweet still,)
And on her cold sad lips seal my repentance,
Thou child of Heaven, fair light, I could not miss thee.[3]

Mount. I know the tongue: would I were out again!
I have done him too much wrong to look upon him.

Zan. There is no shifting now; boldness and confidence
Must carry it now away: he is but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a strength far under.

Mount. But he has a cause above me.

Zan. That's as you handle it.

Rocca. Peace; he may go again, and never see us.

Gom. I feel I weep apace; but where's the flood,
The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault in?
I would I could now, like a loaden cloud,
Begotten in the moist south, drop to nothing! —
Give me the torch, boy.

Rocca. Now he must discover us.

Zan. He has already. — Never hide your head;
Be bold and brave: if we must die, together.[4]

Gom. Who's there? what friend to sorrow? — The tomb wide open!
The stone off too! the body gone, by [Heaven]![5] —
Look to the door, boy; keep it fast! — Who are ye?
What sacrilegious villains? — False Mountferrat,
The wolf to honour! has thy hellish hunger
Brought thee to tear the body out o' the tomb too?
Has thy foul mind so far wrought on thee! — Ha!
Are you there too? nay, then, I spy a villany
I never dream'd of yet: thou sinful usher,
Bred from that rottenness, thou bawd to mischief,
Do you blush through all your blackness? will not that hide it?

Zan. I cannot speak.

Gom. You are well met, with your dam, sir.
Art thou a knight? did ever on that sword
The Christian cause sit nobly? could that hand fight,
Guided by fame and fortune? that heart inflame thee
With virtuous fires of valour, — to fall off,
Fall off so suddenly, and with such foulness,
As the false angels did, from all their glory?
Thou art no knight; honour thou never heard'st of,
Nor brave desires could ever build in that breast:
Treason and tainted thoughts are all the gods
Thou worship'dst, all the strength thou hadst[6] and fortune;
Thou didst things out of fear and false heart, villain,
Out of close traps and treacheries; they have rais'd thee.

Mount. Thou rav'st, old man.

Gom. Before thou get'st off from me,

[1] *will yield*] Sympson printed "*will* I *yield*."

[2] [*Plague*] Was inserted by the Editors of 1778 to fill up the break of the folios; but, I believe, the author wrote "Pox."

[3] *Thou child of Heaven, fair light, I could not miss thee*] "The plain meaning of the passage, and indeed it is so plain that it hardly deserves any explanation, is this — 'Were it not to see her beauties once more, and to seal the kiss of repentance, I should not even miss, or feel the want of light, the child of Heaven.' Seward and Sympson propose most wanton and needless alterations." WEBER.

[4] *together*] i. e. let us die together. — After this word the modern editors put a break, as if the sense were incomplete.

[5] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

[6] *worship'dst . . . hadst*] All the modern editors print, with the folios, "worship'st;" and those of 1778 and Weber silently alter "*hadst*" to "hast."

Hadst thou the glory of thy first fights on thee
(Which thou hast basely lost), thy noblest fortunes,
And in their greatest lustres, I would make thee,
Before we part, confess (nay, kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly [1] for mercy crying)
Thou art the recreant'st rogue time ever nourish'd;
Thou art a dog, I will make thee swear, a dog stav'd,[2]
A mangy cur-dog! Do you creep behind the altar?
Look how it sweats, to shelter such a rascal!
First, with thy venomous tooth infect her chaste life,
And then not dare to do! next, rob her rest,
Steal her dead body out o' the grave!
Mount. I have not.
Gom. Prithee, come out; — this is no place to quarrel in; —
Valiant Mountferrat, come!
Mount. I will not stir.
Gom. Thou hast thy sword about thee,
That good sword that never fail'd thee; prithee, come;
We'll have but five strokes for it: on, on, boy!
Here is one would fain be acquainted with thee,
Would wondrous fain cleave that calf's-head of yours, sir:
Come, prithee, let's despatch; the moon shines finely;
Prithee, be kill'd by me; thou wilt be hang'd else;
But, it may be, thou longest to be hang'd.
Rocca. Out with him, sir:
You shall have my sword too: when he's despatch'd once,
We have the world before us.
Gom. Wilt thou walk, fellow?
I never knew a rogue hang arse-ward so,
And such a desperate knave too.
Zan. Pray, go with him:
Something I'll promise too.
Mount. You would be kill'd, then?
No remedy, I see.
Gom. If thou dar'st do it.
Mount. Yes, now I dare. Lead out; I'll follow presently;
Under the mount I'll meet you.
Gom. Go before me;
I'll have you in a string too.
Mount. As I am a gentleman,
And by this holy place, I will not fail thee:
Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd; take my word for it,
I will not fail.
Gom. If thou scap'st, thou hast cat's luck.[3]
The mount?
Mount. The same: make haste; I am there before else.

[1] *coldly*] Qy. "loudly"?
[2] *stav'd*] So the first folio. — Omitted in the second folio; and by Sympson and the Editors of 1778. — I am by no means convinced that "*stav'd*" is the genuine reading: but Weber, who retained the word, explains it "beaten with staves," and Heath (*MS. Notes*) "beaten off from his hold; and this was just what Gomera proposed to do to Mountferrat, by forcing him to give up the body of Oriana, which he imagined had been stolen by him out of the tomb."
[3] *If thou scap'st, thou hast cat's luck*] "In allusion to the vulgar saying, that a cat has nine lives." WEBER.

Gom. [*To* Page.] Go, get you home. — Now if he scape, I am coward.
Mount. Well, now I am resolv'd; and he shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in St. Thomas's Fort.*

Enter MIRANDA, LUCINDA, *and* COLONNA.

Mir. How is it with the lady?
Luc. Sir, as well
As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the curse the divine justice laid
On the first sinful woman.
Mir. Is she in travail?
Luc. Yes, sir; and yet the troubles of her mind
Afflict her more than what her body suffers;
For, in the extremity of her pain, she cries out,
"Why am I here? where is my lord Gomera?"
Then sometimes names Miranda, and then sighs,
As if to speak, what questionless she loves well,
If heard, might do her injury.
Col. Heaven's sweet mercy
Look gently on her!
Mir. Prithee, tell her, my prayers
Are present with her; and, good wench, provide
That she want nothing. What's thy name?
Luc. Lucinda.
Mir. Lucinda! there's a prosperous omen in it:
Be a Lucina to her, and bring word
That she is safe deliver'd of her burden,
And thy reward's thy liberty. [*Exit* LUCINDA.]
— Come, Colonna,
We will go see how th' engineer has mounted
The cannon the Great-master sent. Be careful
To view the works, and learn the discipline
That is us'd here: I am to leave the world;
And for your service, which I have found faithful,
The charge that's mine, if I have any power,
Hereafter may concern you.
Col. I still find
A noble master in you.
Mir. 'Tis but justice;
Thou dost deserve it in thy care and duty.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Under the Ramparts.*

Enter GOMERA, MOUNTFERRAT, ROCCA, *and* ZANTHIA.

Gom. Here's even ground; I'll stir no foot beyond it
Before I have thy head.
Mount. Draw, Rocca.
Gom. Coward,
Hath inward guilt robb'd thee as well of courage
As honesty, that without odds thou dar'st not
Answer a single enemy?
Mount. All advantage
That I can take, expect.
Rocca. We know you are valiant;
Nor do we purpose to make further trial
Of what you can do now, but to despatch you.
Mount. And therefore fight and pray together.
Gom. Villains,
Whose baseness all disgraceful words made one
Cannot express! so strong is the good cause
That seconds me, that you shall feel, with horror

To your proud hopes, what strength is in that arm,
Though old, that holds a sword made sharp by justice.
Zan. You come, then, here to prate? [*They fight.*
Mount. Help, Rocca, now,
Or I am lost for ever! — How comes this?
[GOMERA *disarms* MOUNTFERRAT *and* ROCCA.
Are villany and weakness twins?
Rocca. I am gone too.
Gom. You shall not scape me, wretches.
Zan. I must do it;
All will go wrong else.
[*Draws a pistol, and shoots* GOMERA.
Gom. Treacherous, bloody woman,
What hast thou done?
Zan. Done a poor woman's part,
And, in an instant, what these men so long
Stood fooling for.
Mount. This aid was unexpected;
I kiss thee for't.
Rocca. His right arm's only shot,
And that compell'd him to forsake his sword;
He's else unwounded.
Mount. Cut his throat.
Zan. Forbear. —
Yet, do not hope 'tis with intent to save thee,
But that thou mayst live to thy farther torment,
To see who triumphs over thee. — Come, Mountferrat,
Here join thy foot to mine, and let our hearts
Meet with our hands: the contract that is made
And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy sanction, and much surer,
Than all the superstitious ceremonies
You Christians use.

Enter NORANDINE.

Rocca. Who's this?
Mount. Betray'd again!
Nor. By the report it made, and by the wind,
The pistol was discharg'd here.
Gom. Norandine,
As ever thou lov'st valour, or wear'st arms
To punish baseness, shew it!
Nor. Oh, the devil!
Gomera wounded, and my brach[1] Black Beauty
An actor in it!
Zan. If thou strik'st, I'll shoot thee.
Nor. How! fright me with your pot-gun![2] — What art thou?
Good Heaven, the rogue, the traitor-rogue, Mountferrat!
To swinge the nest of you, is a sport unlook'd for:
Hell's [plagues][3] consume you!
Mount. As thou art a man,
(I am wounded,) give me time to answer thee!

[1] *brach*] i. e. bitch: see note, p. 417.
[2] *pot-gun*] "A plaything of boys, consisting of a tube, from which peas are shot. Dr. Johnson's explication (a gun which makes a small smart noise) is a very indefinite one." WEBER. In the present passage "*pot-gun*" means — popgun: but it sometimes meant a much more deadly instrument: see note, p. 404.
[3] [*plagues*] Was added by the Editors of 1778 to fill up the break in both the folios.

Gom. Durst thou urge this? this hand can hold a sword yet.
Nor. Well done! — to see this villain makes my hurts
Bleed fresh again; but, had I not a bone whole,
In such a cause I should do thus, thus, rascals!
[*Rushes against them.*

Enter Corporal *and* Watch.

Corp. Disarm them, and shoot any that resists.
Gom. Hold, corporal! I am Gomera.
Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your parties
For sucking pigs: 'tis well. As you will answer
The contrary with your lives, see these forthcoming.
Corp. That we shall do.
[*They seize* MOUNTFERRAT, ROCCA, *and* ZANTHIA.
Nor. You bleed apace. — Good soldiers,
Go help him to a surgeon.
Rocca. [*To* MOUNTFERRAT.] Dare the worst,
And suffer like yourself.
Zan. From me learn courage.
Nor. Now for Miranda; this news will be to him
As welcome as 'tis unexpected. — Corporal,
There's something for thy care to-night. — My horse there! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Room in St. Thomas's Fort.*

Enter ORIANA *and* LUCINDA.

Ori. How does my boy?
Luc. Oh, wondrous lusty, madam;
A little knight already: you shall live
To see him toss a Turk.
Ori. Gentle Lucinda,
Much must I thank thee for thy care and service;
And, may I grow but strong to see Valetta,
My husband, and my brother,[4] thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *and* COLONNA.

Mir. Look, captain, we must ride away this morning;
The Auberge sits to-day, and the Great-master
Writes plainly, I must or deliver in
(The year expir'd) my probation-weed,
Or take the cloak: you likewise, Norandine,
For your full service, and your last assistance
In false Mountferrat's apprehension,
Are here commanded to associate me,
My twin in this high honour.
Nor. I'll none on't. Do they think to bind
me to live chaste, sober, and temperately, all

[4] *to see Valetta,*
My husband, and my brother] "Sympson transposes the words thus,
'*to see Valetta,*
My brother, *and my* husband,'
again misunderstanding (we suppose, for he does it tackily) *Valetta* to mean the *Grand-master*, not the *city*." *Ed.* 1778.

days of my life? they may as soon tie an Englishman to live so: I shall be a sweet Dane,[1] a sweet captain, go up and down drinking small beer, and swearing 'Ods neagues! No; I'll live a squire at arms still; and do thou so too, an thou beest wise. I have found the mystery now why the gentlemen wear but three bars of the cross, and the knights the whole one.

Mir. Why, captain?

Nor. Marry, sir, to put us in remembrance, we are but three quarters crossed in our licence and pleasures; but the poor knights crossed altogether. The brothers at arms may yet meet with their sisters at arms, now and then, in brotherly love, but the poor knights cannot get a lady for love nor money: 'tis not so in other countries, i-wis.[2] Pray, haste you; for I'll along, and see what will come on't. [*Exit.*

Mir. Colonna, provide straight[3] all necessaries
For this remove, the litter for the lady;
And let Lucinda bear her company:
You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my duties. [*Exit.*

Mir. How fare you, gracious mistress?

Ori. Oh, Miranda,
You pleas'd to honour me with that fair title
When I was free, and could dispose myself!
But now, no smile, no word, no look, no touch,
Can I impart to any, but as theft
From my Gomera; and who dares accept
Is an usurper.

Mir. Leave us. [*Exit* LUCINDA.] — I have touch'd thee,
Thou fairer virtue, than thou'rt beautiful:
Hold but this test, so rich an ore was never
Tried by the hand of man on the vast earth. — [*Aside.*
Sit, brightest Oriana. Is it sin,
Still to profess I love you, still to vow
I shall do ever? Heaven my witness be,
'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue, no part
That superficially doth snare young men,
Which has caught me! Read over in your thoughts
The story that this man hath made of you,
And think upon his merit.

Ori. Only thought
Can comprehend it.

Mir. And can you be so
Cruel, thankless,[4] to destroy his youth
That sav'd your honour, gave you double life,
Your own and your fair infant's? that when Fortune
(The blind foe to all beauty that is good)
Bandied you from one hazard to another,
Was even Heaven's messenger, by Providence
Call'd to the temple, to receive you there
Into these arms, to give ease to your throes,
As if 't had thunder'd, "Take thy due, Miranda,
For she was thine!" Gomera's jealousy
Struck death unto thy heart; to him be dead,
And live to me that gave thee second life:
Let me but now enjoy thee; oh, regard
The torturing fires of my affections!

Ori. Oh, master them, Miranda, as I mine!
Who follows his desires, such tyrants serves
As will oppress him insupportably.
My flames, Miranda, rise as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my marriage;
Yet, would I now consent, or could I think
Thou wert in earnest (which, by all the souls
That have for chastity been sanctified,
I cannot), in a moment I do know
Thou'dst call fair temperance up to rule thy blood:
Thy eye was ever chaste, thy countenance, too, honest,
And all thy wooings was like maidens' talk.
Who yieldeth unto pleasures and to lust,
Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters,
And precious as he thinks, but holding gyves,
Frets out his life.

Mir. Find such another woman,
And take her for his labour, any man! [*Aside.*

Ori. I was not worthy of thee at my best
(Heaven knew I was not, I had had thee else),
Much less now, gentle sir. Miranda's deeds
Have been as white as Oriana's fame,
From the beginning to this point of time,
And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
Think on the legend which we two shall breed,
Continuing as we are, for chastest dames
And boldest soldiers to peruse and read,
Ay, and read thorough, free from any act
To cause the modest cast the book away,
And the most honour'd captain fold it up.

Mir. Fairest, let go my hand: my pulse beats thick,
And my mov'd blood rides high in every vein! —
Lord of thyself now, soldier, and ever!
I would not for Aleppo, this frail bark,
This bark of flesh, no better steers-man had
Than has Mountferrat's. [*Aside.*] — May you kiss me, lady?

Ori. No; though't be no essential injury,
It is a circumstance due to my lord,
To none else; and, my dearest friend, if hands
Playing together kindle heat in you,
What may the game at lips provoke unto?

Mir. Oh, what a tongue is here! whilst she doth teach
My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,
She talks me more in love, with love to her;
My fires she quencheth with her arguments,
But as she breathes 'em they blow fresher fires. — [*Aside.*
Sit further: now my flame cools. Husband! wife!
There is some holy mystery in those names
That sure the unmarried cannot understand.

Ori. Now thou art straight, and dost enamour me
So far beyond a carnal earthly love,
My very soul dotes on thee, and my spirits
Do embrace thine; my mind doth thy mind kiss;
And in this pure conjunction we enjoy

[1] *I shall be a sweet Dane, &c.*] "The Danes, as well as the Dutch and Germans, were renowned for their qualities of toping to excess; and James I. seems to have imported the custom from Copenhagen, where he was fully initiated in the palace of his father-in-law." WEBER.

[2] *i-wis*] i. e. truly, certainly.

[3] *provide straight*] Here again we have one of Sympson's silent alterations — "*straight provide.*"

[4] *Cruel, thankless*] Seward proposed "*Cruel* and *thankless*," Sympson "*Cruel*, so *thankless*." The Editors of 1778 and Weber removed "so" from the end of the preceding line to the beginning of this.

A heavenlier pleasure than if bodies met:
This, this is perfect love; the other short,
Yet languishing fruition: every swain
And sweating groom may clasp, but ours refin'd
Two in ten ages cannot reach unto:
Nor is our spiritual love a barren joy;
For mark what blessèd issue we'll beget
(Dearer than children to posterity),
A great example to men's continence
And women's chastity; that is a child
More fair and comfortable than any heir.

Mir. If all wives were but such, lust would not find
One corner to inhabit; sin would be
So strange, remission superfluous. — [*Aside.*
But one petition, I have done.

Ori. What, sweet?

Mir. To call me lord, if the hard hand of death
Seize on Gomera first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy,
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought self for a poor woman,
That has been once sold, us'd, and lost her show!
I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A zone untied, a lily trod upon,
A fragrant flower cropt by another's hand,
My colour sullied, and my odour chang'd.
If, when I was new-blossom'd, I did fear
Myself unworthy of Miranda's spring,
Thus over-blown and seeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his chimney than his bed.

Mir. Rise, miracle! save Malta with thy virtue! —
If words could make me proud, how has she spoke!
Yet I will try her to the very block. — [*Aside.*
Hard-hearted and uncivil Oriana,
Ingrateful payer of my industries,
That with a soft painted hypocrisy
Cozen'st and jeer'st my perturbation,
Expect a witty [1] and a fell revenge!
My comfort is, all men will think thee false,
Beside thy husband, having been thus long,
On this occasion, in my fort and power.[2]

Re-enter NORANDINE, COLONNA, *and* LUCINDA *carrying a* child.

I'll hear no more words. — Captain, let's away. —
With all care see to her; and you, Lucinda,
Attend her diligently: she is a wonder.

Nor. Have you found she was well delivered? what, had she a good midwife? is all well?

Mir. You are merry, Norandine.

Luc. Why weep you, lady?

Ori. Take the poor babe along.

Col. Madam, 'tis here.

Ori. Dissembling death, why didst thou let me live
To see this change, my greatest cause to grieve? [*Exeunt.*

[1] *witty*] "Means — subtle or studied. *Wit*, in the time of our authors, was generally used to express understanding." MASON. "Sympson and the Editors of 1778 read *weighty*." WEBER.

[2] *power*] After this word, all the modern editors put a break; and those of 1778 and Weber mispointed the passage thus, —

"My comfort is, all men will think thee false:
Beside, thy husband, having been thus long
(On this occasion) in my fort, and power — "!!

SCENE II. — *Valetta. The Hall of the Order. A synnet.*[3] *Enter* VALETTA, ASTORIUS, CASTRIOT, GOMERA, *and other* Knights; MOUNTFERRAT *and* ZANTHIA *guarded by* Corporal *and* Soldiers; *and a* Gentleman *carrying a robe, sword, and spurs.*

Val. A tender husband hast thou shew'd thyself,
My dearest brother, and thy memory,
After thy [4] life, in brazen characters
Shall monumentally be register'd
To ages consequent, till Time's running hand
Beats back the world to undistinguish'd chaos,
And on the top of that thy name shall stand
Fresh and without decay.

Gom. Oh, honour'd sir,
If hope of this, or any bliss to come,
Could lift my load of grief off from my soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my wife,
That in one hour's suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a man again,
And fare like other husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing penitence;
But till old Nature can make such a wife
Again, I vow ne'er to resume the order
And habits that to men are necessary;
All breath I'll spend in sighs, all sound in groans,
And know no company but my wasting moans.

Asto. This will be wilful murder on yourself,
Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance
Which the inscrutable will of Heaven admits.

Gom. What would you have my weakness do, that [5]
Suffer'd itself thus to be practis'd on
By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
The impious midwife to abortive births,
And cruel instrument to his decrees?
By forgery they first assail'd her life:
Heaven playing with us yet in that, he wrought
My dearest friend, the servant to her virtue,
To combat me, against his mistress' truth:
That yet effectless, this enchanting witch
Bred baneful jealousy against my lady,
My most immaculate lady, which seized on her
Almost to death: oh, yet, not yet content,
She in my hand put (to restore her life,
As I imagined) what did execute
Their devilish malice: farther, great with child
Was this poor innocent; that too was lost;
They doubled death upon her: not staying there,
They have done violence unto her tomb,
Not granting rest unto her in the grave.
I wish Miranda had enjoyed my prize;
For, sure, I'm punish'd for usurping her.
Oh, what a tiger is resisted lust!
How it doth forage all!

Mount. Part of this tale
I grant you true; but 'twas not poison given her.

Zan. I would it had! we had been far enough,

[3] *A synnet*] "This word, which is spelt in a variety of ways, as *sennet*, *signet*, *signate*, *synet*, &c. signified a short flourish, generally on cornets. I think with Mr. Reed, that it is a corruption of the Italian *sonata*, which originally had the same meaning." WEBER. It seems, observes Nares, to indicate a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, and was undoubtedly different from a *flourish*: see *Gloss.* in v.

[4] *thy*] Both the folios "my."

[5] *that*] Sympson printed, for the metre, "*that has*"

If we had been so wise, and had not now
Stood curt'sing for your mercies here.
Mount. Beside,
What is become o' the body we know not.
Val. Peace, impudents! —
And, dear Gomera, practise patience,
As I myself must: by some means at last
We shall dissolve this riddle.
Gom. Wherefore comes
This villain in the festival array,
As if he triumph'd for his treachery?
Cast. That is by our appointment: give us leave;
You shall know why anon.

Enter one of the Esguard.[1]

Esg. The gentlemen are come.
Val. Truce, then, a while
With our sad thoughts.

Enter MIRANDA, NORANDINE, *and* COLONNA.

What, are you both resolved?
Nor. Not I, my lord: your downright captain still
I'll live, and serve you. Not that altogether
I want compunction of conscience;
I have enough to save me, and that's all:
Bar me from drink, and drabs? even hang me too!
You must even make your captains capons first:
I have too much flesh for this spiritual knighthood,
And therefore do desire forbearance, sir,
Till I am older, or more mortified;
I am too sound yet.
Val. What say you, Miranda?
Mir. With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty to you,
I come to undergo it.
Val. Proceed to the ceremony.
Gom. Before you match with this bright honour'd title,
Admir'd Miranda,[2] pardon what[3] in thought
I ever did transgress against your virtue;
And may you find more joy with your new bride
Than poor Gomera e'er enjoyed with his!
But 'twas mine own crime, and I suffer for't:
Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
Whilst I obscurely in some corner vanish!
Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better. — First, I crave,
According to the order of the court,
I may dispose my captives and the fort,
That with a clean and purified heart
The fitlier I may indue my robe.
All. 'Tis granted.
Mir. Bring the captives. [*Exit* Guard.

Enter ORIANA *veiled*, Ladies, *and* LUCINDA *carrying a* child, *with* Guard.

To your charge
And staid tuition, my most noble friend,
I then commend this lady. Start not off;
A fairer and a chaster never liv'd:
By her own choice you are her guardian;
For, telling her I was to leave my fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares,
Her own request was, to Gomera's hands
She might be given in custody, for sh'ad heard
He was a gentleman wise and temperate,
Full of humanity to women-kind,
And, 'cause he had been married, knew the better
How to entreat[4] a lady.
Val. What countrywoman is she?
Mir. Born a Greek.
Val. Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny
A lady, that unto your refuge flies,
And seeks to shrowd her under virtue's wing.
Gom. Excuse me, noble sir: oh, think me not
So dull[5] a devil, to forget the loss
Of such a matchless wife as I possess'd,
And ever to endure the sight of woman!
Were she the abstract of her sex for form,
The only warehouse of perfection,
Were there no rose nor lily but her cheek,
No music but her tongue, virtue but hers,
She must not rest near me. My vow is graven
Here in my heart, irrevocably breath'd;
And when I break it - —
Asto. This is rudeness, Spaniard;
Unseasonably you play the Timonist,[6]
Put on a disposition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.
Gom. Sir ——
Cast. We cannot force you, but we would persuade.
Gom. Beseech you, sir, no more! I am resolv'd
To forsake Malta, tread a pilgrimage
To fair Jerusalem, for my lady's soul,
And will not be diverted.
Mir. You must bear
This child along wi' you, then.
Gom. What child?
All. How's this!
Mir. Nay, then, Gomera, thou art injurious:
This child is thine, and this rejected lady
Thou hast as often known as thine own wife;
And this I'll make good on thee with my sword.
Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme! — If such a scandal —
I crave the rights due to a gentleman —
Woman, unveil.
Ori. Will you refuse[7] me yet? [*Unveiling.*
Gom. My wife!
Val. My sister!

[1] *Enter one of the* Esguard] Both the folios have, "Val. *One of the Esguard.*"
"Sympson and Seward converted [proposed to change] this speech of the Grand-master into a stage-direction; and it must be confessed that such an exclamation on the entrance of one of those guards, though it might suit an inferior character, is below the dignity of the person who speaks the words." WEBER. — Afterwards in this scene, Valetta says,

"*One of our Esguard*
Degrade Mountferrat first:"

but, in the present passage, the alteration proposed by Sympson and Seward appears to be necessary.

[2] *Admir'd Miranda*] Here, it would seem, the writer was thinking of Shakespeare's *Tempest*:

"*Admir'd Miranda!*
Indeed the top of admiration," &c. Act iii. sc. 1.

[3] *what*] Altered, most unnecessarily, by the Editors of 1778 to "that;" and so Weber.

[4] *entreat*] "i. e. treat." WEBER.

[5] *dull*] "Means — insensible. Sympson's [Seward's] proposal to read 'full' is ill-imagined." MASON.

[6] *the Timonist*] i. e. the misanthrope, like Timon of Athens.

[7] *refuse*] i. e. reject, renounce.

Gom. Somebody thank Heaven!
I cannot speak.
All. All praise be ever given!
Mount. This saves our lives: yet would she had been dead!
The very sight of her afflicts me more
Than fear of punishment or my disgrace.
Val. How came you to the temple?
Mir. Sir, to do
My poor devotions, and to offer thanks
For scaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair virgin. — I restore a wife
Earth cannot parallel; and, busy Nature,
If thou wilt still make women, but remember
To work 'em by this sampler. — Take heed, sir,
Henceforth you never doubt, sir.[1]
Gom. When I do,
Death take me suddenly!
Mir. To increase your happiness,
To your best wife take this addition.
[*Shews him the* child.
Gom. Alack, my poor knave!
Val. The confession
The Moor made, it seems, was truth.
Nor. Marry, was it, sir; the only truth that ever issued out of hell, which her black jaws resemble. — A plague o' your bacon-face! you must be giving drinks with a vengeance! ah, thou branded bitch! do you stare, goggles? I hope to make winter-boots o' thy hide yet. — She fears not damning: hell-fire cannot parch her blacker than she is. — Do you grin, chimney-sweeper?
Ori. What is't, Miranda?
Mir. That you would please Lucinda might attend you.
Col. That suit, sir, I consent not to.
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Luc. My husband!
My dearest Angelo!
Nor. More jiggumbobs? — Is not this the fellow that swom like a duck to the shore in our sea-service?
Col. The very same. Do not you know me now, sir?
My name is Angelo, though Colonna veil'd it,
Your countryman and kinsman, born in Florence;
Who from the neighbour-island here of Goza
Was captive led, in that unfortunate day
When the Turk bore with him three thousand souls.
Since, in Constantinople have I liv'd,
Where I beheld this Turkish damsel first:
A tedious suitor was I for her love;
And, pitying such a beauteous case should hide
A soul profan'd with infidelity,
I labour'd her conversion with my love,
And doubly won her: to fair faith her soul
She first betroth'd, and then her faith to me.
But fearful there to consummate this contract,
We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same galleys 'fore Valetta fought.
Since, in your service I attended her,[2]
Where what I saw and heard hath joy'd me more
Than all my past afflictions griev'd before.

Val. Wonders crown wonders! Take thy wife. — Miranda,
Be henceforth call'd our Malta's better angel, —
And thou her evil, Mountferrat.
Nor. We'll call him Cacodemon, with his black gib there, his succuba, his devil's seed, his spawn of Phlegethon, that, o' my conscience, was bred o' the spume of Cocytus. — Do you snarl, you black jill? — She looks like the picture of America.
Val. Why stay we now?
Mir. This last petition to the court;
I may bequeathe the keeping of my fort
To this my kinsman, toward the maintenance
Of him and his fair virtuous wife: discreet,
Loyal, and valiant, I dare give him you.
Val. You must not ask in vain, sir.
Col. My best thanks
To you, my noble cousin, and my service
To the whole court: may I deserve this bounty!
Val. Proceed to the ceremony. One of our Esguard
Degrade Mountferrat first.
Mount. I will not sue
For mercy; 'twere in vain: Fortune, thy worst!
[*Music.*

[*A curtain is drawn. An altar discovered, with tapers and a book on it. Two* Bishops *stand on each side of it.* MOUNTFERRAT, *as the song is singing, is led up to the altar.*

SONG.

See, see, the stain of honour, virtue's foe,
Of virgins' fair fames the foul overthrow,
That broken hath his oath of chastity,
Dishonour'd much this holy dignity!
Off with his robe, expel him forth this place,
Whilst we rejoice and sing at his disgrace!

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made thyself
Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear'st,
And of our sacred order, into which
For former virtues we receiv'd thee first,
According to our statutes, ordinances,
For praise unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men,
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our society,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted, and contagious member.
Esg. Using th' authority the superior
Hath given unto me, I untie this knot,
And take from thee the pleasing yoke of Heaven:
We take from off thy breast this holy cross,
Which thou hast made thy burden, not thy prop;
Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels
Bare of thy honour,[3] that have kick'd against
Our order's precepts; next, we reave thy sword,
And give thee armless to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodness and to God;
Last, 'bout thy stiff neck we this halter hang,
And leave thee to the mercy of the court.
Val. Invest Miranda.

[1] *doubt, sir*] Qy. "*doubt* her"?
[2] *her*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "here;" and so Weber. But see p. 800, &c.

[3] *Bare of thy honour*] "Sympson thinks we should read '*bare of* their *honour*.'" *Ed.* 1778.
[4] *Invest Miranda*] "The ceremonies of receiving a knight into the order of Malta, may be seen at large in Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta, vol vi. p. 18." *Ed.* 1778.

SONG.

Fair child of virtue, honour's bloom,
That here with burning zeal dost come,
With joy to ask the white-cross cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing yoke,
That, being young, vows chastity,
And choosest wilful poverty,
As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal! thy glory
Rise past the stars, and fix in Heaven thy story!

First Bishop. What crave you, gentle sir?
Mir. Humble admittance
To be a brother of the holy Hospital
Of great Jerusalem.
Sec. Bishop. Breathe out your vow.
Mir. To Heaven, and all the bench of saints above,
(Whose succour I implore to enable me,)
I vow henceforth a chaste life; not to enjoy
Any thing proper to myself; obedience
To my superiors, whom religion
And Heaven shall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of ladies, and to oppugn,
Even unto death, the Christian enemy:
This do I vow to accomplish!
Esg. Who can tell,
Has he made other vow, or promis'd marriage
To any one, or is in servitude?
All. He's free from all these.
First Bishop. Put on his spurs, and girt him with the sword,
The scourge of infidels, and types of speed. —
Buildest thy faith on this?
[*Presenting the cross of the order.*
Mir. On him that died
On such a sacred figure for our sins.
Sec. Bishop. Here, then, we fix it on thy left side, for
Thy increase of faith, Christian defence, and service
To the poor; and thus near to thy heart we plant it,
That thou mayst love it even with all thy heart:
With thy right hand protect, preserve it whole;
For, if thou fighting 'gainst Heaven's enemies
Shalt fly away, abandoning the cross,
The ensign of thy holy general,
With shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it,
Chas'd from our company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified limb.
Mir. I ask no favour.
First Bishop. Then receive the yoke
Of him that makes it sweet and light; in which
Thy soul find her eternal rest!
Val. Most welcome!
All. Welcome, our noble brother!
Val. Break up the court. — Mountferrat, though your deeds,
Conspiring 'gainst the lives of innocents,
Have[1] forfeited your own, we will not stain
Our white cross with your blood: your doom is, then,
To marry this co-agent of your mischiefs:
Which done, we banish you [to] the continent:[2]
If either, after three days, here be found,
The hand of law lays hold upon your lives.
Nor. Away, French stallion! now you have a Barbary mare of your own; go leap her, and engender young devilings.
Val. We will find something, noble Norandine,
To quit[3] your merit. — So, to civil feasts,
According to our customs; and all pray
The dew of grace bless our new knight to-day!
[*Exeunt.*

1 *Have*] Both the folios "Hath."
2 *we banish you [to] the continent*] This reading was proposed in a note by Sympson, and adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. — Mason defends the old text thus: — "By the continent, Valetta means the dominions of Malta. An island of considerable extent is regarded by the inhabitants as a continent, when compared to the smaller islands that surround it. The name of the largest of the Shetland Islands and also of the Orkneys, is Mainland, which is synonymous to continent." I agree with Weber in thinking that Mason's explanation "cannot be admitted."
3 *quit*] "i. e. requite." WEBER.

VALENTINIAN.

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

THIS tragedy, according to Weber, contains strong internal evidence that Fletcher was its sole author; but Mr. Darley conjectures, that *Valentinian*, though "not brought out till after Beaumont's death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it." *Introd. to the Works of B. and F.*, p. xxiv. When it was first represented is not known: we can only state for certain, that, as Burbadge acted one of the characters, it must have been given to the stage anterior to March 1618-19, about the middle of which month that performer died.[1]

"For the plot," says Langbaine, "see the Writers of those Times; as *Cassiodori Chron.*, *Amm. Marcell. Hist.*, *Evagrius* Lib. 2., *Procopius*, &c." *Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 216.

Valentinian: a Tragedy. As 'tis Altered by the late Earl of Rochester, and Acted at the Theatre-Royal. Together with a Preface concerning the Author and his Writings. By one of his Friends, was printed in 1685. This alteration (to say nothing of its occasional grossness) is in the very worst taste. Some of the additional speeches are in rhyme, and form a ridiculous contrast to those portions of the original play which his lordship has retained. The character of Eudoxia is omitted; and the tragedy ends with the death of Valentinian, who is slain by Aretus and the Soldiers.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINIAN, emperor of Rome.
AËCIUS, a general.
MAXIMUS, a distinguished warrior.
PONTIUS, AFRANIUS, } captains.
FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, } senators.
BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, a Greek, LICINIUS, } courtiers and panders to the emperor.
LYCIAS, a eunuch, servant to the emperor.
PHIDIAS, ARETUS, } eunuchs, originally servants to AËCIUS, and promoted by him to the service of the emperor.
PAULUS, a poet.
LICIPPUS, a courtier.

Senators, Physicians, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Boy, Messenger, Attendants.

EUDOXIA, empress, wife to VALENTINIAN.
LUCINA, wife to MAXIMUS.
CLAUDIA, MARCELLINA, } her waiting-women.
ARDELIA, PHŒBA, } ladies, pandresses to the emperor
Ladies.

SCENE, — ROME.

The principal actors were —

Richard Burbadge. William Ostler.
Henry Condel. John Underwood.
John Lowin.

Fol. 1679.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS.

Bal. I never saw the like; she's no more stirr'd,
No more another woman, no more alter'd
With any hopes or promises laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own legs.
Proc. Chilax,
You are a stranger yet in these designs,
At least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know, in all your course of practice,
In all the ways of woman you have run through —
(For I presume you have been brought up, Chilax,
As we, to fetch and carry) ——
Chi. True; I have so.
Proc. Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of beauty,
Ever so rare a creature, (and, no doubt,

[1] See note, p. 756.

One that must know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none, and honest?
Honest against the tide of all temptations?
Honest to one man, to her husband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
Why she is honest?
Chi. I confess it freely,
I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
(And, sure, I have tried a hundred, if I say two,
I speak within my compass,) all these beauties,
And all the constancy of all these faces,
Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or calling,
(So they be Greeks and fat, for there's my cunning,)
I would undertake, and not sweat for it, Proculus,
Were they to try again, say twice as many,
Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid:
But this wench staggers me.
Licin. Do you see these jewels?
You would think these pretty baits; now, I'll assure you,
Here's half the wealth of Asia.
Bal. These are nothing
To the full honours I propounded to her:
I bid her think, and be, and presently,
Whatever her ambition, what the counsel
Of others would add to her, what her dreams
Could more enlarge, what any precedent
Of any woman rising up to glory,
And standing certain there, and in the highest,
Could give her more; nay, to be empress.
Proc. And cold at all these offers?
Bal. Cold as crystal,
Never to be thaw'd again.
Chi. I tried her further,
And so far, that I think she is no woman,
At least, as women go now.
Licin. Why, what did you?
Chi. I offer'd that, that, had she been but mistress
Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reach'd her;
A safe revenge of all that ever hate[1] her,
The crying-down for ever of[2] all beauties
That may be thought come near her.
Proc. That was pretty.
Chi. I never knew[3] that way fail: yet I'll tell ye,
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a saint start, well consider'd;
The law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aspect to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em, spite of fortune; a new Nature
She should be call'd, and mother of all ages;
Time should be hers; and what she did, lame Virtue
Should bless to all posterities; her air
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us;
And last, to none but to the emperor,
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so,)
She should be held for mortal.

[1] *hate*] Both the folios "hates."
[2] *of*] So the second folio. — Not in the first.
[3] *I never knew, &c.*] Seward chose to give this speech, and the next speech but one, to Proculus.

Licin. And she heard you?
Chi. Yes, as a sick man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemn'd his judgment. Let me perish,
But, if there can be virtue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her.
Bal. I would the emperor were that god!
Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain seeming
Of all the Stoics, all the truth of Christians
And all their constancy: modesty was made
When she was first intended; when she blushes,
It is the holiest thing to look upon,
The purest temple of her sect[4] that ever
Made Nature a blest founder.
Proc. Is there no way
To take this phœnix?
Licin. None but in her ashes.
Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a venture;
But, on my soul, she's chaster than cold camphire.[5]
Bal. I think so too; for all the ways of woman,
Like a full sail, she bears against. I ask'd her,
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If th' emperor, grown mad with love, should force her?
She pointed to a Lucrece[6] that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.
Proc. This is the first wench I was ever pos'd in;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two-and-thirty year.
Chi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle calling, and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people:
And, as the tutor to great Alexander
Would say, a young man should not dare to read
His moral books, till after five-and-twenty;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted,)
If they will rise and gain experience,
Well steep'd in years and discipline, begin it;
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.

[4] *sect*] i. e. sex — in which sense the word was frequently used by our early writers. — In Lord Rochester's alteration of this play we find "sex" substituted here for "*sect.*"
[5] *camphire*] See note, p. 109.
[6] *She pointed to a Lucrece, &c.*] Seward observes in a note (the rest of which is not worth preserving) that Fenton has imitated this passage in the following one of *Mariamne*, act iii. sc. 6;

"But frowning, with a victor's haughty air,
He pointed to a picture on the wall,
Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke
His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd.
Mar. What picture?
Her. Perseus led in chains through Rome."

Bal. Well, what's thought of?
Proc. The emperor must know it.
Licin. If the women
Should chance to fail too?
Chi. As 'tis ten to one.
Proc. Why, what remains, but new nets for the purchase?[1]
Chi. Let's go consider, then; and, if all fail,
This is the first quick eel that sav'd her tail.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA, *and* PHORBA.

Ard. You still insist[2] upon that idol, honour:
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour
(That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the most respected person living?
Or can the common kisses of a husband
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd:
The honour of a woman is her praises;
The way to get these, to be seen and sought to,[3]
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoky roof.
Lucina. I'll hear no more.
Phorba. That white and red, and all that blessèd beauty,
Kept from the eyes that make it so, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it.
The phœnix, were she never seen, were doubted;
That most unvalu'd[4] horn the unicorn
Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing
But tale and mere tradition, would help no man;
But when the virtue's known, the honour's doubled.
Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
And love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
When it bars up the way to men's petitions.
Ard. Nay, you shall love your husband too; we come not
To make a monster of you.
Lucina. Are ye women?
Ard. You'll find us so, and women you shall thank[5] too,
If you have grace to make your use.
Lucina. Fie on ye!
Phorba. Alas, poor bashful lady! by my soul,
Had you no other virtue but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those: —
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!
Ard. Come, goddess, come; you move too near the earth;
It must not be; a better orb stays for you:
Here; be a maid, and take 'em.[6]
[*Offers her jewels.*
Lucina. Pray, leave me.
Phorba. That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy:
You must not be alone; in conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the conscience
Made easy and allowable.
Lucina. Ye are devils.
Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.
Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of chastity,
Tempt me no more! How ugly ye seem to me!
There is no wonder men defame our sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of women.
If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
Though many regions off, as men hear thunder;
If ever ye had fathers,[7] and they souls;
If ever mothers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Beside your sins, or common but your curses;[8]
If ever any of your ancestors
Died worth a noble deed that would be cherish'd; —
Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You would run from one another to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins
That made ye blind and beasts.
Phor. You speak well, lady;
A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.
Ard. This lady was ordain'd to bless the empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.
Phor. I believe you.
Ard. If any thing redeem the emperor
From his wild-flying courses, this is she:
She can instruct him, if you mark; she is wise too.
Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin, she cannot.

[1] *purchase*] Equivalent here to — prey.

[2] *You still insist*, &c.] "The reader who will compare this scene with the persuasives against chastity, introduced by Milton into the character of Comus, will readily see how much that excellent author has been indebted to this play." ED. 1778. Not much.

[3] *sought to*] i. e. solicited: see notes, pp. 731, 808. Both the folios "*sought* too;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. "The text, which is evidently that intended by the poet, was proposed by M. Mason, who also observes, that '*her praises*,' in the preceding line, means the praises bestowed on her." WEBER.

[4] *unvalu'd*] i. e. invaluable.

[5] *thank*] So the second folio. — The first folio "think."

[6] *take 'em*] So the second folio. — The first folio "*take* 'en." — "I suppose, though there be no stage-direction for that purpose, that Ardelia offers some jewels to Lucina, which she presses her to take; the word '*Here*' confirms the conjecture." MASON. The meaning, I apprehend, is "Be coy as a maid, and yet take 'em" (the expression "Say nay, and take it" is of common occurrence.) — The Editors of 1778 printed "*take* him."

[7] *If ever ye had fathers*, &c.] Both the folios, —

"*If ever ye had* mothers, *and they souls;*
If ever fathers, *and not such as you are.*"

The transposition was made by Seward.

[8] *common but your curses*] The first folio has "comming *but your curses.*" The second folio reads "coming, *but your courses.*" — "The text is the conjecture of Seward, who thus explains it: — 'If you have even any thing in *common* with the rest of woman-kind, except the *curses* that are entailed on all.' This explanation is very erroneous. The meaning is evidently, as the last editors observe, — 'If there is any essential ingredient in your composition beside your sins, or any thing *common* to you all beside the *curses* that attend those sins.' &c. Mason is, however, not satisfied, and proposes to read — 'coming (i. e. becoming) *but your* curtsies'!" WEBER.

Ard. And besides,
She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she is chiefly born.
Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the world shall wonder at.
Ard. 'Tis true.
I never thought the emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
Till he profess'd this love: gods give 'em children,
Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.
Phor. Do you mark, too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs through her,
When we but name the emperor?
Ard. But mark it!
Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,
Though she be fair as heaven, and virtuous
As holy truth, yet to the emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
And when her country's cause commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of virtues:
Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows;
And though the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry, "Stay, Lucina!", yet the cause,
And general wisdom of the prince's love.
Makes her find surer ends and happier;
And, if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.
Phor. Her tartness unto us too ——
Ard. That's a wise one ——
Phor. I rarely like; it shews a rising wisdom,
That chides all common fools as dare inquire
What princes would have private.
Ard. What a lady
Shall we be blest to serve!
Lucina. Go, get ye from me!
Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's.
Is the virtuous lure[1] ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp[2] your vices?
But that I had a mother, and a woman,
Whose ever-living fame turns all it touches
Into the good itself is, I should now
Even doubt myself, I have been search'd so near
The very soul of honour. Why should you two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
(Fairer I think by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well-built piles, shew worthy ruins,)
After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
For shame, for womanhood, for what ye have been,
(For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches,)
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but court,
Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vanish,
Or, at the best, but subject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of:
Let women live themselves; if they must fall,
Their own destruction find 'em, not your fevers.
Ard. Madam, you are so excellent in all,
And, I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear,
And, when you come to anger, 'tis so noble,
That, for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry: women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing),
Are either fools or cowards.
Phor. She were a mistress[3] for no private greatness,
Could she not frown. A ravish'd kiss from anger,
And such an anger as this lady learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,
Which of ye all could hold from?
Lucina. I perceive ye:
Your own dark sins dwell with ye! and that price
You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
Run[4] to diseases with your bones! I scorn ye;
And all the nets you have pitch'd to catch my virtues,
Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.
Go, tell the emperor, ye have met a woman,
That neither his own person which is godlike,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase,
Nor all the glories subject to a Cæsar,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the mother of the empire
And queen of all the holy fires he worships,
Can make a whore of.
Ard. You mistake us, lady.
Lucina. Yet, tell him, this has thus much weaken'd me,
That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons
(Fit nurses for his sins), which gods forgive me!
But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And from her mouth whose life shall make it certain,
I never can: I have a noble husband
(Pray, tell him that too), yet a noble name,
A noble family, and, last, a conscience.
Thus much for your answer: for yourselves,
Ye have lived the shame of women, die the better! [*Exit.*
Phor. What's now to do?
Ard. Even as she said, to die;
For there's no living here, and women thus,
I am sure, for us two.
Phor. Nothing stick upon her!
Ard. We have lost a mass of money. Well, dame Virtue,
Yet you may halt, if good luck serve.
Phor. Worms take her!
She has almost spoil'd our trade.

[1] *lure*] Both the folios "lore;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. "We should certainly read '*lure*,' instead of '*lore*:' the allusion is to falconry, and the word '*train'd*' proves it" Mason.— Lord Rochester, in his alteration of this play, substituted here "love" for "*lore*."

[2] *imp*] See notes, pp. 154, 753.

[3] *She were a mistress, &c.*] This speech is most erroneously pointed in both the folios, and by Seward and the Editors of 1778. Mason gave the right punctuation (in which Heath had anticipated him, *MS. Notes.*)

[4] *Run*] Both the folios "Runs."

Ard. So godly!
This is ill-breeding, Phorba.
Phor. If the women
Should have a longing now to see this monster,
And she convert 'em all!
Ard. That may be, Phorba;
But, if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.
Come, let's go think; she must not scape us thus:
There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AECIUS.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where lives virtue,
Honour, discretion, wisdom? who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the empire,
But bawds and singing-girls? Oh, my Aëcius![1]
The glory of a soldier, and the truth
Of men made up for goodness' sake, like shells,[2]
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action:
Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour ——
Aëcius. No more, my worthy friend: though these be truths,
And though these truths would ask a reformation,
At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
We are but subjects, Maximus; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
Until unhallow'd hands defile those offerings,
Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked;
We dare not, dearest friend, nay, more, we cannot, —
Whilst we consider who[3] we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver;
Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquir'd into; whilst gods and angels
Make but[4] a rule as we do, though a stricter, —
Like desperate and unseason'd fools, let fly
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.
Max. My noble friend (from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit), weigh but thus much: —
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For, by the gods, I do not! — why, Aëcius,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?
Aëcius. You'll fall again into your fit.
Max. I will not: —
Or are we now no more the sons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians?
Why is this emperor, this man we honour,
This god that ought to be ——
Aëcius. You are too curious.
Max. Good, give me leave: — why is this author of us ——
Aëcius. I dare not hear you speak thus.
Max. I'll be modest: —
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders? — Misconceive me not;
I sow no danger in my words. — But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the sons of fathers
Famous, and fast to Rome? why are their virtues
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles,
For goodness' sake? their honours time-out-daring?
I think, for our example.
Aëcius. You speak nobly.
Max. Why are we seeds of these, then, to shake hands
With bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a mistress? — Pray, your leave yet. —
You'll say, the emperor is young, and apt
To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness:[5] it may be:
But why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?
Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations?
Aëcius. You search the sore too deep; and I must tell you,
In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded. Pray, depress your spirit;
For, though I constantly believe you honest
(You were no friend for me else), and what now
You freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do; few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest, friend: and pray, consider
We are but shadows, motions others give us;
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever-friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force; for, durst mine own soul urge me
(And, by that soul, I speak my just affections)
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Though I had both the blessings of the Bruti,
And both their instigations, though my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel[6] the first example. Say the prince,

1 *Aëcius*] "Our authors always make three syllables of *Æcius*; I therefore divide the diphthong." SEWARD. "The first folio sometimes exhibits *Æcius*, sometimes *Aecius*, which we follow, though the measure commonly warrants the diæresis adopted by Mr. Seward, and which was used first, we believe, by Lovelace, in his commendatory verses [see p. 64.]." *Ed.* 1778. I may justly observe, that in the present line the diæresis is not absolutely necessary; for our early writers (see Gifford's note on Ford's *Works*, i. 19.) frequently make "*girl*" a dissyllable.
2 *shells*] Altered by Seward to "shields"!
3 *who*] So the second folio. — The first folio "why." — Lord Rochester, in his alteration of the play, reads "whose."
4 *but*] Mason would read "that."
5 *worthiness*] Altered by Seward to "worthlessness"!!
6 *feel*] Mason would read "fall."

As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend;
The elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man, that would reclaim[1] a lion,
Take him by the teeth.
Max. I pray, mistake me not.
Aëcius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pulls a prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects' crystal souls are glasses to him.
Max. My ever-honour'd friend, I'll take your counsel.
The emperor appears; I'll leave you to him;
And, as we both affect him, may he flourish!
[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* CHILAX.

Val. Is that the best news?
Chi. Yet the best we know, sir.
Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then. [*Exit* CHILAX.
Mine own head be my helper; these are fools.—
[*Aside.*
How now, Aëcius! are the soldiers quiet?
Aëcius. Better, I hope, sir, than they were.
Val. They are pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures;
Shortly they'll fight against me.
Aëcius. Gods defend,[2] sir!
And, for their censures, they are such shrewd judgers,
A donative of ten sesterties,
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,
More than they sang your pleasures.
Val. I believe thee.
Art thou in love, Aëcius, yet?
Aëcius. Oh, no, sir!
I am too coarse for ladies; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with alarums,
Would break their tender bodies.
Val. Never fear it;
They are stronger than you think; they'll hold the hammer.
My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier;
A good one, I believe thee.
Aëcius. All that goodness
Is but your grace's creature.
Val. Tell me truly;—
For thou dar'st tell me——
Aëcius. Any thing concerns you,
That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.
Val. What say the soldiers of me? and the same words;
Mince 'em not, good Aëcius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.
Aëcius. I'll tell your grace; but with this caution,
You be not stirr'd; for, should the gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.
Val. Forward.
Aëcius. Then, to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures;
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins;
And when you neither drink nor sleep, you wench much,
Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge off honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers and beaten fools, and so regarded.
But I believe 'em not; for, were these truths,
Your virtue can correct them.
Val. They speak plainly.
Aëcius. They say moreover (since your grace will have it;
For they will talk their freedoms, though the sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You have got a vein of fiddling[3]—so they term it;—
Val. Some drunken dreams, Aëcius.
Aëcius. So I hope, sir;—
And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than lov'd for bounty,
(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise you,)
Telling your years and actions by their deaths
Whose truth and strength of duty made you Cæsar:
They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,
Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse you;
And people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's moneys
Are seal'd and sent a-working.[4]
Val. What sin's next?
For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

[1] *reclaim*] i. e. tame.
[2] *defend*] i. e. forbid.

[3] *fiddling*] So the second folio. — The first folio "filing."
[4] *And people, as they term 'em, made of paper,*
In which the secret sins of each man's moneys
Are seal'd and sent a-working] Both the folios have "A *people*," &c.; and so the modern editors, — Seward altering, in the next line, "*moneys*" to "body"! — Mason, who first saw that "A" was a misprint for "*And*," observes, "By the people last described, Aëcius means, not bawds, but informers, to whom his description is perfectly applicable. It is well known to those who are conversant in the history of Rome under the emperors, that every man of rank lay at the mercy of informers, and how frequently innocent persons were impeached by them, merely on account of their wealth. It would be strange if Aëcius, in stating the grievances of the empire, should have omitted these informers, who were the immediate objects of his fear, as we find in the next page, where he says to Valentinian,

'Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar, &c.
—— now be purchase
For slaves and *base informers*.'"

Weber remarks that Mason "forgets one circumstance, viz. that Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, and Licinius, might serve the emperor in the quality of informers as well as in that of bawds, which renders the proposed alteration, though ingenious, perfectly unnecessary."—But it is quite plain that two distinct sets of persons are spoken of—one "*they call bawds*," the other, "*as they term 'em, made of paper*."

Aëcius. Nor hurt you, o' my soul, sir: but such people,
(Nor can the power of man restrain it,) when
They are full of meat and ease, must prattle.
Val. Forward.
Aëcius. I have spoken too much, sir.
Val. I'll have all.
Aëcius. It fits not
Your ears should hear their vanities; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of those crimes.
Val. It may be
I am so; therefore forward.
Aëcius. I have ever
Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.
Val. No more apologies.
Aëcius. They grieve besides, sir,
To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdu'd,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike eagles mew[1] their honours
In obscure towns, that wont to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,
"The fruits of Italy are luscious; give us Egypt
Or sandy Afric, to display our valours
There where our swords may make us meat, and danger
Digest our well-got viands: here our weapons,
And bodies that were made for shining brass,
Are both unedg'd, and old with ease and women;"
And then they cry again, "Where are the Germans,
Lin'd with hot Spain or Gallia? bring 'em on,
And let the son of war, steel'd Mithridates,
Lead up his wingèd Parthians like a storm,
Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrows;
Yet we dare fight like Romans." Then, as soldiers,
Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
Even weeping-ripe they were no more nor deeper,
And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely:
And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,
They reckon up the times and living labours
Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder
That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with honours
Can now forget the custom of her conquests:
And then they blame your grace, and say, "Who leads us?
Shall we stand here like statues? were our fathers
The sons of lazy Moors? our princes Persians,
Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on 'em
That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,
Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices!
For, from the spring of these, succeeding princes" ——
Thus they talk, sir.
Val. Well,
Why do you hear these things?

[1] *mew*] "The phrase is from falconry. A hawk is said to mew when he sheds his feathers, which he generally does when he is *mewed* or shut up." WEBER.

Aëcius. Why do you do 'em?
I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow
And more vexation do I hear these taintures,
Than were my life dropt from me through an hour-glass!
Val. Belike, then, you believe 'em, or at least
Are glad they should be so. Take heed: you were better
Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a prince's anger.
Aëcius. I am old, sir,
And ten years more addition is but nothing:
Now, if my life be pleasing to you, take it.
[*Kneels.*
Upon my knees, if ever any service
(As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice),
If ever any worth, or trust you gave me,
Deserv'd a fair respect; if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
For you and for the empire, be not vices;
By that style you have stamp'd upon me, soldier;
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!
Val. I understand you not.
Aëcius. Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar,
And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
After the scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour,)
The seas, and thirsty deserts, now be purchase[2]
For slaves and base informers! I see anger
And death look through your eyes; I am mark'd for slaughter,
And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean lost to this world: I embrace it;
Only my last petition, sacred Cæsar,
Is, I may die a Roman!
Val. Rise, my friend still, [AËCIUS *rises.*
And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier;
I'll study to do so upon myself too. Go;
Keep your command, and prosper.
Aëcius. Life to Cæsar! [*Exit.*

Re-enter CHILAX.

Chi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.
Val. Go tell him
I'll meet him in the gallery. [*Exit* CHILAX.
The honesty of this Aëcius
(Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
Has div'd so deep into me, that of all
The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
With much repentance now I could be quit of:
But she is such a pleasure, being good,
That, though I were a god, she'd fire my blood.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* CHILAX, *discovered playing at dice.*

Val. Nay, ye shall set my hand out; 'tis not just

[2] *purchase*] i. e. booty, — prey.

I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous.
Licin. If I have any thing to set your grace,
But clothes or good conditions,[1] let me perish!
You have all my money, sir.
Proc. And mine.
Chi. And mine too.
Max. Unless your grace will credit us.
Val. No bare board.
Licin. Then, at my garden-house.
Val. The orchard too?
Licin. An't please your grace.
Val. Have at 'em. [*Throws.*
Proc. They are lost.
Licin. Why, farewell, fig-trees!
Val. Who sets more?
Chi. At my horse, sir.
Val. The dappled Spaniard?
Chi. He.
Val. He's mine. [*Throws.*
Chi. He is so.
Max. Your short horse is soon curried.
Chi. So it seems, sir;
So may your mare be too, if luck serve.
Max. Ha!
Chi. Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune.
Val. Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch thus.
Max. By Heaven, sir, I have lost all!
Val. There's a ring yet.
Max. This was not made to lose, sir.
Val. Some love-token?
Set it, I say.
Max. I do beseech your grace,
Rather name any house I have.
Val. How strange
And curious[2] you are grown of toys! Redeem't,
If so I win it, when you please; to-morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not;
But only for my luck' sake: 'tis not rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw, sir? there 'tis.
Val. Why, then, have at it fairly. [*Throws.*]
— Mine.
Max. Your grace
Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
An't be your pleasure, sir, I'll pay the price on't.
Val. To-morrow you shall have it without price, sir,
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I bethink myself, go to Aëcius,
And bid him muster all the cohorts presently
(They mutiny for pay, I hear); and be you
Assistant to him. When you know their numbers,
Ye shall have moneys for 'em, and, above,
Something to stop their tongues withal.
Max. I will, sir;
And gods preserve you in this mind still!
Val. Shortly,
I'll see 'em march myself.
Max. Gods ever keep you! [*Exit.*
Val. To what end do you think this ring shall serve now?

[1] *conditions*] i. e. qualities, dispositions, habits, — manners.
[2] *strange*
And curious] i. e. shy and scrupulous.

For you are fellows only known by rote,
As birds record[3] their lessons.
Chi. For the lady.
Val. But how for her?
Chi. That I confess I know not.
Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me an eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see
The court made like a paradise. [*Exit* CHILAX.
Licin. We will, sir.
Val. Full of fair shows and musics; all your arts
(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a-doing: and, for fear
You should not take, I'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
She shall not choose but lean to. Let the women
Put on a graver show of welcome.
Proc. Well, sir.
Val. They are a thought[4] too eager.

Re-enter CHILAX *with* LYCIAS.

Chi. Here's the eunuch.
Lycias. Long life to Cæsar!
Val. I must use you, Lycias.
Come, let's walk in, and then I'll shew ye all:
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter CLAUDIA *and* MARCELLINA.

Clau. Sirrah,[5] what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company?
Marc. I know not,
Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.
Clau. That were a childish fear.
Marc. What were those ladies
Came to her lately? from the court?
Clau. The same, wench:
Some grave instructors, on my life; they look
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts.[6]
Marc. 'Tis true, wench;
For here and there (and yet they painted well too)
One might discover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron ages.[7]
Clau. If my judgment fail not,
They have been sheath'd like rotten ships ——
Marc. It may be.
Clau. For, if you mark their rudders, they hang weakly.
Marc. They have past the line, belike. Wouldst live, Claudia,
Till thou wert such as they are?
Clau. Chimney-pieces!
Now, Heaven have mercy on me, and young men!

[3] *record*] "Birds are said to *record*, when they first attempt to sing." WEBER. *Record*, i. e. sing, is applied by our old writers to the music of birds, not merely "when they first attempt to sing," but at every stage of their singing. According to Douce (*Illust. of Shakspeare*, i. 49), the term was formed from the *recorder* or flageolet by which birds were taught.
[4] *are a thought*] Weber printed "*are thought*"!
[5] *Sirrah*] See note, p. 793.
[6] *hatch'd hilts*] See note, p. 425.
[7] *One might discover, where the gold was worn,*
Their iron ages] "A miserable pun between the iron edge of a sword, and the iron-age, seems to be here intended." WEBER.

I had rather make a drollery till thirty.[1]
While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights[2] out bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' the wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tires,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina; not till barnacles[3]
Bred in my sides.
Marc. Thou art i' the right, wench:
For who would live, whom pleasures nad forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!"[4] —
Were there not men came hither too?
Clau. Brave fellows;
I fear me, bawds of five i' the pound.
Marc. How know you?
Clau. They gave me great lights to it.
Marc. Take heed, Claudia.
Clau. Let them take heed; the spring comes on.
Marc. To me, now,
They seem'd as noble visitants.
Clau. To me, now,
Nothing less, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,
And, by this honest light (for yet 'tis morning),
Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
And Milan skins[5] ——
Marc. Thou art a strange wench, Claudia.
Clau. You are deceiv'd; — they shew'd to me directly
Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living:
I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd last.
Marc. Peace;
My lady comes. What may that be?

Enter LUCINA *and* LYCIAS.

Clau. A sumner,[6]
That cites her to appear.
Marc. No more of that, wench.
Lycias. Madam, what answer to your lord?
Lucina. Pray, tell him
I am subject to his will.
Lycias. Why weep you, madam?
Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.
Lucina. I do beseech you, tell me, sir ——
Lycias. What, lady?
Lucina. Serve you the emperor?
Lycias. I do.
Lucina. In what place?
Lycias. In's chamber, madam.
Lucina. Do you serve his will too
Lycias. In fair and just commands.
Lucina. Are you a Roman?
Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.
Lucina. What office bore your parents?
Lycias. One was prætor.[7]
Lucina. Take heed, then, how you stain his reputation.
Lycias. Why, worthy lady?
Lucina. If you know, I charge you,
Aught in this message but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.
Lycias. Madam, I am no broker ——
Clau. I'll be hang'd, then. [*Aside.*
Lycias. Nor base procurer of men's lusts. Your husband
Pray'd me to do this office; I have done it:
It rests in you to come, or no.
Lucina. I will, sir.
Lycias. If you mistrust me, do not.
Lucina. You appear
So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign you have brought me,
That I believe.
Lycias. Why should I cozen you?
Or, were I brib'd to do this villany,
Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,
When such a virtue falls?
Lucina. You speak well, sir:
Would all the rest that serve the emperor
Had but your way!
Clau. And so they have, *ad unguem.* [*Aside.*
Lucina. Pray, tell my lord I have receiv'd his token,
And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good sir, thus much
Before you go; I do beseech you too.
As little notice as you can, deliver
Of my appearance there.
Lycias. It shall be, madam;
And so I wish you happiness.
Lucina. I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *An open Place in the City.*

Tumult and noise within. Enter AËCIUS, *with his sword drawn, pursuing* PONTIUS: MAXIMUS *following.*

Max. Temper yourself, Aëcius!
Pont. Hold, my lord!
I am a Roman and a soldier.
Max. Pray, sir —
Aëcius. Thou art a lying villain and a traitor! — [MAXIMUS *holds him.*
Give me myself,[8] or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous! — How dar'st thou pluck

[1] *I had rather make a drollery till thirty*] "'Drallery' [the reading of both the folios], which has greatly puzzled the former commentators, is certainly nothing but an accidental corruption of '*drollery*,' which does not mean a *gay lady*, as the last editors suppose, but a *puppet-show*." WEBER. — Claudia means, "spend her youth in making puppet-shows, which she considers as the lowest scene of degradation." Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, iv. 370. — Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 309) says that "the whole of this speech seems corrupt," and proposes an alteration in one of the lines: the fact is, he did not understand it.

[2] *fights*] i. e. cloths hung round about a ship to prevent the men from being seen in fight; or any coverts under which they may use their arms unseen.

[3] *barnacles*] i. e. a kind of shell-fish, which adhere to ships.

[4] *To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!"*] An allusion to those persons whose business it was to "give aim" to the archers, i. e., to inform them how near their arrows fell to the mark. Marcellina means — What woman, after she had become incapable of pleasures, would live to superintend and direct those of others, — would become a bawd?

[5] *Milan skins*] See note, p. 218.

[6] *A sumner*] "This officer is now called an apparitor, and his principal business is to cite offenders into ecclesiastical courts." WEBER.

[7] *was prætor*] Weber chose to print "*was a prætor.*"

[8] *Give me myself*] "i. e. Let me go, leave me at liberty. MASON.

The soldiers to sedition, and I living?
And sow rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?
Pont. Hear me.
Max. Are you a man?
Aëcius. I am a true-hearted,[1] Maximus,
And, if the villain live, we are dishonour'd.
Max. But hear him what he can say.
Aëcius. That's the way
To pardon him: I am so easy-natur'd,
That, if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.
Pont. I do beseech you, noble general ——
Aëcius. H'as found the way already! Give me room;
One stroke; and, if he scape me then, h'as mercy.
Pont. I do not call you noble, that I fear you:
I never car'd for death. If you will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do:
'Tis true, I know you for my general,
And by that great prerogative may kill;
But do it justly, then.
Aëcius. He argues with me;
By Heaven, a made-up rebel!
Max. Pray, consider
What certain grounds you have for this.
Aëcius. What grounds!
Did I not take him preaching to the soldiers
How lazily they liv'd? and what dishonours
It was to serve a prince so full of woman?
Those were his very words, friend.
Max. These, Aëcius,
Though they were rashly spoke, — which was an error,
A great one, Pontius, — yet, from him, that hungers
For wars and brave employment, might be pardon'd.
The heart, and harbor'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not spleeny speeches.
Aëcius. Why should you protect him?
Go to; it shews not honest.
Max. Taint me not;
For that shews worse, Aëcius: all your friendship,
And that pretended love you lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.
Was I your bosom-piece for this?
Aëcius. Forgive me:
The nature of my zeal, and for my country,
Makes me sometimes forget myself; for know,
Though I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no god. — For you, sir, whose infection
Has spread itself like poison through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble gentleman, — you had died else;
Next, from your place and honour of a soldier
I here seclude you; —
Pont. May I speak yet?
Max. Hear him.
Aëcius. And, while Aëcius holds a reputation,
At least command, you bear no arms for Rome, sir.
Pont. Against her I shall never. The condemn'd man
Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord;
Law were not equal else.
Max. Pray, hear, Aëcius;
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet, consider'd
(If mercy may be thought upon), will prove
Rather a hasty sin than heinous.
Aëcius. Speak.
Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tir'd with peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes;
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we serv'd,
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers;
I blam'd him too for women.
Aëcius. To the rest, sir.
Pont. And, like enough, I bless'd him then as soldiers
Will do sometimes: 'tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to shew our country[2]
We durst go naked, durst want meat and money,
And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirsty;
I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
Were our best pay-masters; the charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses; nay, I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir,)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
Laden with scars, and aches,[3] and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure targets,
And swords hatch'd[4] with the blood of many nations,
To spades and pruning-knives (for those get money),
Their warlike eagles into daws or starlings,
To give an *Ave, Cæsar*[5] as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas;
For thus we get but years and beats.
Aëcius. What think you?
Were these words to be spoken by a captain,
One that should give example?
Max. 'Twas too much.
Pont. My lord, I did not woo 'em from the empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst Cæsar;
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me! Give me but employment, sir,
And way to live; and where[7] you hold me vicious,

[1] *a true-hearted*] "i. e. a true-hearted man. The modern editions very tamely omit the article." WEBER.

[2] *country*] Is here a tri-syllable, — as Weber remarks in an unnecessarily long note.

[3] *ackes*] Is here a dissyllable.

[4] *hatch'd*] Equivalent here (as at p. 775) to — adorned, coloured: see note, p. 425.

[5] *To give an ave, Cæsar*] "Ut plurimum docebantur hæ aves salutationis verba . . . interdum etiam plurium vocum versus aut sententias docebantur: ut illi corvi, qui admirationi fuerunt Augusto ex Actiaca victoria revertenti, quorum alter institutus fuerat dicere, *Ave, Cæsar*," &c. Casaubonus ad *Persii Prol.* v. 8.

[6] *beats*] i. e. beatings, blows. The correction of Weber, which, in all probability, is the right reading. — Both the folios have "beets;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778, without making any attempt to explain it.

[7] *where*] i. e whereas.

Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell you,
(And, if you please, that place I held maintain it
'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome,) I am honest,
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his than kept for Cæsar.
[*Kneels.*
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
What my rude tongue discover'd; 'twas my want,
No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,
And you, my lord, do something for my country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward traitor.
Aëcius. All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius; you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to Cæsar,
By me shall never be restor'd: in my camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.
Pont. [*rising.*] Thus I leave you;
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about you:
Gods give you, where you fight, the victory!
You cannot cast my wishes. [*Exit.*
Aëcius. Come, my lord;
Now to the field again.
Max. Alas, poor Pontius! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter, on one side, CHILAX, *on the other,* LICINIUS *and* BALBUS.

Licin. How now?
Chi. She's come.
Bal. Then I'll to th' emperor
Chi. Do. [*Exit* BALBUS.
Is the music plac'd well?
Licin. Excellent.
Chi. Licinius, you and Proculus receive her
In the great chamber; at her entrance,
Let me alone; and, do you hear, Licinius?
Pray, let the ladies ply her further off,
And with much more discretion. One word more.
Licin. Well?
Chi. Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,
Laid in the way she passes?
Licin. Take no care, man. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN, *with* BALBUS *and* PROCULUS.

Val. What, is she come?
Chi. She is, sir; but 'twere best
Your grace were seen last to her.
Val. So I mean. —
Keep the court empty, Proculus.
Proc. 'Tis done, sir.
Val. Be not too sudden to her.
Chi. Good your grace,
Retire, and man yourself; let us alone;
We are no children this way. Do you hear, sir?
'Tis necessary that her waiting-women
Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies;
They'd break the business else.
Val. 'Tis true; they shall.
Chi. Remember your place, Proculus.
Proc. I warrant you.
[*Exeunt* VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, *and* PROCULUS.
Chi. She enters.

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

Who are waiters there? the emperor
Calls for his horse to air himself.
Lucina. I am glad
I come so happily to take him absent;
This takes away a little fear. I know him;
Now I begin to fear again. Oh, Honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me! [*Aside.*
Chi. Noble madam,
You are welcome to the court, most nobly welcome:
You are a stranger, lady.
Lucina. I desire so.
Chi. A wondrous stranger here; nothing so strange;
And therefore need a guide, I think.
Lucina. I do, sir,
And that a good one too.
Chi. My service, lady,
Shall be your guide in this place. But, pray you,[1] tell me,
Are you resolv'd a courtier?
Lucina. No, I hope, sir.
Clau. You are, sir.
Chi. Yes, my fair one.
Clau. So it seems,
You are so ready to bestow yourself.
Pray, what might cost those breeches?
Chi. Would you wear 'em? —
Madam, you have a witty woman.
Marc. Two, sir,
Or else you underbuy us.
Lucina. Leave your talking. —
But is my lord here, I beseech you, sir?
Chi. He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.
Lucina. Whither?
Chi. Why, to your lord.
Lucina. Is it so hard, sir,
To find him in this place without a guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.
Chi. It will be so for you, that are a stranger:
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty; and besides ——
Marc. I see he will go with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning,
Should pass without attendants.
Lucina. I have two, sir.
Chi. I mean, without a man. You'll see the emperor?
Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, sir!
Chi. You are well enough;
He'll take it wondrous kindly. Hark!
[*Whispers.*

[1] *you*] Omitted by the modern editors.

Lucina. You flatter:
Good sir, no more of that.
Chi. Well, I but tell you —
Lucina. Will you go forward? since I must be mann'd,[1]
Pray, take your place.
Clau. Cannot you man us too, sir?
Chi. Give me but time.
Marc. And you'll try all things.
Chi. No;
I'll make you no such promise.
Clau. If you do, sir,
Take heed you stand to't.
Chi. Wondrous merry ladies!
Lucina. The wenches are dispos'd.[2] —— Pray, keep your way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Another Apartment in the same. A recess behind a curtain.*

Enter LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

Licin. She is coming up the stairs. Now, the music;
And, as that stirs her, let's set on. Perfumes there!
Proc. Discover all the jewels!
Licin. Peace. [*Music.*

Enter CHILAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA, *and* MARCELLINA.

FIRST SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath stay'd;
Blushing red and purest white
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die."

SECOND SONG.

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower.[3]

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour,[4] higher
He can build, and once more fire.

Lucina. Pray Heaven my lord be here! for now I fear it.
Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit or stoln,
As by this preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betray'd thy mistress. [*Aside.*] — Pray, sir, forward;
I would fain see my lord.
Chi. But tell me, madam,
How do you like the song?
Lucina. I like the air well;
But for the words, they are lascivious
And over-light for ladies.
Chi. All ours love 'em.
Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies.
Licin. Madam, you are welcome to the court. —Who waits?
Attendants for this lady!
Lucina. You mistake, sir;
I bring no triumph with me.
Licin. But much honour.
Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like a neighbour,
So freely of yourself to be a visitant:
The emperor shall give you thanks for this.
Lucina. Oh, no, sir!
There's nothing to deserve 'em.
Proc. Yes, your presence.
Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe
I come to see my husband, on command too;
I were no courtier else.
Licin. That's all one, lady;
Now you are here, you're welcome: and the emperor,
Who loves you but too well ——
Lucina. No more of that, sir;
I came not to be catechiz'd.
Proc. Ah, sirrah![5]
And have we got you here? faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month courtier.
Lucina. Gods defend[6] sir!
I never lik'd a trade worse.
Proc. Hark you. [*Whispers.*
Lucina. No, sir.
Proc. You are grown the strangest lady! [*Whispers.*
Lucina. How!
Proc. By Heaven,
'Tis true I tell you; and you'll find it.
Lucina. I!
I'll rather find my grave; and so inform him.
Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with you, yet not hurt you,)
Should live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls and hangings?
Lucina. Good sir, patience:
I am no wonder, neither come to that end.
You do my lord an injury to stay me,

[1] *mann'd*] i. e. waited on, attended.
[2] *dispos'd*] "i. e. disposed to mirth: an expression that frequently occurs in these plays." MASON. It means — inclined to wanton mirth: see note, p. 657.
[3] *shower*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Flowre."
[4] *hour*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Tower."
[5] *sirrah*] See note, p. 793.
[6] *defend*] i. e. forbid.

Who, though you are the prince's, yet dare tell you,
He keeps no wife for your ways.
Bal. Well, well, lady,
However you are pleas'd to think of us,
You are welcome, and you shall be welcome.
Lucina. Shew it
In that I come for, then, in leading me
Where my lov'd lord is, not in flattery.
[BALBUS *draws the curtain; caskets with jewels set out in the recess.*
Nay, you may draw the curtain; I have seen 'em,
But none worth half my honesty.
Clau. Are these, sir,
Laid here to take?
Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.
Marc. We had been doing else.
Bal. Meaner jewels
Would fit your worths.
Clau. And meaner clothes your bodies.
Lucina. The gods shall kill me first!
Licin. There's better dying
I' th' emperor's arms; go to: but be not angry;
These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter PHORBA, ARDELIA, *and* Ladies *strewing the floor with rushes.*

Phor. Where is this stranger? Rushes,[1] ladies, rushes!
Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger!
Proc. Here's ladies come to see you.
Lucina. You are gone, then?
I take it, 'tis your cue.
Proc. Or rather manners:
You are better fitted, madam; we but tire you,
Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much-lov'd lord unto you.
Lucina. Then I'll thank ye.
[*Exeunt* CHILAX, LICINIUS, *and* PROCULUS.
I am betray'd, for certain: well, Lucina,
If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices!
[*Aside.*
Phor. You are a welcome woman.
Ard. Bless me, Heaven!
How did you find the way to court?
Lucina. I know not;
Would I had never trod it!
Phor. Prithee, tell me,
Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love us,
For we love thee extremely,) is not this place
A paradise to live in?
Lucina. To those people
That know no other paradise but pleasure:
That little I enjoy contents me better.
Ard. What, heard you any music yet?
Lucina. Too much.
Phor. You must not be thus froward. What! this gown
Is one o' the prettiest, by my troth, Ardelia,
I ever saw yet: 'twas not to frown in, lady,
You put this gown on when you came.
Ard. How do you?
Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!
Lucina. Content you;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If you will let me be so. Where's my lord?
For there's the business that I came for, ladies.
Phor. We'll lead you to him; he's i' the gallery.
Ard. We'll shew you all the court too.
Lucina. Shew me him,
And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.
Phor. Come on; we'll be your guides, and, as you go,
We have some pretty tales to tell you, lady,
Shall make you merry too. You come not here
To be a sad Lucina.
Lucina. Would I might not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter CHILAX *and* BALBUS.

Chi. Now the soft music; Balbus, run.
Bal. I fly, boy. [*Exit.*
Chi. The women by this time are worming of her;
If she can hold out them, the emperor [*Music.*
Takes her to task. He has her: hark, the music! [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Lucina. Good your grace!
Where are my women, sir?
Val. They are wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the court's bravery.[2]
Would you have run away so slily, lady,
And not have seen me?
Lucina. I beseech your majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose.
Val. I do so.
Lucina. Believe me, I shall never make a whore, sir.
Val. A friend you may, and to that man that loves you
More than you love your virtue.
Lucina. Sacred Cæsar! [*Kneels.*
Val. You shall not kneel to me, sweet.
Lucina. Look upon me,
And, if you be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty
Afflict your soul? I'll hide it from you ever;
Nay, more, I will become so leperous,
That you shall curse me from you. My dear lord
Has serv'd you ever truly, fought your battles,
As if he daily long'd to die for Cæsar;
Was never traitor, sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.
Val. I know it.
Lucina. His fame and family have grown together,
And spread together, like two sailing cedars,[3]

[1] *Rushes*] "It is well known, that, before the invention of carpets, the floors of apartments were strewed with rushes, and innumerable allusions to the practice occur in old plays. . . . That fresh rushes were strewed at the arrival of a distinguished stranger, appears from the text, and from the following passage of Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, Lond. 1609, 4. (*sign.* U 3.) 'I am sorry, Euphues, that we have no green rushes, considering you have been so great a stranger.'" WEBER.

[2] *bravery*] i. e. finery, splendour.

[3] *two sailing cedars*] Sympson's correction (anticipated in the alteration of this play by Lord Rochester, who gives

Over the Roman diadem: oh, let not
(As you have any flesh that's human in you)
The having of a modest wife decline[1] him!
Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him!
I do not think you are lascivious;
These wanton men belie you: you are Cæsar,
Which is, the father of the empire's honour;
You are too near the nature of the gods,
To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.
Val. I dare not do it here. [*Aside.*] — Rise, fair Lucina;
I did but try your temper: you are honest;
[*Raising her.*
And, with the commendations wait on that,
I'll lead you to your lord, and give[2] you to him.
Wipe your fair eyes. — He that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell.
[*Aside.* — *Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter CHILAX, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, *and* BALBUS.

Chi. 'Tis done, Licinius.
Licin. How?[3]
Chi. I shame to tell it.
If there be any justice, we are villains,
And must be so rewarded.
Bal. If it be done,
I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it;
Let's make the best o' the trade.
Proc. Now vengeance take it!
Why should not he have settled on a beauty,
Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
Or one a ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And ground[4] to get it? If he must have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the mystery,[5] and are best able
To play a game[6] with judgment? Such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travail,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I'll melt a crystal,
And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
Give greater heat than now-departing[7] embers
Give[8] to old men that watch 'em.
Licin. A good whore
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholesome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this same chastity, forsooth ——
Proc. A pox on't!
Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are (but not in open), and far freer,
And the more bold you bear yourself, more welcome;
And there is nothing you dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.
Chi. The emperor: away!
And, if we can repent, let's home and pray.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter VALENTINIAN *and* LUCINA.

Val. Your only virtue now is patience;
Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk —
Lucina. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!
Val. Justice shall never hear you; I am justice.
Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher?
Thou bitter bane o' the empire, look upon me,
And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins
Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at,
Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find thee,
(That's all my refuge now,) for they are righteous;
Vengeance and horror circle thee; the empire,
In which thou liv'st a strong continu'd surfeit,
Like poison will disgorge thee; good men raze thee
For ever being read again but vicious;[9]
Women and fearful maids make vows against thee;
Thy own slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee;
And, if thou let'st me live, the soldier,
Tir'd with thy tyrannies, break through obedience,
And shake his strong steel at thee!
Val. This prevails[10] not,
Nor any agony you utter, lady.
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abus'd me,

"two spreading *cedars*"). Both the folios have "to *sailing cedars;*" and so the Editors of 1778. — Compare *The Lovers' Progress;*

"The trees grow up, and mix together freely,
The oak not envious of *the sailing cedar.*"
Act i. sc. 1.

1 *decline*] i. e. lower, degrade.
2 *give*] So the second folio. — Omitted in the first folio; and by Seward!
3 *How*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Ho."
4 *That had an itching husband to be honourable,*
And ground, &c.] Lord Rochester, in his alteration of this play, reads, "*That had a* husband itching *to be honourable,*" &c., which, it must be allowed, is the more natural collocation of the words. Sympson proposed "groan'd" instead of "*ground,*" and his emendation was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. There can be no doubt that, in a passage at the commencement of act iv., where the first folio has "*Ground,*" the second folio gives the true reading, "Groan'd:" but, in the present passage, "ground" (given by both the folios, and retained by Rochester) may be (as Heath explains it, *MS. Notes*) the pret. of "*grind,* a verb sometimes elsewhere used to convey the idea which is intended here, and which the reader will easily guess at."
5 *mystery*] Both the folios "misery."
6 *a game*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "againe;" and so the modern editors!
7 *now-departing*] The second folio has "new *departing.*"
8 *Give*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Gives."
9 *good men raze thee*
For ever being read again but vicious] "i. e. good men will prevent your ever being recorded, *but* as an example of *vice and villany.*" *Ed.* 1778. — Both the folios have a break after "again," and no point after "vicious." — Seward printed,

"*For ever being read again;* all virtuous
Women," &c.

10 *prevails*] i. e. avails.

Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly beauty,
And curse your being good too.
Lucina. Glorious thief,
What restitution canst thou make to save me?
Val. I'll ever love and honour you.
Lucina. Thou canst not,
For that which was mine honour thou hast murder'd;
And can there be a love in violence?
Val. You shall be only mine.
Lucina. Yet I like better
Thy villany than flattery; that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me;
Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me,
For I am worse than thou art: thou mayst pray,
And so recover grace; I am lost for ever;
And, if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thyself too.
Val. I fear no loss but love; I stand above it.
Lucina. Call in your lady-bawds and gilded pandars,
And let them triumph too, and sing to Cæsar,
"Lucina's faln, the chaste Lucina's conquer'd!" —
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me!
For I am now no wife for Maximus,
No company for women that are virtuous;
No family I now can claim, nor country,
Nor name but Cæsar's whore. — Oh, sacred Cæsar,
(For that should be your title,) was your empire,
Your rods and axes that are types of justice,
Those fires that ever burn to beg you blessings,
The people's adoration, fear of nations,
What victory can bring you home, what else
The useful elements can make your servants,
Even light itself, and sons[1] of light, truth, justice,
Mercy, and star-like piety, sent to you,
And from the gods themselves, to ravish women?
The curses that I owe to enemies,
Even those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble maids,
Made more and heavier, light on thee!
Val. This helps not.
Lucina. The sins of Tarquin be remember'd in thee!
And where there has a chaste wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter,
And last, for ever thine the fear'd example!
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am faln?
What can your honours now and empire make me,
But a more glorious whore?
Val. A better woman:
But, if you will be blind and scorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave these lamentations; they do nothing
But make a noise. I am the same man still:
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser,)
By all this holy light, I should attempt it!
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
(There were no pleasure in you else,) ——
Lucina. Oh, villain!
Val. So bred for man's amazement, that my reason,
And every help to hold me right, has lost me:
The god of love himself had been before me,
Had he but power to see you: tell me justly,
How can I choose but err, then? If you dare
Be mine and only mine, (for you are so precious,
I envy any other should enjoy you,
Almost look on you; and your daring husband
Shall know h'as kept an offering from the empire,
Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest;
More than myself, I'll make it. If you will not,
Sit down with this and silence; for which wisdom,
You shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were: if you divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do I am able to forgive too;
And where[2] your credit, in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it: princes,
Though they be sometimes subject to loose whispers,
Yet wear they two-edg'd swords for open censures:
Your husband cannot help you, nor the soldier;
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, strike; I feed 'em:
Nor can the gods be angry at this action;
For, as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure.
Consider, and farewell: you'll find your women
At home before you; they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it.
Lucina. Destruction find thee! [*Exit* VALENT.
Now which way must I go? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me; my husband fly me;
My family,
Because they are honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me; not a neighbour know me:
What woman now dare see me without blushes,
And, pointing as I pass, "There, there, behold her;
Look on her, little children; that is she,
That handsome lady, mark"? Oh, my sad fortunes!
Is this the end of goodness? this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me?
Why, then, I see there is no god but power,
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual;
How had I been thus wretched else?
[*Throws herself on a couch*

Enter MAXIMUS *and* AËCIUS.

Aëcius. [*to those without.*] Let Titius
Command the company that Pontius lost,
And see the fosses deeper.
Max. How now, sweetheart!
What make you here, and thus?
Aëcius. Lucina weeping!
This must be much offence.
Max. Look up, and tell me,

[1] *sons*] Seward's correction (approved by Mason). — Both the folios have "suns;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[2] *where*] i. e. whereas.

Why are you thus? — my ring! — Oh, friend, I have found it! ——
You are[1] at court, sweet.
Lucina. Yes; this brought me hither.[2]
Max. Rise, and go home. — I have my fears, Aëcius:
Oh, my best friend, I am ruin'd! — Go, Lucina;
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,
Already found a Cæsar: go, thou lily,
Thou sweetly-drooping flower; go, silver swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem; go, Lucina,
And, if thou dar'st, out-live this wrong!
Lucina. I dare not.
Aëcius. Is that the ring you lost?
Max. That, that, Aëcius,
That cursèd ring, myself, and all my fortunes!
'T has pleas'd the emperor, my noble master,
For all my services and dangers for him,
To make me mine own pandar. Was this justice?
Oh, my Aëcius, have I liv'd to bear this?
Lucina. Farewell for ever, sir!
Max. That's a sad saying;
But such a one becomes you well, Lucina:
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me. I find no Cæsar here; these lips
Taste not of ravisher,[3] in my opinion.
Was it not so?
Lucina. Oh, yes!
Max. I dare believe thee;
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness: —
Indeed she was, Aëcius.
Aëcius. So she is still.
Max. [*Kissing her again.*] Once more. — Oh, my Lucina, oh, my comfort,
The blessing of my youth, the life of my life!
Aëcius. I have seen enough to stagger my obedience:
Hold me, ye equal[4] gods! this is too sinful.
Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, crystal fountains,
And ever feed your streams, you rising sorrows,
Till you have dropt your mistress into marble!
Now, go for ever from me.
Lucina. Long farewell, sir!
And, as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!
Max. Stay; let me once more bid farewell, Lucina.
Farewell, thou excellent example of us!
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well! seek Heaven,
And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory!
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.
Aëcius. Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,
And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,
Aëcius must not take. Farewell, thou phenix,
If thou wilt die, Lucina! which, we I weigh'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.
Lucina. No.
Aëcius. Mistake not.
I would not stain your honour for the empire,
Nor any way decline you[5] to discredit;
'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's:
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And am the same Aëcius, still as honest;
The same life I have still for Maximus,
The same sword wear for you, where justice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one. Therefore, misconceive not;
Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a short year.
Max. She must not.
Lucina. Why so long, sir?
Am I not grey enough with grief already?
Aëcius. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
And goodness in his days to come.
Max. They are so,
And will be ever coming, my Aëcius.
Aëcius. For who knows, but the sight of you, presenting
His swoln sins at the full, and your fair virtues,
May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again? which blessing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious:
Death only eases you; this, the whole empire.
Besides, compell'd and forc'd with violence
To what you have done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the justice neither: you may live,
And still a worthier woman, still more honour'd;
For are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from?
Or should the eternal gods desire to perish,
Because we daily violate their truths,
Which is the chastity of Heaven? No, lady;
If you dare live, you may: and as our sins
Make them more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect:
The empire too will bless you.
Max. Noble sir,
If she were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being:
Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not tied to after-issues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
I would desire her live; nay more, compel her:
But since it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses;
Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
Even those to come, and when they read she liv'd,
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,

[1] *are*] So the second folio. — The first folio "were;" and so Seward.
[2] *hither*] So the second folio. — The first folio "thither;" and so Seward.
[3] *I find no Cæsar here; these lips*
Taste not of ravisher] Here the Editors of 1778 cite from Shakespeare,
"I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."
Othello, act iii. sc. 3.
[4] *equal*] i. e. just.
[5] *decline you*] i. e. divert you from your course: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iii 13. ed. 1813

And make a doubt she lov'd that more than wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.
Aëcius. Therefore she must live,
To teach the world such deaths are superstitious.
Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter me;
For, could the world again restore my credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That world I should not trust again. The empire [1]
By my life can get nothing but my story,
Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his abuses:
And where [2] you counsel me to live, that Cæsar
May see his errors and repent, I'll tell you,
His penitence is but increase of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can grieve,
As one that yet desires his free conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.
Aëcius. The farewells, then, of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady!
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin.
Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine: time, story,
And what is left behind to piece our lives,
Shall be no more abused with tales and trifles,
But, full of thee, stand to eternity.
Aëcius. Once more, farewell! go, find Elysium,
There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings,
There where 'tis ever spring and ever summer!
Max. There where no bed-rid justice comes! Truth, Honour,
Are keepers of that blessèd place: go thither;
For here thou liv'st chaste fire in rotten timber.
Aëcius. And so, our last farewells!
Max. Gods give thee justice! [*Exit* LUCINA.
Aëcius. His thoughts begin to work; I fear him: yet
He ever was a noble Roman; but
I know not what to think on't; he hath suffer'd
Beyond a man, if he stand this. [*Aside.*
Max. Aëcius,
Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seiz'd me?
It was my wife the emperor abus'd thus;
And I must say, "I am glad I had her for him," —
Must I not, my Aëcius?
Aëcius. I am stricken
With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my house?
Max. Neither:
I have no home; and you are mad, Aëcius,
To keep me company: I am a fellow
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me;
A pandar is a prince to what I am faln:
By Heaven, I dare do nothing.
Aëcius. You do better.
Max. I am made a branded slave, Aëcius,
And yet I bless the maker.
Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely?
Must Maximus be mentioned for his tameness? [3]
I am a child too; what should I do railing?
I cannot mend myself; 'tis Cæsar did it,
And what am I to him?
Aëcius. 'Tis well consider'd;
However you are tainted, be no traitor:
Time may out-wear the first, the last lives ever.
Max. Oh, that thou wert not living, and my friend!
Aëcius. I'll bear a wary eye upon your actions:
I fear you, Maximus; nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out; for, by the gods, thy wrong
Deserves a general ruin! [*Aside.*] — Do you love me?
Max. That's all I have to live on.
Aëcius. Then go with me;
You shall not to your own house.
Max. Nor to any;
My griefs are greater far than walls can compass:
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous; and, o' my conscience,
Should I now see the emperor i' th' heat on't,
I should not chide him for't: an awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it;
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.
Aëcius. This is a mask to cozen me: I know you,
And how far you dare do; no Roman farther,
Nor with more fearless valour; and I'll watch you. — [*Aside.*
Keep that obedience still.
Max. Is a wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his grace!
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?
More than a lusty spring lost?
Aëcius. No more, Maximus,
To one that truly lives.
Max. Why, then, I care not;
I can live well enough, Aëcius;
For look you, friend, for virtue and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say.
Aëcius. He's craz'd a little;
His grief has made him talk things from his nature. [*Aside.*
Max. But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before, — is it, Aëcius? —
By'r lady, and well handled too i' the breeding.
Aëcius. Will you go any way?
Max. I'll tell thee, friend;
If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now,
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex me;

[1] *empire*] Lord Rochester, in his alteration of the play, substituted here "emperor" for "*empire*;" but see the third speech above.
[2] *where*] i. e. whereas.
[3] *tameness*] The correction of Mason (in which Heath had anticipated him, *MS. Notes*), and at least better than the nonsense of both the folios, "tales," which is retained by the modern editors, and which, according to Weber, "may refer to the tales told by posterity of his enduring tamely"! Lord Rochester, in his alteration of the play, gives here "wrongs."

For I am not angry yet: the emperor
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?
Aëcius. Alas, my noble friend!
Max. Alas not me;
I am not wretched; for there's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.
Aëcius. Will you walk yet?
Max. Come, come, she dare not die, friend; that's the truth on't;
She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,
She has made a way for Maximus to rise by:
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravish'd? keep it here,
And I'll discover to you.
Aëcius. Well?
Max. She knows
I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this knavery.
Was it not monstrous, friend?
Aëcius. Does he but seem so,
Or is he mad indeed? [*Aside.*
Max. Oh, gods, my heart!
Aëcius. Would it would fairly break! [*Aside.*
Max. Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was;
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty.

Enter CLAUDIA.

Clau. Nay, you may spare your tears; she's dead; she is so.
Max. Why, so it should be. How?
Clau. When first she enter'd
Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her,[1]
"Dare I," said she, "defile this house with whore,
In which his noble family has flourished?"
At which she fell, and stirr'd no more. We rubb'd her ——
Max. No more of that; be gone. [*Exit* CLAUDIA.
Now, my Aëcius,
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;
I am so parch'd I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now: now lead me, friend;
And as we walk together, let's pray together[2] truly,
I may not fall from faith.
Aëcius. That's nobly spoken.
Max. Was I not wild, Aëcius?
Aëcius. Somewhat troubled.
Max. I felt no sorrow then. Now I'll go with you;
But do not name the woman. Fie, what fool
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert even the best and worthiest lady!
Aëcius. Good sir, no more; I shall be melted with it.
Max. I have done; and, good sir, comfort me. Would there were wars now!
Aëcius. Settle your thoughts; come.
Max. So I have now, friend:
Of my deep lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter PONTIUS, PHIDIAS, *and* ARETUS.

Phid. By my faith, captain Pontius, besides pity
Of your faln fortunes, what to say I know not;
For 'tis too true the emperor desires not,
But my best master, any soldier near him.
Are. And when he understands, he cast your fortunes
For disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can you sing?
Pont. Not to please him, Aretus; for my songs
Go not to the lute or viol, but to the trumpet;
My tune kept on a target, and my subject
The well-struck wounds of men, not love or women.
Phid. And those he understands not.
Pont. He should, Phidias.
Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little,
(You must, if here you would plant yourself,) and rather
Learn, as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us? wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too? what they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute?
And think, however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed?
Phid. Can you flatter,
And, if it were put to you, lie a little?
Pont. Yes, if it be a living.[3]
Are. That's well said, then.
Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believ'd, then?
Phid. Oh, yes, by any means.
Pont. By any means, then,
I cannot lie nor flatter.
Are. You must swear too,
If you be there.
Pont. I can swear, if they move me.
Phid. Cannot you forswear too?
Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.
Are. You should procure a little too.
Pont. What's that?
Men's honest sayings for my truth?
Are. Oh, no, sir,
But women's honest actions for your trial.
Pont. Do you do all these things?
Phid. Do you not like 'em?
Pont. Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me?
I am not so low yet, to be your mirth.
Are. You do mistake us, captain; for sincerely
We ask you how you like 'em?
Pont. Then sincerely
I tell you I abhor 'em: they are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em;
The doers of 'em wretches, their base hungers

[1] *as we saw her*] Both the folios have "*as we see her.*"—Seward printed "that *we* saw *her.*"
[2] *together*] Omitted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[3] *if it be a living*] "i. e. if it be the way to gain a livelihood." MASON.

Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get it.
Are. What then, sir?
Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been soldiers and borne arms,
The servants of the brave Aëcius,
And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave
(Or I must take it else) to say ye are villains,
For all your golden coats, debosh'd,[1] base villains!
Yet I do wear a sword to tell ye so.
Is this the way you mark out for a soldier,
A man that has commanded for the empire,
And borne the reputation of a man?
Are there not lazy things enough, call'd fools and cowards,
And poor enough to be preferr'd for pandars,
But wanting soldiers must be knaves too? ha!
This the trim course of life? Were not ye born bawds,
And so inherit but[2] your rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing
That's honest and a man's, I'll rather choose,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juster;
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine; eat my coarse bread not curs'd,
And mend upon't (your diets are diseases);
And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward pandar of ye all,
And rise a great deal honester: my garments,
Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you through all your velvets.
Are. You have hit it;
Nor are we those we seem: the lord Aëcius
Put us good men to th' emperor; so we have serv'd him,
Though much neglected for it; so dare be still:
Your curses are not ours. We have seen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: means,
Such as we have, you shall not want, brave Pontius;
But pray, be temperate: if we can wipe out
The way of your offences,[3] we are yours, sir;
And you shall live at court an honest man too.
Phid. That little meat and means we have, we'll share it.
Fear not to be as we are; what we told you
Were but mere trials of your truth: you're worthy,
And so we'll ever hold you; suffer better,
And then you are a right man, Pontius.
If my good master be not ever angry,
You shall command again.
Pont. I have found two good men. Use my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of* MAXIMUS.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. There's no way else to do it; he must die;
This friend must die, this soul of Maximus,
Without whom I am nothing but my shame;
This perfectness, that keeps me from opinion,[4]
Must die, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal! Gods, ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to go on
Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love most:
Yet I must on, and through; for, if I offer
To take my way without him, like a sea
He bears his high command 'twixt me and vengeance,
And in my own road sinks me. He is honest,
Of a most constant loyalty to Cæsar,
And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,
But make a question of his ill, but say
"What is a Cæsar, that he dare do this?"
Dead sure[5] he cuts me off: Aëcius dies,
Or I have lost myself. — Why should I kill him?
Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing;[6]
Aëcius is my root, and, wither him,
Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,
Though I had now my safe revenge upon him?
Is he not more than rumour,[7] and his friendship
Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour,
We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me, if I want? he has;
Can honour, 'twixt the incensèd prince and envy,
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has;
And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so.
Why should this empty word incite me, then,
To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish:
A friend is more than all the world, than honour:
She is a woman, and her loss the less,
And with her go my griefs! — But, hark you, Maximus,

[1] *debosh'd*] "This, which Seward modernized, was the usual way of spelling and pronouncing the word *debauched*," &c. WEBER. Seward printed "debaush'd;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[2] *but*] Weber printed "by."

[3] *The way of your offences*] "That is, 'the natural course and consequence of them,' as M. Mason observes. The word *way* was used by old authors with great latitude of meaning. The last editors discard *way*, and substitute *stain*." WEBER. The preceding explanation is quite wrong: "*The way of your offences*" is a periphrasis for "*Your offences*:" see Gifford's excellent note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 309, ed. 1813.

[4] *that keeps me from opinion*] "i. e. that prevents me from acting in such a manner as may preserve my reputation." MASON.

[5] *Dead sure*] "I read '*dead-sure*' with a hyphen, and understand by it the common expression, *as sure as death*." SEWARD.

[6] *'tis my killing*] "i. e. the killing of Aëcius is, in fact, killing myself." MASON.

[7] *rumour*] "Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson both suspect the word *rumour*, and think that *honour* was probably the original. But as *honour*, in this place, must signify exactly the same with *rumour*, the poets seem to have judiciously ascertained the true meaning of what follows, by using *rumour* here," &c. SEWARD. The Editors of 1778 printed "honour."

Was she not yours? did she not die to tell you
She was a ravish'd woman? did not justice
Nobly begin with her that not deserv'd it?
And shall he live that did it? Stay a little:
Can this abuse die here? shall not men's tongues
Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
(Affecting dull obedience and tame duty,
And led away with fondness of a friendship)
The only virtue of the world to slander?
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
And such a one that no compare dwelt with her?
One of so sweet a virtue that Aëcius,
(Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it,)
Out of his worthy love to me and justice,
Had it not been on Cæsar, had reveng'd her?
By Heaven, he told me so! What shall I do, then?
Can other men affect[1] it, and I cold?
I fear he must not live.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the general
Is come to seek you.
Max. Go, entreat him to enter. [*Exit* Serv.
Oh, brave Aëcius, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me as from fears,
That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not!
Is there no way,[2] without him, to come near it?
For out of honesty he must destroy me,
If I attempt it. He must die, as others,
And I must lose him; 'tis necessity;
Only the time and means is all the difference.
But yet I would not make a murder of him,
Take him directly for my doubts: he shall die;
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one;
It shall be honour to him too. I know not
What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
And such a deal of conscience presses me:
Would I were dead myself!

Enter AËCIUS.

Aëcius. You run away well;
How got you from me, friend?
Max. That that leads mad men,
A strong imagination, made me wander.
Aëcius. I thought you had been more settled.
Max. I am well;
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.
Aëcius. You are dangerous;
But I'll prevent it, if I can. [*Aside.*]—You told me
You would go to th' army.
Max. Why? to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, Aëcius,
That strikes me first?
Aëcius. You promis'd me a freedom
From all these thoughts. And why should any strike you?
Max. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes of Rome; I am a coward,
A cuckold, and a coward; that's two causes
Why every one should beat me.
Aëcius. You are neither; ——
And durst another tell me so, he died for't; —
For thus far on mine honour I'll assure you,
No man more lov'd than you; and, for your valour,
And what you[3] may be fair, no man more follow'd.
Max. A doughty man, indeed! But that's all one;
The emperor, nor all the princes living,
Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a wife can thrust me out: some look'd for't;
But let 'em look till they are blind with looking;
They are but fools. Yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse; and, now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring;
We shall have sport, I hope, then, and what's dangerous
A battle shall beat from me.
Aëcius. Why do you eye me
With such a settled look?
Max. Pray, tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you so.
Aëcius. If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do, — lie.
Max. If I should die, would it not grieve you much?
Aëcius. Without all doubt.
Max. And could you live without me?
Aëcius. It would much trouble me to live without you,
Our loves and loving souls have been so us'd
But to one household in us: but to die
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak; were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch you off, where honour had engag'd you,
I ought, and would die for you.
Max. Truly spoken! —
What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now?
Would he had ravish'd me! I would have paid him;
I would have taught him such a trick his eunuchs
Nor all his black-ey'd boys dream'd[4] of yet.
By all the gods, I am mad now! now were Cæsar
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing!
The Destinies, nor all the dames of hell,

[1] *affect*] "The word *affect* is here used in an uncommon sense, and means — to be affected by." MASON. "The verb is most probably used in a more common sense — to aspire to, to aim at, alluding to revenge, which Maximus had just observed Aëcius would have undertaken himself, if the offender had not been Cæsar. He then very naturally continues — Can other men aim at revenge, while I remain indifferent?" WEBER — and rightly.

[2] *Is there no way, &c.*] "The sense and reasoning require that we should alter this passage, and read —

'There is no way without him to come near it;
For out of honesty,' &c."

MASON, — whose alteration is justly styled by Weber "very idle and unnecessary."

[3] *you*] Both the folios have "ye" (which transcribers generally, for the sake of brevity, preferred to "you"). Seward altered "ye" to "else;" and so his successors. Heath, who thinks the old reading right, explains the passage thus; "and for your valour, and your great expectations, even those consistent with your honour and loyalty, no man more followed."

[4] *boys dream'd*] Seward silently printed "*boys e'er dreamt;*" and so his successors.

Were I once grappled with him, should relieve him,
No, not the hope of mankind, more; all perish'd!
But this is words and weakness. [*Aside.*
Aëcius. You look strangely.
Max. I look but as I am; I am a stranger.
Aëcius. To me?
Max. To every one; I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know.
Aëcius. Then I'll leave you.
Max. I find I am best so. If you meet with Maximus,
Pray, bid him be an honest man, for my sake;
You may do much upon him: for his shadow,
Let me alone.
Aëcius. You were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; you have some danger in you,
That willingly would run to action:
Take heed, by all our love, take heed!
Max. I danger!
I willing to do any thing! I die![1]
Has not my wife been dead two days already?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?
Are not her sins dispers'd to other women,
And many one ravish'd[2] to relieve her?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?
Aëcius. Now you weep.
Max. Some lazy drops that stay'd behind.
Aëcius. I'll tell you,
(And I must tell you truth,) were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the empire,
I would join[3] with you: were it any man's
But his life that is life of us, he lost it
For doing of this mischief; I would take it,
And to your rest give you a brave revenge:
But, as the rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the nations hold, in disobedience,
One pillar failing, all must fall, I dare not:
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it;
Therefore again take heed. On foreign foes
We are our own revengers; but at home,
On princes that are eminent and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us.[4] Be not rash,
Nor let your angry steel cut those you know not;
For by this fatal blow, if you dare strike it
(As I see great aims in you), those unborn yet,
And those to come of them, and those[5] succeeding,
Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
As you now bear yourself, I am your friend still;
If you fall off, (I will not flatter you,)
And in my hands, were you my soul, you perish'd.
Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy:
I'll leave you for this hour.
Max. Pray, do. [*Exit* AËCIUS.] — 'Tis done:
And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in dangers,
Give me a certain ruin! I must through it.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter VALENTINIAN, LICINIUS, CHILAX, *and* BALBUS.

Val. Dead!
Chi. So 'tis thought, sir.
Val. How?
Licin. Grief and disgrace,
As people say.
Val. No more; I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils!
Where is your cunning now? you would work wonders,
There was no chastity above your practice,[6]
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And dote upon her rape! Mark what I tell ye;
If she be dead ——
Chi. Alas, sir!
Val. Hang ye, rascals,
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your fathers' camels,
Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—
Am I not Cæsar?—
Licin. Mighty, and our maker.
Val. Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction!
Look she be living, slaves!
Licin. We are no gods, sir,
If she be dead, to make her new again.
Val. She cannot die; she must not die: are those
I plant my love upon but common livers?
Their hours, as others', told 'em?[7] can they be ashes?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me,
That I am all that is, — "The world's my creature;
The trees bring forth their fruits when I say *summer;*
The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,
At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,
With his proud mountain-waters envying[8] heaven,
When I say *still*, run[9] into crystal mirrors"?
Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,

[1] *I die*] Both the folios have "*I* dig;" and so Seward. — The alteration, "*I* die," was first introduced by the Editors of 1788 (having been suggested to them by some assistant whose note is signed *G.*); and so Weber: but I am by no means satisfied that it is the right reading. Qy?

"*I willing to do any thing!* Ay, dig."

Compare p. 842, 1st col., l. 18, sqq.

[2] *And many one ravish'd*] Seward printed "*And many a one* e'en *ravish'd;*" and so the Editors of 1778.

[3] *join*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "wyne." — Seward printed "whine;" and so the Editors of 1778. Weber saw that "wyne" was an accidental corruption of "ioyne," and remarked that "the same corruption ['Winted'] has occurred in the first folio, in the soliloquy of Maximus, act v. sc. 3."

[4] *'Tis fit the gods should judge us*] "That is, as Mason explains it — the gods should do us justice. Seward reads — '*the gods should judge* 'em.'" WEBER.

[5] *those*] Both the folios "these;" and so the modern editors, who point the line thus, —

"*And those to come, of them and* these *succeeding*"!

[6] *practice*] See note, p. 796.

[7] *told 'em*] "i. e. counted or measured out to them." WEBER.

[8] *envying*] i. e. vying with, emulating: see note, p. 765.

[9] *run*] Altered by the modern editors to "runs:" but see notes, pp. 757, 786.

That with my least breath break, no more remember'd,
Ye moths, that fly about my flame and perish,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my spring of favour,
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing?
Is she not dead?
Chi. All women are not with her.
Val. A common whore serves you, and far above ye,
The pleasures of a body lam'd with lewdness;
A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy.
Am I a man to traffic with diseases?
Can any but a chastity serve Cæsar?
And such a one the gods would kneel to purchase?
You think, because you have bred me up to pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em;
Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be footmen's:
Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
Have made ye cuckolds for variety,
I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
Always so great a blessing from me. Go,
Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals!
I have done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy
Each one an heir, the royal seed of Cæsar:
And I may curse ye for't; your wanton jennets,
That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,[1]
Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,
Hast such a Messalina, such a Lais,
The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions;
The sweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.
Licin. Your grace but jests, I hope.
Val. 'Tis oracle.
The sins of other women, put by hers,
Shew off like sanctities. — Thine's a fool, Chilax,
Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
Rotten and ready for an hospital. —
Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus, —
Bal. Well, sir.
Val. One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
But not the punishments: she has had ten bastards,
Five of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays;
She has been the song of Rome, and common pasquil;[2]
Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-mistress,
And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too
(They have it yet to shew), and yet she prays;
She is now to enter old men that are children,
And have forgot their rudiments. Am I
Left for these wither'd vices? and but one,
But one of all the world that could content me,
And snatch'd away in shewing? If your wives
Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
And save your lives; raise me this noble beauty,
As when I forc'd her, full of constancy,
Or, by the gods ——
Licin. Most sacred Cæsar ——
Val. Slaves ——

Enter PROCULUS.

Licin.[3] Good Proculus —
Proc. By Heaven, you shall not see it;
It may concern the empire.
Val. Ha! what saidst thou?
Is she not dead?
Proc. Not any one I know, sir:
I come to bring your grace a letter here,
Scatter'd belike i' the court: 'tis sent to Maximus,
And bearing danger in it.
Val. Danger! where?
Double our guard!
Proc. Nay, no where, but i' the letter.
Val. What an afflicted conscience do I live with,
And what a beast I am grown! I had forgotten
To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
Even ravishing again her memory.
I find there must be danger in this deed:
Why do I stand disputing, then, and whining
For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot,
Though they would link their powers in one, do mischief.
This letter may betray me. [*Aside.*] — Get ye gone,
And wait me in the garden; guard the house well,
And keep this from the empress.
[*Exeunt all except* VAL.
The name Maximus
Runs through me like a fever. This may be
Some private letter, upon private business,
Nothing concerning me: why should I open't?
I have done him wrong enough already. Yet,
It may concern me too; the time so tells me;
The wicked deed I have done assures me 'tis so
Be what it will, I'll see it; if that be not
Part of my fears, among my other sins,
I'll purge it out in prayers. — How! what's this!
[*Reads.*
Lord Maximus, you love Aëcius,
And are his noble friend too: bid him be less,
I mean less with the people; times are dangerous,
The army's his, the emperor in doubts,
And, as some will not stick to say, declining:
You stand a constant man in either fortune:[4]
Persuade him; he is lost else. Though ambition
Be the last sin he touches at, or never,[5]
Yet, what the people, mad with loving him,

[1] *your wanton jennets,*
That are so proud the winds gets 'em with fillies] So again in Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, act iv. sc. 3,
"Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?"
where Weber observes, that this is a favourite fiction in romance, and instances Frontino in Ariosto.

[2] *pasquil*] Weber (who, like his predecessors, prints the word with a capital letter) observes rather unnecessarily, "This is a gross anachronism, the allusion being to the statue of Pasquin in Pontifical Rome, to which libels are commonly affixed."

[3] *Licin.*] So the second folio. — The first has "*Lycias*" (a mistake for "*Lyci.*," i. e. Lycinius); and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber, — giving previously, "*Enter Proculus* and Lycias."

[4] *fortune*] So the second folio. — The first folio "fortunes;" and so Seward and Weber.

[5] *Be the last sin he touches at, or never*] "The meaning may be [no doubt, is] 'that it is the sin he would last of all, or perhaps never, be guilty of.'" *Ed.* 1778.

And as they willingly desire another,
May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
Is to be doubted mainly. He is all
(As he stands now) but the mere name of Cæsar,
And should the emperor enforce him lesser,
Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
He is honest, and will hear you. Doubts are scatter'd,
And almost come to growth in every household;
Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
The people, that are now but rage and his,
Might be again obedience. You shall know me
When Rome is fair again; till when, I love you.
No name! This may be cunning; yet it seems not,
For there is nothing in it but is certain,
Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,
That was as loyal and as straight as he is,
If not prevented by Tiberius,
Been by the soldiers forc'd their emperor?
He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it:
And was not Corbulo (even that Corbulo,
That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,
And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,
Chain'd to the awe of Rome), because he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæsar,
Cut off by Nero? I must seek my safety;
For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.
I know the soldier loves him more than Heaven,
And will adventure all his gods to raise him;
Me he hates more than peace: what this may breed,
If dull security and confidence
Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh[1] at.
But why Lord Maximus, I injur'd so,
Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,
More than he has been friend, and lov'd allegiance:
What now he is, I fear; for his abuses,
Without the people, dare draw blood. — Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your grace?
Val. Call Phidias and Aretus hither. — [*Exit* Servant.
I'll find a day for him too. *Times are dangerous,*
The army his, the emperor in doubts:
I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,
As if[2] he had intent to make me odious,
And to my face, and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me? Is not
The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
(Were this Aëcius more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty? he's dangerous,
Though he be good; and, though a friend, a fear'd one;
And such I must not sleep by. — Are they come yet? —
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
'Twas time to look about: if I must perish,
Yet shall my fears[3] go foremost.

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Life to Cæsar!
Val. Is Lord Aëcius waiting?
Phid. Not this morning;
I rather think he's with the army.
Val. Army!
I do not like that "army." [*Aside.*] — Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and — do you hear? —
Come private without any; I have business
Only for him.
Phid. Your grace's pleasure.
Val. Go. — [*Exit* PHIDIAS.
What soldier is the same (I have seen him often)
That keeps you company, Aretus?
Are. Me, sir!
Val. Ay, you, sir.
Are. One they call Pontius,
An't please your grace.
Val. A captain?
Are. Yes, he was so;
But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of wars, the noble general,
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes.
Val. H'as been a valiant fellow.
Are. So he's still.
Val. Alas, the general might have pardon'd follies!
Soldiers will talk sometimes.
Are. I am glad of this. [*Aside.*
Val. He wants preferment, as I take it.
Are. Yes, sir;
And for that noble grace his life shall serve.
Val. I have a service for him;
I shame a soldier should become a beggar:
I like the man, Aretus.
Are. Gods protect you!
Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward for't:
I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier;
We shall want such.
Are. The sweets[4] of Heaven still crown you! [*Exit.*
Val. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, till I be deliver'd, still am dying. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. My way has taken: all the court's in guard,
And business every where, and every corner
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rumour,
And so I'll keep myself. — Here comes Aëcius;
I see the bait is swallow'd: if he be lost,
He is my martyr, and my way stands open;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd.

[1] *laugh*] Both the folios "laught."
[2] *As if*, &c.] At the beginning of this line both the folios have "1," and at the beginning of the next line "2." — "A marginal direction how to place the lines has been taken into the text." SEWARD.

[3] *my fears*] i. e. the objects of my fear.
[4] *The sweets*, &c.] "This, and the following speech, were unappropriated in the oldest folio." WEBER.

Enter AËCIUS *with a bandage round his arm, and* PHIDIAS.

Aëcius. Why, how now, friend? what make[1] you here unarm'd?
Are you turn'd merchant?
Max. By your fair persuasions;
And such a merchant traffics without danger.
I have forgotten all, Aëcius,
And, which is more, forgiven.
Aëcius. Now I love you,
Truly I do; you are a worthy Roman.
Max. The fair repentance of my prince, to me
Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance:
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.
Aëcius. Still you take more love from me. Virtuous friend,
The gods make poor Aëcius worthy of thee!
Max. Only in me you're poor, sir, and I worthy
Only in being yours. But why your arm thus?
Have you been hurt, Aëcius?
Aëcius. Bruis'd a little;
My horse fell with me, friend, which, till this morning,
I never knew him do.
Max. Pray gods it bode well!
And, now I think on't better, you shall back;
Let my persuasions rule you.
Aëcius. Back! why, Maximus?
The emperor commands me come.
Max. I like not
At this time his command.
Aëcius. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now, then?
Max. I'll tell you why, and, as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend: the court's in guard,
Arm'd strongly; for what purpose let me fear;
I do not like your going.
Aëcius. Were it fire,
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Cæsar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away:
I am too plain and true to be suspected.
Max. Then I have dealt unwisely. [*Aside.*
Aëcius. If the emperor,
Because he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have;
Let him; he loves me[2] better. Here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death, nay, more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here; and, if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I lie in; and the gods,
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Must take me up a sacrifice.
Max. Go on, then;
And I'll go with you.
Aëcius. No, you may not, friend.
Max. He cannot be a friend bars me, Aëcius:
Shall I forsake you in my doubts?
Aëcius. You must.
Max. I must not, nor I will not. Have I liv'd
Only to be a carpet-friend,[3] for pleasure?
I can endure a death as well as Cato.
Aëcius. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none must go along.
Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my friend.
Aëcius. I need no sword nor friend in this: pray, leave me;
And, as you love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none shall come. At supper
I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two;
You need good wine, you have been sad. Farewell.
Max. Farewell, my noble friend: let me embrace you
Ere you depart; it may be, one of us
Shall never do the like again.
Aëcius. Yes, often.
Max. Farewell, good dear Aëcius.
Aëcius. Farewell, Maximus,
Till night: indeed you doubt too much.
Max. I do not. [*Exit* AËCIUS *with* PHIDIAS.
Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæsar's sins so great, Heaven may want mercy!
I'll hover hereabout, to know what passes;
And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter PROCULUS *and* PONTIUS.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician; more than that too,
The friend of Cæsar you are styl'd: there's nothing
Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.
Pont. Pray, stay, sir:
What has Aëcius done, to be destroy'd?
At least, I would have a colour.
Proc. You have more,
Nay, all that may be given; he is a traitor,
One any man would strike that were a subject.
Pont. Is he so foul?
Proc. Yes, a most fearful traitor.
Pont. A fearful plague upon thee, for thou liest! —— [*Aside.*
I ever thought the soldier would undo him
With his too-much affection.
Proc. You have hit it;
They have brought him to ambition.
Pont. Then he is gone.

[1] *make*] Though "make" in the sense of—do, purpose to do, occurs so often in these plays, yet here the Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "makes."

[2] *he loves me*] "i. e. he shews his love to me." MASON.

[3] *a carpet-friend*] "This alludes to the carpet-knights, who are frequently mentioned in old plays. As Mr. Gifford observes, 'they were such as were made on occasion of public festivities, marriages, births, &c., in contradistinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory.' That ingenious commentator objects to the notion that those created by James I. were exclusively alluded to, which is certainly just; but it is not improbable that the term was, in his reign, frequently and principally applied to the knights baronets, who might well be exposed to the ridicule of such as could boast of more honourable knighthood, not purchased by money, but obtained by valour, and who found themselves degraded to a rank inferior to their new-created fellows, who were certainly carpet-knights." WEBER. [Qy. Sir W. Scott?]

Proc. The emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.
Pont. Is he so mad?
Proc. He's madder, —
Would go to th' army to him.
Pont. Would he so?
Proc. Yes, Pontius; but we consider ——
Pont. Wisely.
Proc. How else, man? — that the state lies in it.
Pont. And your lives too.
Proc. And every man's.
Pont. He did me
All the disgrace he could.
Proc. And scurvily.
Pont. Out of a mischief merely: did you mark it?
Proc. Yes, well enough:[1] now you have means to quit[2] it.
The deed done, take his place.
Pont. Pray, let me think on't;
'Tis ten to one I do it.
Proc. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*
Pont. This emperor is made of nought but mischief:
Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,
But the main link he had? Upon my conscience,
The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For, to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die?
Have they not slaves and rascals for their offerings,
In full abundance? bawds more than beasts for slaughter?
Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon,
But the best sons of Rome must sail too? I will shew him
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly:
And, though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him bless me for a blow.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter AËCIUS, PHIDIAS, *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Yet you may scape to the camp; we'll hazard with you.
Are. Lose not your life so basely, sir: you are arm'd;
And many, when they see your sword out, and know why,
Must follow your adventure.
Aëcius. Get ye from me:
Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me?
Am I not old Aëcius, ever dying?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me:
'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it.
I seek the camp for safety, when my death
(Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting)
Bids me be happy! Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his humour,[3]
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses:
Aëcius is not now to learn to suffer.
If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me;
I stay but those that must. Why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?
Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries: for me wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much; sing pæans to my praise;
I am to triumph, friends; and more than Cæsar,
For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die.
Phid. Oh, my dear lord!
Aëcius. No more: go, go, I say!
Shew me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none.
Dare any man lament I should die nobly?
Am I grown old, to have such enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
There,[4] if you needs must weep your ruin'd master,
A tear or two will seem well. This I charge ye,
(Because ye say you yet love old Aëcius,)
See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
About my pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
If Cæsar kill not that too: at your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.
No more, I say! he that laments my end,
By all the gods, dishonours me! be gone,
And suddenly and wisely, from my dangers;
My death is catching else.
Phid. We fear not dying.
Aëcius. Yet fear a wilful death; the just gods hate it:
I need no company to that, that children
Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to purchase.
Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues;
Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble use of dying well, and Roman.
Are. And must we leave you, sir?
Aëcius. We must all die,
All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Woman for want of will, and anger: is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am asham'd to see ye: yet ye move me,
And, were it not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.
Phid. Oh, we shall never see you more!
Aëcius. 'Tis true;
Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.
But what I have been, which is just and faithful,
One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot him,
And, for he was an honest man, durst die,

[1] *Yes, well enough*] "These words, which in the first folio were given to Pontius, were properly restored to Proculus in the second." WEBER.
[2] *quit*] i. e. requite.
[3] *humour*] Mason's correction. — Both the folios have "honour;" and so the modern editors.
[4] *There*] Qy. "Then"?

Ye shall have daily with ye: could that die too,
And I return no traffic of my travails,
No pay to have been soldier but this silver,
No annals of Aëcius but "he liv'd,"
My friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly:
The common overflows of tender women,
And children new-born crying, were too little
To shew me then most wretched. If tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you;
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The dry and wither'd bones of Death would bleed at:
But, sooner than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you'll find what shall be. If ye love me
(Let that word serve for all), be gone and leave me:
I have some little practice with my soul,
And then the sharpest sword is welcomest.
Go, pray, be gone; ye have obey'd me living,
Be not, for shame, now stubborn. So, I thank ye,
And fare ye well; a better fortune guide ye!
[*Exeunt* PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.
I am a little thirsty; not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear I say so:
Is it to be a just man now again,
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'tis departed.
I hear 'em come. — Who strikes first? I stay for ye!

Enter BALBUS, CHILAX, *and* LICINIUS.

Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn;
[*Draws his sword.*
But against none. — Why do ye fear? come forward.
Bal. You were a soldier, Chilax.
Chi. Yes, I muster'd,
But never saw the enemy.
Licin. He's drawn;
By Heaven, I dare not do it!
Aëcius. Why do ye tremble?
I am to die: come ye not now from Cæsar,
To that end? speak.
Bal. We do, and we must kill you;
'Tis Cæsar's will.
Chi. I charge you put your sword up,
That we may do it handsomely.
Aëcius. Ha, ha, ha!
My sword up! handsomely! Where were ye bred?
Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools:
Why do ye stare? upon mine honour, bawds,
I will not strike ye.
Licin. I'll not be first.
Bal. Nor I.
Chi. You had best die quietly: the emperor
Sees how you bear yourself.
Aëcius. I would die, rascals,
If you would kill me, quietly.
Bal. [Pox][1] of[2] Proculus,
He promis'd us to bring a captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.
Aëcius. I'll call the guard,
Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions[3]
The emperor has trusted with his safety:
Nay, I'll give out, ye fell of my side, villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves!
Chi. By Heaven, he will kill us!
I mark'd his hand; he waits but time to reach us.
Now do you offer.
Aëcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,
Look to yourselves!
Chi. I told ye.
Aëcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.
Bal. Here's Pontius.

Enter PONTIUS.

Pont. Not kill'd him yet!
Is this the love ye bear the emperor?
Nay, then, I see ye are traitors all: have at ye!
[*Wounds* CHILAX *and* BALBUS.
Chi. Oh, I am hurt! [LICIN. *runs away.*
Bal. And I am kill'd!
Pont. Die bawds,
As ye have liv'd and flourish'd!
[*Exeunt* CHILAX *and* BALBUS
Aëcius. Wretched fellow,
What hast thou done?
Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill;
And you are next.
Aëcius. Art thou not Pontius?
Pont. I am the same you cast, Aëcius,
And in the face of all the camp disgrac'd.
Aëcius. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a soldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?
Pont. Both.
Aëcius. Then do it.
Pont. Is that all?
Aëcius. Yes.
Pont. Would you not live?
Aëcius. Why should I?
To thank thee for my life?
Pont. Yes, if I spare it.
Aëcius. Be not deceiv'd; I was not made to thank,
For any courtesy but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty.
Pont. Do not you fear me?
Aëcius. No.
Pont. Nor love me for it?
Aëcius. That's as thou dost thy business.
Pont. When you are dead,
Your place is mine, Aëcius.
Aëcius. Now I fear thee;
And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.
Pont. Why, I can govern, sir.
Aëcius. I would thou couldst,
And first thyself! Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers;
Heaven's angry flashes are not suddener
Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The wingèd feet of flying enemies

[1] [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.
[2] *of*] i. e. on. — Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "o'."
[3] *companions*] Equivalent to — fellows.

I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer: were thy mind
But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me.
Come, strike, and be a general.

Pont. Prepare, then:
And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.

Aëcius. No, thou know'st I must not;
I dare not give thee so much 'vantage of me
As disobedience.

Pont. Dare you not defend you
Against your enemy?

Aëcius. Not sent from Cæsar;
I have no power to make such enemies;
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me,[1] only held
To shew I was a soldier. Had not Cæsar
Chain'd all defence in this doom, "Let him die,"
Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pont. Then have at you!
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you; cry not "hold,"
Nor think it base injustice I should kill you.

Aëcius. I am prepared for all.

Pont. For now, Aëcius,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me. Die as I do!
[*Stabs himself.*

Aëcius. Thou hast deceiv'd me, Pontius, and I thank thee:
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a Roman!

Pont. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honesty:
But, noble sir, you have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons;
And I must dying say, it was but justice,
You cast me from my credit: yet, believe me,
(For there is nothing now but truth to save me,
And your forgiveness,) though you held me heinous,
And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
Turns all to flames it meets with, you mistook me:
If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
Want of the soldier's due, the enemy;
The nakedness we found at home and scorn,
Children of peace and pleasures; no regard
Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em;
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
And even began to prey upon our honours;
To wants at home, and, more than wants, abuses;
To them that, when the enemy invaded,
Made us their saints, but now the sores of Rome;
To silken flattery, and pride plum'd[2] over,
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
And under whose protection their soft pleasures
Grow full and numberless: to this I am foe,
Not to the state or any point of duty.
And, let me speak but what a soldier may,
(Truly I ought to be so,) yet I err'd,
Because a far more noble sufferer
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die, sir:[3] to live basely,
And not the follower of him that bred me
In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Aëcius. I want a name to give thy virtue, soldier,
For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius;
The gods shall find thee one: thou hast fashion'd death
In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live. Canst thou speak once more?
For thy words are such harmony a soul
Would choose to fly to heaven in.

Pont. A farewell.[4]
Good noble general, your hand: forgive me,
And think whatever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine. You cannot live.

Aëcius. I will not.
Yet one word more.

Pont. Die nobly. — Rome, farewell!
And, Valentinian, fall! thou hast broke thy basis.
In joy you have given me a quiet death,
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath. [*Dies.*

Aëcius. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
Or any man would out-live such a dying?
Would Cæsar double all my honours on me,
And stick me o'er with favors like a mistress,
Yet would I grow to this man: I have lov'd,
But never doted on a face till now.
Oh, death, thou art more than beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond posterity! — Come, friends, and kill me:
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;
The more, the greater is my fall. Why stay ye?
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons: fear me not;
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing!
Appear, or through the court and world I'll search ye!
My sword is gone [*Throws it from him*]: ye are traitors, if ye spare me,

[1] *my naked sword Stands but a hatchment by me*] "The hatchments of a sword were the different ornaments with which it was decorated. So in *The Scornful Lady* (p. 425.),

'Let there be deducted, out of our main potation,
Five marks, in *hatchments* to adorn this thigh.'

From this, it may be fairly deduced, that Aëcius means to say, that his sword, upon which he is leaning, stands by him merely as the fitting ornament of a soldier, and not as a weapon of offence." WEBER, — whose explanation is most erroneous. *Hatchment* means here (as at p. 783) an ornament for a hearse, emblematic of the profession of the deceased.

[2] *plum'd*] Seward's correction, which is confirmed by the next line. — The folios have "plaind" and "plain'd."

[3] *This is the end I die, sir*] "Mason proposed to read — 'This is the end I die *for*;' but, if we were to discard all ancient, and substitute modern phrases, there would be no end to alterations and notes. If Mason had been consistent, he should have proposed another variation a few lines lower, — 'And think whatever was displeasing to you.'" WEBER.

[4] *A farewell*] "Mr. Seward omits the article '*A*;' but surely the old reading is full as natural, and perhaps more pathetic: 'Can you speak once more?' 'Yes; a farewell. Your hand: forgive me,' &c." *Ed.* 1778.

And Cæsar must consume ye! — All base cowards?
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of nature!
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves? [*Exit.*

Enter PROCULUS, *and three* Courtiers, *running over the stage.*

Proc. I knew
He had kill'd the captain.
First Court. Here's his sword.
Proc. Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else, friends.
An hundred men are not enough to do it:
I'll to the emperor, and get more aid.
Aëcius. [*within.*] None strike a poor condemn'd man?
Proc. He is mad:
Shift for yourselves, my masters! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter AËCIUS.

Aëcius. Then, Aëcius, [*Takes up his sword.*
See what thou dar'st thyself. — Hold, my good sword;
Thou hast been kept from blood too long: I'll kiss thee,
For thou art more than friend now, my preserver:
Shew me the way to happiness; I seek it.
And all you great ones that have faln as I do,
To keep your memories and honours living,
Be present in your virtues, and assist me,
That, like strong Cato, I may put away
All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.
Rome, fare thee well! stand long, and know to conquer,
Whilst there is people and ambition. —
Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star:
I come, ye blessèd spirits; make me room
To live for ever in Elysium! [*Falls on his sword.*
Do men fear this? oh, that posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
Nor[1] none are lost, but those that make their hell! [*Dies.*
First Court. [*within.*] He's dead; draw in the guard again.

Re-enter PROCULUS, *and* Second *and* Third Courtier.

Proc. He's dead indeed,
And I am glad he's gone: he was a devil.
His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs;
The emperor, out of his love to virtue,
Has given 'em that: let no man stop their entrance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PHIDIAS *and* ARETUS.

Phid. Oh, my most noble lord! — Look here, Aretus,
Here's a sad sight!
Are. Oh, cruelty! Oh, Cæsar!
Oh, times that bring forth nothing but destruction
And overflows of blood! — Why wast thou kill'd?
Is it to be a just man now again,
As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd,
Only assurance of his overthrow?
Phid. It is, Aretus: he that would live now,
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue,
And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
That have been all the riches of the empire,
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe[2] 'em.
Are. Never-enough-lamented lord, dear master!
Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy?
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equity,
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd!)[3]
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness!
Weep, Rome! weep, Italy! weep, all that knew him!
And you that fear'd him as a noble foe,
(If enemies have honourable tears,)
Weep this decay'd Aëcius, faln and scatter'd
By foul and base suggestion!

Enter MAXIMUS.

Phid. Oh, lord Maxi[illegible]
This was your worthy[illegible]d!
Max. The gods forgi[illegible]e! — [*Aside.*
Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not tears;
Great griefs lament within: yet, now I have found 'em.
Would I had never known the world, nor women,
Nor what that cursèd name of honour was,
So this were once again Aëcius!
But I am destin'd to a mighty action,
And beg my pardon,[4] friend; my vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee. — Ye have a great loss;
But bear it patiently: yet, to say truth,
In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't. Friends,
Who shall preserve you now?
Are. Nay, we are lost too.
Max. I fear ye are; for likely such as love
The man that's faln, and have been nourish'd by him,
Do not stay long behind: 'tis held no wisdom.
I know what I must do. — Oh, my Aëcius,
Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the roots,
And no man feel thy worthiness? — From boys
He bred you both, I think.
Phid. And from the poorest.
Max. And lov'd ye as his own.

[1] *Nor*] Weber chose to print "For."

[2] *owe*] "i. e. own." WEBER.

[3] *The great example of all equity,*
(Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd!)] "Mason, with some plausibility, proposes to transpose these lines. But by placing the latter between parentheses, the same purpose is answered, and the speech of the faithful eunuch rendered more expressive of his agitation, which embarrasses and disjoins his words." WEBER.

[4] *And beg my pardon*] "Mr. Seward, without authority or remark, reads — 'THY *pardon*.' It is scarcely necessary to add, the old text means, 'I beg you, friend, *to grant me* MY *pardon*.'" *Ed.* 1778.

Are. We found it, sir.
Max. Is not this a loss, then?
Phid. Oh, a loss of losses!
Our lives, and ruins of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the emperor.
Are. He did so.
Max. And kept ye still in credit.
Phid. 'Tis most true, sir.
Max. He fed your fathers too, and made them means;
Your sisters he preferr'd to noble wedlocks;
Did he not, friends?
Are. Oh, yes, sir!
Max. As I take it,
This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murder'd;
And something would be done by those that lov'd him;
And something may be. Pray, stand off a little;
Let me bewail him private. — Oh, my dearest!
[*Kneels by the body of* AËCIUS.
Phid. Aretus, if we be not sudden, he outdoes us;
I know he points at vengeance; we are cold
And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,
Or any thing but de[illegible]ow he is dead?
Dar'st thou resolve?
Are. I am perfect.
Phid. Then, like flowers
That grew together all, we'll fall together,[1]
And with us that that bore us: when 'tis done,
The world shall style us two deserving servants.
I fear he will be before us.
Are. This night, Phidias ——
Phid. No more.
Max. [*rising.*] Now, worthy friends, I have done my mournings.
Let's burn this noble body: sweets as many
As sun-burnt Meroe[2] breeds I'll make a flame of,
Shall reach his soul in heaven: he that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall, with the sad discourse on't, darken heaven,
And force the painful burdens from the wombs,
Conceiv'd a-new with sorrow: even the grave
Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our piles; which will be more and greater
Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
Can feed with cedar, or the east with gums,
Greece with her wines, or Thessaly with flowers,
Or willing Heaven can weep for in her showers.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

[1] *Then, like flowers*
That grew together all, we'll fall together,
And with us that that bore us] "i. e. all of us will perish together, like several flowers upon one stem which bore us, and which falls with us, alluding to Aëcius. This is the simple meaning of the passage, and it is so plain, that few editors, excepting Seward, who makes here the most violent alterations, could have cavilled at it." WEBBB.

[2] *Meroe*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Nerne."

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter PHIDIUS *with his dagger in him, and* ARETUS *poisoned.*[3]

Are. He has his last.
Phid. Then come the worst of danger! —
Aëcius, to thy soul we give a Cæsar. —
How long is't since you gave it him?
Are. An hour;
Mine own two hours before him — how it boils me!
Phid. It was not to be cur'd, I hope.
Are. No, Phidias;
I dealt above his antidotes: physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?
Phid. Done bravely;
We are got before his tyranny, Aretus.
Are. We had lost our worthiest end else, Phidias.
Phid. Canst thou hold out a while?
Are. To torture him,
Anger would give me leave to live an age yet:
That man is poorly spirited, whose life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in's wishes.
And yet I swell and burn like flaming Ætna;
A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me;
But yet I must not die this four hours, Phidias.
Phid. Remember who dies with thee, and despise death.
Are. I need no exhortation: the joy in me,
Of what I have done and why, makes poison pleasure,
And my most killing torments mistresses;
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools unsatisfied and simple?
Phid. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying;
And, if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell tyrant dead, I have half my Heaven.
Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours, Phidias,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay, more, beyond our meanings.
Phid. Thou hast steel'd me.
Farewell, Aretus; and the souls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows!
I would not faint yet.
Are. Farewell, Phidias;
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the same.*

Enter LYCIAS *and* PROCULUS.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus!
Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What shall become of us? would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid
And made too lame for justice!

Enter LICINIUS.

Licin. The soft music,

[3] *poisoned*] So both the folios.

And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him! —
Oh, friends, the emperor!
Proc. What say the doctors?
Licin. For us a most sad saying; he is poison'd,
Beyond all cure too.
Lycias. Who?
Licin. The wretch Aretus,
That most unhappy [1] villain.
Lycias. How do you know it?
Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's disperse, and find him;
And, since he has open'd misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly; he slumbers.
[*Exeunt.*

VALENTINIAN *brought in in a chair, with* EUDOXIA, Physicians, *and* Attendants.

Music and Song.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself [2] dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain, [3]
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince [4] gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Val. Oh, gods, gods! Drink, drink! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-strings!
Eud. How does your grace?
First Phys. The empress speaks, sir.
Val. Dying,
Dying, Eudoxia, dying.
First Phys. Good sir, patience.
Eud. What have ye given him?
First Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.
Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,
See what thy god-heads come to! — Oh, Eudoxia!
Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir!
Val. Danubius
I'll have brought through my body ——
Eud. Gods give comfort!
Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind [5] freezes.
I am [6] an hundred hells! an hundred piles
Already to my funerals [7] are flaming!
Shall I not drink?
First Phys. You must not, sir.
Val. By Heaven,
I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,
If ye deny me longer! Tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,
Flow over me, and quench me! Where's the villain? —
Am I immortal now, ye slaves? — by Numa,
If he do scape — Oh! oh! ——
Eud. Dear sir! —
Val. Like Nero,
But far more terrible and full of slaughter,
I' the midst of all my flames, I'll fire the empire!
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me!
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.
Eud. Sir! —
Val. Oh, do not flatter me! I am but flesh,
A man, a mortal man. — Drink, drink, ye dunces!
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oils, and mithridates? [8] if I do die,
You only words of health, and names of sickness,
Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk yourselves into revenues — oh! —
And, ere ye kill your patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye flay'd and dried!

Enter PROCULUS *and* LUCINIUS, *with* ARETUS.

Proc. The villain, sir,
The most accursèd wretch.
Val. Be gone, my queen;
This is no sight for thee: go to the Vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerful sacrifice [illegible]e thy Cæsar.
Proc. Go, go, and be [illegible]y!
Are. Go; but give no [illegible]e. — [*Exit* EUDOXIA.
The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest.
Proc. Oh, [damnèd] [9] traitor!
Are. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches!
You taught him to be poison'd.
Val. Yet no comfort?
Are. Be not abus'd with priests nor 'pothecaries;
They cannot help thee: thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes:
I gave thee poison for Aëcius' sake,
Such a destroying poison would kill nature;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clipt for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Cæsar,
To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too!

[1] *unhappy*] i. e. mischievous, — wicked.
[2] *thyself*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "*thy* life;" which Seward gives, and defends in a note!!
[3] *sing his pain*] "First folio '*singe*.' Other copies '*sing*.' We apprehend the true reading to be either '*soothe*' or '*suage*.'" *Ed.* 1778. "No amendment is necessary. To sing his pain, means to assuage his pain by singing." MASON. "The preceding line but one should probably end with — *light*." WEBER.
[4] *prince*] So the second folio. — Omitted in the first.
[5] *wind*] So the second folio. — Omitted in the first.
[6] *I am*] The first folio has "*I* and;" the second reads "*I* find."
[7] *funerals*] i. e. funeral rites. — Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "funeral;" and so Weber.
[8] *mithridates*] "The celebrated medicine *mithridate* was, like *theriacum*, composed of a vast multitude of ingredients, as appears from the recipes in old dispensatories. 'Mithridate,' says Beuther, 'which was invented by the King of Pontus, whose name it bears, was not formerly made in Spain, because the numerous herbs used in its composition were not found there, and therefore it was brought from Venice. But for some years past it has been compounded with great solemnity in our city of Valencia by the college of doctors in medicine, and by the spicers; and it is made here in greater perfection than in other parts of the world, and exported from hence to many provinces: for, in the territory of this city, all the herbs used in it are found, except those which grow only in India, those having now been found, which, till now, had not been discovered here.' Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*, *Notes*, p. 421." WEBER.
[9] [*damnèd*] Supplied by Weber. The Editors of 1778 gave "cursed." — The first folio has a break here; the second has no mark of omission.

Val. Oh, villain! — I grow hotter, hotter.
Are. Yes;
But not near my heat yet: what thou feel'st now
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar,) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;
But there be flames of murder.
Val. Fetch out tortures!
Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay, more, I'll love thee:
Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter and more full of mirth than laughter.
Val. Let 'em alone. I must drink.
Are. Now be mad;
But not near me yet.
Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me!
Hold me, or I shall burst else!
Are. See me, Cæsar,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder:
Millions of women's labours, all diseases ——
Val. Oh, my afflicted soul too!
Are. Women's fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds —
Val. Aëcius, oh, Aëcius! Oh, Lucina!
Are. Are but my torments' shadows!
Val. Hide me, mo[illegible]ains!
The gods have foun[illegible] sins. Now break!
Are. Not yet, sir; [illegible]
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.
Val. Oh, hell!
Oh, villain, cursèd villain!
Are. Oh, brave villain!
My poison dances in me at this deed.
Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest: I am wildfire!
The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,
The miseries of souls despising Heaven
But emblems of my torments,[1] ——
Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!
Are. Fire a flattery,
And all the poets' tales of sad Avernus,
To my pains, less than fictions: yet, to shew thee
What constant love I bore my murder'd master,
Like a south wind, I have sung through all these tempests. —
My heart, my wither'd heart! — Fear, fear, thou monster!
Fear the just gods! — I have my peace! [*Dies.*
Val. More drink!
A thousand April showers fall in my bosom!
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious[2] body! [*Attendants carry out the body of* ARETUS]. Gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me? hear me, hear me!
I do confess I am a ravisher,
A murderer, a hated Cæsar: oh,
Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives,
To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?
I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no gods! your parole
Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
And women, made of awe, believe your heaven! —
Oh, torments, torments, torments! pains above pains! ——
If ye be any thing but dreams and ghosts,
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason;
Be more than all, ye gods,[3] great in forgiveness!
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
For you are things, men teach us, without passions:
Give me an hour to know ye in! oh, save me!
But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
Take this destruction from me! — No, ye cannot;
The more I would believe, the more[4] I suffer.
My brains are ashes! now my heart, my eyes! — friends,
I go, I go! more air, more air! — I am mortal! [*Dies.*
Proc. Take in the body. —
[Attendants *carry out the body of* VAL., *followed by* Physicians.
Oh, Licinius,
The misery that we are left to suffer!
No pity shall find us.
Licin. Our lives deserve none.
Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
With any hope of life!
Proc. A quiet grave,
Or a consumption now, Licinius,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.
Licin. Let's make our best use; we have money, Proculus,
And, if that cannot save us, we have swords.
Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.
Licin. I had forgot that.
There's other countries, then.
Proc. But the same hate still
Of what we are.
Licin. Think any thing; I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Proc. How now, what news?
Mess. Shift for yourselves; ye are lost else.
The soldier is in arms for great Aëcius,
And their lieutenent-general, that stopp'd 'em,
Cut in a thousand pieces: they march hither:
Beside, the women of the town have murder'd
Phorba and loose Ardelia, Cæsar's she-bawds.

[1] *torments*] The Editors of 1778 chose to print "*torment;*" and so Weber.
[2] *prodigious*] i. e. portentous, horrible.
[3] *ye gods*] Seward's correction. — Both the folios have "the *gods*," — the original compositor having, no doubt, mistaken "*ye*" for "ye" (the).
[4] *believe, the more*] Mason's correction. — Both the folios have "*believe* ye, *more*," — the original compositor having here mistaken "*ye*" (the) for "ye".

Licin. Then here's no staying, Proculus.
Proc. Oh, Cæsar,
That we had never known thy lusts! — Let's fly,
And where we find no woman's man let's die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead,
And I reveng'd; the empire's all a-fire,
And desolation every where inhabits:
And shall I live, that am the author of it,
To know Rome, from the awe o' the world, the pity?
My friends are gone before too, of my sending;
And shall I stay? is aught else to be liv'd for?
Is there another friend, another wife,
Or any third holds half their worthiness,
To linger here alive for? is not virtue,
In their two everlasting souls, departed,
And in their bodies' first flame fled to heaven?
Can any man discover this, and love me?
For, though my justice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it; that condemns me:
And now, Aëcius, and my honour'd lady,
That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
The lines to lead me to Elysium;
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded;
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly! — Stay; I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction;
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater:
Why may not I be Cæsar, yet no dying?
Why should not I catch at it? fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me:
I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me;
I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar.
I am sure the soldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again and made tall masts,[1] defy
Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I,
New-piec'd[2] again, above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far than growing private,
Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise,
My wife was ravish'd well: if then I fall,
My great attempt honours my funeral. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *An open Place in the City.*

Enter FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and* AFRANIUS.

Fulv. Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius,
And see 'em fast; we shall be rifled else.
Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.
Luc. Promise the soldier any thing.
Semp. Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to choose a Cæsar fit for them,
A soldier and a giver.
Fulv. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.
Luc. Nay more, a negative, say, we allow 'em.
Semp. And, if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.
Fulv. Promise three donatives, and large, Afranius.
Luc. And, Cæsar once elected, present foes,
With distribution of all necessaries,
Corn, wine, and oil.
Semp. New garments, and new arms,
And equal portions of the provinces
To them and to their families for ever.
Fulv. And see the city strengthen'd.
Afr. I shall do it. [*Exit.*
Luc. Sempronius, these are woful times.
Semp. Oh, Brutus,
We want thy honesty again! these Cæsars,
What noble consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again and scatter.
Fulv. Which way shall we?
Luc. Not any way of safety I can think on.
Semp. Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius.
Fulv. Every thing
Is every man's that will.
Luc. The Vestals now
Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,
And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings;
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure. Gods defend us!
We are chaff before their fury else.
Semp. Away!
Let's to the temples.
Fulv. To the Capitol;
'Tis not a time to pray now; let's be strengthen'd.

Re-enter AFRANIUS.

Semp. How now, Afranius! what good news?
Afr. A Cæsar!
Fulv. Oh, who?
Afr. Lord Maximus is with the soldier,
And all the camp rings "Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!"
He forc'd the empress with him, for more honour.
Luc. A happy choice! let's meet him.
Semp. Blessèd fortune!
Fulv. Away, away! — Make room there, room there, room!
[*Exeunt all except* AFRANIUS. *Flourish within.*
[*Within.*] Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!
Hail, Cæsar Maximus!
Afr. Oh, turning people!
Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd!
In peace more raging than the furious North,
When he ploughs up the sea and makes him brine,[3]

[1] *Jointed again and made tall masts*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Winted *againe and made tall* masses;" see note, p. 844. — This simile has occurred before, — in *Bonduca*, act i. sc. 2, p. 762.

[2] *New-piec'd*] Mason's correction, and an obvious one — The folios have "*New* peece" and "*New* piece;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

[3] *When he ploughs up the sea and makes him brine*] Seward

Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way,
Although I neither love nor hopèd[1] this,
Or, like a rotten bridge that dares a current
When he is swell'd and high, crack[2] and farewell.

Flourish within, and cries of Cæsar. *Then enter* MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Senators, *and* Soldiers.

Senators. Room for the emperor!
Soldiers. Long life to Cæsar!
Afr. Hail, Cæsar Maximus!
Max. Your hand, Afranius. —
Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,
I'll shower among ye all. Gods give me life,
First to defend the empire, then you, fathers. —
And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and virtue,
The rampires of old Rome, of us the refuge,
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd;
Ye are my children, family, and friends,
And ever so respected shall be. — Forward. —
There's a proscription,[3] grave Sempronius,
'Gainst all the flatterers and lazy bawds
Led loose-liv'd Valentinian to his vices:
See it effected. [*Flourish.*
Senators. Honour wait on Cæsar!
Soldiers. Make room for Cæsar there!
Exeunt all except AFRANIUS.
Afr. Thou hast my vows,
But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods,
Why do we like to feed the greedy raven[4]
Of these blown men, that must, before they stand
And fix'd[5] in eminence, cast life on life,
And trench their safeties in with wounds and bodies?
Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
And die without an heir, that lov'st to breed
Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,
I only live to find an enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *A Street.*

Enter PAULUS *and* LICIPPUS.

Pau. When is the inauguration?
Licippus. Why, to-morrow.
Pau. 'Twill be short time.
Licippus. Any device that's handsome,
A Cupid, or the god o' the place, will do it,
Where he must take the fasces.
Pau. Or a Grace.
Licippus. A good Grace has no fellow.
Pau. Let me see;
Will not his name yield something? Maximus,
By the way of anagram? I have found out *axis;*
You know he bears the empire.
Licippus. Get him wheels too;
'Twill be a cruel carriage else.
Pau. Some songs too.
Licippus. By any means, some songs; but very short ones,
And honest language, Paulus, without bursting,
The air will fall the sweeter.
Pau. A Grace must do it.
Licippus. Why, let a Grace, then.
Pau. Yes, it must be so;
And in a robe of blue too, as I take it.
Licippus. This poet is a little kin to the painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping lion;
So all his learnèd fancies are blue Graces. [*Aside.*
Pau. What think you of a sea-nymph and a heaven?
Licippus. Why, what should she do there, man? there's no water.
Pau. By the mass, that's true: it must be a Grace; and yet,
Methinks, a rainbow ——
Licippus. And in blue?
Pau. Oh, yes, —
Hanging in arch above him, and i' the middle ——
Licippus. A shower of rain?
Pau. No, no; it must be a Grace.
Licippus. Why, prithee, grace him, then.
Pau. Or Orpheus,
Coming from hell ——
Licippus. In blue, too?
Pau. 'Tis the better, ——
And, as he rises, full of fires ——
Licippus. Now bless us!
Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus?
Pau. Singing,
And crossing of his arms.
Licippus. How can he play, then?
Pau. It shall be a Grace; I'll do it.
Licippus. Prithee, do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible:
Good Fury Paulus,[6] be i' the morning with me;
And, pray, take measure of his mouth that speaks it. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, *and* Messenger.[7]

Max. Come, my best-lov'd Eudoxia. — Let the soldier

has a long and ridiculous note on this passage, which, he says, "puzzled Sympson even to vexation, and something like it happened to himself"! — "The *sea* is the antecedent to *him*. Every one knows that strong winds, assisted by the sun, produce *brine*. Alfranius, therefore, by a fine rhetorical figure, says, 'The people are more raging than the North-wind, even when he is so furious as to render the whole sea *brine*.'" *Ed* 1778.

1 *hopèd*] Both the folios "hope."

2 *crack*] Both the folios "crackt."

3 *proscription*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Prescription."

4 *raven*] — written also *ravin*, *ravine*, — i. e. ravenousness.

5 *fix'd*] i. e. are fixed. — Altered silently by Seward to "fix;" and so his successors.

6 *Good Fury Paulus*] "Mr. Theobald changes '*Fury Paulus*' to 'Fairy *Paulus*.' But he seems to have lost the antithesis between the *Grace* and *Fury*, which indeed the former editions by wrong points had before done. As the poet was so enamoured of a *Grace*, there is great humour in calling him a Fury." SEWARD, — who made an alteration in the pointing, which his successors adopted. A friend proposes the following punctuation;

"*And with as good a grace as thou canst possible,*
Good fury, Paulus; be i' the morning," &c.

7 *and Messenger*] "All the editions concur in having merely — '*Enter Maximus and Eudoxia;*' but, in the very first speech of the former, he gives direction to some one to comply with the wishes of the soldiers. As a *Messenger* returns with the information respecting the senate having met, his name has been added." WARNER.

Want neither wine nor any thing he calls for;
And, when the senate's ready, give us notice:
In the mean time, leave us. —— [*Exit* Messenger.
Oh, my dear sweet!
Eud. Is't possible your grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?
Max. By Heaven, 'tis all
The world has left to brag of!
Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since raz'd out o' the book of youth and pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest man o' th' empire,
Nay, the most staid, and knowing what is woman,
The greatest aim of perfectness men liv'd by,
The most true, constant lover of his wedlock,[1]
Such a still-blowing beauty earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himself prepare the way, nay, make the rape?
Did you not tell me so?
Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.
Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink that virtue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest;
Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,
And for my sake? Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you dissemble, sir.
Max. I do so;
And, till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do:
Yet would my joy and wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lie! [*Aside.*] — Can these things be, Eudoxia,
And I dissemble? can there be but goodness,
And only thine, dear lady; any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? Oh, thou virtue!
Were it to do again, and Valentinian
Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,
In whom thou wert set as pearls are in salt oysters,
As roses are in rank weeds, I would find
Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger:
The gods know how I honour thee.
Eud. What love, sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.
Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.
Eud. From this hour,
The [2] sorrows for my dead lord, fare ye well!
My living lord has dried ye. And, in token
As emperor this day I honour you,
And the great caster-new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living laurel, that must compass
That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæsar.
I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune;
But with you, ever royal sir, my maker,
The once-more-summer of me, mere *in love*
Is poor expression of my doting.
Max. Sweetest!
Eud. Now, of my troth, you have bought me dear, sir.
Max. No,
Had I at loss of mankind.

Re-enter Messenger.

Eud. Now you flatter.
Mess. The senate waits your grace.
Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full form bring the ceremony. —
This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honour'd favour.
Eud. May it prove so! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter PAULUS *and* LICIPPUS.

Licippus. Is your Grace done?
Pau. 'Tis done.
Licippus. Who speaks?
Pau. A boy.
Licippus. A dainty blue boy, Paulus?
Pau. Yes.
Licippus. Have you view'd
The work above?
Pau. Yes; and all up and ready.
Licippus. The empress does you simple honour, Paulus;
The wreath your blue Grace must present she made.
But hark you, — for the soldiers?
Pau. That's done too:
I'll bring 'em in, I warrant you.
Licippus. A Grace too?
Pau. The same Grace serves for both.
Licippus. About it, then; —
I must to the cupboard; — and be sure, good Paulus,
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.[3]
If there should need another voice, what then?
Pau. I'll hang another Grace in.
Licippus. Grace be with you! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VIII. — *The Presence-chamber in the Palace. A banquet laid out.*

A synnet[4] *with trumpets. Enter, in state,* MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, Gentlemen *and* Soldiers; *then* FULVIUS, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other* Senators, Lictors *bearing rods and axes before them.*

Semp. Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Cæsar!
And from the old Rome take these wishes:
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
As Justice holds her balance, equal pois'd,
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!
Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper!
And Romulus, thou father of our honour,

1 *wedlock*] i. e. wife. So already we have had —

"Restore my *matrimony* undefil'd."
The Little French Lawyer, act iv. sc. 6. p. 584.

2 *The*] Qy. "Ye"? see note, p. 854.

3 *be sure, good Paulus,*
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly] "This probably [certainly] refers to a custom of suspending their gods, goddesses, Graces, &c., in ropes, which might make the caution of being fasting in order *to hang cleanly*, perfectly necessary and very humorous." SEWARD.

4 *synnet*] See note, p. 820.

Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
A lover and encreaser of his people!
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Cato,
The first five years of Nero be his wishes,
Give him the age and fortune of Æmylius,
And his whole reign renew a great Augustus!

[*A boy descends from the clouds, habited like one of the Graces, and sings the following*

SONG.

Honour, that is ever living,
Honour, that is ever giving,
Honour, that sees all, and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flows;
Honour, that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labour's rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar.

Chorus. — Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail, and stand,
And thy name out-live the land!
Noble fathers, to his brows
Bind this wreath with thousand vows!

[*The boy gives a wreath, which the* Senators *place on the head of* MAXIMUS.

All. Stand to eternity!
Max. I thank ye, fathers;
And, as I rule, may it still grow or wither!
Now to the banquet; ye are all my guests;
This day be liberal, friends; to wine we give it,
And smiling pleasures. — Sit, my queen of beauty. —
Fathers, your places. — These are fair wars, soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all. —
[*Drinks.*
You are my second, sweet. — To every cup,
I add unto the senate a new honour,
And to the sons of Mars a donative.

SONG BY THE BOY.

God Lyæus,[1] ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung,
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's[2] brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine:
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

Boy. *Bellona's seed, the glory of old Rome,*
Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
And to the fulness of your warlike noise
Let your feet move; make up this hour of joys:
Come, come, I say; range your fair troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge.

[*A martial dance by the soldiers, during which* MAXIMUS *falls back upon his couch.*

Semp. The emperor's grown heavy with his wine.
Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.
Semp. Great Cæsar!
Eud. I have my wish. [*Aside.*
Afr. Will't please your grace speak to him?
Eud. Yes; but he will not hear, lords.
Semp. Stir him, Lucius;
The senate must have thanks.
Luc. Your grace! sir! Cæsar!
Eud. Did I not tell you he was well? he's dead.
Semp. Dead! — Treason! guard the court! let no man pass! —
Soldiers, your Cæsar's murder'd.
Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his death; that wreath, that made him Cæsar,
Has made him earth.
Soldiers. Cut her in thousand pieces!
[*Drawing their swords.*
Eud. Wise men would know the reason first. To die
Is that I wish for, Romans, and your swords
The easiest[3] way of death: yet, soldiers, grant me
(That was your empress once, and honour'd by ye)
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;
Then, if ye dare do cruelly, condemn me.
Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans! 'tis a woman;
A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,
If she be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her;
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.
Semp. Speak, bloody woman!
Eud. Yes. This Maximus,
That was your Cæsar, lords and noble soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish[4] me,
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth!)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæsar,
A most malicious traitor.
Semp. Take heed, woman.
Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave Aëcius,
(Whose blessèd soul, if I lie, shall afflict me,)
The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the master-piece of arms and bounty,
(Mine own grief shall come last), this friend of his,
This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
By a base letter to the emperor,
Stuff'd full of fears and poor suggestions,
And by himself unto himself directed,
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly: —
Oh, loss! oh, innocent! can ye now kill me? —
And the poor stale,[5] my noble lord, that knew not
More of this villain than his forcèd fears,
Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it:
There was a murder, too, Rome would have blush'd at:
Was this worth being Cæsar? or my patience?
Nay, his wife ——
By Heaven, he told it me in wine and joy,
And swore it deeply —— he himself prepar'd
To be abus'd; how, let me grieve, not tell ye,
And weep the sins that did it: and his end
Was only me and Cæsar; but me he lied in.
These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul

[1] *Lyæus*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Lizus."
[2] *mazer's*] i. e. bowl's, goblet's. The origin of the word, and the material of a *mazer*, have been variously explained (see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.): here it evidently means a cup of value.

[3] *easiest*] Both the folios have "heaviest" — Seward printed "readiest;" and so the Editors of 1778. Theobald's conjecture, "heavenliest" (approved by Mason), was adopted by Weber.
[4] *perish*] i. e. destroy.
[5] *stale*] i. e. decoy: see note, p. 604.

Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice:
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.
Afr. What less could nature do? what less had we done,
Had we known this before? Romans, she is righteous;
And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on:
Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye;
For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new joy and thanks. — Thou hast done truly.
Semp. Up with your arms; ye strike a saint else, Romans. ——
Mayst thou live ever spoken our protector! —
Rome yet has many noble heirs: let's in,
And pray before we choose; then plant a Cæsar
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder.
Afr. Take up the body nobly to his urn;
And may our sins and his together burn!
[*Exeunt with the body: a dead march.*

EPILOGUE.

We would fain please ye, and as fain be pleas'd;
'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd:
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And, to our understanding, good and fair.
For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad
To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
Let not a brack [1] i' the stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general loss appear:
We know ye take up worse commodities,[2]
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise;
We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
More time and wealth,[3] which is but dearer pay,
And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting cost:
The price is easy, and so light the play,
That ye may new-digest it every day.
Then, noble friends, as ye would choose a miss,[4]
Only to please the eye a while and kiss,
Till a good wife be got; so let his play
Hold ye a while, until a better may.

1 *brack*] "i. e. breach, break." WEBER.
2 *take up worse commodities*] See note, p. 530. — The modern editors evidently did not understand the passage: even Mason supposed that "commodities" meant the "meat and wine" mentioned in the next line but one.

3 *wealth*] Altered by Seward to "health;" and so the Editors of 1778.
4 *miss*] So the second folio. — The first folio "mistris;" and so Seward.

THE LAWS OF CANDY.

The Lawes of Candy.

In the folios 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A tragi-comedy.*"

The Lawes of Candy has been generally considered (but whether justly or not, I cannot pretend to determine) as a joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. At what date it was originally brought upon the stage is not known.

"The principal plot of this play is evidently taken from the ninth novel of the tenth decade of the *Hecatommithi* of Cinthio, a writer whom Fletcher seems to have been much attached to. It is there related, that the city of Pisa being besieged by the Florentines with various success, the senate, in order to stimulate the warriors to exertion, proclaimed that the captain who most distinguished himself on an appointed day, should be rewarded with a golden hauberk, and a statue erected to his memory. It happened that the two warriors who did the most glorious deeds of arms were a father and his son, both captains, the former of knights, the latter of light-horse. The senate deliberated long, but being unable to decide who had best deserved the promised rewards, the son declared himself contented if his father would choose either the statue or the hauberk, and leave whichever he rejected to him. But the father declared that he would part with neither, boasted of his long and brilliant services, and upbraided the senators, as well as his son, with ingratitude. The senators wished to pacify him, and said, that any honour which his son obtained was equally to the credit of himself, who had produced and educated such a warrior. But the father refused to hearken to their advice, and openly calumniated his son in court. The latter then offered to forego his share of the prize; but the soldiers of his squadron insisted that he should demand it, and even revenge the insult he had received; nor could his arguments, full of filial piety, appease them. On the other hand, the soldiers of the father's squadron, boasting of their superior rank, refused to listen to any propositions, and threatened to go over to the enemy, if both the prizes were not assigned to the father. The senators then proposed to decide the matter by lot; stipulating, that if the father's name were drawn, he should have both the prizes, but if the son's, that the father should be content with the more honourable reward of the statue, and relinquish the hauberk to his son. After some resistance from the squadron of knights, the proposal was accepted; and the son's name being drawn, the hauberk was assigned to him, which he willingly gave up to his father in token of reconciliation. A fresh attack was then made on the Florentines, in which the father lost both his arms, but was fully avenged by his son upon the enemy. — The rest of the novel has nothing in common with the play." WEBER (whose analysis I have slightly altered).

Grouchy like van Barnavelt

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CASSILANE, commander in chief of the army, ANTINOUS, his son, and next to him in command, GASPERO, secretary of state, ARCANES, friend to CASSILANE, DECIUS, friend to ANTINOUS, PORPHICIO,[1] POSSENNE, } senators. MOCHINGO, attendant on EROTA, PHILANDER, prince of Cyprus. MELITUS, a gentleman of Cyprus.[2]	Candians.
FERNANDO,[3] son of the last duke, and taken prisoner by ANTINOUS, GONZALO, a nobleman, PAULO MICHAEL, ambassador to Candy, Senators, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Servants.	Venetians.
EROTA, sister to the late, and aunt to the reigning prince of Candy. ANNOPHIL, daughter to CASSILANE. HYPARCHA, attendant on EROTA.	

SCENE, — *The City of* CANDIA, *and the Neighbourhood.*

The principal actors were —

Joseph Taylor.	John Lowin.
William Egglestone.	John Underwood.
Nicholas Toolie.	George Birch.
Richard Sharpe.	Thomas Pollard.

Fol. 1679.

[1] *Porphicio*, *Possenne*] I have some doubts about these names. The former, in one place of the first folio, stands "Porphino" and the latter, in another place, "Possenme."
[2] *Cyprus*] Fol. 1679 (in which only the list of *Dram. Per.* is found) "Candy."
[3] *Fernando*] Fol. 1679 calls him "*servant* [i. e. lover; see note, p. 162] to Annophel."

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter GASPERO *and* MELITUS, *severally.*

Mel. Sir, you're the very friend I wish'd to meet with;
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an auditor.
Gas. And what concerns it?
Mel. The sadly-thriving progress of the loves
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady
Whose insolence[1] and never-yet-match'd pride
Can by no character be well express'd
But in her only name, the proud Erota.[2]
Gas. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best
Success your prince could find from her, to be
As harsh as the event doth prove! but now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,[3]
When a whole kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.
Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no these many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,
That is a monster in it?
Gas. Here's the misery
Of having a child our prince; else I presume
The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invasion.
Mel. Yet I wonder
Why, master secretary, still the senate
So almost superstitiously adores
Gonzalo the Venetian lord, considering
The outrage of his countrymen.
Gas. The senate
Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea
By the admiral of Venice on a merchant
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard
Before the senate there, in open court
Profess'd, that the cruelty the admiral
Had shew'd, deserv'd not only fine, but death;
For Candy then and Venice were at peace:
Since when, upon a motion in the senate
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for certain
That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppose it;
His reason was, because it too much savour'd
Of lawless and unjust ambition.
The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his country,
And hither came, where, to confirm his truth,
I know, Melitus, he out of his own store
Hath monied Cassilane the general.
Mel. What, without other pledges[4] than Cassilane's
Bare promise of payment?[5]
Gas. No, it may be
He has some petty lordship to retire to;[6]
But this he hath done. Now 'tis fit, Melitus,
The senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those laws
For which this kingdom is throughout the world
Unfellow'd[7] and admir'd.
Mel. What laws are those,[8] sir?
Let me so much importune you.
Gas. You shall;
And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly thus:
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude for any
Received benefit, the plaintiff may
Require the offender's life; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.
Mel. By which strict law the senate is in danger,
Should they neglect Gonzalo?
Gas. Right; the law
Permits a like equality to aliens
As to a home-born patriot.
Mel. Pray, sir, the other?
Gas. Know, Melitus,
The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,
In war, in peace unparallel'd; and they
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)
Enacted, that what man soe'er he were
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approv'd and known,
Might, at his home-return, make his demand
For satisfaction and reward.
Mel. They are
Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Master secretary,
The senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.
Gas. What, so suddenly!
Mes. These letters [*Giving letters.*
Will shew the causes why.
Gas. Heaven, thou art great,
And worthy to be thank'd!
Mel. Your countenance, sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.
Gas. Oh, the best
And happiest for this land that e'er was told!
All the Venetian forces are defeated.
Mel. How, sir!
Gas. And what doth add some delight more,
There is amongst the soldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher; and it stands

[1] *insolence*] So the second folio. — The first folio "insolencie."

[2] *the proud Erota*] "Seward endeavours [so, the Editors of 1778 endeavor] to derive the name *Erota* from some etymology expressive of pride; but without success or necessity. There is no difficulty in the passage. Every distinguishing appellation may be considered as part of a person's name. *Magnus* became part of the name of Pompey, and *Felix* of Sylla; and it appears that the only name the princess was called by was *the proud Erota.* So the Soldier says of Macbeth,

'For brave Macbeth (well he deserves *that name*);'

which does not refer to *Macbeth*, but *brave.*" MASON.

[3] *passionate griefs*] "i. e. griefs proceeding from love." *Ed.* 1778. — Rather, the griefs of love attended with complainings (*passion* being often used by our old writers in the sense of — sorrowful exclamation: see note, p. 177.)

[4] *pledges*] Seward printed "pledge;" and so the Editors of 1778.

[5] *payment*] Altered by Seward to "repayment;" and so his successors.

[6] *to retire to*] "i. e. to resort to as his security." MASON.

[7] *Unfellow'd*] The proposed emendation of Theobald, and obviously necessary. — Both the folios have "Unfollowed:" and so the modern editors.

[8] *those*] So the second folio. — The first folio "these;" and so Weber.

Doubtful between a father and his son,
Old Cassilane and young Antinous.
Mel. Why may not both demand it?
Gas. The law denies it;
But, where the soldiers do not all consent,
The parties in contention are referr'd
To plead before the senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The chief, and then to make demands.
Mel. You ravish me
With wonder and delight.
Gas. Come; as we walk,
I shall more fully inform you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Senate-House.*

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, ANTINOUS, *and* DECIUS.

Cas. Admit no soldier near us, till the senate
Have took their places.
Arc. You are obey'd, my lord.
Ant. Decius, fall off.
Dec. I shall.
Cas. Give leave, Arcanes.
[*Exeunt* ARC. *and* DEC.
Young man, come nearer to me: who am I?
Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my father: on my knee,
Your pleasure? [*Kneels.*
Cas. What, so low! canst thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, rise;
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they,
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Though in my hand I did grasp thunder.
Ant. [*rising.*] Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author
Of giving me my birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my obedience. But, if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From successary,[1] but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first champion for myself
Against all interposers.
Cas. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly: I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,[2]
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy father's merit? speak.
Ant. Sir, hear me. Were there not a chronicle
Well penn'd by all their tongues who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ yourself
And been your own text, I would undertake
Alone, without the help of art or character,[3]
But only to recount your deeds in arms,
And you should ever then be fam'd a precedent
Of living victory: but, as you are
Great, and well worthy to be stylèd great,
It would betray a poverty of spirit
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,[4]
If I should coward-like surrender up
The interest, which the inheritance of your virtue,
And mine own thrifty fate, can claim in honour.
My lord, of all the mass of fame, which any
That wears a sword, and hath but seen me fight,
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
One tittle.
Cas. Not to me?
Ant. You are my father,
Yet not to you.
Cas. Ambitious boy, how dar'st thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?
Ant. Had I
Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
The straits of death, you might have justly then
Reputed me a bastard: 'tis a cruelty,
More than to murder innocents, to take
The life of my yet-infant honour from me.
Cas. Antinous, look upon this badge of age,
Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: full fifty years,
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born,)
I have been known a soldier; in which time
I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,
For war was peace to me, and peace was war.
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
These fifty years a man whom Crete preferr'd
Before thy father; let me boldly boast,
Thy father, both for discipline and action,
Hath so long been the first of all his nation:
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
Nay, human, being so young, my son, my child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,
For one day's service, and that one thy first,
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years?
Ant. My case observes
Both equity and precedents; for, sir,
That very day whereon you got your fame,
You took it from some other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
Perhaps as many years deserving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.
Cas. But he was not my father then, Antinous;
Thou leav'st out that.
Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
He had been then immortal; for a father
Heightens his reputation where his son
Inherits it; as, when you give us life,
Your life is not diminish'd, but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living images.
Cas. So be thou curs'd
In thy posterity, as I in thee,
Dishonourable boy! — Oh, shall that sun,

[1] *From successary*] Theobald offered here two conjectures, "*From* successors," and "*From* ancestry." Seward printed "Nor *successary*." Coleridge (*Remains*, ii. 306) says "the poet doubtless wrote '*From* succeasry.'" But the old reading is quite right.

[2] *Say freely*] Seward printed "But *say freely*."

[3] *without the help of art or character*] Altered by Seward to "'*without the help of art*, to *character*'"! — Here, of course, "*character*" means — letters, writing.

[4] *It would betray a poverty of spirit*
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent, &c.] "The construction of this passage is somewhat embarrassed: but Antinous means to say, that he should betray a poverty of spirit if he obstructed his fortunes, or a poverty of descent if he should surrender up, &c." MASON.

Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,
And teaching this young man to manage arms,
That was a raw fresh novice in the feats
Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness,
Against this brat, of his ingratitude?
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble name,
But by the treading on his father's greatness! —
Thou wilt not yield?
Ant. My life, but not the prize
My sword hath purchas'd.

Re-enter ARCANES *and* DECIUS.

Arc. The senate, my lord,
Are here at hand, and all the soldiers
Begin to throng about them.
Cas. Now, Arcanes,
The ——
Arc. What, sir?
Cas. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting stripling!
Arc. Let him have the shame on't.
Please you withdraw on this side.
Cas. My great heart
Was never quail'd before.
Dec. [*To* ANTINOUS.] My lord, be confident;
Let not your father daunt you.
Ant. Decius, whither
Must I withdraw?
Dec. On this side. See, the soldiers
Attend your pleasure: courage, sir! The senate.
Cas. Way for the senate!

Enter PORPHICIO, POSSENNE, *three other* Senators, GONZALO, GASPERO, *and* Soldiers.

Gon.[1] My good lords, I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incur,
Should I presume, though courted by your favours,
To take a place amongst you: I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By some,[2] though mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.[3]
Pos. My lord, your wisdom is both known and tried;
We cannot rank you in a nobler friendship
Than your great service to the state deserves.
Por. Will't please you sit?
Gon. What, here, my lord Porphicio?
It must not be.
Por. My lord, you are too modest.
Gon. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else —— but I have done. Your lordships are observ'd.[4]

Enter FERNANDO, *led in captive by* Soldiers.

Gas. Is the demandant ready?
Arc. He is ready.
Gas. Produce him, then.

Arc. Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The soldier's voice, and to your gracious wisdoms
Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion,
Cassilane.
Dec. Most reverend lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been guardians to this country,
Approve this champion: I, in all their names
Who fought for Candy, here present before you
The mightiest man in arms, Antinous. —
Speak, fellow-soldiers.
Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous!
Gas. Stand by all, save the two competitors.
Pos. My lords, how much your country owes you both,
The due reward of your desertful glories,
Must to posterity remain: but yet,
Since by our law one only can make claim
To the proposèd honours which you both,
It seems, have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend you.
Por. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord Cassilane, to you; for that your rare
And long experience in the course of war
As well doth challenge it, as the best privilege
Of order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponent's worthy father. —
Say, countrymen, are you content?
Soldiers. Ay, ay.
Cas. Right grave, right gracious fathers, how unfit
It is for me, that all my life-time have
Been practis'd in the school of blood and slaughter,
To bandy words now in my life's last farewell,
Your wisdoms will consider: were there pitch'd
Another and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rival;
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about me
(My fellow-soldiers), first, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on still, and,
As if I could have been a second nature,
As well in heartening them by my example
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
To heighten resolution; in a word,
To out-do action. It boots not to discover,
How that young man, who was not fledged nor skill'd
In martial play, was even as ignorant
As childish; but I list not to disparage
His non-ability. The signal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on
(Directed more by fury than by warrant
Of policy and stratagem), I met them,
I in the fore-front of the armies met them;
And, as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood

[1] *Gon*] So the Editors of 1778. — In both the folios the prefix is omitted here by mistake; and Seward and Weber very absurdly give this speech to Cassilane.
[2] *By some*] Mason's correction. — Both the folios have "*By* force." — Seward printed "*By* this;" and so the Editors of 1778.
[3] *censure*] i. e. judgment, opinion.
[4] *observ'd*] "i. e. obeyed." MASON.

The volleys of their shot: I, I myself,
Was he that first disrank'd their woods of pikes;
But when we came to handy-strokes, as often
As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death: I may be bold
To justify a truth; this very sword
Of mine slew more than any twain besides;
And, which is not the least of all my glory,
When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
Was by the general of the Venetians,
And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,
I stept between, and rescu'd him myself,
Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd
The combat with the gallant general,
Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow
Stole both that honour from me, and his life
From him, whom I before, myself alone,
Had more than full three-quarters kill'd, — a man
Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
Not by a boy's weak push. I talk too much;
But 'tis a fault of age. If to bring home
Long peace, long victory, even to your Capitol,
If to secure your kingdom, wives and children,
Your lives and liberties, if to renown
Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
Like blazing stars, admir'd and fear'd by all
That have but heard of Candy or a Cretan,
Be to deserve the approvement of my manhood,
Then thus much have I done: what more, examine
The annals of my life; and then consider
What I have been and am. Lords, I have said.
Gon. With reverence to the senate, is it lawful,
Without your custom's breach, to say a word?
Pos. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.
Gon. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, such high deeds
Of chivalry discours'd, that, I confess,
I do not think the Worthies,[1] while they liv'd,
All Nine deserv'd as much applause or memory
As this one: but who can do aught to gain
The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
More than a man. — You tread a dangerous path: [*To* ANTINOUS.
Yet I shall hear you gladly; for believe me,
Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,
I would not to my father, nor my king
(My country's father), yield: if you transcend
What we have heard, I can but only say,
That miracles are yet in use. — I fear
I have offended.
Por. You have spoken nobly. —
Antinous, use your privilege.
Ant. Princely fathers,
Ere I begin, one suit I have to make;
'Tis just and honourable.
Por. Pos. Speak, and have it.
Ant. That you would please the soldiers might all stand
Together by their general.
Pos. 'Tis granted. —
All fall to yonder side. — Go on, Antinous.
Ant. I shall be brief and plain. All what my father,
This country's patron, hath discours'd, is true. —
Fellows in arms, speak you; is't true?
Soldiers. True, true.
Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I saw him do: and thus
A city, though the flame be much more dreadful,
May from a little spark be set on fire.
Of all what I have done I shall give instance
Only in three main proofs of my desert:
First, I sought out (but through how many dangers,
My lords, judge ye) the chief, the great commander,
The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
Our land shrunk under; him I found, and fought with,
Fought with, and slew. — Fellows in arms, speak you;
Is't true, or not?
Soldiers. True, true.
Ant. When he was fain,
The hearts of all our adversaries[2]
Began to quail, till young Fernando, son
To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,
And soon renew'd the field; by whose example
The bold Venetians, doubling strength and courage,
Had got the better of the day: our men,
Supposing that their adversaries grew
Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly;
I follow'd them; and what I said, they know:
The sum on't is; I call'd them back, new rank'd them;
Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end. —
Fellows in arms, is't true, or no?
Soldiers. True, true.
Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
The only great exploit, which was, to take
Fernando prisoner; and that hand to hand
In single fight I did, myself, without
The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.
Speak, soldiers, is it true, or no?
Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous!
Ant. Behold my prisoner, fathers.
Fer. This one man
Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.
Pos. We need not use long circumstance of words:
Antinous, thou art conqueror; the senate,
The soldiers, and thy valour have pronounc'd it.
All. Antinous, Antinous!
Por. Make thy demand.
Cas. Please ye, my lords, give leave
That I may part.
Pos. No, Cassilane, the court
Should therein be dishonour'd; do not imagine

[1] *the Worthies*] See note, p. 139.

[2] *adversaries*] Qy. "*adversaries* then"?

We prize your presence at so slight a rate. —
Demand, Antinous.
Ant. Thus, my lords; to witness
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, though more favourèd,
Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
That, for a lasting memory of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,
You set up in your Capitol in brass
My father's statue, there to stand for ever,
A monument and trophy of his victories,
With this inscription, to succeeding ages,
Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,
Perpetual triumpher.
Por. Pos. It is granted.
What more?
Ant. No more.
Cas. How, boy!
Gon. Thou art immortal,
Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd mind.
Ant. My prisoner, lords,
To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender:
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give
For largess to the soldiers, the other half
To the erection of this monument.
Cas. Ambitious villain!
Gon. Thou art all unimitable. —
My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy
With Venice, use Fernando like a prince;
His ransom I'll disburse, whate'er it be:
Yet you may stay him with you, till conditions
Of amity shall be concluded on.
Are ye content?
Por. We are, and ever rest
Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.
Gon. Soldiers, attend me in the market-place;
I'll thither send your largess.
Soldiers. Antinous, Antinous! [*Exeunt.*
Cas. I have a suit too, lords.
Por. Pos. Propose it; 'tis yours,
If fit and just.
Cas. Let not my services,
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse,
To you and to the state, be branded now
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten:
Rear me no monument, unless you mean
To have me fam'd a coward, and be stamp'd so.
Pos. We understand you not.
Cas. Proud boy, thou dost,
And tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.
Ant. Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,
What I did was but only to enforce
The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.
Cas. Observe it, fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour and his triumphs
Engrav'd in brass: hence, hence proceeds the falsehood
Of his insinuating piety. —
Thou art no child of mine: thee and thy blood,
Here in the Capitol, before the senate,
I utterly renounce; so thrift and fate
Confirm me! henceforth never see my face;
Be, as thou art, a villain to thy father! —
Lords, I must crave your leaves. — Come, come, Arcanes. [*Exeunt* CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.
Gon. Here's a strange high-born spirit.
Pos. 'Tis but heat
Of sudden present rage: I dare assure
Antinous of his favour.
Ant. I not doubt it;
He is both a good man and a good father.
I shall attend your lordships.
Pos. Do, Antinous.
Gon. Yes; feast thy triumphs with applause and pleasures.
Por. Pos. Lead on.
[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all except* ANTINOUS *and* DECIUS.
Ant. "I utterly renounce" —— 'twas so;
Was't not, my Decius?
Dec. Pish! you know, my lord,
Old men are choleric.
Ant. And lastly parted
With "Never henceforth see my face:" oh me,
How have I lost a father! such a father!
Such a one, Decius! I am miserable
Beyond expression.
Dec. Fie, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame!
Ant. Oh, mischief!
I must no more come near him; that I know,
And am assur'd on't.
Dec. Say you do not?
Ant. True;
Put case I do not: what is Candy, then,
To lost Antinous? Malta, I resolve
To end my days in thee.
Dec. How's that?
Ant. I'll try
All humble means of being reconcil'd;
Which if denied, then I may justly say,
This day has prov'd my worst, Decius, my worst! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace of* EROTA.

Enter GONZALO *and* GASPERO.

Gas. Now to what you have heard; as no man can
Better than I give you her character;
For I have been both nurs'd and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them;
Her brother, my late master, did no less.
Strong apprehensions of her beauty have[1]
Made her believe that she is more than woman:
And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
And did persuade him, that he was a god;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buzz into her ears, she is an angel,
And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.
Gon. She should not touch it, then, 'tis poets' fare.
Gas. I may take leave to say, she may as well

[1] *have*] Both the folios "hath."

Determine of herself to be a goddess,
With lesser flattery, than he a god;
For she does conquer more, although not farther:
Every one looks on her dies in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so:
Here beauty is superlative; she knows it,
And, knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
But ought to perish and to die for her:
Many great princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so; and now there is
A prince so madden'd [1] in his own passions,
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.

Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,
And make me of the number.

Gas. Sir, mistake me not; the service that I owe you
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is,
What she expects, and what she will effect,
Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come with [2] a purpose to behold,
And go away yourself.[3]

Gon. I thank you; I will do it: but, pray, resolve [4] me,
How is she stored with wit?

Gas. As with beauty,
Infinite, and more to be admir'd at
Than meddled with.

Gon. And walks her tongue the same gait with her wit? [5]

Gas. Much beyond: whate'er her heart thinks, she utters;
And so bold,[6] so readily, as you would judge
It penn'd and studied.

Gon. She comes.

Gas. I must leave you, then;
But my best wishes shall remain with you.

Gon. Still I must thank you. [*Exit* GASPERO.

Enter EROTA, PHILANDER, ANNOPHIL, HYPARCHA, MOCHINGO, *and* Attendants.

This is the most passionate,[7] most pitiful prince,
Who in the caldron of affections
Looks as he had been parboil'd. [*Aside.*

Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.

Ero. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first:
I will live free and single, till I find
Something above a man to equal me:
Put all your brave heröes [8] into one,
Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him;
Must and will scorn him.
The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets,
That made him first a god, have lost their fire,
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny,
Nay, not believe it.

Moch. He is mad that does not.

Ero. Have not all the nations of the earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and, seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises, teaching their chroniclers
To make their stories perfect? for where the name,
Merely the word, of fair Erota stands,
It is a lasting history to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own sex envy; which glory's lost,
When I shall stick my beauty in a cloud,
And dimly [9] shine through it.

Gon. This woman's in the altitudes,
And he must be a good astrologer,
Shall know her zodiac. [*Aside.*

Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you,[10]

* * * * *

But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty; otherwise, I vow
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield myself up love's or your own martyr.

Ero. So you shall please us.

Phil. Oh, you cannot be
So heavenly and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny!

Ero. I can, I do, I will.

Gon. She is in her
Moods and her tenses: I will grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline [11] you. — [*Aside.*
By your leave, great lady.

Ero. Who are you?

Gon. A man,

[1] *madden'd*] The first folio has, "manded." — The second folio reads "madded;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

[2] *with*] Qy. "but *with*"? In this speech, and the next four speeches, the modern editors deviate from the metrical arrangement of the folios, but without improving the versification.

[3] *yourself*] "i. e. in your senses, in the same state you were before." MASON.

[4] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

[5] *wit*] Both the folios have "feet;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778. — I adopt (with Weber) the correction of Mason, who observes, "Gaspero had not talked of her *feet*, but of her *wit*, which he says is infinite," &c.

[6] *bold*] So the first folio. — The second folio "boldly;" and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

[7] *passionate*] See note, p. 861.

[8] *brave heröes*] Seward printed "bravest *heroes*," and so his successors, — not knowing that our early poets sometimes used "*heröe*" as a trisyllable:

"Isis, the glory of the westerne world,
When our *heroe*, honour'd Essex, dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurld,
And fill'd her banckes with an vnwoonted tyde."

Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, B. i. S. 5. p. 130, ed. 1625.

[9] *dimly*] Both the folios have "clearly;" and so Seward (who, however, saw that it was a corruption). The Editors of 1778 printed "scarcely." Weber gave "merely." — The letters *cl* are a frequent misprint for *d*.

[10] *For any man to think*
Himself an able purchaser of you] "Some words appear to have been lost here; the chasm Mr. Seward would supply by reading
'Twere arrogance *for any man to think*,' &c." *Ed.* 1778.
"I would rather suppose that one or more lines have been lost after the second of those quoted in this note" WARER.

[11] *decline*] A quibble, — lower, bring down

A good man, that's a wealthy, a proper man,
And a proud man too; one that understands
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,
No woman on[1] the universe deserves him:
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint
With better judgment next day than on this;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull fucus.[2]

Ero. Knows any one here what this fellow is?

First Atten. He is of Venice, madam; a great magnifico,
And gracious with the senate.

Ero. Let him keep, then, among them; what makes he here?
Here's state enough where I am: here's ado! —
You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in petition.

Moch. Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me tell you,
If you have aught with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in petition.

Gon. Here is for thee, a ducat.

Moch. You say well, sir; take your own course.

Gon. I will not grace you,
Lady, so much as take you by the hand;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,
It shall be through your court a holiday
Proclaim'd for so high favour.

Ero. This is some
Great man's jester. — Sirrah, begone! here is
No place to fool in.

Gon. Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.

Ero. No question of it;
For in yourself you do maintain an hundred.

Gon. And, besides them, I keep a noble train,
Statists[3] and men of action; my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry:
Fortune did vie with nature, to bestow,
When I was born, her bounty equally.
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;
For, should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like Semele by Jove:[4]
In Venice, at this instant, there do lie
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.

Moch. You lie more than they; yet it becomes him bravely:
Would I could walk and talk so! I'll endeavour it. [*Aside.*

Ero. Sir, do you know me?

Gon. Yes; you were sister to the late prince of Candy,
Aunt to this young one: and in Venice I[5]
Am born a lord; equal to you in fortunes;
In shape — I'll say no more, but view!

Moch. There needs no more be said; were I a woman ——
Oh, he does rarely! "In shape — I'll say no more,
But view!" Who could say more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him!
How poor another lady unto her!
Carriage and state makes us seem demi-gods;
Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth. [*Aside.*

Enter ANTINOUS *and* DECIUS.

Ant. Royal lady, I kiss your hand.

Ero. Sir, I know you not.

Anno. Oh, my noble brother, welcome from the wars!

Ant. Dear sister!

Anno. Where is my father, that you come without him?
We have news of your success: he has his health, I hope?

Ant. Yes, sister, he has his health, but is not well.

Anno. How! not well! what riddles do you utter?

Ant. I'll tell you more in private.

Gon. Noble sir,
I cannot be unmindful of your merit,
Since I last heard it: you are a hopeful youth,
And, indeed, the soul of Candy. I must speak
My thoughts.

Anno. The prince of Cyprus, brother. — Good Decius!

Ant. I am his servant.

Phi. You are the patron of your country, sir;
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you;
It is no language of my own, but all men's.

Gon. Your enemies must needs acknowledge it;
Then do not think it flattery in your friends,
For, if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.

Ero. Is this your brother, Annophil?

Anno. Yes, madam.

Ero. Your name's Antinous?

Ant. I am, lady, that most unfortunate man.

Ero. How! unfortunate! are you not the soldier,
The captain of those captains, that did bring
Conquest and victory home along with you?

Ant. I had some share in it; but was the least
Of the least worthy.

Gon. Oh, sir, in your modesty you'd make
A double conquest! I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
And had the soldier's voice to help him out:
But that the law compell'd him, for his honour,
To enforce him make a claim for his reward,[6]
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.

Ero. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,

[1] *on*] Altered by the modern editors to "in."

[2] *fucus*] See note, p. 110.

[3] *Statists*] i. e. statesmen, — politicians.

[4] *Jove*] So the second folio. — The first folio "Iolas."

[5] *and in Venice I*, &c.] The first folio has "*and* I *in Venice*, *I am*," &c.
The second folio omits the second "*I*."

[6] *the law compell'd him, for his honour,*
To enforce him make a claim for his reward] "i. e. the law compelled him, for the sake of his honour, to enforce the claim he had to make for his reward." WEBER. No "*To enforce him*" means — to enforce himself, to *exert* himself; a sense in which *enforce* was frequently used by writers long anterior to Beaumont and Fletcher. "But with all our hertes *enforce* we our selfe for to resist against that vyle and abhomynable sinne of lechery," &c. Skelton's *Boke of Three Fooles*, — *Works*, i. 205. ed. Dyce. — Here Seward made violent alterations, which were adopted by the Editors of 1778.

And find more in you than he can relate:
You shall attend on me.
Ant. Madam, your pardon.
Ero. Deny[1] it not, sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i' the field; for, know, you shall,
Upon Erota's asking, serve Erota.
Ant. I may want answers, lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my sister, to take leave,
Having enjoin'd myself to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.
Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us. —
Dear madam, for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe, to you, his friends, and country.
Ero. Upon your loyalty to the state and me,
I do command you, sir, not depart Candy:
Am I not your princess?
Ant. You are, great lady.[2]
Ero. Then shew yourself a servant and a subject.
Ant. I am your vassal.
Moch. You are a coward. I, that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe:
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll increase,
When they are gone, with practice on my vassals. *Aside.*

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The noble Cassilane is come to see you, madam.
Dec. There's comfort in those words, Antinous;
For here's the place and persons that have power
To reconcile you to his love again.
Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cas. Greatness still wait you, lady!
Ero. Good Cassilane,
We do maintain our greatness through your valour.
Cas. My prayers pull daily blessings on thy head,
My unoffending child, my Annophil! —
Good prince, — worthy Gonzalo! — Ha! art thou here
Before me? in every action art thou ambitious? —
My duty, lady, first offer'd[3] here,
And love to thee, my child, though he out-strip me:
Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less;
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Cursèd begetting, whom I shame to father. —
Oh, that the heat thou robb'dst me of had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness! for thou art a disease
Sharper than any physic gives a name to.
Anno. Why do you say so?
Cas. Oh, Annophil, there is good cause, my girl!
He has play'd the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richest jewel of my life, my honour,
Wearing it publicly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.
Ant. Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, cover'd with your blessings, rather
Than, grown up to a man, to meet your curses!
Cas. Oh, that thou hadst!
Then I had[4] been the father of a child,
Dearer than thou wert even[5] unto me
When hope persuaded me I had begot
Another self in thee. Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee!
Ero. How has he deserv'd[6] this untam'd anger,
That, when he might have ask'd for his reward
Some honour for himself or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your statue in the Capitol, with titles
Engrav'd upon't, *The patron of his country?*
Cas. That, that's the poison in the gilded cup,
The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame! — Gods, do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
Seeing believe, the subtle practices
Written within his heart! — But I am heated,
And do forget this presence and myself:
Your pardon, lady.
Ero. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.
For my sake, Cassilane, cast out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That, questionless, has ignorantly offended,
Declar'd in his penitence.
Cas. Bid me die, lady, for your sake I'll do it;
But that, you'll say, is nothing for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour: but command me
In any thing save that, and Cassilane
Shall ever be your servant. — Come, Annophil,
My joy in this world; thou shalt live with me,
Retirèd in some solitary nook,
The comfort of my age: my days are short,
And ought to be well spent; and I desire
No other witness of them but thyself
And good Arcanes.
Anno. I shall obey you, sir.
Gon. Noble sir,
If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you: know me your friend,
That hath and can supply you.
Cas. Sir, I am too much bound to you already;
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.
Gon. You may imagine I do speak to that end;
But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.
Cas. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you;
Mean time, my service.

[1] *Deny*] i. e. Refuse.
[2] *You are, great lady*] Seward's correction (approved by Mason). Both the folios have "*You are a great lady;*" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[3] *lady, first offer'd*] Qy. "*lady*, would *first* be *offer'd*"? Seward gave, "*lady, I first offer'd.*" — In the next line Weber printed "*out*-stript."
[4] *I had*] Weber chose to print "*had I.*"
[5] *even*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "*ever.*" — "[By the 'child' here spoken of] Cassilane means — unrivalled honour, which he had lost by his son's life." MASON.
[6] *he deserv'd*] Seward printed "*he*, sir, *deserv'd.*"

Anno. Brother,
Be comforted: so long as I continue
Within my father's love, you cannot long
Stand out an exile. I must go live with him;
And I will prove so good an orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.
Ant. Better I were neglected; for he is hasty,
And through the choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his judgment,
He may cast you off, and with you his life;
For grief will straight surprise him, and that way
Must be his death: the sword has tried too often,
And all the deadly instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could touch it;
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.
Cas. Madam, my duty.
Ero. Will you be gone?
Cas. I must, lady; but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your service. —
Excellent prince! [*To* PHILANDER.] — To all my hearty love,
And a good farewell.
Moch. Thanks, honest Cassilane.
Cas. Come, Annophil.
Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, sir?
Cas. From hence
You shall not stir a foot: loving Gonzalo,
It must be all my study to requite you.
Gon. If[1] I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.
Cas. You are so, and you have made yourself so.
Gon. I will, then, preserve it.
[*Exeunt* CASSILANE, ANNOPHIL, *and* ARCANES.
Ero. Antinous, you are my servant, are you not?
Ant. It hath pleas'd you so to grace me.
Ero. Why are you, then, dejected? You will say,
You have lost a father; but you have found a mistress
Doubles that loss: be master of your spirit;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.
Gon. And mine.
Ero. Will no man ease me of this fool?
Gon. Your fellow.
Ero. Antinous, wait upon us.
Ant. I shall, madam.
Gon. Nay, but, lady, lady, ——
Ero. Sir, you are rude:
And, if you be the master of such means
As you do talk of, you should learn good manners.
Gon. Oh, lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourself! You must, shall hear me:
I love you for your pride; 'tis the best virtue
In you.
Ero. I could hang this fellow now. [*Aside.*] — By whom
Are you supported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here[2] in a prince,
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beauty?
Back to your country, and your courtezans,
Where you may be admired for your wealth;
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you
The opinion of some wit. Here's nothing to be got
But scorn and loss of time.
Gon. Which are things I delight in.
Ero. Antinous, follow me.
[*Exeunt all except* GONZALO *and* MOCHINGO.
Gon. She is vex'd to the soul.
Moch. Let her be vex'd; 'tis fit she should be so.
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo; thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percuss over the earth,[3] and bound
With an erected countenance to the clouds.
Gon. 'Sfoot, what thing is this?
Moch. I do love fire-works, because they mount;
An exhalation I profess to adore
Beyond a fixed star; 'tis more illustrious,
As every thing rais'd out of smoke is so;
Their virtue is in action. What do you think of me?
Gon. Troth, sir,
You are beyond my guess; I know you not.
Moch. Do you know yourself?
Gon. Yes, sir.
Moch. Why, you and I
Are one: I am proud, and very proud too,
That I must tell you; I saw it did become you.
Cousin Gonzalo, prithee, let it be so.
Gon. Let it be so, good cousin.
Moch. I am no great one's fool.
Gon. I hope so, for alliance-sake.
Moch. Yet I do serve
The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous,
Invincible Erota.
Gon. Oh, good cousin,
Now I have you: I'll meet you in your coat.
Moch. Coat! I have my horseman's coat, I must confess,
Lin'd through with velvet, and a scarlet outside:
If you will meet me in't, I'll send for it;
And, cousin, you shall see me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one and a right one;
It did not come collateral.
Gon. Adieu,
Good cousin; at this present I have some business.
Moch. Farewell, excellent cousin.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The Lodging of* GONZALO.

Enter GONZALO *and* FERNANDO.

Gon. Candy, I say, is lost already.

[1] *If*] Added in the second folio.

[2] *example here*] Seward printed "*here example.*"

[3] *percuss over the earth*] This is all I can make of the corruption of the first folio, — "percussecre *the earth.*" — The second folio has "*percusse the earth;*" and so the modern editors.

Fer. Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be lost.
Gon. You have it; one day's conquest hath undone them,
And sold them to their vassalage: for what
Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied
My moneys, but to make them slaves to Venice,
That so, in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen hers?
Fer. Gonzalo, how?
Gon. Fernando, thus. You see how, through this land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd:
I only gave the state of Venice notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment; I was he
Encourag'd young Antinous to affront
The devil his father; for the devil, I think,
Dares not do more in battle.
Fer. But why did you?
I find no such great policy in that.
Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, not plot:
Had they continued one, they two alone
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an army.
Fer. Now, by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire than envy virtue.
Gon. Why, then, by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to be wise:
You statesman! Well, sir, I did more than this;
When Cassilane crav'd from the common treasure
Pay for his soldiers, I struck home, and lent him
An hundred thousand ducats.
Fer. Marry, sir,
The policy was little, the love less,
And honesty least of all.
Gon. How say you by that?
Go fight, I say, go fight! I'll talk no more with you;
You are insensible.
Fer. Well, I shall observe you.
Gon. Why, look you, sir; by this means have I got
The greatest part of Cassilane's estate
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem,
But must of force sink. Do you conceive me now?
Fer. So:
But why have you importuned the senate,
For me to sojourn with him?[1]
Gon. There's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit;
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.
Fer. Here's a perfect-plotted stratagem.
Gon. Why, could you
Imagine that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies? yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that shall undo them.
Fer. You are in a ready way.
Gon. I was never out on't.
Peace; here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward.

Enter GASPERO.

Now, worthy Gaspero; what!
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Cassilane?
Gas. To wait upon him.
Gon. And my lords the senators sent you?
Gas. My noble lord, they did.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
This gentleman, as humble as you see him,
Is even this kingdom's treasure: in a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.
Gas. My lord —
Gon. You may be bold
To trust him with your bosom; he'll not deceive,
If you rely upon him once.
Fer. Your name is Gaspero?
Gas. Your servant.
Gon. Go, commend me,
Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily
To noble Cassilane; tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.
Gas. I shall.
Gon. I know you will. —
My lord, I cannot long be absent from you.
Fer. Sir, you are now my guide.
[*Exit with* GASPERO.
Gon. Thus my designs
Run uncontroll'd. Yet, Venice, though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain
Are other large projects; for, if proud Erota
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's king,
And duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice too!
Oh, 'twas prettily shov'd in! why not? Erota
May in her love seal all sure: if she swallow
The bait, I am lord of both; if not, yet Candy,
Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Neighbourhood of the City. A room in a mean dwelling.*

Enter CASSILANE, ARCANES, *and* ANNOPHIL.

Cas. Urge me no farther. — Annophil.
Anno. My lord?
Cas. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy;
For though 'tis true this solitary life
Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
Chaste names from court-aspersions! there a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That dotes upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is shipwreck'd on the shore; for 'tis much safer
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.
Anno. My wishes, sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.
Cas. 'Tis well said. —
Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?

[1] *him*] Both the folios "them."

Arc. Why, sir?
Cas. To look upon my beggary, to look
Upon my patience in my beggary.
Tell me, does it shew handsome? bravely handsome?
Thou wilt flatter me, and swear that I am miserable.[1]
Arc. Nothing
More glorifies the noble and the valiant
Than to despise contempt: if you continue
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself
Enjoy all store besides.
Cas. An excellent change!
I, that some seven apprenticeships commanded
A hundred ministers that waited on
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand soldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.
Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.
Cas. The Róman captains,
I mean the best,[2] such as with their bloods
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's glory,
Were glad at last to get them to some farms,
Off from the clamours of the ingrateful great ones
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now; and 'twas their blessing too;
Let it be ours, Arcanes.
Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.
Cas. Of injuries!
Arcanes, Annophil, lend both your hands.
So; what say ye now?
Arc. Why, now, my lord ——[3]
Cas. I swear
By all my past prosperities, thus standing
Between you two, I think myself as great,
As mighty, as if in the Capitol
I stood amidst the senators, with all
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.
Anno. Sir, you are here more safe.
Cas. And more belov'd.
Why, look ye, sirs, I can forget the weakness
Of the traducèd[4] soldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety
Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,
The world miscalls my son. But, by the ——
Arc. Sir,
Remember that you promis'd no occasion
Should move your patience.

[1] *and swear that I am miserable*] "Mr. Sympson would read '*and swear that I'm* not *miserable*.' But this does not satisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading with the following interpretation — 'You, Arcanes, will flatter me by talking of my former greatness and glory, and swear that this retirement is misery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies.'" SEWARD. The Editors of 1778 adopted Sympson's emendation. Weber says, "that Seward's explanation of the old text is certainly the true one." — That the present speech is mutilated, we may suspect from the way in which both the folios exhibit it;

"Cas. *To look upon my beggerie, to look upon*
My patience in my beggerie: Tell me
Does it shew handsome? bravely?
Handsome? thou wilt flatter me,
And sweare that I am miserable."

[2] *best*] Seward silently printed "bravest"!

[3] *Why, now, my lord* ——] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*Why now, my lord?*" and so Weber!

[4] *traducèd*] i. e. brought, or won, over to the opposite party. — Mason would read "seduced."

Cas. Thou dost chide me friendly:
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongst us.

Enter a Servant.

Now! the news?
Serv. The secretary,
With the Venetian prisoner, desire
Admittance to your lordship.
Cas. How! to me!
What mystery is this? Arcanes, can they,
Think'st thou, mean any good?
Arc. My lord, they dare not
Intend aught else but good.
Cas. 'Tis true, they dare not:
Arcanes, welcome them.
[*Exeunt* ARCANES *and* Servant.
Come hither, Annophil;
Stand close to me: we'll change our affability
Into a form of state; and they shall know,
Our heart is still our own.

Re-enter ARCANES, *with* FERNANDO *and* GASPERO.

Arc. My lord ——
Cas. Arcanes,
I know them both. — Fernando, as you are
A man of greatness, I should undervalue
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning compliments; but as you are
A captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You are welcome.
Fer. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.
Gas. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordship's guard.
Cas. For what?
Gas. During the time of his abode in Candy,
To be your household guest.
Fer. Wherein, my lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.
Cas. Are you in earnest, sir?
Fer. My suit to the senate
Shall best resolve[5] you that.
Cas. Come hither, secretary:
Look that this be no trick now put upon me;
For, if it be — sirrah —
Gas. As I have troth,
My lord, it only is a favour granted
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself:
Your lordship must conceive, I'd not partake
Aught, but what should concern your honour: who
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and safety,
But the renownèd Cassilane?
Cas. Applause
Is, Gaspero — puff! — nothing. — Why, young lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me,
A man forsaken? All my hospitality
Is now contracted to a few; these two,

[5] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, convince.

This tempest-wearied soldier and this virgin:
We cannot feast your eyes with masks and revels,
Or courtly antics; the sad sports we riot in
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,
And things done long ago, when men of courage
Were held the best, not those well-spoken youths
Who only carry conquest in their tongues:
Now, stories of this nature are unseasonable
To entertain a great duke's son with.
Fer. Herein
Shall my captivity be made my happiness,
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,
With interest, by conversing with a soldier,
So matchless for experience as great Cassilane:
Pray, sir, admit me.
Cas. If you come to mock me,
I shall be angry.
Fer. By the love I bear
To goodness, my intents are honourable!
Cas. Then, in a word, my lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect: but I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host:
Come when you please, you are welcome.
Fer. Sir, I thank you.
Anno. Good sir, be not too urgent; for my father
Will soon be mov'd: yet in a noble way
Of courtesy he is as easily conquer'd.
Fer. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
I shall not strive more how to do him service,
Than how to be your servant.
Cas. She is my daughter,
And does command this house.
Fer. I so conceive her.
Cas. Do you hear?
Gas. My honour'd lord.
Cas. Commend me to them:
Tell 'em, I thank them.
Gas. Whom, my lord?
Cas. The senate:
Why, how come you so dull? oh, they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful! Thou art eloquent:
Speak modestly in mentioning my services;
And if aught fall out in the by, that must
Of mere necessity touch any act
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't:
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.
Gas. Why, my lord ——[1]
Cas. Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good, observe me.
I do not rail against the hopeful springal,[2]
That builds up monuments in brass, rears trophies
With mottoes and inscriptions, quaint devices
Of poetry and fiction: let's be quiet.
Arc. You must not cross him.
Gas. Not for Candy's wealth.
Fer. You shall for ever make me yours.
Anno. 'Twere pity
To double your captivity.

[1] *Why, my lord* ——] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "*Why, my lord?*" and so Weber!
[2] *springal*] "i. e. youth." REED.

Enter DECIUS.

Arc. Who's here?
Decius!
Cas. Ha! Decius! who nam'd Decius?
Dec. My duty to your lordship: I am bold,
Presuming on your noble and known goodness,
To ——
Cas. What?
Dec. Present you with this ——
Cas. Letter?
Dec. Yes, my honour'd lord.
Cas. From whom?
Dec. Please you peruse
The inside; you shall find a name subscrib'd,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you yourself will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.
Cas. Hey-day!
Good words, my masters! This is court-infection,
And none but cowards ply them. Tell me, Decius,
Without more circumstance, who is the sender?
Dec. Your much-griev'd son, Antinous.
Cas. On my life,
A challenge! speak, as thou art worthy, speak:
I'll answer't.
Dec. Honour'd sir —
Cas. No honour'd sirs!
Fool your young idol with such pompous attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it?
Dec. 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.
Cas. Rash young man,
But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the laws
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life.
Decius, not for thy life.
Arc. Nay, then, my lord,
I can withhold no longer. You are too rough,
And wrestle against nature with a violence
More than becomes a father: wherein would you
Come nearer to the likeness of [a] god,
Than in your being entreated? let not thirst
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's comforts,
A father.[3]
Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother; if the purity
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my uncomforted brother.
Fer. I am a stranger, but so much I tender
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,

[3] *and what makes perfect manhood's comforts,*
A father] Stands thus in both the folios;
"*and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts*
A father."
Seward restored the proper punctuation, and rightly explained the passage, "Don't forget you are a man, and what is the greatest blessing in the state of manhood, a father."

At all our instances, to new-receive him
Into your wonted favor.
Gas. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.
Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then, by the name
Of father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now-remaining branch,
With me, of that most ancient root, whose body
You are, dear sir.
Cas. 'Tis well: an host of Furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more most[1] unnaturally.
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him!
For this time, go thou hence; and know from me
Thou art beholding[2] to me that I have not
Kill'd thee already: look to't next, look to't. —
Arcanes, fie! — fie, Annophil! [*Exit.*
Arc. He's gone,
Chaf'd beyond sufferance: we must follow him.
Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.
Anno. Come with me,
For we must speak in private. — Please you, sir,
To see what entertainment our sad house
Can yield?
Fer. I shall attend you, lady.
[*Exeunt* ANNOPHIL, ARCANES, *and* DECIUS.
Gas. How do you like
To sojourn here, my lord?
Fer. More than to feast
With all the princes of the earth besides.
Gonzalo told me that thou wert honest.
Gas. Yes, sir,
And you shall find it.
Fer. Shall I?
Gas. All my follies
Be else recorded to my shame!
Fer. Enough.
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.
Gas. The lady ——
Fer. The place admits no time to utter all;
But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'll say thou art ——
Gas. Your servant: I conceive you.
We'll choose some fitter leisure.
Fer. Never man
Was, in a moment, or more bless'd or wretched.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in the Palace of* EROTA.

Enter HYPARCHA, *who places two chairs; then* ANTINOUS *and* EROTA.

Ero. Leave us.
Hyp. I shall. [*Exit.*
Ero. Antinous, sit down.
Ant. Madam —
Ero. I say, sit down; I do command you sit;
For look, what honour thou dost[3] gain by me,
I cannot lose by it. Happy Antinous!
The Graces and the higher deities
Smil'd at thy birth, and still continue it:
Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,
Must do the like: such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou cam'st home, greater[4] than that last
Which dignified thy fame, greater than if
Thou shouldst go out again, and conquer farther;
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
Myself subdu'd by thee.
Ant. Great lady ——
Ero. Sit still; I will not hear thee else. Now speak,
And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to battle.
Ant. I must, I see, be silent.
Ero. So thou mayst;
There's greater action in it than in clamour:
A look, if it be gracious, will begin
The war, a word conclude it; then prove no coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.
Ant. You do amaze me, madam:
I have no skill, no practice in this war,
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess; but, be it as it will,
It is alike unhappiness to me:
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs,
However truly promising a good,
Can make me relish aught, but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary exile.
Ero. Why an exile?
What comfort can there be in those companions
Which sad thoughts bring along with [them? —
Hyparcha!][5] [*Music within.*

Re-enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. Madam?
Ero. Whence comes this well-tun'd sound?
Hyp. I know not, madam.
Ero. Listen, wench.
Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,
Let 'em play on; they are masters of their faculty. — [*A song within.*
Doth it please you, sir?
Ant. According to the time.
Ero. Go to 'em, wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they have kept
As good time to our disposition as to their instruments. [*Exit* HYP.
Unless Antinous shall say he loves,

Enter PHILANDER.

There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.
Phil. Let, then, the heart that did employ those hands

[1] *most*] "Silently omitted in the last edition [1778]." WEBER.
[2] *beholding*] i. e. beholden, — as frequently before. Altered by the modern editors to "beholden."
[3] *dost*] So the second folio. — The first has "didst."
[4] *greater*] Seward silently printed "far *greater*."
[5] *Which sad thoughts bring along with [them? — Hyparcha!]*
Seward and the Editors of 1778 printed,
"*Which sad thoughts bring along? Hyparcha!*"
Weber gave,
"*Which sad thoughts bring along with? [Hyparcha!]*"

Receive some small share of your thanks with them.
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it;
A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes.
Ero. Good prince, I thank you for it.
Phil. Oh, madam, pour not too fast joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em!
It is enough at first, you have laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike
All your beholders in an ecstasy.
Ero. Philander, you have long profess'd to love me.
Phil. Have I but profess'd it, madam?
Ero. Nay, but hear me ——
Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.
Ero. And I will speak more truly, if more can be;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles,
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,
Whose grief has made him so uncapable
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I, that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,
And other princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man (that I must say),
To look upon this beauty; yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way.
Philander, you look pale; I'll talk no more.
Phil. Pray, go forward; I would be your martyr;
To die thus, were immortally to live.
Ero. Will you go to him, then, and speak for me?
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer;
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An orator, even for yourself; then how will you for me,
Whom you profess to love above yourself?
Phil. The curses of dissemblers follow me
Unto my grave, an if I do not so!
Ero. You may, as all men do, speak boldlier,
Better, in their friends' cause still, than in your own:
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;
I will stand by, and blush to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
The happiness of this life, food and rest,
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with;
Tell him how he has humbled[1] the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota;
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these;
Tell him —— Philander, prince! I talk in vain
To you; you do not mark me.
Phil. Indeed, I do.
Ero. But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.
Phil. Not, if I can but live to tell it.

[1] *humbled*] To be pronounced as a trisyllable. — In this passage Seward transposed some lines most absurdly.

Ero. It may be, you have not the heart.
Phil. I have a will, I am sure, howe'er my hea
May play the coward: but, if you please, I'll tr
Ero. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give yo leave
To challenge it; nay, I will give it you.
[*Kisses him*
Phil. Oh, that a man should taste suc heavenly bliss,
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another!
Ero. Alas, it is a misery I grieve
To put you to! and I will suffer rather
In his tyranny,[2] than thou in mine.
Phil. Nay, madam, since I cannot have you love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue,
To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your most powerful beauty cannot work it
Ero. Do what thou wilt, Philander; the reques
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which, I think, is all th physic —
Phil. Oh, if he did but hear you, 'twer enough!
And I will wake him from his apoplexy. —
Antinous!
Ant. My lord?
Phil. Nay, pray,
No courtesy to me; you are my lord,
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know it;
For, look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately in tears:
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it. Prithee, look up,
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with, (if not her,)
Of which thou art the parent; and never yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony
But it would love whatever it begot.
Ant. He that begot me did beget these cares,
Which are good issues, though happily by him
Esteemèd monsters: nay, the ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them those characters.
Phil. What's this to love, and to the lady? He's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger;
Which are his faults, but let them not be thine:
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on;
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them.
Oh, either use thy own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart! then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
Unworthy such a fortune. Oh, Antinous,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this!

[2] *In his tyranny*] Silently altered by Seward to "*Under his tyranny.*" Weber altered (and much for the worse) the old metrical arrangement of this speech.

And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
"Philander, you must die, or this is nothing,"
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.
Ero. No more, Philander.
Phil. All I have done is little yet to purpose:
But, ere I leave him, I will perceive him blush,
And make him feel the passions that I do;
And[1] every true lover will assist me in't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this[2] bosom.
Ero. No more, no more, Philander! I can endure no more:
Pray, let him go. — Go, good Antinous; make peace
With your own mind; no matter though I perish. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The same.*

Enter HYPARCHA *and* MOCHINGO.

Hyp. I cannot help it.
Moch. Nor do I require it;
The malady needs no physician:
Help hospital-people.
Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are so valiant.
Moch. Valiant!
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Foolish[3] woman, what wouldst thou say? thou ——
I know not what to call thee.
Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy ——
Moch. You do do it, I thank you.
Hyp. That you'll lose a fortune,
Which a cobbler better deserves than thou dost.
Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity;
For when I am incens'd I am insensible.
Go tell thy lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong. [*Exit.*

Enter EROTA *and* ANTINOUS.

Ero. Do you not glory in your conquest more,
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill him?
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,
That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,
Which she hath lock'd from all men but thyself?
For shame, Antinous, throw this dulness off!
Art thou a man no where but in the field?
Hyp. He must hear drums and trumpets, or he sleeps;[4]
And at this instant dreams he's in his armour.
These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,
Till they be beaten to a woman's arms!
And then they love 'em better than their own;
No fort can hold them out. [*Aside, and then exit.*
Ant. What pity is it, madam, that yourself,
Who are all excellence, should become so wretched,
To think on such a wretch as grief hath made me!
Seldom despairing men look up to heaven,
Although it still speak to 'em in its glories;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from.
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
As I the happiness that I avoid,
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly
Unto some wilderness or to your grave,
And there find better comforts than in me;
For love and cares can never dwell together.
Ero. They should,
If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.
Ant. What wild beast in the desert but would be
Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,
Though all the beauties of the face were veil'd!
But I am savager than any beast,
And shall be so till Decius do arrive,
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that, if he do not bring
His benediction back, he must to me
Be much more crueller than I to you.[5]
Ero. Is't but your father's pardon you desire?
Ant. With his love; and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter DECIUS.

Ero. Decius is come.
Ant. Oh, welcome, friend! if I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.
Ero. There is, indeed: I prithee, Decius, speak it.
Dec. How! "prithee, Decius!" this woman's strangely alter'd. [*Aside.*
Ant. Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell me how
The reverent blessing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines? wept he for joy?
Dec. No; there's a letter will inform you more: [*Gives letter.*
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you;
The old man is in want, and angry still,
And poverty is the bellows to the coal,
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.
Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be: now, sure,
My griefs delude my senses.
Ero. In his looks
I read a world of changes. Decius, mark
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The news! canst thou guess what 'tis?
Dec. None good, I fear.
Ero. I fear so too; and then ——
Ant. It is her hand.
Ero. Are you not well?
Ant. Too well. If I were aught

[1] *And*] Silently omitted by Seward and the Editors of 1778.
[2] *this*] Seward chose to print "his."
[3] *Foolish*] Seward printed "You *foolish.*"
[4] *or he sleeps*] The correction of Seward (who cites from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, "He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, *or he sleeps*"). — Both the folios have "ere *he sleeps.*"
[5] *more crueller than I to you*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "*more* cruel *than I to you.*" — The Editors of 1778 printed "*more* cruel *than I* am *to you.*"

But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.
Peruse it, lady, and resolve[1] me then,
In what a case I stand.
Dec. Sir, the worst is
Your father's lowness and distaste.
Ant. No, Decius:
My sister writes, Fernando has made suit
For love to her; and, to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,
Discover'd plots of treachery, contriv'd
By false Gonzalo, not intending more
The utter ruin of our house, than generally
Candy's confusion.
Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young Fernando.
Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, Decius. —
You find the sum on't, madam?
Ero. Yes, I do.
Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppress'd
With such a throng of cares can entertain
An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one;
Calamity and it can ill agree.
Ero. Will't please you speak my doom?
Ant. Alas, great lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate man
That is quite cast away? Oh, had you not
Procur'd the senate's warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news!
What would you have me do?
Ero. Love me, or kill me;
One word shall sentence either; for, as truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thraldom.
Ant. Gentle lady —
Ero. Say, must I live, or die?
Dec. My lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? here's occasion
Of succouring your father in his wants
Securely proffer'd: pray, sir, entertain it.
Ero. What is my sentence?
Ant. What you please to have it.
Ero. As thou art gentle, speak those words again!
Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet, give me leave,
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secrecy.
Ero. Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.
Ant. Madam, thus, then.
My father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him:
If you receive[2] this mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,
I am what you would have me be.
Ero. You'll love me, then?
Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not
I am an agent for him.
Ero. If I fail
In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

[1] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
[2] *receive*] Qy. "retrieve"?

Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I seal my truth [*Kissing her.*
To-day;[3] and, Decius, witness how unchangingly
I shall still love Erota!
Ero. Thou hast quicken'd
A dying heart, Antinous.
Dec. This is well:
Much happiness to both!

Re-enter HYPARCHA.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
Attends you, madam.
Ero. Comes as we could wish.
Withdraw, Antinous; here's a closet, where
You may partake his errand. — Let him enter.
[*Exit* HYPARCHA.
Ant. Madam, you must be wary.
Ero. Fear it not:
I will be ready for him, to entertain him
With smiling welcome. [*Exit* ANTINOUS.

Enter GONZALO.

Noble sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepar'd state.
Gon. Do you mock me, madam?
Ero. Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to repute
My gratitude a fault: I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.
Gon. The wind's turn'd;
I thought 'twould come to this. [*Aside.*] — It pleas'd us, madam,
At our last interview, to mention love:
Have you consider'd on't?
Ero. With more than common
Content: but, sir, if what you spake you meant,
As I have cause to doubt, then ——
Gon. What, sweet lady?
Ero. Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness;
Love's courtship is familiar; and, for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me!
I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.
Gon. And I, and I; we meet in one self-centre of blest consent.
Ero. I hope my weakness, sir,
Shall not deserve neglect; but, if it prove so,
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one day.
Gon. Angel-like lady, let me be held a villain,
If I love not sincerely!
Ero. Would I knew it!
Gon. Make proof by any fit command.

[3] *thus I seal my truth To-day, &c.*] Rightly explained by Weber — "I seal my vows this day, and Decius shall witness my constancy from this day." &c. — Seward threw out "*To-day*," as being "unnecessary to the sense, and hurtful to the measure." The Editors of 1778, having put a full point after "*truth*," retained "*To-day*" — "the *day*," they observe, "is no uncommon adjuration, and in that sense we here understand it"! Mason supposed that "*To-day*" was a misprint for "*To thee*."

Ero. What, do you mean
To marry me?
Gon. How! mean! nay, more, I mean
To make you empress of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my desires; for, did you covet
To be a real queen, I could advance you.
Ero. Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me
More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.
Gon. But say your mind, and you shall be a queen.
Ero. On those conditions call me yours.
Gon. Enough.
But are we safe?
Ero. Assuredly.
Gon. In short—
Yet, lady, first be plain: would you not choose
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising
Than any's else, though ne'er so near entitled
By blood or right of birth?
Ero. It is a question
Needs not a resolution.[1]
Gon. Good: what if
I set the crown of Candy on your head?
Ero. I were a queen indeed, then.
Gon. Madam, know
There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Trans-shap'd into an angel.
Ero. Wise Gonzalo,
I cannot but admire thee!
Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on:
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.
Ero. Gonzalo, duke of Venice!
Gon. You are mine, you say?
Ero. Pish, you but dally with me, and would lull me
In a rich golden dream.
Gon. You are too much distrustful of my truth.
Ero. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means and manner how.
Gon. Why, thus ——
Ero. You shall not;
We may be over-heard; affairs and counsels
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,
Not to the air itself: you shall in writing
Draw out the full design; which if effected,
I am as I profess.
Gon. Oh, I applaud
Your ready care and secrecy!
Ero. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.
Gon. What is't?
Ero. Old Cassilane.
Gon. He![2] fear not him: I build upon his ruins
Already.
Ero. I would find a smoother course
To shift him off.
Gon. As how?
Ero. We'll talk in private;
I have a ready plot.
Gon. I shall adore you. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *resolution*] i. e. solution, answer.
[2] *He*] So the first folio. — The second folio "Ha;" and so the modern editors.

SCENE II. — *The Neighbourhood of the City. A room in a mean dwelling.*

Enter FERNANDO *and* ANNOPHIL.

Fer. Madam, although I hate unnoble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought for honour's safety;[3] yet, Annophil,
Thy love hath been the spur to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.
Anno. Sir, your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.
Fer. All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I miss
My comforts here: the brother and the sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou mayst triumph.
Anno. Good sir, I have a father.
Fer. Yes, a brave one:
Couldst thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happiness
Of being but his daughter, were a dower
Fit for a prince. What say you?
Anno. You have deserv'd
As much as I should grant.
Fer. By this fair hand
I take possession.
Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.
Fer. Thou art all virtue.

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cas. I'll tell thee how. Baldwin the emperor,
Pretending title, more through tyranny
Than right of conquest or descent, usurp'd
The style of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,
And, under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquess Mountferato
To be our governor: the Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From the emperor, receiv'd for general
This Mountferato; he, the wars appeas'd,
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy: they paid well; he steals
Away in secret; since which time, that right
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy is
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest;
And hence grows all our quarrel.
Arc. So an usurer,
Or Lombard Jew,[4] might with some bags of trash
Buy half the western world.
Cas. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth: it cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian Turk;
Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not?
Arc. Not captives Candy.
Cas. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a coward. —— Now, sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.
Fer. Sir, I find it.
Arc. And like it, do you not?
Fer. My repair speaks for me.

[3] *safety*] Altered by Seward to "sake;" and so the Editors of 1778.
[4] *Lombard Jew*] "Lombard-Street, in London, was formerly the place where most of the bankers and usurers dwelt," &c. WARBR. See Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

Cas. Fernando, we were speaking of —— how['s] this?

Enter GONZALO, *and* GASPERO *with a casket.*

Gon. Your friend and servant.
Cas. Creditors, my lord,
Are masters and no servants: as the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They have been beholding[1] to; in which respect
I should fear you, Gonzalo.
Gon. Me, my lord!
You owe me nothing.
Cas. What, nor love nor money?
Gon. Yes, love, I hope; not money.
Cas. All this bravery
Will scarcely make that good.
Gon. 'Tis done already:
See, sir, your mortgage; which I only took
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried: I yield it up again; 'tis yours.
Cas. Are you so conscionable?
Gon. 'Tis your own.
Cas. Pish, pish, I'll not receive what is not mine;
That were a dangerous business.
Gon. Sir, I am paid for't;
The sums you borrow'd are return'd, the bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally[2] seal'd:
Look here, sir; Gaspero is witness to it.
Gas. My honour'd lord, I am.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify
That I acquit lord Cassilane for ever
Of any debts to me.
Gas. 'Tis plain and ample.
Arc. Fortune will once again smile on us fairly.[3]
Cas. But, hark ye, hark ye: if you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty? or whose is't?
Gon. In short,
The great Erota, by this secretary,
Return'd me my full due.
Cas. Erota! why
Should she do this?
Gon. You must ask her the cause;
She knows it best.
Cas. So ho, Arcanes! none
But women pity us, soft-hearted women!
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not?
Arc. Why, sir, if the gracious princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankful than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude
To disesteem her favours.

[1] *beholding*] "This was the ancient manner of spelling this word, generally, but improperly, altered to '*beholden*' by modern editors." WEBER. I have retained this note as a curiosity: not only in an earlier passage of the present drama (p. 873), and in a speech towards its conclusion, but also in many other places of these plays, Weber has printed "beholden" where the old copies agree in having "*beholding*"!

[2] *formally*] Both the folios "formerly."

[3] *Fortune will once again smile on us fairly*] The prefix to this line is wanting in both the folios. Seward gave it and the preceding line to Cassilane. The Editors of 1778 assigned it to Annophil; and so Weber.

Anno. Sir, she ever
For your sake most respectively[4] lov'd me.
Cas. The senate and the body of this kingdom
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholding to her: I will thank her for it;
And, if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my patroness. Come, sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now.
Gon. Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.
Fer. You shall. — Now, Gaspero, all's well?
Gas. There's news[5]
You must be acquainted with. Come;
There is no master-piece in art like policy.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Senate-House.*

Enter FERNANDO *and* MICHAEL.

Fer. The senate is inform'd at full.
Mich. Gonzalo
Dreams not of my arrival yet?
Fer. Nor thinks
'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd:
He fats himself with hopes of crowns and kingdoms,
And laughs securely, to imagine how
He means to gull all but himself; when, truly,
None is so grossly gull'd as he.
Mich. There was never
A more arch-villain.
Fer. Peace; the senate comes.

Enter PORPHICIO, POSSENNE, *other* Senators, GASPERO, *and* Attendants.

Por. How closely treason cloaks itself in forms
Of civil honesty!
Pos. And yet how palpably
Does Heaven reveal it!
Fer. Gracious lords![6]
Gas. The ambassador,
Lord Paulo Michael, advocate
To the great duke of Venice.
Por. You are most welcome:
Your master is a just and noble prince.
Mich. My lords, he bade me say, that you may know
How much he scorns, and, as good princes ought,
Defies base, indirect, and godless treacheries,
To your more sacred wisdoms he refers
The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,
Or else to send him home to Venice.
Pos. Herein
The duke is royal. — Gaspero, the prince
Of Cyprus answer'd he would come?

[4] *respectively*] i. e. respectfully, regardfully: see note, p. 569.

[5] *There's news, &c.*] Seward chose to give this speech to Gonzalo; and so the Editors of 1778.

[6] Fer. *Gracious lords!*] "As there can be no reason why Fernando should address the senate, when he was not about to speak to them, I suppose that those words make part of Gaspero's speech." MASON. The words may be an exclamation drawn from Fernando in consequence of the two preceding speeches: but I have felt strongly inclined to give them to Gaspero.

Gas. My lords,
He will not long be absent.
Por. You, Fernando,
Have made the state your debtor.

Enter PHILANDER *and* MELITUS.

Worthy prince,
We shall be suitors to you for your presence,
In hearing and determining of matters
Greatly concerning Candy.
Phil. Fathers, I am
A stranger.
Pos. Why, the cause, my lord, concerns
A stranger: please you, seat yourself.
Phil. Howe'er
Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords,
You shall command me.
[*Seats himself among the* Senators.
Por. You, my lord Fernando,
With the ambassador, withdraw a while.
Fer. My lords, we shall. [*Exit with* MICHAEL.
Pos. Melitus, and the secretary,
Give notice to Gonzalo that the senate
Requires his presence. [*Exeunt* GAS. *and* MEL.
Phil. What concerns the business?
Por. Thus, noble prince ——

Enter CASSILANE *and* ARCANES.

Cas. Let me alone; thou troublest me;
I will be heard.
Arc. You know not what you do.
Pos. Forbear! [1]
Who's he that is so rude? what's he that dares
To interrupt our counsels?
Cas. One that has guarded
Those purple robes from cankers worse than moths;
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you: but, I see,
'Tis better now to be a dog, a spaniel,
In times of peace, than boast the bruisèd scars
Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars. —
My lords, I speak to you.
Por. Lord Cassilane,
We know not what you mean.
Cas. Yes, you are set
Upon a bench of justice; and a day
Will come — hear this, and quake, ye potent great ones! —
When you yourselves shall stand before a judge,
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: as then
You would be found full weight, I charge ye, fathers,
Let me have justice now!
Pos. Lord Cassilane,
What strange distemperature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality? Be sure
We'll flatter [2] no man's injuries.
Cas. 'Tis well.
You have a law, lords, that without remorse
Dooms such as are beleper'd with the curse
Of foul ingratitude unto death.

[1] *Forbear*] Was assigned to Arcanes by Seward, — an alteration, of which Mason approves.
[2] *flatter*] "i. e. shew an unjust partiality to." MASON. — Seward (with the concurrence of "several ingenious friends") printed "father;" and so the Editors of 1778.

Por. We have.
Cas. Then do me justice.

Enter ANTINOUS *with* DECIUS, *and* EROTA *with* HYPARCHA.

Dec. Madman, whither runn'st thou?
Ant. Peace, Decius; I am deaf.
Hyp. Will you forget
Your greatness and your modesty?
Ero. Hyparcha, leave;
I will not hear.
Ant. Lady! great, gentle lady!
Ero. Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt me;
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will speak.
Pos. More uproars yet! who are they that disturb us?
Cas. The viper's come; his fears have drawn him hither:
And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile monster,
This bastard of my blood!
Ero. 'Tis justice, fathers,
I sue for too; and though I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was,)
Yet I will humbly beg it. This old wretch
Has forfeited his life to me.
Cas. Tricks, tricks;
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords! but I
Am not a baby to be fear'd [3] with bug-bears
'Tis justice I require.
Ero. And I.
Ant. You speak
Too tenderly, and too much like yourself,
To mean a cruelty which would make monstrous
Your sex: yet, for the love's sake, which you once
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd father leave
To urge his own revenge: you have no cause
For yours; keep peace about you.
Cas. Will you hear me?
Phil. Here's some strange novelty.
Pos. Sure, we are mock'd. —
Speak one at once. Say, wherein hath your son
Transgress'd the law?
Cas. Oh, the gross mists of dulness!
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? First hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare
An enemy, to court both death and dangers;
Yet these were but additions to complete
A well-accomplish'd soldier: I did more yet;
I made him chief commander in the field,
Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a martialist:
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scornèd all
My services, then got the palm of glory
Unto himself: yet, not content with this,

[3] *fear'd*] "i. e. frightened." WEBER.

He, lastly, hath conspir'd my death, and sought
Means to engage me to this lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to. Now, honour'd fathers,
For this cause only, if your law be law,
And you the ministers of justice, then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.
Phil. Can this be so, Antinous?
Ant. 'Tis all true,
Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd[1] my faults
In colours half so black as in themselves
My guilt hath dy'd them: were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my executioner:
Lords, I am guilty.
Ero. Thou beliest, Antinous,
Thine innocence. — Alas, my lords, he's desperate,
And talks he knows not what! you must not credit
His lunacy: I can myself disprove
This accusation. — Cassilane, be yet
More merciful; I beg it.
Cas. Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: he shall die.
Ero. The senate's
Prayers, or weeping lovers', shall not alter
My resolution: thou shalt die.
Ant. Why, madam,
Are you all marble?
Pos. Leave your shifts, Antinous:
What plead you to your father's accusation?
Ant. Most fully guilty.
Pos. You have doom'd yourself;
We cannot quit[2] you now.
Cas. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman. Hadst thou dar'd
To have denied it, then this sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.
Ero. Thy sword! wretched old man, thou hast liv'd too long
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;
Thou art a man condemn'd. — My lords, this tyrant
Had perish'd but for me; I still supplied
His miserable wants; I sent his daughter
Money to buy him food; the bread he eat
Was from my purse: when he, vain-gloriously
To dive into the people's hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
And, for requital, only made my suit,
That he would please to new-receive his son
Into his favour, for whose love I told him
I had been still so friendly: but then he,
As void of gratitude as all good nature,
Distracted like a madman, posted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself and us;
For why,[3] my lords, since by the law all mean[4]
Is blotted out of your commission,
As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd
Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,
So I accuse this father, and crave judgment.
Cas. All this is but deceit, mere trifles forg'd
By combination, to defeat the process
Of justice. I will have Antinous' life.
Arc. Sir, what do you mean?
Ero. I will have Cassilane's.
Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way? have you not
Conquest enough by treading on my grave,
Unless you send me thither in a shroud
Steep'd in my father's blood? As you are woman,
As the protests of love you vow'd were honest,
Be gentler to my father!
Ero. Cassilane,
Thou hast a heart of flint: let my entreaties,
My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd,
Melt it; yet be a father to thy son,
Unmask thy long-besotted judgment, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you!
Cas. Pish, you cozen
Your hopes; your plots are idle: I am resolute.
Ero. Antinous, urge no further.
Ant. Hence, thou sorcery
Of a beguiling softness! I will stand,
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd. — Lords, your breath
Must finish these divisions: I confess,
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a lady of her birth, so high
As great Erota; but her injuries,
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, fathers.
Dec. Whither run you?
Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain and guilt runs in a blood;
Before this presence, I accuse this lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.
Cas. Impudent traitor!
Phil. Her! oh, spare, Antinous!
The world reputes thee valiant; do not soil
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice
As murdering innocent ladies will stamp on thee.
Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingness I force[5]
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness
All these about me: she is bloody-minded,
And turns the justice of the law to rigour:
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her.
Shall I have audience?
Ero. Let him speak, my lords.
Dec. Your memory will rot.
Ant. Cast all your eyes
On this — what shall I call her? — truthless[6] woman!
When often, in my discontents, the sway
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,
(Or name it as you list,) had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live, unless I granted
What she long su'd for: I, in tender pity,
To save a lady of her birth from ruin,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:

[1] *limn'd*] "i. e. painted." WEBER.
[2] *quit*] i. e. acquit.
[3] *For why*] "i. e. For which reason." MASON.
[4] *mean*] i. e. middle course. Seward's correction. The folios have "meanes" and "means."
[5] *force*] "i. e. enforce." MASON.
[6] *truthless*] Altered by Seward to "ruthless;" and so the Editors of 1778!

Nor urg'd I aught from her but secrecy;
And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants
As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements
Had made him subject to. What[1] shall I heap up
Long repetitions? She, to quit[2] my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my father
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit:
For which, since I must die, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her;
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love, hereafter.
Por. If this be true ——
Ero. My lords, be as the law is,
Indifferent, upright; I do plead guilty. —
Now, sir, what glory have you got by this?
'Las, man, I meant not to out-live thy doom!
Shall we be friends in death?
Cas. Hear me: the villain
Scandals her, honour'd lords.
Ero. Leave off to dote,
And die a wise man.
Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And master'd in my own resolution.
Phil. Will you be wilful, madam? here's the curse
Of love's disdain.
Cas. Why sit you like dumb statues?
Demur no longer.
Pos. Cassilane, Erota,
Antinous, death ye ask, and 'tis your dooms:
You in your follies liv'd, die in your follies.
Cas. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.
Ero. Yes,
And I: Antinous hath been gracious.
Ant. Sir,
May I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?
Cas. Yes, such a one as parents
Bestow on cursèd sons. — Now, now I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort: look ye, look ye, lords,
I go but some ten minutes, more or less,
Before my time; but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopeful years,
Amidst their prime of youth and glory: now
My vengeance is made full.

Enter ANNOPHIL.

Welcome, my joy!
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half-buried father's hand: I am dead
Already, girl; and so is she and he:
We all are worms'-meat now.
Anno. I have heard all;
Nor shall you die alone. — Lords, on my knees
I beg for justice too.
Por. 'Gainst whom? for what?
Anno. First let me be resolv'd,[3] does the law favour
None, be they ne'er so mighty?
Por. Not the greatest.
Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude,
My lords, you of the senate all, not one
Excepted.
Pos. Por. Us!
Phil. Annophil!
Anno. You are the authors
Of this unthrifty bloodshed. When your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloisters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own;
In this most desperate ecstasy, my father,
This agèd man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so, and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your soldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow: but, lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due
To my unminded father? he was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penury,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him: the sum of all is this;
You have been unthankful to him, and I crave
The rigour of the law against you all.
Cas. My royal-spirited daughter!
Ero. Annophil,
Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.
Anno. Lords, why do ye keep your seats? they are no places
For such as are offenders.
Pos. Though our ignorance
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of law,
I yield me to the trial of it.
[*The* Senators *descend from their seats.*
Por. So
Must I. — Great prince of Cyprus, you are left
The only moderator in this difference;
And, as you are a prince, be a protector
To woful Candy.
Phil. What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,
Drawn on thy country's bosom! and, for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be styl'd thy country's only patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of hell, to be renownèd in the title
Of the destroyer. Dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this kingdom
Of honour and of safety?
Ero. Children yet
Unborn will stop their ears when thou art nam'd.
Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this detested deed;
The Furies will abhor it.
Dec. What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour,
A brave,[4] cold, weak, imaginary fame,
Hath brought on Candy: Candy groans; not these
That are to die.

[1] *What*] i. e. for what, why.
[2] *quit*] "i. e. requite." WEBER.
[3] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied, informed.
[4] *brave*] "i. e. vain-glorious." MASON. — Seward printed "bare;" and so the Editors of 1778.

Phil. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stabb'st the land that gave
Thee life and name.
Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel ——
Por. Pos. The mischief of your folly.
Cas. Annophil ——[1]
Anno. I will not be entreated.
Cas. Prithee, Annophil!
Anno. Why would you urge me to a mercy, which
You in yourself allow not?
Cas. 'Tis the law,
That if the party who complains remit
The offender, he is freed: is't not so, lords?
Por. Pos. 'Tis so.
Cas. Antinous, by my shame observe
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The lethargy wherein my reason long
Hath been becharm'd: live, live, my matchless son,
Blest in thy father's blessing, much more blest
In thine own virtues! let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears: rise; I forgive thee:
And, good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,
Forgive me. I can speak no more.
Ant. Dear sir,
You new-beget me now. —— Madam, your pardon:
I heartily remit you.
Ero. I as freely
Discharge thee, Cassilane.
Anno. My gracious lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy: your lives,
Your honours, are your own.
Phil. Then with consent
Be reconcil'd on all sides. Please you, fathers,
To take your places.
Pos. Let us again ascend,
[*The* Senators *resume their seats.*
With joy and thankfulness to Heaven: and now
To other business, lords.

Re-enter GASPERO *and* MELITUS, *with* GONZALO.

Mel. Two hours and more, sir,
The senate hath been set.
Gon. And I not know it!
Who sits with them?
Mel. My lord, the prince of Cyprus.
Gon. Gaspero,
Why, how comes that to pass?
Gas. Some weighty cause,
I warrant you.
Gon. Now, lords, the business? — Ha!
Who's here? Erota!
Por. Secretary, do your charge
Upon that traitor.
Gon. Traitor!
Gas. Yes, Gonzalo, traitor;
Of treason to the peace and state of Candy
I do arrest thee.
Gon. Me, thou dog!

Re-enter FERNANDO *and* MICHAEL.

Mich. With licence
From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the state of Venice.
Gon. Ha!
Is Michael here? nay, then, I see
I am undone.
Ero. I shall not be your queen,
Your duchess, or your empress.
Gon. Dull, dull brain!
Oh, I am fool'd!
Gas. Look, sir, do you know this hand?
[*Produces a paper.*
Mich. Do you know this seal? — First, lords, he writes to Venice,
To make a perfect league; during which time
He would in private keep some troops in pay,
Bribe all the sentinels throughout this kingdom,
Corrupt the captains, at a banquet poison
The prince and greatest peers, and, in conclusion,
Yield Candy slave to Venice.
Gas. Next, he contracted
With the illustrious princess, the lady Erota,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the Venetian gallantry and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and Candy.
Ero. This is true, Gonzalo.
Gon. Let it be true: what, then?
Pos. My lord ambassador,
What's your demand?
Mich. As likes the state of Candy,
Either to sentence him, as he deserves,
Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.
Por. We shall advise upon it.
Gon. Oh, the devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate!
A politician? fool! Destruction plague
Candy and Venice both!
Pos. Por. Away with him!
Mel. Come, sir, I'll see you safe.
[*Exeunt* MEL. *and* GONZ.
Ero. Lords, ere you part,
Be witness to another change of wonder. —
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.
Ant. Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant.
Ero. Yes, Antinous,
My servant,[2] for my lord thou shalt be never:

1 Dec. *'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel —*
Por. Pos. *The mischief of your folly.*
Cas. *Annophil —*] In both the folios thus;
"Dec. *Tis Candy's wrack shall feele —*
Cas. *The mischief of your folly.*
Porp. Pos. *Annophill —*"
In order to get rid of an obvious impropriety I have transposed the prefixes of the two last speeches. — Seward printed, —
"Dec. *Tis Candy's wrack shall feel —*
Arc. *The mischief of your folly.*
Por. Pos. *Annophel —*"
The Editors of 1778 gave it as follows;
"Dec. *'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel*
The mischief of your folly.
Cass. *Annophel!*" —
and so Weber.

2 *servant*] See note, p. 162. But here "My servant"

I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too-passionate thoughts. — [*To* PHILANDER.] Most noble prince,
If yet a relic of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not
To offer up the assurance of my faith
To thee that hast deserv'd it best.
Phil. Oh, madam,
You play with my calamity!
Ero. Let Heaven
Record my truth for ever.
Phil. With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.
Ero. The man, that in requital
Of noble and unsought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd; nor did Antinous.
Yet herein, prince, you are beholding [1] to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.
Phil. For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.
Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most!
Cas. Oh, my Antinous,
My own, my own good son!
Fer. One suit I have to make.
Phil. To whom, Fernando?
Fer. Lord Cassilane, to you.
Cas. To me!
Fer. This lady
Hath promis'd to be mine.
Anno. Your blessing, sir! —
Brother, your love!
Ant. You cannot, sir, bestow her
On a more noble gentleman.
Cas. Sayst thou so,
Antinous? I confirm it. — Here, Fernando,
Live both as one; she is thine.
Ant. And herein, sister,
I honour you for your wise settled love.
This is a day of triumph; all contentions
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend.
[*Exeunt.*

means — one authorized to pay me all courteous attentions: so in *The Scornful Lady* (after the Lady has become the wife of the Elder Loveless);

"*Lady.* Sir, I shall call you *servant.*
More. I shall be proud on't."
Act v. sc. 4. p. 452.

[1] *beholding*] i. e. beholden. Altered by the modern editors to "beholden;" see note, p. 873.

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

The Queene of Corinth.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A tragi-comedy.*"

THAT this play was produced after the death of Beaumont is proved by the allusion which it contains[1] to a work published in 1616; and that it was acted before March 1618–19 is equally certain, as one of the characters was performed by Burbadge.[2]

Weber's conjecture is probably right — that in the composition of this play Fletcher was assisted by some contemporary poet.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THEANOR, son to the QUEEN OF CORINTH.
AGENOR, prince of Argos.
LEONIDAS, the Corinthian general, brother to MERIONE.
CRATES,[3] } brothers.
EUPHANES, }
CONON.
NEANTHES, }
SOSICLES, } courtiers.
ERATON, }
ONOS, or LAMPRIAS.

Uncle,[4] } to ONOS.
Tutor, }
Gentlemen, attendant on AGENOR.
Page to EUPHANES
Marshal.
Vintner, Drawers, Tavern-boys, Ruffians, Clerk, Flamen, Executioner, and Attendants.

QUEEN OF CORINTH, mother to THEANOR.
MERIONE, sister to LEONIDAS.
BELIZA.
Ladies.

SCENE, — CORINTH.

The principal actors were —

Richard Burbadge.
Henry Condel.
John Underwood.
Thomas Pollard.
Nathan Field.
John Lowin.
Nich. Toolie.
Thomas Holcomb.

Fol. 1679.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

Era. The general is return'd, then?
Nean. With much honour.
Sos. And peace concluded with the prince of Argos?
Nean. To the queen's wishes: the conditions sign'd
So far beyond her hopes, to the advantage
Of Corinth, and the good of all her subjects,
That though Leonidas, our brave general,
Ever came home a fair and great example,
He never yet return'd or with less loss
Or more deservèd honour.
Era. Have you not heard
The motives to this general good?
Nean. The main one
Was admiration first in young Agenor
(For by that name we know the prince of Argos)
Of our Leonidas' wisdom and his valour;
Which, though an enemy, first in him bred wonder,
That liking, love succeeded that, which was
Follow'd by a desire to be a friend,

[1] Act ii. sc. 1: — Coryate's *Greeting from the Court of the Great Mogul*, &c.
[2] See note, p. 756.
[3] *Crates*] Described in folio 1679 (which alone contains the list of *Dram. Pers.*) as "a malicious beautefeu" [i. e. incendiary].
[4] *Uncle*] His name, as appears from act ii. sc. 4, was Lampree;

"Oh, my fair sir, *Lampree*, the careful uncle
To this young hopeful issue!"

Upon what terms soever, to such goodness.
They had an interview; and, that their friendship
Might with our peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor, yielding up all such strong places
As he held in our territories, should receive,
With a sufficient dower paid by the queen,
The fair Merione for his wife.
Era. But how
Approves the queen of this? since we well know,
Nor was her highness ignorant, that her son
The prince Theanor made love to this lady,
And in the noblest way.
Nean. Which she allow'd of;
And I have heard from some familiar with
Her nearest secrets, she so deeply priz'd her,
Being from an infant train'd up in her service,
(Or, to speak better, rather her own creature,)
She once did say, that if the prince should steal
A marriage, without her leave or knowledge,
With this Merione, with a little suit
She should grant both their pardons; whereas now,
To shew herself forsooth a Spartan lady,
And that 'tis in her power, now it concerns
The common good, not alone to subdue
Her own affections, but command her sons,
She has not only forc'd him with rough threats
To leave his mistress, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his entrance into Corinth,
To wait upon his rival.
Sos. Can it be,
The prince should sit down with this wrong?
Nean. I know not;
I am sure I should not.
Era. Trust me, nor I:
A mother is a name; but, put in balance
With a young wench, 'tis nothing. Where did you leave him?
Nean. Near Vesta's temple (for there he dismiss'd me),
And full of troubled thoughts, calling for Crates:
He went with him, but whither, or to what purpose,
I am a stranger.
Era. They are come back, Neanthes.

Enter THEANOR *and* CRATES.

The. I like the place well.
Cra. Well, sir! it is built
As if the architect had been a prophet,
And fashion'd it alone for this night's action;
The vaults so hollow, and the walls so strong,
As Dian there might suffer violence,
And with loud shrieks in vain call Jove to help her;
Or should he hear, his thunder could not find
An entrance to it.
The. I give up myself
Wholly to thy direction, worthiest Crates:
And yet the desperate cure that we must practise
Is in itself so foul and full of danger,
That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
To die not seeking help, or, that help being
So deadly, to pursue it.
Cra. To those reasons
I have already urg'd, I will add these;
For, but consider, sir —— [*They talk apart.*
Era. It is of weight,
Whate'er it be, that with such vehement action
Of eye, hand, foot, nay, all his body's motion,
Crates incites the prince to.
Nean. Then observe,
With what variety of passions he
Receives his reasons: now he's pale, and shakes
For fear or anger; now his natural red
Comes back again, and with a pleasing smile
He seems to entertain it. 'Tis resolv'd on,
Be it what 'twill: to his ends may it prosper,
Though the state sink for't!
Cra. Now you are a prince
Fit to rule others, and, in shaking off
The bonds in which your mother fetters you,
Discharge your debt to Nature: she's your guide;
Follow her boldly, sir.
The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall.
Cra. Yet still disguise your malice
In your humility.
The. I am instructed.
Cra. Though in your heart there rage a thousand tempests,
All calmness in your looks.
The. I shall remember.
Cra. And at no hand, though these are us'd as agents,
Acquaint them with your purpose, till the instant
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to consider: when 'tis done, reward
Or fear will keep them silent. Yet you may
Grace them as you pass by; 'twill make them surer
And greedier to deserve you.[1]
The. I'll move only
As you would have me. — Good day, gentlemen:
Nay, spare this ceremonious form of duty
To him that brings love to you, equal love,
And is in nothing happier than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.
Sos. I am o'erjoy'd;[2] I know not
How to reply; but ——
Era. Hang all *buts!* — My lord,
For this your bounteous favour ——
Nean. Let me speak. —
If to feed vultures here, after the halter
Has done his part, or, if there be a hell,
To take a swinge[3] or two there, may deserve this —
Sos. We are ready.
Era. Try us any way.
Nean. Put us to it.

[1] *deserve you*] "i. e. merit your favour." *Ed.* 1778.— Sympson printed "serve *you*."

[2] *I am o'erjoy'd, &c.*] When such imperfect lines as this occur in a scene where the metre of the other speeches is complete, we may reasonably suppose that some corruption of the text has taken place. Qy.

"*I am so overjoy'd*, my lord, *I know not*
How to reply; *but* — "?

[3] *swinge*] i. e. singe. Compare Spenser, *F. Q.* I. xi. 26; "The scorching flame sore *swinged* all his face," &c.

The. What jewels I have in you!
Cra. Have these souls,
That for a good look and a few kind words
Part with their essence? [*Aside.*
The. Since you will compel me
To put that to the trial which I doubt not,
Crates, may be suddenly, will instruct you
How and in what to shew your loves: obey him
As you would bind me to you.
Cra. 'Tis well grounded;
Leave me to rear the building.
Nean. We will do ——
Cra. I know it.
Era. Any thing you'll put us to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of* BELIZA.

Enter LEONIDAS, MERIONE, *and* BELIZA.

Leo. Sister, I reap the harvest of my labours
In your preferment: be you worthy of it,
And with an open bosom entertain
A greater fortune than my love durst hope for:
Be wise, and welcome it; play not the coy
And foolish wanton with the offer'd bounties
Of him that is a prince. I was woo'd for you,
And won, Merione; then, if you dare
Believe the object that took me was worthy,
Or trust my judgment, in me think you were
Courted, su'd to, and conquer'd.
Mer. Noble brother,
I have and still esteem you as a father,
And will as far obey you; my heart speaks it:
And yet, without your anger, give me leave
To say, that in the choice of that on which
All my life's joys or sorrows have dependence,
It had been fit, ere you had made a full
And absolute grant of me to any other,
I should have us'd mine own eyes, or at least
Made you to understand, whether it were
Within my power to make a second gift
Of my poor self.
Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
The prince Theanor's love: let not that cheat you;
His vows were but mere courtship; all his service
But practice[1] how to entrap a credulous lady.
Or grant it serious, yet you must remember,
He's not to love, but where the queen his mother
Must give allowance, which to you is barr'd up;
And therefore study to forget that ever
You cherish'd such a hope.
Mer. I would I could!
Leo. But brave Agenor, who is come in person
To celebrate this marriage, for your love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand lives,
That must have fain under the sword of war,
Had not this peace been made; which general good
Both countries owe to his affection to you.
Oh, happy sister, ask this noble lady,
Your bosom friend, (since I fail in my credit,)
What palm Agenor's name, above all princes
That Greece is proud of, carries, and with lustre!
Bel. Indeed, fame gives him out for excellent;
And, friend, I doubt not but, when you shall see him,

Enter a Servant, *who whispers* BELIZA.

He'll so appear to you. — Art sure 'tis he?
Ser. As I live, madam.
Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my joy!
'Tis my Euphanes?
Ser. Yes.
Bel. And he's in health?
Ser. Most certainly, madam.
Bel. I'll see him instantly:
So, prithee, tell him. [*Exit* Servant.
Mer. I yield myself too weak
In argument to oppose you; you may lead me
Whither you please.
Leo. 'Tis answer'd like my sister;
And, if in him you find not ample cause
To pray for me, and daily, on your knees,
Conclude I have no judgment.
Mer. May it prove so! —
Friend, shall we have your company?
Bel. Two hours hence
I will not fail you.
Leo. At your pleasure, madam.
[*Exeunt* LEONIDAS *and* MERIONE.

Enter EUPHANES.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thousand welcomes,
And hearty ones, you have 'em. Fie, my hand?
We stand at no such distance: by my life,
The parting kiss[2] you took before your travel
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preserv'd
With as much care as I would do my fame,
To entertain your wish'd return.
Euph. Best lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reason
As ever man did virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As holy men behold the sun, the stars,
The temples, and their gods, they all can witness;
And that you have deserv'd this duty from me,
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profess it, since my fortune
Affords no other payment.
Bel. I had thought,[3]
That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them
(Though you give them another name), you had
Made ample satisfaction in the acceptance;
And therefore did presume you had brought home
Some other language.
Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your goodness;
Nor can I ever choose another theme,
And not be thought unthankful.

[1] *practice*] See note, p. 796.

[2] *by my life,*
The parting kiss, &c.] The writer was thinking here of a passage in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*;

"Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since." Act v. sc. 3.

[3] Bel. *I had thought*, &c.] So the second folio. — The first folio has,

"*Bel.* Good Euphanes, where benefits are ill conferr'd, *I had thought*," &c. See the third speech of Beliza after this. "Probably," as Weber observes, "the intermediate speeches were omitted to shorten the scene in the representation."

Bel. Pray you, no more,
As you respect me.
Euph. That charm is too powerful
For me to disobey it: 'tis your pleasure,
And not my boldness, madam.
Bel. Good Euphanes,
Believe I am not one of those weak ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without them;
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think when they give
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends:
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great estate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.
Euph. There are few
So truly understanding or themselves
Or what they do possess.
Bel. Good Euphanes,[1] where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as on[2] unworthy men,
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower,
For wanting judgment how and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty: but when we do favours
To such as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the most fair advantage. If I speak
Too much, though I confess I speak well,[3]
Prithee, remember 'tis a woman's weakness,
And then thou wilt forgive it.
Euph. You speak nothing
But what would well become the wisest man:
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
That I could hear you ever.
Bel. Fly not from
Your word, for I arrest it; and will now
Express myself a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess yourself my debtor,
That I am yours.
Euph. Your ladyship, then, must use
Some sophistry I ne'er heard of.
Bel. By plain reasons;
For, look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your wants, or if those wants had found supply
From Crates, your unkind and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had miss'd
A subject upon which I worthily
Might exercise my bounty: whereas now,
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniencies that you thought useful,
That gold, which would have rusted in my coffers,
Being thus employ'd, has render'd me a partner
In all your glorious actions: and whereas,
Had you not been, I should have died a thing
Scarce known, or soon forgotten; there's no trophy
In which Euphanes for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember
That all the good you did came from Beliza.
Euph. That was but thankfulness.
Bel. 'Twas such an honour,
And such a large return for the poor trash
I ventur'd with you, that, if I should part
With all that I possess, and myself too,
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.
Euph. You o'erprize them, madam.
Bel. The queen herself hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf; for she hath heard, Euphanes,
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the courts of Greece:[4] and rest assur'd,
(Though yet unknown) when I present you to her,
Which I will do this evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.
Euph. Worthiest lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor servant,
He must not contradict it.
Bel. Here's your brother;
'Tis strange to see him here.

Enter CRATES.

Cra. You are welcome home, sir: —
Your pardon, madam: — I had thought my house,
Considering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your first visit.
Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When last I saw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That absence, which still renders men forgotten,
Should make my presence wish'd for.
Bel. That's not it;
Your too-kind brother, understanding that
You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.
Cra. He had never wanted
Or yours, or your assistance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have commanded
Whatever I call mine.
Euph. I studied many,
But could find none.
Cra. You would not find yourself, sir,
Or in yourself what was from you due to me;[5]

[1] *Good Euphanes*] As these words commence the preceding speech of Beliza, and also injure the metre, they most probably have crept into the text here by some mistake of the transcriber.

[2] *on*] Both the folios "to."

[3] *I speak well*] "The insertion of the word *not* is recommended by Sympson. The answer of Euphanes, and all that follows, prove it to be the original reading." *Ed.* 1778. — Seward proposed, "*I* now *speak well*." — "The old and true reading is, '*Though I confess I speak well*;' that is, though I must own I speak well; and the insertion of the negative, introduced [proposed] by Sympson, perverts the meaning. If she spoke not well, she might easily speak too much; but she desires he will forgive her for speaking so much, even though she did speak well. She supposes herself to speak well, because every thing she said was an oblique compliment to Euphanes." MASON. That some word has dropt out from the line, there can, I think, be little doubt.

[4] *How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour*
In all the courts of Greece] "Fletcher is guilty in these lines of an anachronism, as he is evidently alluding to the chivalrous custom of knights asserting the beauty or honour of their mistresses against all combatants." WEBER. There is no end of such improprieties in our early dramatists.

[5] *from you due to me*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "*due to me from you*;" and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

The privilege my birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.
Euph. You had all the land, sir;
What else did you expect? and I am certain
You kept such strong guards to preserve it yours,
I could force nothing from you.
Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?
Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open mouths, but you nor heard nor saw them.
May be, you look'd I should petition to you,
As you went to your horse; flatter your servants,
To play the brokers for my furtherance;
Sooth your worst humours, act the parasite
On all occasions; write my name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from slaves;
Be drunk when you would have me, then wench with you,
Or play the pandar; enter into quarrels,
Although unjustly grounded, and defend them,
Because they were yours: these are the tyrannies
Most younger brothers groan beneath; yet bear them
From the insulting heir, selling their freedoms
At a less rate than what the state allows
The salary of base and common strumpets:
For my part, ere on such low terms I feed
Upon a brother's trencher, let me die
The beggar's death, and starve!
Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.
Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours?
Cra. I'll tell you, lady,
Since you rise up his advocate, and boldly;
For now I find, and plainly, in whose favour
My love and service to you was neglected:
For all your wealth, nay, add to that your beauty,
And put your virtues in (if you have any),
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine courtier, the woman's man,
That tells my lady stories, dissolves[1] riddles,
Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet
At solemn masques,[2] applauding what she laughs at;
Reads her asleep a-nights, and takes his oath
Upon her pantofles,[3] that all excellence
In other madams do[4] but zany hers.[5]
These you are perfect in, and yet these take not
Or from your birth or freedom.
Euph. Should another
Say this, my deeds, not looks, should shew——
Bel. Contemn it:
His envy feigns this, and he's but reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry fancies.
Cra. Yes, madam, the whole city speaks it with me;
And, though it may distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the scene, and with him censur'd;
For you are given out for the provident lady,
That, not to be unfurnish'd for her pleasures,
(As, without them, to what vain use is greatness!)
Have made choice of an able man, a young man,
Of an Herculean back, to do you service;
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.
Bel. You are foul-mouth'd.
Cra. That can speak well, write verses too, and good ones,
Sharp and conceited, whose wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please you:
And, by the gods, you well reward him for it,
No night in which, while you lie sick and panting,
He watches by you, but is worth a talent;
No conference in your coach, which is not paid with
A scarlet suit. This the poor people mutter,
Though I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous love, the last-bought vizard
That lechery purchas'd.
Euph. Not a word beyond this!
[*Putting his hand to his sword.*
The reverence I owe to that one womb
In which we both were embrions, makes me suffer
What's past; but if continu'd ——
Bel. Stay your hand!
The queen shall right mine honour.
Cra. Let him do it;
It is but marrying him. — And, for your anger,
Know that I slight it: when your goddess here
Is weary of your sacrifice, as she will be,
You know my house, and there amongst my servants
Perhaps you'll find a livery.[6] [*Exit.*
Bel. Be not mov'd;
I know the rancour of his disposition,
And turn it on himself by laughing at it;
And in that let me teach you.
Euph. I learn gladly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON, *severally.*

Nean. You are met unto my wishes; if you ever
Desir'd true mirth so far as to adventure
To die with the extremity of laughter,
I come before the object that will do it;
Or let me live your fool.
Sos. Who is't, Neanthes?
Nean. Lamprias, the usurer's son.
Era. Lamprias? the youth
Of six and fifty?
Sos. That was sent to travel
By rich Beliza, till he came to age
And was fit for a wife?
Nean. The very same.
This gallant, with his guardian and his tutor,

[1] *dissolves*] "i. e. solves." WEBER.
[2] *lies at her feet At solemn masques*] "This was a common piece of gallantry. All will recollect Hamlet's position during the play before the king." WEBER.
[3] *pantofles*] A kind of slippers.
[4] *do*] Altered by the modern editors to "does:" but see notes, pp 757, 786, 844.
[5] *zany hers*] i. e. play the zany, buffoon, or mimic to hers — imitate hers.
[6] *a livery*] "i. e. an allowance of meat," &c. SYMPSON.

(And, of the three, who is most fool I know not,)
Are newly come to Corinth: I'll not stale them[1]
By giving up[2] their characters; but leave you
To make your own discoveries. Here they are, sir.

Enter ONOS, Uncle, *and* Tutor.

Tutor. That leg a little higher; very well.
Now put your face into the traveller's posture;
Exceeding good.
Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?
Tutor. They will be all my scholars, when they know
And understand him truly.
Era. Phœbus guard me
From this new Python!
Sos. How they have trimm'd him up
Like an old reveller!
Nean. Curl'd him and perfum'd him;
But that was done with judgment, for he looks
Like one that purg'd perpetually: trust me,
That witch's face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Than would set off ten bawds and all their tenants.
Sos. See how it moves towards us!
Nean. There's a salutation! —
Troth, gentlemen, you have bestow'd much travail
In training up your pupil.
Tutor. Sir, great buildings
Require great labours; which yet we repent not,
Since for the country's good we have brought home
An absolute man.
Uncle. As any of his years,
Corinth can shew you.
Era. He's exceeding meagre.
Tutor. His contemplation ——
Uncle. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.
Nean. You all contemplate;
For three such wretched pictures of lean famine
I never saw together.
Uncle. We have fat minds, sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton? He's my ward;
Nor was there ever, where I bore the bag,
Any superfluous waste.
Era. Pray you, can it speak?
Tutor. He knows all languages, but will use none;
They are all too big for his mouth, or else too little
To express his great conceits: and yet of late,
With some impulsion, he hath set down,
In a strange method, by the way of question,
And briefly too, all business whatsoever
That may concern a gentleman.
Nean. Good sir, let's hear him.
Tutor. Come on, sir.
Nean. They have taught him, like an ape,
To do his tricks by signs. Now he begins.
Onos. When shall we be drunk together?
Tutor. That's the first.
Onos. Where shall we whore to-night?
Uncle. That ever follows.
Era. 'Ods me, he now looks angry.
Onos. Shall we quarrel?
Nean. With me at no hand, sir.
Onos. Then let's protest.[3]
Era. Is this all?
Tutor. These are, sir, the four new virtues
That are in fashion; many a mile we measur'd
Before we could arrive unto this knowledge.
Nean. You might have spar'd that labour, for at home here
There's little else in practice. — Ha! the queen! —
Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion;[4]
To-morrow willingly, when we have more leisure,
We'll look on him again.
Onos. Did I not rarely?
Uncle. Excellent well.
Tutor. He shall have six plums for it.
[*Exeunt* ONOS, Uncle, *and* Tutor.

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, THEANOR, QUEEN, MERIONE, BELIZA, EUPHANES, CRATES, Ladies, *and* Attendants *with lights*.

Queen. How much my court is honour'd, princely brother,
In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for presence,
Were tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd. May the gods,
That look into kings' actions, smile upon
The league we have concluded; and their justice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One article!
Age. Great miracle of queens,
How happy I esteem myself in being
Thought worthy to be number'd in the rank
Of your confederates, my love and best service
Shall teach the world hereafter; but this gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
That of necessity I must die oblig'd
To your unanswer'd bounty.
The. The sweet lady
In blushes gives your highness thanks.
Queen. Believe it,
On the queen's word, she is a worthy one;
And I am so acquainted with her goodness,
That, but for this peace that hath chang'd my purpose,
And to her more advancement, I should gladly
Have call'd her daughter.
The. Though I am depriv'd of
A blessing 'tis not in the Fates to equal,
To shew myself a subject as a son,
Here I give up my claim, and willingly
With mine own hand deliver you what once
I lov'd above myself; and from this hour
(For my affection yields now to my duty)
Vow never to solicit her.

[1] *stale them*] i. e. make them stale, flat.
[2] *giving up*] "i. e. describing." *Ed.* 1778. Sympson, not understanding the text, omitted "*up*."
[3] *protest*] Seems to have been formerly a word in use among affected young gallants: see Steevens's note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4.
[4] *motion*] "i. e. puppet." *Ed.* 1778.

Cra. 'Tis well cover'd. — [*Aside.*
Neanthes, and the rest!
[*Exeunt* CRATES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.
Queen. Nay, for this night
You must (for 'tis our country fashion, sir)
Leave her to her devotions; in the morning
We'll bring you to the temple.
Leo. How in this
Your highness honours me!
Mer. Sweet rest to all!
Age. This kiss, and I obey you.
Bel. Please it your highness,
This is the gentleman.
Queen. You are welcome home, sir. —
Now, as I live, one of a promising presence. —
I have heard of you before, and you shall find
I'll know you better: find out something that
May do you good, and rest assur'd to have it.
Were you at Sparta lately?
Euph. Three days since,
Madam, I came from thence.
Queen. 'Tis very late.
Good night, my lord. — Do you, sir, follow me;
I must talk further with you.
Age. All rest with you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *An Aisle of the Temple of Vesta.*

Enter CRATES, NEANTHES, ERATON, *and* SOSICLES, *disguised.*

Cra. She must pass through this cloister; suddenly
And boldly seize upon her.
Nean. Where's the prince?
Cra. He does expect us at the place I shew'd you.
I hear one's footing; peace; 'tis she.

Enter MERIONE *and* Servant.

Mer. Now leave me;
I know the way; [*Exit* Servant.] though, Vesta witness with me,
I never trod it with such fear. [*They seize her.*] Help, help!
Cra. Stop her mouth close; out with the light; I'll guide you. [*Exeunt bearing her off.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Vault under the Temple of Vesta.*

Enter MERIONE.[1]

Mer. To whom now shall I cry? what power thus kneel to,
And beg my ravish'd honour back upon me?
Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodness, deaf to me,
Deaf Heaven, to all my cries; deaf hope, deaf justice!
I am abus'd; and you, that see all, saw it,
Saw it, and smil'd upon the villain did it;
Saw it, and gave him strength! Why have I pray'd to ye,
When all the world's eyes have been sunk in slumbers?
Why have I then pour'd out my tears? kneel'd to ye?
And from the altar of a pure heart sent ye
Thoughts like yourselves, white, innocent, vows purer
And of a sweeter flame than all earth's odours?
Why have I sung your praises, strew'd your temples,
And crown'd your holy priests with virgin roses?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?
Believe and honour ye, to see us ruin'd?
These tears of anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,
You that dare sleep secure whilst virgins suffer;
These stick like comets,[2] blaze eternally,
Till with the wonder they have wak'd your justice,
And forc'd ye fear our curses as we yours!

Enter THEANOR *and* CRATES, *with vizards.*

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims me.
He turns away in scorn; I am contemn'd too,
A more unmanly violence than the other;
Bitten, and flung away! — Whate'er you are,
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now most basely
And sacrilegiously robb'd this fair temple, —
I fling all these behind me, — but look upon me,
But one kind loving look; be what you will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my husband. —
And you, his hand in mischief, I speak to you too,
Counsel him nobly now; you know the mischief,
The most unrighteous act he has done; persuade him,
Persuade him like a friend, knock at his conscience
Till fair repentance follow. — Yet be worthy of me,
And shew yourself, if ever good thought guided you:
You have had your foul will; make it yet fair with marriage;
Open yourself,[3] and take me, wed me now.
[THEANOR *draws his dagger.*
More fruits of villany! your dagger! come,
You are merciful; I thank you for your medicine.
Is that too worthy too?

Enter NEANTHES, ERATON, *and* SOSICLES, *disguised.*

Devil! thou with him!

[1] *Enter Merione*] Both the folios add, "(*as newly ravished*)."

[2] *These stick like comets*] "The editors of [1778] are offended at this passage. They say, that to compare tears to comets, fire to water, is too strong an allusion: yet they wish to make comets of curses and execrations, which are still more unsubstantial than tears. But they mistake the meaning of these lines, for no such comparison is intended as that which they reprobate. '*These stick like comets,*' &c. is not an assertion, but an imprecation. Merione prays that her tears may stick and blaze eternally as comets do, till the wonder attending them shall awaken the justice of the gods. Her tears are not compared to comets, but are to be transformed into them; and poets have always assumed the liberty of converting the tears of a beautiful woman into pearls, armlets, or any other precious thing that they find convenient." MASON.

[3] *Open yourself*] "Means — declare who you are." MASON.

Thou penny bawd to his lust! will not that stir chee?
Do you work by tokens now? Be sure I live not,
For your own safeties, knaves. I will sit patiently:
But, as ye are true villains, the devil's own servants,
And those he loves and trusts, make it as bloody
An act, of such true horror, Heaven would shake at;
'Twill shew the braver. Goodness, hold my hope fast,
And in thy mercies look upon my ruins,
And then I am right! — My eyes grow dead and heavy. —

Enter six disguised, singing and dancing to a horrid music, and sprinkling water on her face.

Wrong me no more, as ye are men! [*Faints.*
The. She is fast.
Cra. Away with her! [*Exeunt, bearing her off.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter AGENOR, *and* Gentlemen *with torches.*

Age. Now, gentlemen, the time's come now to enjoy
That fruitful happiness my heart has long'd for.
This day be happy call'd;[1] and when old Time
Brings it about each year, crown'd with that sweetness
It gives me now, see every man observe it,
And, laying all aside bears show of business,
Give this to joy and triumph. How sit[2] my clothes?
First Gent Handsome and wondrous well, sir.
Age. Do they shew richly?
For, to those curious eyes even Beauty envies,
I must not now appear poor or low-fashion'd.
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger;
And such a promise in my blood I feel now,
That, if there may be a perpetual youth
Bestow'd on man, I am that soul shall win it.
Does my hair stand well? Lord, how ill-favour'dly
You have dress'd me to-day! how badly! Why this cloak?
Sec. Gent. Why, 'tis the richest, sir.
Age. And here ye have put me on
A pair of breeches look like a pair of bagpipes.
First Gent. Believe, sir, they shew bravely.
Age. Why these stockings?
Sec. Gent. Your leg appears ——
Age. Pooh! I would have had 'em peach-colour;
All young and new about me: and this scarf here,
A goodly thing! you have trick'd me like a puppet.
First Gent. I'll undertake to rig forth a whole navy,
And with less labour than one man in love:
They are never pleas'd.
Sec. Gent. Methinks he looks well.
First Gent. Well
As man can look, as handsome. Now do I wonder
He found not fault his nose was put on ugly,
Or his eyes look'd too grey, and rail at us:
They are the wayward'st things, these lovers.
Sec. Gent. All will be right
When once it comes to the push.
First Gent. I would they were at it,
For our own quiet-sake!
Age. Come, wait upon me;
And bear yourselves like mine, my friends, and nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before the House of* LEONIDAS.

Enter THEANOR, CRATES, *and* ERATON *carrying* MERIONE.

Era. This is her brother's door.
Cra. There lay her down, then;
Lay her along. She is fast still?
Era. As forgetfulness.
Cra. Be not you stirr'd now, but away to your mother;
Give all attendance; let no stain appear
Of fear or doubt in your face; carry yourself confidently.
The. But whither runs your drift now?
Cra. When she wakes,
Either what's done will shew a mere dream to her,
And carry no more credit; or say she find it,
Say she remember all the circumstances,
Twenty to one the shapes in which they were acted,
The horrors and the still affrights we shew'd her,
Rising in wilder figures to her memory,
Will run her mad, and no man guess the reason:
If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect herself, believe this, sir, —
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to guess, the thing done too
Being the utter undoing of her honour,
If it be known and to the world's eye publish'd,
Especially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She must and will conceal it, nay, forget it:
The woman is no Lucrece. Get you gone, sir;
And, as you would have more of this sport, fear not.
The. I am confirm'd: farewell.
Cra. Farewell: away, sir! — [*Exit* THEANOR.
Disperse yourselves; and, as you love his favour,
And that that crowns it, gold, no tongues amongst ye!
You know your charge; this way goes no suspicion. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AGENOR *and* LEONIDAS, *and two* Gentlemen *with lights.*

Age. You are stirring early, sir.
Leo. It was my duty
To wait upon your grace.
Age. How fares your sister,
My beauteous mistress? what, is she ready yet?
Leo. No doubt she'll lose no time, sir: young maids in her way
Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age,

[1] *This day be happy call'd*, &c.] "Rowe has closely copied this speech, in the beginning of *The Fair Penitent*." *Ed.* 1778.
[2] *sit*] Both the folios "sits."

Till the priest has done his part, that theirs may follow.
I saw her not since yesterday i' th' evening;
But, sir, I am sure she is not slack: believe me,
Your grace will find a loving soul.
Age. A sweet one;
And so much joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happiness to know she is mine,
(Believe me, noble brother,) that to express it
Methinks a tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing,
Imagination less.[1] — Who's that that lies there?
Leo. Where, sir?
Age. Before the door; it looks like a woman.
Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing.
One of the maids o'erwatch'd belike.
Age. It may be.
Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to sleep in.
First Gent. 'Tis sure a woman, sir: she has jewels on too;
She fears no foul play, sure.
Leo. Bring a torch hither;
Yet 'tis not perfect day. I should know those garments.
Age. How sound she sleeps!
Leo. I am sorry to see this!
Age. Do you know her?
Leo. And you now, I am sure, sir.
Age. My mistress! how comes this?
Leo. The queen and her train.

Enter QUEEN, THEANOR, BELIZA, EUPHANES, NEANTHES, *and* Attendants.

Queen. You know my pleasure.
Euph. And will be most careful.
Queen. Be not long absent;
The suit you preferr'd is granted.
Nean. This fellow mounts
Apace, and will tower o'er us like a falcon.
Queen. Good morrow to ye all. Why stand ye wondering? —
Enter the house, sir, and bring out your mistress;
You must observe our ceremonies. — What's the matter?
What's that ye stand at? — How! Merione!
Asleep i' the street! belike some sudden palsy,
As she stept out last night upon devotion,
To take her farewell of her virgin state,
The air being sharp and piercing, struck her suddenly.
See if she breathe.
Leo. A little.
Queen. Wake her, then;
'Tis sure a fit.
Age. She wakes herself: give room to her.
Queen. See how the spirits struggle to recover,
And strongly reinforce their strengths! for certain,
This was no natural sleep.
The. I am of your mind, madam.
Queen. No, son, it cannot be.
The. Pray Heaven, no trick in't!
Good soul, she little merits such a mischief.
Queen. She is broad awake now, and her sense clears up;
'Twas sure a fit. Stand off.
Mer. The queen, my love here,
And all my noble friends! why, where am I?
How am I tranc'd and mop'd! i' the street?
Heaven bless me!
Shame to my sex! o' the ground too? — Oh, I remember —
Leo. How wild she looks!
Age. Oh, my cold heart, how she trembles!
Mer. Oh, I remember, I remember —
Queen. What's that?
Mer. My shame, my shame, my shame! oh, I remember
My never-dying shame!
The. Here has been villany.
Queen. I fear so too.
Mer. You are no Furies, are ye?
No horrid shapes sent to affright me?
Age. No, sweet;
We are your friends; look up; I am Agenor,
Oh, my Merione, that loves you dearly,
And come to marry you!
Leo. Sister, what ail you?
Speak out your griefs, and boldly.
Age. Something sticks here
Will choke you else.
Mer. I hope it will.
Queen. Be free, lady;
You have your loving friends about you.
Age. Dear Merione,
By the unspotted love I ever bore you,
By thine own goodness ——
Mer. Oh, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, sir!
I am now I know not what; pray you, look not on me:
No name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded ——
Age. Speak it, and how: diseases of most danger,
Their causes once discover'd, are easily cur'd
My fair Merione ——
Mer. I thank your love, sir:
When I was fair Merione, unspotted,
Pure, and unblasted in the bud you honour'd,
White as the heart of truth, then, prince Agenor,
Even then I was not worthy of your favour:
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of pity!
Let no good thing come near me; Virtue fly me;
You that have honest noble names, despise me;
For I am nothing now but a main pestilence,
Able to poison all: send those unto me
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,
Despis'd their honours; those that have been virgins
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.
The. Now it appears too plain.
Mer. Send those sad people
That hate the light and curse society;
Whose thoughts are graves, and from whose eyes continually
Their melting souls drop out; send those to me;
And when their sorrows are most excellent,
So full that one grief more cannot be added,
My story like a torrent shall devour 'em.

[1] *Imagination less*] On this passage Sympson and Seward offer some foolish conjectural emendations; and Weber says, "we must conclude with Sympson, 'that nothing but the author's manuscript can ever set us right.'" But the text is certainly uncorrupted, and the meaning is — A happiness beyond expression and even conception.

Hark! it must out: but, pray, stand close together,
And let not all the world hear.
Leo. Speak it boldly.
Mer. And, royal lady, think but charitably:
Your grace has known my breeding.
Queen. Prithee, speak it.
Mer. Is there no stranger here? send off your servants:
And yet it must be known. — I shake.
Age. Sweet mistress!
Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd! do you guess yet?
Come close; I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of honour!
Leo. Oh, the devil!
Age. What hellish slave was this?
The. A wretch, a wretch,
A damn'd wretch! — Do you know the villain, lady?
Mer. No.
The. Not by guess?
Mer. Oh, no!
The. It must be known.
Queen. Where was the place?
Mer. I know not neither.
Age. Oh, Heaven!
Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?
Leo. Neither the man nor circumstances?
The. His tongue, —
Did you not hear his tongue? no voice?
Mer. None, none, sir:
All I know of him was his violence.
Age. How came you hither, sweet?
Mer. I know not neither.
The. A cunning piece of villany!
Mer. All I remember
Is only this: going to Vesta's temple,
To give the goddess my last virgin prayers,
Near to that place I was suddenly surpris'd
By five or six disguis'd, and from thence violently
To my dishonour hal'd: that act perform'd,
Brought back; but how or whither, till I wak'd here ——
The. This is so monstrous, the gods cannot suffer it;
I have not read, in all the villanies
Committed by the most obdurate rascals,
An act so truly impious.
Leo. Would I knew him!
The. He must be known; the devil cannot hide him.
Queen. If all the art I have, or power, can do it,
He shall be found; and such a way of justice[1]
Inflicted on him — a lady wrong'd in my court!
And this way robb'd and ruin'd!
The. Be contented, madam;
If he be above ground, I will have him.
Age. Fair virtuous maid, take comfort yet, and flourish,
In my love flourish; the stain was forc'd upon you,
None of your will's nor yours. Rise, and rise mine still,
And rise the same white, sweet, fair soul I lov'd you;
Take me the same.
Mer. I kneel and thank you, sir;
And I must say you are truly honourable,
And dare confess my will yet still a virgin:
But so unfit and weak a cabinet
To keep your love and virtue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, lost my lustre, —
I mean this body, — so corrupt a volume
For you to study goodness in and honour,
I shall entreat your grace, confer that happiness
Upon a beauty sorrow never saw yet:
And when this grief shall kill me, as it must do,
Only remember yet[2] you had such a mistress;
And if you then dare shed a tear, yet honour me. —
Good gentlemen, express your pities to me
In seeking out this villany: and my last suit
Is to your grace, that I may have your favour
To live a poor recluse nun with this lady,
From court and company, till Heaven shall hear me,
And send me comfort, or death end my misery.
Queen. Take your own will; my very heart bleeds for thee.
Age. Farewell, Merione: since I have not thee,
I'll wed thy goodness and thy memory.
Leo. And I her fair revenge.
The. Away! let's follow it;
For he is so rank i' the wind we cannot miss him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Street before a Tavern.*[3]

Enter CRATES *and* CONON.

Cra. Conon, you are welcome home; you are wondrous welcome.
Is this your first arrival?
Con. Sir, but now
I reach'd the town.
Cra. You're once more welcome, then.
Con. I thank you, noble sir.
Cra. Pray you, do me the honour
To make my poor house first ——
Con. Pray, sir, excuse me;
I have not seen mine own yet, nor made happy
These longing eyes with those I love there. — What's this? a tavern?
Cra. It seems so by the outside.
Con. Step in here, then;
And since it offers itself so freely to us,

[1] *such a way of justice*] i. e. such justice. The expression has occurred before; see p. 135; also note, p. 842.

[2] *yet*] Sympson printed "that" (supposing that the compositor had mistaken "yt" for "yet") and Mason approves of the alteration.

[3] *A Street before a Tavern*] "In order to comprehend in what manner this scene is partly transacted before and partly within the house, we must either suppose (according to our notions of scenery, for in Fletcher's age the audience was content with the drawing of a curtain) that the door stood open, or that the tavern was not provided with windows, but open like a fish-monger's or butcher's shop; and it is not unlikely that the *red-lattice* mentioned in old writers, when speaking of taverns, may denote a kind of open frame-work, which exposed those guests who drank in the bar to the view of street passengers, &c." WEBER. — The fact, I believe, is, — there being no movable painted scenery when this play was produced, the audience was to *suppose* that the earliest portion of the present scene took place before the tavern, and the remainder of it in a room of the tavern.

A place made only for liberal entertainment,
Let's seek no further, but make use of this,
And, after the Greek fashion, to our friends
Crown a round cup or two.[1]
Cra. Your pleasure, sir. —
Drawers! who waits within?

Enter Vintner *and* Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir.
Vint. Look into the Lily-pot: why, Mark, there! —
You are welcome, gentlemen; heartily welcome,
My noble friend.
Cra. Let's have good wine, mine host,
And a fine private room.
Vint. Will you be there, sir?
What is't you'll drink?[2] I'll draw your wine myself. —
Cushions, ye knaves! why, when?[3]

Enter Second Drawer *with cushions.*

Sec. Draw. Anon, anon, sir.
Vint. Chios, or Lesbos, Greek?
Cra. Your best and neatest.
Vint. I'll draw ye that shall dance.
Cra. Away! be quick, then. [*Exit* Vintner.
Con. How does your brother, sir, my noble friend,
The good Euphanes? In all my course of travel,
I met not with a gentleman so furnish'd
In gentleness and courtesy; believe, sir,
So many friendly offices I receiv'd from him,
So great and timely, and enjoy'd his company
In such an open and a liberal sweetness,
That when I dare forget him ——
Cra. He's in good health, sir;
But you will find him a much-alter'd man;
Grown a great courtier, sir.
Con. He's worthy of it.
Cra. A man drawn up, that leaves no print behind him
Of what he was: those goodnesses you speak of
That have been in him, those that you call freedoms,
Societies and sweetness, look for now, sir,
You'll find no shadows of them left, no sound;
The very air he has liv'd in alter'd. Now behold him,
And you shall see a thing walk by, look big upon you,
And cry for place; "I am the queen's; give room there!"
If you bow low, may be he'll touch the bonnet,
Or fling a forc'd smile at you for a favour.
Con. He is your brother, sir.
Cra. These forms put off,
Which travel and court holy-water[4] sprinkle on him,
I dare accept and know him. You'll think it strange, sir,
That even to me, to me, his natural brother,
And one by birth he owes a little honour to ——

Re-enter Vintner *with wine, and* Boys.

But that's all one. — Come, give me some wine, mine host. —
Here's to your fair return. [*Drinks.*
Con. I wonder at it;
But, sure, he has found a nature not worth owning;
In this way else I know he is tender-carried. — [*Aside.*
I thank you, sir. And now durst I presume,
For all you tell me of these alterations
And stops in his sweet nature (which till I find so,
I have known him now so long, and look'd so through him,
You must give me leave to be a little faithless),
I say, for all these, if you please to venture,
I'll lay the wine we drink, let me send for him
(Even I, that am the poorest of his fellowship),
But by a boy o' th' house too let, him have business,
Let him attend the queen, nay, let his mistress
Hold him betwixt her arms, he shall come to me,
And shall drink with me too, love me, and heartily;
Like a true honest man, bid me welcome home:
I am confident.
Cra. You will lose.
Con. You'll stand to the wager?
Cra. With all my heart.
Con. Go, boy, and tell Euphanes ——
First Boy. He's now gone up the street, sir,
With a great train of gallants.
Cra. What think you now, sir?
Con. Go, and overtake him:
Commend my love unto him; my name is Conon;
Tell him I am new arriv'd, and where I am,
And would request to see him presently. —
You see I use old dudgeon[5] phrase to draw him.
Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.
Con. Away, boy!
First Boy. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Con. Here's to you now: [*Drinks.*
And you shall find his travel has not stopt him,
As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom;
But made him far more clear and excellent.
It draws the grossness off the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits:
He that knows most men's manners, must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those by example.
'Tis a dull thing to travel, like a mill-horse,
Still in the place he was born in, lam'd and blinded;
Living at home is like it. Pure and strong spirits,
That, like the fire, still covet to fly upward,

[1] *or two*] Here Weber added a stage-direction, "*They go into the Tavern.*"

[2] *What is't you'll drink?*] We must now suppose Crates and Conon to be in "a fine private room" of the tavern.

[3] *why, when?*] An elliptical expression of impatience, very common in early plays. It occurs, indeed, in one of Drydon's — *Love Triumphant.*

[4] *court holy-water*] A proverbial expression for compliments, fine words without deeds. (Fr. *Eau bénite de la cour*).

[5] *dudgeon*] i. e. homely. So in *The Captain*, act ii. sc. 1, p. 493, Jacomo says,

"though I am plain and *dudgeon*,
I would not be an ass."

See also the note on "*dudgeon-dagger*," p. 472. Since the preceding plays were printed, I have found that there was a cloth or stuff called *dudgeon*: and that it was of a coarse kind may be concluded from the metaphorical use of the word. "*Dudgion* the c peeces containing v, xx." *The Rates of the Custome house*, &c., 1582, sig. B vii: so also in *The Rates of Marchandises*, &c.

And to give fire as well as take it, cas'd up and mew'd here,
I mean at home, like lusty mettled horses,
Only tied up in stables, to please their masters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.
Why do not you travel, sir?
Cra. I have no belief in't,
I see so many strange things, half unhatch'd too,
Return; those that went out men, and good men,
They look like poach'd eggs, with the souls[1] suck'd out,
Empty and full of wind; all their affections
Are bak'd in rye-crust, to hold carriage
From this good town to th' other; and when they are open'd,
They are so ill-cook'd and mouldy ——
Con. You are pleasant.
Cra. I'll shew you a pack of these; I have 'em for you;
That have been long in travel too.
Con. Please you, sir.
Cra. You know the Merchants' Walk, boy?
Sec. Boy. Very well.
Cra. And you remember those gentlemen were here
The other day with me?
Sec. Boy. Yes.
Cra. Then go hither,
For there I am sure they are; pray 'em come hither,
(And use my name) I would be glad to see 'em.
[*Exit* Sec. Boy.

Re-enter First Boy.

First Boy. Your brother's coming in, sir.
Vint. 'Ods my passion! —
Out with the plate, ye knaves; bring the new cushions,
And wash those glasses I set by for high-days;
Perfume the rooms along.
[*Exeunt* Drawers, *one of whom presently returns with cushions*]. —
Why, sirrah!
First Boy Here, sir.
Vint. Bid my wife make herself ready[2] handsomely,
And put on her best apron; it may be,
The noble gentleman will look upon her.

Enter EUPHANES *and two* Gentlemen.

Euph. Where is he, boy?
Vint. Your worship's heartily welcome;
It joys my very heart to see you here, sir.
[*Exit* First Boy.
The gentleman that sent for your honour ——
Euph. Oh, good mine host ——
Vint. To my poor homely house, an't like your honour.
Euph. I thank thine honour, good mine host. Where is he?
Con. What think you now? — My best Euphanes!
Euph. Conon!
Welcome, my friend: my noble friend, how is it?
Are you in safety come, in health?
Con. All health, all safety,
Riches, and all that makes content and happiness,
Now I am here, I have. How have you far'd, sir?
Euph. Well, I thank Heaven; and never nearer, friend,
To catch that great occasion.
Con. Indeed, I joy in't.
Euph. Nor am I for myself born in these fortunes;
In truth, I love my friends.
Con. You were noble ever.
[EUPHANES *salutes* CRATES.
Cra. I thought you had not known me.
Euph. Yes; you are my brother,
My elder brother too: would your affections
Were able but to ask that love I owe to you,
And, as I give, preserve it! — Here, friend Conon,
To your fair welcome home. [*They drink.*
Con. Dear sir, I thank you. —
Fill it to the brim, boy. — Crates!
Cra. I will pledge you;
But for that glorious comet, lately fir'd ——
Con. Fie, fie, sir, fie!
Euph. Nay, let him take his freedoms;
He stirs not me, I vow to you; much less stains me.
Cra. Sir, I cannot talk with that neat travelling tongue.
Con. As I live, he has the worst belief in men abroad!
I am glad I am come home. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Second Boy.

Sec. Boy. Here are the gentlemen.
Cra. Oh, let 'em enter. Now you that trust in travel,
And make sharp beards and little breeches deities,
You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks,[3]

[1] *souls*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "soul."
[2] *make herself ready*] i. e. dress herself.

[3] *you that trust in travel,*
And make sharp beards and little breeches deities,
You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks] "The following passage from Taylor the water poet will sufficiently illustrate the different modes of wearing the beard, where the stiletto-fashion (which, from a speech following, seems to have been imported from Pisa) alluded to in the text, as well as the cut mentioned in act iv. sc. 1, is specified: —

'Now a few lines to paper I will put
Of mens beards strange and variable cut,
In which there's some doe take as vaine a pride
As almost in all other things beside.
Some are reap'd most substantial, like a brush,
Which makes a natural wit knowne by the bush;
And in my time of some men I have heard,
Whose wisdome haue bin onely wealth and beard;
Many of these the proverbe well doth fit,
Which sayes, "Bush naturall, more haire then wit:"
Some seeme as they were starched stiffe and fine,
Like to the bristles of some angry swine;
And some, to set their loues desire on edge,
Are cut and prun'de like to a quickset hedge:
Some like a spade, some like a forke, some square,
Some round, some mow'd like stubble, some starke bare,
Some *sharpe, stelette fashion, dagger-like,*
That may, with whispering, a mans eyes out-pike;
Some with the hammer-cut, or *Romane T,*
Their beards extrauagant reform'd must be;
Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion,
Some circular, some oual in translation;
Some perpendicular in longitude,
Some like a thicket for their crassitude:

And hold there is no home-bred happiness,
Behold a model of your minds and actions.
Euph. Though this be envious, yet, done i' the way of mirth,
I am content to thank you for't.
Con. 'Tis well yet.
Cra. Let the masque enter.

Enter ONOS, Uncle, *and* Tutor.

Onos. A pretty tavern, faith, of a fine structure.
Uncle. Bear yourself like a gentleman; here's sixpence,
And be sure you break no glasses.
Tutor. Hark ye, pupil;
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams,
And put your knees out bent; there; yet a little:
Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident
To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a main posture,
And to all unair'd gentlemen will betray you.
Play with your Pisa beard: why, where's your brush, pupil? [1] —
He must have a brush, sir.
Uncle. More charge yet?
Tutor. Here, take mine. —
These elements of travel he must not want, sir.
Uncle. *Ma foy*, he has had some nineteen-pence in elements;
What would you more?
Tutor. *Durus, mehercle, pater!*
Con. What, monsieur Onos, the very pump [2] of travel! ——

That heights, depths, breadths, triforme, square, oual, round,
And rules geometricall in beards are found.'
Superbie Flagellum, apud Works [p. 34. ed. 1630.]

Tight and short breeches, at that time coming into fashion, were considered by the puritans, who had been used to the wide trunk-hose, as very indecent, and by old people, as Mr. Gifford observes, very inconvenient, 'as being ill adapted to the hard oak chairs and benches on which they usually sat.' [Note on Massinger's *Works*, vol. ii. 487, ed. 1813] — Finally, toothpicks had been introduced by travellers shortly before, and are often alluded to in old plays. [See pp. 119 and 554.]" WEBER.

[1] *why, where's your brush, pupil?*] "I am not certain what brush the Tutor means. Perhaps one was appended to the snuff-boxes then worn, as is still the case with the Scotch snuffing-horns. . . . However, it may have been a custom for the gallants to carry a clothes-brush in their pockets, and the text may allude to this." WEBER. It is evident from the context that the Tutor means a brush for the beard. In *The Rates of Marchandizes*, &c., 1635, we find, "*Beard brushes* the groce, containing 12 dozen," &c., sig. B iv.

[2] *pump*] "I suspect that for *pump* here we should read *pink*. The *pink of courtesy* is a well-known phrase." SYMPSON. "I believe Sympson is right in his conjecture." WEBER. In the characters of Onos, his Uncle, and his Tutor, the poet certainly intended to ridicule Thomas Coryate (see note, act iii. sc. i.); and perhaps there is an allusion here to Coryate's famous shoes. In a copy of verses by John Strangwayes, prefixed to Coryate's *Crudities*, 1611, (and originally forming part of *The Odcombian Banquet*, &c., 1611), is the following passage;

"Come to my helpe some old-shod pilgrime wight,
That I of you may tread the way aright
Which leads vnto his fame, whilst I do stile
How he [Coryate] did go at least nine hundred mile
With one poore paire of shoes, sauing alone-a
He onely once did sole them at Verona," &c. Sig. d.

where Coryate has put a marginal note on "Verona" — "You should have said Zurich." Coryate's shoes were hung up in the church of his native Odcombe, and remained there till about 1702: see Coles's Add. to Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* ii. 214. ed. Bliss.

Sir, as I live, you have done me the greatest kindness. —
Oh, my fair sir, Lampree, the careful uncle
To this young hopeful issue! Monsieur Tutor too,
The father to his mind! Come, come: let's hug, boys.
Why, what a bunch of travel do I embrace now!
Methinks I put a girdle about Europe.
How has the boy profited?
Uncle. He has enough, sir,
If his too fiery mettle do not mar it.
Con. Is he not thrifty yet?
Tutor. That's all his fault;
Too bounteous-minded, being under age too;
A great consumer of his stock in pippins:
H'ad ever a hot stomach.
Con. Come hither, Onos:
Will you love me for this fine apple?
Onos. *Ouy.*
Con. And will you be rul'd by me sometimes?
Onos. Faith, I will.
Con. That's a good boy.
Uncle. Pray, give not the child so much fruit;
He's of a raw complexion.
Euph. You, monsieur Hard-Egg,
Do you remember me? do you remember
When you and your consort [3] travell'd through Hungary?
Con. He's in that circuit still.
Euph. Do you remember
The cantle of immortal cheese [4] you carried with you.
The half-cold cabbage in a leather satchel,
And those invincible eggs that would lie in your bowels
A fortnight together, and then turn to bed-staves;
Your sour milk that would choke an Irishman,
And bread was bak'd in Cæsar's time for the army?
Con. Providence, providence.
Tutor. The soul of travel.
Euph. Can the boy speak yet?
Tutor. Yes; and as fine a gentleman,
I thank my able knowledge, he has arriv'd at,
Only a little sparing of his language,
Which every man of observation ——
Uncle. And of as many tongues ——
Tutor. Pray, be content, sir;
You know you are for the bodily part, the purse,
I for the magazine, the mind.
Euph. Come hither, springal.[5]
Onos. That in the Almain tongue signifies a gentleman.
Euph. What think you of the forms of Italy or Spain?
Onos. I love mine own country pippin.
Tutor. Nobly answer'd!
Born for his country first.
Euph. A great philosopher! —
What horses do you prefer?

[3] *consort*] i. e. band, company, — companions.

[4] *cantle of immortal cheese*] — *cantle*, i. e. corner, piece, fragment: so in Skelton's *Elynour Rummyng*;

"A *cantell of* Essex *cheese*."
Works, i. 109. ed. Dyce.

[5] *springal*] "i. e. youth." WEBER.

Onos. The White Horse, sir;
There where I lie; honest, and a just beast.
Tutor. *O caput lepidum!* a child to say this!
Are these figures for the mouths of infants?
Con. Onos, what wenches? [*Aside to him.*
Come, tell me true.
Onos. I cannot speak without book.
Con. When shall we have one, ha?
Onos. Steal me from mine uncle;
For, look you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleshly physic; they say I am too young,
And that 'twill spoil my growth; but, could you help me ——
Con. Meet me to-morrow, man; no more.
Euph. You think now
You have open'd such a shame to me of travel,
By shewing these thin cubs! you have honour'd us
Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent:
Three frails[1] of sprats, carried from mart to mart,
Are as much meat as these, to more use travell'd;
A bunch of bloated fools! Methinks your judgment
Should look abroad sometimes, without your envy.
Cra. Such are most of you. So I take my leave;
And when you find your women's favour fail,
'Tis ten to one you'll know yourself, and seek me,
Upon a better muster of your manners.
Con. This is not handsome, sir.
Euph. Pray, take your pleasure:
You wound the wind as much.
Cra. Come you with me;
I have business for you presently. There's for your wine;
I must confess I lost it. [*Exit.*
Onos. Shall I steal to you?
And shall we see the wench?
Con. A dainty one.
Onos. And have a dish of pippins?
Con. What! a peck, man.
Tutor. Will you wait, sir?
Con. Pray, let's meet oftner, gentlemen;
I would not lose ye.
Tutor. Oh, sweet sir!
Con. Do you think I would?
Such noted men as you?
Onos, *Uncle*, *Tutor.* } We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*
Euph. That thing they would keep in everlasting nonage,
My brother, for his own ends, has thrust on
Upon my mistress: 'tis true, he shall be rich,
If ever he can get that rogue his uncle
To let him be of years to come to inherit it.
Now, what the main drift is ——
Con. Say you so? no more words:
I'll keep him company till he be of years
(Though it be a hundred years), but I'll discover it;
And ten to one I'll cross it too.

[1] *frails*] i. e. slight baskets, of rushes or matting.

Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your love. Farewell, sir
For these few hours I must desire your pardon;
I have business of importance. Once a-day,
At least, I hope you'll see me; I must see you else:
So, once more, you are welcome.
Con. All my thanks, sir;
And, when I leave to love you, life go from me!
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter THEANOR *and* CRATES.

Cra. Why, sir, the kingdom's his; and no man now
Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,
Without his licence; he puts up the tithes
Of every office through Achaia;
From courtier to the carter hold of him;
Our lands, our liberties, nay, very lives,
Are shut up in his closet, and let loose
But at his pleasure; books and all discourse
Have now no patron nor direction
But glorified Euphanes; our cups are guilty
That quench our thirsts, if not unto his health.
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away
My very soul, for anguish! Gods nor men
Should tolerate such disproportion.
The. And yet is he belov'd; whether 't be virtue,
Or seeming virtue, which he makes the cloak
To his ambition.
Cra. Be it which it will,
Your highness is too tame, your eyes too film'd,
To see this, and sit still: the lion should not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the bull.
Nature, excuse me! though he be my brother,
You are my country's father, therefore mine:
One parallel line of love I bend on him,
All lines of love and duty meet in you,
As in their centre; therefore hear, and weigh,
What I shall speak. You know the queen your mother
Did from a private state your father raise;
So all your royalty you hold from her:
She is older than she was, therefore more doting;
And what know we but blindness of her love
(That hath, from underneath the foot of Fortune,
Set even Euphanes' foot on Fortune's head)
Will take him by the hand, and cry, "Leap now
Into my bed!" 'tis but a trick of age;
Nothing impossible.
The. What do you infer on this?
Cra. Your pardon, sir,
With reverence to the queen: yet why should I
Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your good?
A good old widow is a hungry thing —
I speak of other widows, not of queens.
The. Speak to thy purpose.
Cra. I approach it. Sir,
Should young Euphanes clasp the kingdom thus,
And please the good old lady some one night,
What might not she be wrought to put on you,

Quite to supplant your birth? neither is she
Past children, as I take it.

The. Crates, thou shak'st me:
Thou, that dost hate thy brother for my love,
In my love find one; henceforth be my brother.
This giant I will fell beneath the earth;
I will shine out, and melt his artful wings:
Euphanes, from my mother's sea of favours,
Spreads like a river, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my storms; like a young pine
He grows up planted under a fair oak,
Whose strong large branches yet do[1] shelter him,
And every traveller admires his beauty:
But, like a wind, I'll work into his cranks,[2]
Trouble his stream, and drown all vessels that
Ride on his greatness: under my mother's arms,
Like to a stealing tempest, will I search,
And rend his root from her protection.

Cra. Ay, now Theanor speaks like prince Theanor.

The. But how shall we provoke him to our snares?
He has a temper malice cannot move
To exceed the bounds of judgment; he is so wise,
That we can pick no cause to affront him.

Cra. No?
What better than his crossing your intent?
The suit I had to you? Conon's forfeit state[3]
(Before he travell'd) for a riot, he
Hath from your mother got restor'd to him.

The. Durst he? what is this Conon?

Cra. One that hath,
As people say, in foreign countries[4] pleasur'd him.
But now no more;

Enter ONOS, Uncle, Tutor, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

They have brought the travellers I told you of.
That's the sweet youth that is my brother's rival,
That curls his head, for he has little hair,
And paints his vizor, for it is no face,
That so desires to follow you, my lord:
Shew 'em some countenance, and it will beget
Our sport at least.

The. What villanous crab-tree legs[5]
He makes! his shins are full of true-love knots.

Cra. His legs were ever villanous, since I knew him.

Era. Faith, his uncle's shanks are somewhat the better.

Nean. But is't possible he should believe he is not of age? why, he is fifty, man; in's jubilee, I warrant: 'slight, he looks older than a groat; the very stamp on's face is worn out with handling.

Sos. Why, I tell you, all men believe it when they hear him speak, he utters such single[6] matter in so infantly a voice.

Nean. He looks as like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with tobacco in our theatres![7]

Onos. Most illustrious prince!

Era. A pox on him, he is gelt! how he trebles!

Onos. I am a gentleman o' both sides.

Tutor. He means (so't please your highness) both by father and mother.

Sos. Thou a gentleman! thou an ass.

Nean. He is ne'er the farther from being a gentleman, I assure you.

Tutor. May it please your grace, I am another.

Nean. He is another ass, he says; I believe him.

Uncle. We be three, heroical prince ——

Nean. Nay, then, we must have the picture of 'em,[8] and the word[9] *Nos sumus.*

Tutor. That have travelled all parts of the globe together.

Uncle. For my part, I have seen the vicissitude of fortune before.

Onos. Peace, uncle; for, though you speak a little better than I ——

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in truth.

Onos. Yet, we must both give place, as they say, to the best speaker, the tutor.

Tutor. Yet, since it hath pleased your radiance to decline so low as on us poor and unworthy dung-hills ——

Nean. What a stinking knave's this!

Tutor. Our peregrination was ne'er so felicitated, as since we entered the line of your gracious favour; under whose beamy aspect, and by which infallible mathematical compass, may we but hereafter presume to sail, our industries have reached their desired termination and period; and we shall voluntarily sacrifice our lives to your resplendent eyes, both the altars and fires of our devoted offerings.

Onos. Oh, divine tutor!

Era. Can you hold, sir?

Era. He has spoken this very speech to some whore in Corinth.

Nean. A plague on him for a fustian dictionary! On my conscience, this is the Ulyssean traveller that sent home[10] his image riding upon elephants to the great Mogul.

[1] *do*] Both the folios "do's."

[2] *cranks*] i. e. bending or winding passages. — There is a strange jumble of metaphors in this speech.

[3] *state*] i. e. estate, — as frequently before.

[4] *countries*] So the second folio. — Not in the first.

[5] *legs*] i. e. bows.

[6] *single*] i. e. weak, silly.

[7] *tobacco in our theatres*] See notes, pp. 99, 277.

[8] *the picture of 'em*, &c.] "Alluding to the sign of the Loggerheads." MASON.

"Much like unto the picture of *We three.*"

Taylor's *Farewell to the Tower Bottles*, — *Workes*, 1630, p. 124, where the note is, "The picture of two Fooles and the third looking on."

[9] *word*] i. e. motto.

[10] *the Ulyssean traveller that sent home*, &c.] "The *Ulyssean traveller* here mentioned was the celebrated Thomas Coryate, who is supposed to have travelled more miles on foot than any person of that age, or in any period since. He was undoubtedly not in his perfect senses; but was a man of considerable learning, and appears to have related faithfully what he saw: for he became ridiculous chiefly by dwelling with too much attention on the trifling accidents which happened to him during his journey. In the year 1608, he set out from England, and went on foot as far as Venice, and back again; a journey which he completed in five months. He published an account of it in the year 1611, in a large quarto volume [called *Crudities*, &c.], containing 655 pages, besides more than 100 filled with commendatory verses by Ben Jonson and most of the wits of the age, who both laughed at him and flattered his vanity at the same time. An extract from this singular performance is given in a note on act iv. sc. 1. He afterwards travelled into Persia, and from thence into the East-Indies, still on foot, and died at Surat in the year 1617. The piece alluded to by our author was entitled *Thomas Coriate, Traveller for the English Wits, greeting from the Court of the Great Mogul, resident at the Towne of Asmere in Easterne India. Printed by W. Jaggard and Henry Featherston*, 1616, quarto. It has,

Sos. The same; his wit is so huge, nought but an elephant could carry him.
Era. So heavy, you mean.
Nean. These three are even the finest one fool tripartite that was e'er discovered.
Sos. Or a treatise of famine, divided into three branches.
Era. The prince speaks.
The. I thank ye for your loves; but, as I told you,
I have so little means to do for those
Few followers I have already, that
I would have none shipwreck themselves and fortune
Upon my barren shelf. Sue to Euphanes,
For he is prince and queen. I would have no man
Curse me in his old age.
Cra. Alas, sir, they desire to follow you
But afar off! the farther off the better.
Tutor. Ay, sir; an't be seven mile off, so we may but follow you, only to countenance us in the confronts and affronts, which (according to your highness' will) we mean on all occasions to put upon the lord Euphanes.
Onos. He shall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant him; if he do, I'll forswear wit.
Nean. It has forsworn thee, I'll swear; it is the ancient enemy to thy house.
The. Well, be it so; I here receive ye for my followers a great way off.
Nean. Seven miles, my lord; no further.
Onos. By what time, sir, (by this measure) may I come to follow him in his chamber?
Nean. Why, when his chamber, sir, is seven miles long.

Enter EUPHANES, CONON, Page, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Gent. Make way there for my lord Euphanes!
Cra. Look, sir, Jove appears!
The peacock of our state, that spreads a train
Brighter than Iris' blushes after rain.
Euph. You need not thank me, Conon: in your love
You antedated what I can do for you,
And I in gratitude was bound to this,
And am to much more; and whate'er he be
Can with unthankfulness assoil[1] me, let him
Dig out mine eyes, and sing my name in verse,
In ballad-verse, at every drinking-house,
And no man be so charitable to lend me
A dog to guide my steps.
Nean. Hail to Euphanes!
Sos. Mighty Euphanes!
Era. The great prince Euphanes!
Tutor. Key of the court, and jewel of the queen!
Uncle. Sol in our firmament!
Onos. Pearl in the state's eye!
Nean. Being a black man.
Era. Mistress of the land!
Nean. Our humble, humble, poor petitions are,
That we may hold our places.
All. May we?
Euph. Yes;
Be you malicious knaves still; and you fools.
Con. This is the prince's and your brother's spite.
Euph. I know't, but will not know it.
Con. Yonder they are. —
Whose fine child's this?
Uncle. Sir!
Onos. Uncle, le' be,[2]
Let him alone; he is a mighty prince.
Euph. I ask your highness' pardon; I protest
By Jupiter, I saw you not.
The. Hum; it may be so:
You have rais'd such mountains 'twixt your eyes and me,
That I am hidden quite. What do you mean, sir?
You much forget yourself.
Euph. I should much more,
Not to remember my due duty to your grace.
I know not wherein I have so transgress'd
My service to your highness,[3] to deserve
This rigour and contempt, not from you only,
But from your followers, with the best of whom
I was an equal in my lowest ebb:
Beseech you, sir, respect me as a gentleman;
I will be never more in heart to you:
Five fair descents I can derive myself
From fathers worthy both in arts and arms.
I know your goodness companies your greatness,
But that you are perverted: royal sir,
I am your humblest subject; use your pleasure,
But do not give protection to the wrongs
Of these subordinate slaves, whom I could crush
By that great destin'd favour which my mistress
And your majestic mother deigns to me,
But in respect of you. I know lean envy
Waits ever on the steps of virtue advanc'd;
But why your mother's grace gets me disgrace,
Or renders me a slave to bear these wrongs,
I do not know. — Oh, mediocrity,
Thou prizeless jewel, only mean men have,
But cannot value; like the precious gem
Found in the muckhill by the ignorant cock!
The. Your creamy words but cozen: how durst you
Intercept me so lately to my mother?
And what I meant your brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeiter[4] again.
Cra. Your answer
To that, my lord my brother.
Euph. May I perish,
If e'er I heard you intended such a suit!
Though 'twould have stuck an ignominious brand
Upon your highness, to have given your servant
A gentleman's whole state[5] of worth and quality,
Confiscate only for a youthful brawl.
The. Your rudiments are too saucy; teach your page.
Con. Ay, so are all things but your flatterers.
Onos. Hold you your prating.

in the frontispiece, a representation of the author riding on an elephant." REED. I may add, that among the commendatory verses prefixed to the *Crudities* (and originally published under the title of *The Odcombian Banquet*, &c. 1611,) is a copy headed 'A parallel betweene Don Vlysses of Ithaca and Don Coryate of Odcombe.'

[1] *assoil*] If the right reading, must mean — soil, stain.

[2] *le' be*] i. e. let be, forbear. We have already had *le'* for *let*; see p. 611.

[3] *transgress'd*
My service to your highness] See note, p. 776.

[4] *forfeiter*] Both the folios "forfeiture."

[5] *state*] i. e. estate.

Con. You know where you are, you fleeten face.[1]
Euph. Yet, sir, to appease and satisfy your anger,
Take what you please from me, and give it him,
In lieu of this. You shall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my state;
Which, brother, if you please ——
Cra. I'll starve in chains first,
Eat my own arms.
Euph. Oh, that you saw yourself!
You ne'er made me such offer in my poorness;
And 'cause, to do you ease, I sought not to you,[2]
You thus malign me: yet your nature must not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I shall joy. You know
I fear you not; you have seen me prov'd a man
In every way of fortune: 'tis my comfort
I know no more such brothers in the world
As Crates is.
Con. Nor I such as Euphanes:
The temper of an angel reigns in thee.
Euph. Your royal mother, sir, (I had forgot,)
Entreats your presence.
The. You have done her errand;
I may do yours.
Euph. Let it be truth, my lord.
[*Exit* THEANOR.
Con. Crates, I'll question you for this.
Cra. Pish, your worst!
[*Exeunt* CRATES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.
Con. Away, you hounds, after your scent!
Onos. Come, we'll scorn to talk to 'em. Now they are gone,
We'll away too. [*Exeunt* ONOS, Uncle, *and* Tutor.
Con. Why bear you this, my lord?
Euph. To shew the passive fortitude the best:
Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her marble heroes stand, built of[3] such bases,
Whilst they recoil, and wound the shooters' faces.
Con. My lord, the queen.

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

Queen. Gentle Euphanes, how,
How dost thou, honest lord? Oh, how I joy
To see what I have made! like a choice workman,
That, having fram'd a master-piece, doth reap
An universal commendation!
Princes are gods in this. I'll build thee yet,
The good foundation so pleases me,
A story or two higher; let dogs bark:
They are fools that hold them dignified by blood;
They should be only made great that are good.
Euph. Oraculous madam!
Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking,
If I should marry thee, what merry tales
Our neighbour islands[4] would make of us:
But let that pass; you have a mistress
That would forbid our banes.[5] Troth, I have wish'd
A thousand times that I had been a man;
Then I might sit a day with thee alone,
And talk;[6]
But, as I am, I must not. There's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?
Euph. So't please your majesty,
Conon, the friend I su'd for.
Queen. 'Tis despatch'd.
Con. Gracious madam,
I owe the gods and you my life.
Queen. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest man; he says you are. —
But now I'll chide thee: what's the cause my son
(For my eye's every where, and I have heard)
So insolently does the contumelies
Past sufferance (I am told), yet you complain not?
As if my justice were so partial
As not to right the meanest: credit me,
I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
By his example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's just. I sent you for him.
Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you.
But let me implore your majesty, not to give
His highness any check for worthless me:
They are court-cankers, and not counsellors,
That thus inform you; they do but hate the prince,
And would subvert me. I should curse my fortune,
Even at the highest, to be made the gin[7]
To unscrew a mother's love unto her son:
Better had my pale flame in humble shades
Been spent unseen, than to be rais'd thus high,
Now to be thought a meteor to the state,
Portending ruin and contagion.
Beseech you, then, rest satisfied, the prince
Is a most noble-natur'd gentleman,
And never did to me but what I took
As favours from him: my blown billows must not
Strive 'gainst my shore, that should confine me, nor
Justle with rocks to break themselves to pieces.
Queen. Well, thou'rt the composition of a god:
My lion, lamb, my eaglet, and my dove,
Whose soul runs clearer than Diana's fount!
Nature pick'd several flowers from her choice banks,
And bound 'em up in thee, sending thee forth
A posy for the bosom of a queen.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The prince attends you.
Queen. Farewell, my good lord,

[1] *you fleeten face*] "To *fleet* is to skim milk. A *fleeten face* means what we now call a whey-face." MASON.
[2] *sought not to you*] i. e. did not solicit you: see notes, pp. 731, 808, 826.
[3] *of*] i e on.—Altered by Weber to "on."
[4] *islands*] Perhaps, as Sympson suspected, the author wrote "islanders."—In the next line, "mistress" is to be read as a trisyllable.
[5] *banes*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "bane," and by Weber to "banns." But *banes* was a very common form of the word: see, for instance, Herrick's *Hesperides*, p. 42, ed. 1648, and Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*, sig. H 3 ed. 1600, where it is used as a rhyme.
[6] *And talk*] So arranged in both the folios.
[7] *gin*] i. e. engine, instrument.

My honest man. Stay; hast no other suit?
I prithee, tell me; sirrah, thine eye speaks
As if thou hadst; out with it, modest fool.
Euph. With favour, madam, I would crave your leave
To marry, where I am bound in gratitude;
The immediate means she was to all my being,
Nor do I think your wisdom, sacred queen,
Fetters in favours, taking from me so
The liberty that meanest men enjoy.
Queen. To marry! you are a fool: thou'st anger'd me.
Leave me; I'll think on t. —
[*Exeunt* EUPHANES *and* CONON.
Only to try thee this, for, though I love thee,
I can subdue myself; but she that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man. [*Aside.*

Re-enter THEANOR, *and kneels.*

Nay, rise without a blessing, or kneel still.
What's, sir, the reason you oppose me thus,
And seek to darken what I would have shine?
Eclipse a fire much brighter than thyself,
Making your mother not a competent judge
Of her own actions?
The. Gracious madam, I
Have done no more than what in royalty,
And to preserve your fame, was fit to do.
Heard you the people's talk of you, and him
You favour so, his greatness, and your love,
The pity given to me, you would excuse me:
They prate as if he did dishonour you;
And what know I but his own lavish tongue
Has utter'd some such speeches? he is call'd
The king of Corinth.
Queen. They are traitors all:
I wear a crystal casement 'fore my heart,
Through which each honest eye may look into't;
Let it be prospect unto all the world,
I care not this!
The. This must not be my way. — [*Aside.*
Your pardon, gracious madam! These incitements
Made me not shew so clear a countenance
Upon the lord Euphanes as I would;
Which since your majesty affects so grievously,
I'll clear the black cloud off it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.
Queen. Rise, with my blessing; and, to prove this true, [THEANOR *rises.*
Bear him from me this cabinet of jewels
[*Giving a cabinet.*
In your own person; tell him, for his marrying,
He may dispose him how and when he please.
The. I shall discharge my duty and your will.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.
Crates!

Re-enter CRATES.

Cra. I have heard all, my lord: how luckily
Fate pops her very spindle in our hands!
This marriage with Beliza you shall cross;
Then have I one attempt for Lamprias more
Upon this Phaëton. Where's Me.ione's ring,
That in the rape you took from her?
The. 'Tis here.
Cra. In, and effect our purpose. You, my lord,
Shall disobey your mother's charge, and send
This cabinet by some servant of her own,
That what succeeds may have no reference
Unto your highness.
The. On, my engine, on!
Cra. Now, if we be not struck by Heaven's own hand,
We'll ruin him, and on his ruins stand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the House of* BELIZA,[1] *hung with black, and lit with tapers.*

Enter AGENOR, LEONIDAS, MERIONE, *and* BELIZA.

SONG.[2]

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again:
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid[3] ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as winged dreams fly fast;
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe:
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.[4]

Age. These heavy[5] airs feed sorrow in her, lady,
And nourish it too strongly; like a mother
That spoils her child with giving on't the will.
Bel. Some lighter note!

SONG.

Court ladies, laugh and wonder: here is one
That weeps because her maidenhead is gone;
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you company:
Too well you know, maids are like towns on fire,
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.
Weep, then, no more, fool: a new maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of in each chaste tear shed.

Leo. How like a hill of snow she sits, and melts
Before the unchaste fire[6] of others' lust!
What heart can see her passion, and not break?
Age. Take comfort, gentle madam: you know well,
Even actual sins, committed without will,
Are neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd;
Your honour's no whit less, your chastity
No whit impair'd, for fair Merione
Is more a virgin yet than all her sex.
Alas, 'tis done![7] why burn these tapers now?
Wicked and frantic creatures joy in night.

1 *House of* BELIZA] Weber gives "*House of* Leonidas:" but see p. 893, 2d col. l. 17, sqq.

2 *Song*] Here the first folio has only a stage-direction, "*A sad Song*," and a little after, "*A lighter Song*." The second folio gives both the songs. The Editors of 1778 chose to remove them from the text into a note.

3 *hid*] Altered by the modern editors to "hidden."

4 *mo*] i. e. more.

5 *heavy*] Omitted by Weber!

6 *fire*] Weber printed "fires."

7 *Alas, 'tis done*] "Mr. Seward concurred with me in taking this passage out of the mouth of *Agenor*, and putting it into that of *Merione*, to whom it undoubtedly belongs; for she breaks out into this passionate sentence, and interrupts the prince, before he could conclude his consolatory address." SYMPSON. So too the Editors of 1778 and Weber. But it is plain that, till she discovers the ring, Merione utters nothing except the exclamations "Oh" and "Pish:" Agenor presently says,

"Why shift you places thus, Merione,
And *will not lend a word?*"

There is probably some corruption in "*done.*"

Leo. Imagine fair Merione had dream'd
She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus
Excruciate?
Mer. Oh!
Bel. Fie, fie, how fond[1] is this!
What reason for this surfeit of remorse?
How many that have done ill, and proceed
Women that take degrees in wantonness,
Commence, and rise in rudiments of lust,
That feel no scruple of this tenderness?
Mer. Pish!
Bel. Nor are you matchless in mishap; e
Do bear an equal part of misery,
That love, belov'd, a man the crown of me
Whom I have friended,[2] and how rais'd. 'is better
That all do know and speak it than myself
When he sail'd low I might have made im mine;
Now, at his full gale, it is questionable
If ever I o'ertake him.
Age. Wherefore sits
My Phœbe shadow'd in a sable cloud?
Those pearly drops which thou let's fall like beads,
Numbering on them thy vestal orisons,
Alas, are spent in vain! I love thee still:
In midst of all these showers thou sweetlier scent'st,
Like a green meadow on an April-day,
In which the sun and west wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The lord Euphanes, madam. [*Exit.*
[*Exit* MERIONE.
Age. Poor Merione!
She loathes the light and men.
[*Exit with* LEONIDAS.

Enter EUPHANES.

Euph. The virtuous gods preserve my mistress!
Bel. Oh, my most honour'd lord, those times are chang'd!
Euph. Let times and men change: could Heaven change, Euphanes
Should never change to be devoted ever
To fair Beliza. Should my load of honours,
Or any grace which you were author of,
Detract mine honour, and diminish grace?
The gods forbid! You here behold your servant,
Your creature, gentle lady, whose sound sleeps
You purchas'd for him, whose food you paid for,
Whose garments were your charge, whose first perferment
You founded; then, what since the gracious queen
Hath, or can rear, is upon your free land,
And you are mistress of.
Bel. Mock me not, gentle lord;
You shine now in too high a sphere for me;
We are planets now disjoin'd for ever: yet,
Poor superstitious innocent that I am,
Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love,
Not in idolatry, but perfect zeal;
For, credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
But, were it to begin, would do the same.
Euph. There are two seas in Corinth, and two queens,
And, but there, not two such in the spacious universe.
I came to tender you the man you have made,
And, like a thankful stream, to retribute
All you, my ocean, have enrich'd me with.
You told me once you'd marry me.
Bel. Another mock? you were wont to play fair play.
You scorn poor helps; he, that is sure to win,
May slight mean hearts, whose hand commands the queen.
Euph. Let me be held the knave through all the stock,
When I do slight my mistress! You know well
The gracious inclination of the queen,
Who sent me leave this morning to proceed
To marry as I saw convenience,
And a great gift of jewels: three days hence
The general sacrifice is done to Vesta,
And, can you by them be accommodated,
Your servant shall wait on you to the temple.
Bel. Till now[3]
I never felt a real joy indeed.
Euph. Here, then, I seal my duty, here my love:
Till which vouchsafe to wear this ring, dear mistress;
'Twas the queen's token, and shall celebrate
Our nuptials.
Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve
My honour'd lord, as he preserves all honour!
[*Exit* EUPHANES.

Re-enter MERIONE, AGENOR, and LEONIDAS.

Age. Why shift you places thus, Merione,
And will not lend a word? Couldst thou so soon
Leave sorrow as the place, how blest were I!
But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent guest,
A follower every where, a hanger-on,
That words nor blows can drive away.
Leo. Dear sister!
Bel. Who can be sad? out with these tragic lights,
And let day repossess her natural hours;
Tear down these blacks, cast ope the casements wide,
That we may jocundly behold the sun!
I did partake with sad Merione
In all her mourning; let her now rejoice
With glad Beliza, for Euphanes is
As full of love, full of humility,
As when he wanted.
Mer. Oh! — that ——
Leo. Help! she faints;
Her grief has broke her heart.
Mer. No — that — that ——
Age. Mistress, what point you at? —
Her lamps are out, yet still she extends her hand,
As if she saw something antipathous
Unto her virtuous life.

[1] *fond*] i. e. foolish.
[2] *Whom I have friended*] Altered by Sympson (see *Errata* to vol. vi. ed. 1750) to "*Whom* how *I've friended*; and so the Editors of 1778; — rightly, perhaps, though Mason pronounces the alteration to be unnecessary.
[3] *Till now*] So arranged in both the folios.

Leo. Still, still she points,
And her lips move, but no articulate sound
Breathes from 'em. — Sister, speak, what moves you thus?
Bel. Her spirits return.
Mer. Oh, hide that fatal ring!
Where had it you, Beliza?
Bel. What hid fate
Depends on it? — Euphanes gave it me,
As holy pledge of future marriage.
Mer. Then is Euphanes the foul ravisher;
Let me speak this, and die. That dismal night
Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that ring
The partner of my robb'd virginity.
Leo. Euphanes!
Age. Strange!
Bel. Impossible!
Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief servant to the queen. Ha! I have read
Somewhere, I am sure, of such an injury
Done to a lady, and how she durst die. [*Exit.*
Age. Oh, follow her, Beliza!
Bel. To assure her
The unlikelihood of this. [*Exit.*
Age. Love hides all sins.
What's to be done, Leonidas?
Leo. Why, this ——
Amazement takes up all my faculties:
The plagues of gods and men will muster all,
To avenge this tyranny. Oh, frontless man,
To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus!
First let's implore, then cure.
Age. Who, who can trust
The gentle looks and words of two-fac'd man?
Like Corinth's double torrent, you and I
Will rush upon the land; nor shall the queen
Defend this villain in his villany:
Lust's violent flames can never be withstood,
Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of blood. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter CRATES, Uncle, Tutor, *and* ONOS.

Onos. Thinks he to carry her, and live?
Cra. It seems so:
And she will carry him, the story says.
Onos. Well; hum;
Have I for this, thou fair, but falsest fair,
Stretch'd this same simple leg over the sea?
What though my bashfulness and tender years
Durst ne'er reveal my affection to thy teeth?
Deep love ne'er tattles, and, say they, love's bit
The deeper dipp'd, the sweeter still is it.
Tutor. Oh, see the power of love! he speaks in rhyme.
Cra. Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme.[1]
Of all the lovers yet I have heard or read,
This is the strangest: but his guardian,
And you, his tutor, should inform him better:
Thinks he that love is answer'd by instinct?
Tutor. He should make means;
For certain, sir, his bashfulness undoes him,
For from his cradle he had a shameful face.
Thus walks he night and day, eats not a bit,
Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humorous,
Drinks ale, and takes tobacco as you see;
Wears a stiletto at his codpiece close,
Stabs on the least occasion; strokes his beard,
Which now he puts i' the posture of a T,
The Roman T; your T beard is the fashion,[2]
And twifold doth express the enamour'd courtier,
As full as your fork-carving traveller.[3]
Onos. Oh,
Black clouds of discontent, envelope me!
Garters, fly off; go, hatband, bind the brows
Of some dull citizen that fears to ache;
And, leg, appear now in simplicity,
Without the trappings of a courtier;
Burst, buttons, burst, your bachelor is worm'd!—
Cra. A worm-eaten bachelor thou art indeed.
Onos. And, devil Melancholy, possess[4] me now!
Uncle. Cross him not in this fit, I advise you, sir.
Onos. Die, crimson rose, that didst adorn these checks,
For itch of love is now broke forth on me!
Uncle. Poor boy, 'tis true; his wrists and hands are scabby.
Onos. Burn, eyes, out in your sockets, sink and stink;

[1] *Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhyme*] Silently altered by Sympson to,

"*Oh, love* would *make a dog* to *howl in rhyme*"!

[2] *your T beard is the fashion*] See note, p. 896. — Gifford (note on B. Jonson's *Works*, ii. 201) cites the present passage as affording a proof that this mode of wearing the beard, "from its perfect absurdity," was in high request.

[3] *fork-carving traveller*] "The 'precise time' [—Reed alludes to a note by Sympson on the present passage—] when the use of *forks* was introduced into this kingdom will appear with certainty from the following extract from *Coryats Crudities, hastily gobled up in five Moneths Trauelle in France, Sauoy, Italy, Rhetia commonly called the Grisons country, Heluetia alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany, and the Netherlands*, &c. 1611, 4to, p. 90. As the passage is curious on account of its describing one of the customs of the times, we shall make no apology for the length of it: — 'Here I wil mention a thing that might haue been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. I obserued a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not vsed in any other country that I saw in my trauels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth vse it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meales vse a little *forke* when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their *forke*, which they hold in their other hand, vpon the same dish: so that whatsoeuer he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meale, should vnaduisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will giue occasion of offence vnto the company, as hauing transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at the least browbeaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding, I vnderstand, is generally vsed in all places of Italy, their *forkes* being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of siluer, but those are vsed only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any meanes indure to haue his dish touched with fingers, seing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon, I myselfe thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this *forked* cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home; being once quipped for that frequent vsing of my *forke* by a certaine learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for vsing a *forke* at feeding, but for no other cause.'" REED. Compare Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, act v. sc. 3, and Gifford's note, *Works*, v. 136.

[4] *possess*] Both the folios "possesses."

Teeth, I will pick ye to the very bones;
Hang, hair, like hemp, or like the Isling cur's,[1]
For never powder nor the crisping-iron
Shall touch these dangling locks; oh, ruby lips,
Love hath to you been like wine-vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, lips' ghosts ye are;[2]
And my disgrace sharper than mustard seed!
Cra. How like a chandler he does vent his passions!
Risum teneatis?
Onos. Well sung the poet,
Love is a golden *bubo*, full of dreams,
That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extremes.
Tutor. A gold[en] *bubble*, pupil: oh, gross solecism
To chaster ears that understand the Latin!
Onos. I will not be corrected now;
I am in love: revenge is now the cud
That I do chaw;[3] I'll challenge him.
Cra. Ay, marry, sir.
Uncle. Your honour bids you, nephew; on and prosper.
Onos. But none will bear it from me; times are dangerous.
Cra. Carry it yourself, man.
Onos. Tutor, your counsel. — I'll do nothing, sir,
Without him.
Uncle. This may rid[4] thee, valiant coz,
Whom I have kept this forty year my ward:
Fain would I have his state;[5] and now of late
He did inquire at Ephesus for his age,[6]
But, the church-book being burnt with Dian's temple,
He lost his aim. I have tried to famish him,
Marry, he'll live o' stones; and then for poisons,
He is an antidote 'gainst all of 'em, —
He sprung from Mithridates; he's so dry and hot,
He will eat spiders faster than a monkey;
His maw, unhurt, keeps quicksilver like a bladder;
The largest dose of camphire, opium,
Harms not his brain; I think his scull's as empty
As a suck'd egg; vitriol and oil of tartar
He will eat toasts of; henbane, I am sure,
And hemlock, I have made his pot-herbs often.
[*Aside.*
Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the honour;
If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to choose the weapon, time, and place,
Which may be ten years hence, and Calicut
Or underneath the Line, to avoid advantage.
Onos. I am resolvèd.
Tutor. By your favour, pupil,
Whence shall this challenge rise? for you must ground it
On some such fundamental base or matter
As now the gentry set their lives upon.
Did you ere cheat him at some ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him: hath he call'd your whore
Whore? though she be, beside yours, twenty men's,
Your honour, reputation, is touch'd then,
And you must challenge him: has he denied
On thirty *damme's* to accommodate[7] money?
Though you have broke threescore before to him,[8]
Here you must challenge him: durst he ever shun
To drink two pots of ale wi' you, or to wench,
Though weighty business otherwise importun'd?
He is a proud lord,
And you may challenge him: has he familiarly
Dislik'd your yellow starch?[9] or said your doublet
Was not exactly Frenchified? or that that report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your sword,
Cried 'twas ill mounted? has he given the lie
In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
Or direct parallel?[10] you must challenge him.
Onos. He never gave my direct apparel[11] the lie in's life.
Tutor. But, for the crown of all, has he refus'd
To pledge your mistress' health? though he were sick,
And crav'd your pardon, you must challenge him,
There's no avoiding; one or both must drop.
Onos. Exquisite tutor!

Enter NEANTHES *and* Page.

Nean. Crates, I have sought you long: what make you here

[1] *Isling cur's*] Weber chose to print "Iceland curs." "*Isling*" (which occurs in writers long anterior to Fletcher's time) is a corruption of *Iceland.* — This sort of dog (white, shaggy, and sharp-eared) was formerly much prized by ladies.

[2] *lips' ghosts ye are*] Mason's correction, and obviously necessary. — Both the folios have "*lips, ghosts ye are;*" and so the modern editors.

[3] *chaw*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "chew."

[4] *rid*] i. e. despatch, destroy.

[5] *state*] i. e. estate.

[6] *He did inquire at Ephesus for his age, &c.*] "'Tis to be wished our authors had not been guilty of this and the like anachronisms." SYMPSON. A similar absurdity is found in *The Old Law*: see Massinger's *Works*, iv. 506, ed. 1813, where Gifford observes, that in several passages there is a resemblance between that play and *The Queen of Corinth.*

[7] *accommodate*] "This word was considered as one of the conceited phrases of the time. Bobadil, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, calls it one of 'the words of action;' and in the same author's *Discoveries* it is styled one of 'the perfumed terms of the time.'" WEBER.

[8] *Though you have broke threescore before to him*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios have,

"*Though* he *have broke threescore before to* you."

[9] *yellow starch*] See note, p. 714.

[10] *has he given the lie*
In circle, or oblique, or *semi-circle*,
Or direct parallel] — *in direct parallel*, is the lie direct; *in circle, or oblique, or semi-circle*, the lie circumstantial. So B. Jonson, nearly in the same words;

"And then rules
To give and take the lie by.
Kas. How! to take it?
Face. Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle;
But never in diameter."
The Alchemist, act iii. sc. 2. — *Works*, iv. 107. ed. Gifford.

Compare Shakespeare's *As you like it*, act v. sc. 4.

[11] *my direct apparel*] "Sympson, not thinking this blunder of Onos was intended by the poets, reads,

'*He never gave me* th' *direct* parallel *lie in's life.*'"
Ed. 1778.

Fooling with these three-farthings, while the town
Is all in uproar, and the prince our master,
Seiz'd by Leonidas and Agenor, carried
And prisoner kept i' the castle flanks
The west part of the city, where they vow
To hold him till your brother, lord Euphanes,
Be render'd to 'em, with his life to satisfy
The rape, by him suspected to Merione?
The queen refuses to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,
And dares 'em do their worst on prince Theanor:
The whole state's in combustion.
Cra. Fatal ring! [*Aside.*
Uncle. What will become of us?
Nean. And she hath given commission to Euphanes
And Conon, who have levied men already,
With violence to surprise the tower, and take 'em.
What will you do?
Cra. Along wi' you, and prevent
A further mischief. — Gentlemen, our intents
We must defer; you are the prince's followers.
Nean. Will ye walk with us?
Uncle. You shall pardon us.
Tutor. We are his followers afar off, you know,
And are contented to continue so.
[*Exeunt* CRATES *and* NEANTHES.
Onos. Sir boy. [*Gives letter.*
Page. Sir fool! a challenge to my lord?
How dar'st thou, or thy ambs-ace[1] here, think of him?
Ye crow-pick'd heads, which your thin shoulders bear
As do the poles on Corinth bridge the traitors';
Why, you three nine-pins, you talk of my lord
And challenges? You shall not need: come, draw;
His page is able to swinge three such whelps:
[*Draws his sword.*
Uncle, why stand you off? Long man, advance.
Onos. 'Slight, what have we done, tutor?
Tutor. He is a boy,
And we may run away with honour.
Page. That ye shall not; —
And, being a boy, I am fitter to encounter
A child in law as you are, under twenty:
Thou sot, thou three-score sot! and that's a child
Again, I grant you.
Uncle. Nephew, here's an age!
Boys are turn'd men, and men are children.
Page. Away, you peasants, with your bought gentry!
Are not you he, when your fellow-passengers,
Your last transportment, being assail'd by a galley,
Hid yourself i' the cabin; and, the fight done,
Peep'd above hatches, and cried, "Have we taken,
Or are we ta'en?" Come, I do want a slipper,
But this shall serve: swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call some dozen brother pages
(They are not far off, I am sure), and we will blanket you
Until you piss again.

[1] *ambs-ace*] "i. e. the lowest throw of the dice [two aces]." WEBER.

All. Nay, we will swear, sir.
Page. 'Tis your best course.
First, you shall swear never to name my lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed;
Next, to begin his health in every place,
And never to refuse to pledge it, though
You surfeit to the death; lastly, to hold
The poorest, littlest page in reverence,
To think him valianter, and a better gentleman,
Than you three stamp'd together, and to give him
Wine and tobacco wheresoe'er you meet,
And the best meat, if he can stay.
All. We swear it loyally.
Page. Then I dismiss you
True liegemen to the pantofle.[2] I had
More articles; but I have business
And cannot stay now: so adieu, dear monsieur,
Tres noble et tres puissant.
Uncle. Adieu, monsieur.
Onos. *A vostre service et commandement.*
[*Exit* Page.
Tutor. I told you, pupil, you'd repent this foolery.
Onos. Who, I repent? you are mistaken, tutor;
I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,
And scorn to begin now. Come, let's be melancholy.[3] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, EUPHANES, CONON, *and* Lords.

First Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.
Queen. I will no treaties
With a league-breaker and a rebel: shall I
Article with a traitor? be compell'd
To yield an innocent unto their fury,
Whom I have prov'd so to you?
Euph. Gracious queen,
Though your own godlike disposition
Would succour virtue and protect the right,
Yet, for the public good, for the dear safety
Of your most royal only son, consent
To give me up the sacrifice to their malice:
My life is aim'd at; and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thousand such as I
Purpled our seas, than that your princely son
Should be endanger'd.
Queen. Still well said, honest fool!
Were their demand but one hair from thy head,
By all the gods, I'd scorn 'em! were they here,
The majesty that dwells upon this brow
Should strike 'em on their knees. As for my son,
Let 'em no more dare than they'll answer: I
An equal mother to my country am,
And every virtuous son of it is son
Unto my bosom, tender as mine own.

[2] *pantofle*] See note, p. 888.
[3] *let's be melancholy*] This was considered as a mark of gentility by the gallants of former times, and appears to have been an affectation borrowed from the French: most readers will recollect what Arthur says in Shakespeare's *King John*, —

"Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness." Act iv. sc. 1.

Con. Oh, you are heavenly, madam, and the gods
Can suffer nothing pass to injure you!
The life that Conon promis'd, he stands now
Ready to pay with joy.
Queen. Farewell both;
Success attend you! you have soldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio: if you bring not peace,
Bring me their heads.
Con. I will put fair for one.
Euph. Double the guard upon her highness' person. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Lords.
Conon, you must perform a friendly part,
Which I shall counsel you.
Con. I am your servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before the Castle.*

Enter THEANOR, AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS, *on the battlements.*

Leo. Make good that fortification, and the watch
Keep still upon the battlements. — Royal sir,
Weigh but our injuries: we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus;
Nor shall this upstart mushroom, bred i' the night,
Sit brooding underneath your mother's wings
His damn'd impieties.
Age. For yourself, brave prince,
Fear nothing that this face of arms presents;
We ask the ravisher, and have no means
To win him from your most indulgent mother
But by this practice.[1]
The. Stout Leonidas,
Princely Agenor, your wrongs cry so loud,
That whoso would condemn you is not heard:
I blame you not: who but Euphanes durst
Make stories like to this?[2] My wrongs, as strong,
Ask my revengeful arm to strengthen yours;
As for my fear, know you, and Greece throughout,
Our mother was a Spartan princess born,
That never taught me to spell such a word.

Enter EUPHANES *and* CONON.

Con. Sir, you do tempt your life.
Euph. Conon, no more.
Do thus, as thou wouldst save it.
[*Trumpet sounded within.*
Age. What trumpet's this?
Leo. Beneath I do perceive
Two armèd men single, that give us summons
As they would treat.
Age. Let us descend.
[*Exeunt, above,* THEANOR, AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS.
Con. My lord,
I would you would excuse me, and proceed
According to the queen's directions.
Euph. Friend,
As thou wouldst wear that title after death,
Perform my charge. — No soldier, on his life,
Approach us nearer. [*To those within.*

Enter THEANOR, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* Soldiers.

Con. Safety to both the princes; loyalty
To you, lord general! The queen, your mistress
As well as ours, though not through[3] fear, to cut
Civil dissension from her land, and save
Much guiltless blood, that uproar ever thirsts,
And for the safeguard of her son, by me
(As you demand) hath sent the lord Euphanes
To plead his own cause, or to suffer death,
As you shall find him worthy; so, delivering
The prince back, I shall leave him to your guard.
Leo. The queen is good and gracious: kiss her hand.
Age. And seal our duties. Sir, depart in peace.
The. Oh, sir, you now perceive, when in the scales
Nature and fond affection weigh together,
One poises like a feather; and you know, my lords,
What's to be done.
Euph. Your highness is unarm'd;
Please you to use mine, and to lead the army
Back to your mother. — Conon, march you with 'em.
Con. I will, my lord. — But not so far as not
To bring you help, if danger look upon you.
[*Aside.* — *Exeunt* THEANOR *and* CONON.
Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,
Or stay your deathful hand? be not so wise
To stop your rage. Look how unmovedly here
I give myself my country's sacrifice,
An innocent sacrifice: truth laughs at death,
And terrifies the killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armless[4] seeks her foes,
And never needs the target nor the sword,
Bow nor envenom'd shafts.
Leo. We are amaz'd,
Not at your eloquence, but impudence,
That dare thus front us.
Age. Kill him: who knows not
The iron forehead that bold mischief wears?
Leo. Forbear a while, Agenor: I do tremble;
And something sits like virtue in his face,
Which the gods keep.
Euph. Agenor, strike; Leonidas,
You that have purchas'd fame on certain grounds,
Lose it on supposition: smear your hands
In guiltless blood, laugh at my martyrdom;
But yet remember, when posterity
Shall read your volumes fill'd with virtuous acts,
And shall arrive at this black bloody leaf,
Noting your foolish barbarism, and my wrong,
(As time shall make it plain,) what follows this,
Decyphering any noble deed of yours,
Shall be quite lost, for men will read no more.
Leo. Why, dare you say you are innocent?
Euph. By all the gods, as they, of this foul crime!
Why, gentlemen, pry clean th[o]rough my life,
Then weigh these circumstances. Think you that he

[1] *practice*] See note, p. 796.
[2] *who but Euphanes durst*
Make stories like to this?] "i. e. Who but Euphanes dare to commit crimes to occasion such stories." MASON.

[3] *through*] Both the folios "to."
[4] *Integrity thus armless, &c.*] Imitated from Horace's *Integer vitæ, &c.*

Which made day night, and men to Furies turn'd,
Durst not trust silence, vizors, nor her sense
That suffer'd, but with charms and potions
Cast her asleep (for all this I have inquir'd),
Acted the fable of Proserpine's rape,
The place (by all description) like to hell,
And all to perpetrate, unknown, his lust,
Would fondly[1] in his person bring a ring,
And give it a betroth'd wife, i' the same house
Where the poor injur'd lady liv'd and groan'd?
Age. Hell gives us art to reach the depth of sin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.
Euph. Had it given me that art, and left me so,
I would not thus into the lion's jaws
Have thrust myself defenceless, for your good,
The prince's safety, or the commonweal's.
You know the queen denied me, and sent us
Commanders to surprise you, and to raze
This tower down; we had power enough to do it,
Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender
My person to your wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my heart as pure as infants' sleep.
Leo. What think you, sir?
Age. No harm, I am sure; I weep.
Euph. The gods are just and mighty. But to give you
Further assurance, and to make yourselves
Judges and witnesses of my innocency,
Let me demand this question: on what night
Was this foul deed committed?
Age. On the eve
Before our marriage meant.
Euph. Leonidas,
(Your rage being off, that still drowns memory,)
Where was yourself and I that very night,
And what our conference?
Leo. By the gods, 'tis true!
Both in her highness' chamber, conferring
Even of this match until an hour of day,
And then came I to call you. — We are sham'd.
Age. Utterly lost and sham'd.
Euph. Neither; be cheer'd;
He, that could find this out, can pardon it:
And know, this ring was sent me from the queen;
How she came by it, yet is not exquir'd:[2]
Deeper occurrents hang on't; and pray Heaven
That my suspicions prove as false as yours!
Which for the world (till I have greater proof)
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch;
Only this build upon, with all my nerves
I'll labour with ye, till Time waken Truth.
Age. There are our swords, sir; turn the points on us.
[AGE. *and* LEO. *give up their swords and kneel.*
Leo. Punish rebellion, and revenge your wrong.
Euph. Sir, my revenge shall be to make your peace:
Neither was this rebellion; but rash love.

Re-enter CONON.

Con. How's this! unarm'd left, now found doubly arm'd?
And those, that would have slain him, at his feet?
Oh, Truth, thou art a mighty conqueress! — [*Aside.*
The queen, my lord, perplex'd in care of you,
That, cross to her command, hazard yourself,
In person here is come into the field,
And, like a leader, marches in the head
Of all her troops; vows that she will demolish
Each stone of this proud tower, be you not safe;
She chafes like storms in groves, now sighs, now weeps,
And both sometimes, like rain and wind commix'd;
Abjures her son for ever, 'less himself
Do fetch you off in person, that did give
Yourself to save him of your own free will,
And swears he must not, nor is fit to live.
Euph. Oh, she's a mistress for the gods!
Age. And thou
A godlike servant, fit for her.
Leo. Wide Greece
May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.
Euph. Thus, Conon, tell her highness.
Con. My joy flies. [*Exit.*
Euph. Let's toward her march. — Stern drum, speak gentle peace.
Leo. We are [your] prisoners; lead us. Ne'er was known
A precedent like this; one unarm'd man,
Suspected, to captive with golden words
(Truth being his shield) so many arm'd with swords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *An open Place in the City.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN, THEANOR, CRATES, CONON, Lords, *and* Soldiers; *on the other,* EUPHANES (*with the two swords*), AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* Soldiers. EUPHANES *presents* LEONIDAS *on his knees to the* QUEEN; AGENOR, *bare-headed, makes show of sorrow to the* QUEEN; *she stamps, and seems to be angry at first;* EUPHANES *persuades her, lays their swords at her feet; she kisses him, gives them their swords again; they kiss her hand, and embrace; the* Soldiers *lift up* EUPHANES, *and shout.* THEANOR *and* CRATES *discovered:* CONON *whispers with* CRATES; EUPHANES, AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS *observe it, and* AGENOR *and* LEONIDAS *seem to promise something to* EUPHANES, *who then directs his* Page *somewhat. Exeunt all except* THEANOR *and* CRATES.

The. We are not lucky, Crates; this great torrent
Bears all before him.
Cra. Such an age as this
Shall ne'er be seen again. Virtue grows fat,
And villany pines; the Furies are asleep;
Mischief, 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone,
Unnaturally forc'd up an eminent hill,
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us;
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own bogs.
The. What's to be done?
Cra. Repent, and grow good.
The. Pish!
'Tis not the fashion, fool, till we grow old.
The people's love to him now scares me more
Than my fond mother's; both which, like two floods,
Bearing Euphanes up, will o'erflow me;
And he is worthy: would he were in heaven!

[1] *fondly*] i. e. foolishly.
[2] *exquir'd*] So the first folio (— and see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v.). — The second folio "enquir'd;" and so the modern editors

But that hereafter. Crates, help me now,
And henceforth be at ease.
Cra. Your will, my lord?
The. Beliza is to marry him forthwith;
I long to have the first touch of her too;
That will a little quiet me.
Cra. Fie, sir!
You'll be the tyrant to virginity:
To fall but once is manly; to persèver,
Beastly and desperate.
The. Cross me not, but do't:
Are not the means, the place, the instruments,
The very same? I must expect you suddenly.
Cra. I must obey you. [*Exit* THEANOR.
Who is in evil once a companion,
Can hardly shake him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed Conon to attend,
Him and his sword; he promis'd to come single,
To avoid prevention: he is a man on's word.

Enter CONON *and* Page.

Con. You are well met, Crates.
Cra. If we part so, Conon.
Con. Come, we must do these mutual offices;
We must be our own seconds, our own surgeons,
And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.
Cra. You have an honest bosom.
Con. Yours seems so.
Cra. Let's pair our swords: you are a just gentleman.
Con. You might be so. Now shake hands, if you please;
Though't be the cudgel-fashion, 'tis a friendly one.
Cra. So; stand off.
Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em.
[*Aside, and then exit.*
Con. Crates, to expostulate your wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your excuse
In words, and so return like maiden knights;
Yet freely thus much I profess; your spleen
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd brother
Hath much more stirr'd me up than mine own cause;
For I did ne'er affect these bloody men,
But hold 'em fitter be made public hangmen,
Or butchers call'd, than valiant gentlemen.
'Tis true, stamp'd valour does upon just grounds;
Yet for whom justlier should I expose my life
Than him, unto whose virtue I owe all?
Cra. Conon, you think by this great deed of yours
To insinuate yourself a lodging nearer
Unto my brother's heart: such men as you
Live on their undertakings for their lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em
Than if they sat still; make 'em but their whores,
For which end gallants now-a-days do fight.
But here we come not to upbraid. What men
Seem, the rash world will judge; but what they are,
Heaven knows; and this — horses?[1] we are descried:[2]
One stroke, for fear of laughter.
Con. Half a score. [*They fight.*

Enter EUPHANES, AGENOR, *and* LEONIDAS, *with* Page.

Euph. Hold, hold! on your allegiance, hold!
Age. He that strikes next ——
Leo. Falls like a traitor on our swords.
Euph. Oh, Heaven, my brother bleeds! — Conon, thou art
A villain, an unthankful man, and shalt
Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine!
Thou wert my friend, but he is still my brother;
And though a friend sometimes be nearer said
In some gradation, it can never be
Where that same brother can be made a friend; —
Which, dearest Crates, thus low I implore:
What in my poverty I would not seek, [*Kneels.*
Because I would not burden you, now here
In all my height of bliss I beg of you,
Your friendship; my advancement, sir, is yours;
I never held it strange; pray, use it so.
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the most useful faculties of man,
To strengthen mutually and relieve each other;
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,
That, where one fail'd, the other might supply;
And I, your other eye, ear, arm[3] and leg,
Tender my service, help, and succour to you.
Age. Leo. A most divine example!
Euph. For, dear brother,
You have been blind, and lame, and deaf, to me:
Now be no more so: in humility
I give you the duty of a younger brother,
Which take you as a brother, not a father,
And then you'll pay a duty back to me.
Cra. Till now I have not wept these thirty years.
Euph. Discording brothers are like mutual legs
Supplanting one another; he that seeks
Aid from a stranger, and forsakes his brother,
Does but like him that madly lops his arm,
And to his body joins a wooden one;
Cuts off his natural leg, and trusts a crutch;
Pluck out his eye to see with spectacles.
Cra. Most dear Euphanes, in this crimson flood
Wash my unkindness out; you have o'ercome me,
Taught me humanity and brotherhood:
Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
To be a ruler o'er me than a brother;
Which henceforth be! Jove surely did descend,
When thou wert gotten, in some heavenly shape,
And greet my mother, as the poets tell
Of other women.
Age. Be this holiday!
Leo. And noted ever with the whitest stone!
Con. And pardon me, my lord: — look you, I bleed
Faster than Crates: — what I have done, I did
To reconcile your loves, to both a friend;
Which my blood cement, never to part or end!
Age. Most worthy Conon!
Leo. Happy rise: this day

[1] *and this — horses?*] Crates, hearing the sound of horses, interrupts himself. Sympson, not understanding the passage, proposed to read "Curse on't"!!
[2] *descried*] i. e. discovered.

[3] *ear, arm*] Both the folios have "ear, your arm;" and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Contracts more good than a whole age hath done.
Euph. Royal Agenor, brave Leonidas,
You are main causes, and must share the fame.
Cra. Which, in some part, this hour shall requite;
For I have aim'd my black shafts at white marks,
And now I'll put the clew into your hands,
Shall guide ye most perspicuously to the depth
Of this dark labyrinth, where so long ye were lost,
Touching this old rape, and a new intent,
Wherein your counsel and your active wit,
My dearest brother, will be necessary.
Euph. My prophecy is come: prove my hopes true,
Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong:
Time now will pluck[1] her daughter from her cave.
Let's hence, to prevent rumour. My dear brother,
Nature's divided streams[2] the highest shelf
Will over-run at last, and flow to itself. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A Street.*

Enter CRATES, EUPHANES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, *and* ERATON.

Euph. I have won the lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your faith only
And secrecy must make perfect; think not, sir,
I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard
My soul upon the trial.
Cra. You may safely:
But are Agenor and Leonidas ready
To rush upon him in the act, and seize him
In the height of his security?
Euph. At all parts
As you could wish them.
Cra. Where's the lady?
Euph. There
Where you appointed her to stay.
Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.
Euph. Last, when you have him sure, compel him this way;
For, as by accident, here I'll bring the queen
To meet you; 'twill strike greater terror to him,
To be ta'en unprovided of excuse,
And make more for our purposes. [*Exit.*
Cra. Come, Neanthes;
Our fames and all are at the stake.
Nean. 'Tis fit
That since, relying on your skill, we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cunning,
Or we shall rise such losers as ——
Sos. The prince.

Enter THEANOR.

Cra. The plot is laid, sir; howsoe'er I seem'd
A little scrupulous, upon better judgment
I have effected it.
The. 'Tis the last service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.
Cra. We hope so, sir.
The. And I will so reward it ——
Nean. You are bound to that; in every family
That does write lustful, your fine bawd gains more
(For, like your broker, he takes fees on both sides)
Than all the officers of the house.
Sos. For us, then,
To be a great man's pandars, and live poor,
That were a double fault.
Cra. Come, you lose time, sir;
We will be with you instantly: the deed done,
We have a masque that you expect not.
The. Thou
Art ever careful; for Jove's Mercury
I would not change thee. [*Exit.*
Era. There's an honour for you.
Nean. To be compar'd with the celestial pimp,
Jove's smock-sworn squire, dan[3] Hermes.
Cra. I'll deserve it:
And, gentlemen, be assur'd, though what we do now
Will to the prince Theanor look like treason
And base disloyalty, yet the end shall prove
(When he's first taught to know himself, then you),
In what he judg'd us false we were most true.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Before the Palace.*

Enter EUPHANES, AGENOR, LEONIDAS, *and* CONON.

Euph. Only make haste, my lords; in all things else
You are instructed. You may draw your swords
For show, if you think good; but, on my life,
You will find no resistance in his servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.
Age. I would he were not!
My just rage should not then be lost.
Euph. Good sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the person of the prince: —but, Conon,
Have you an eye on both; it is your trust
That I rely on.
Con. Which I will discharge,
Assure yourself, most faithfully.
Euph. For the lady,
I know your best respect will not be wanting:
Then, to avoid suspicion and discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The queen hath seen her, she forsake the place,
And fit herself for that which is projected
For her good and your honour.

[1] *Time now will pluck, &c.*] "'In the title-page of this last,' (viz. the edition of the *Poemes of George Gascoigne, Esq.* 1575) 'by way of printer's or bookseller's device, is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, *Oculta veritas tempore patet.*' Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. iii. [vol. ii., prefatory matter to Gascoigne's *Praise of the fair Bridges.*] This seems to have suggested the idea in the above line. Dr. Percy adds, that 'it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title-page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.'" REED.

[2] *Nature's divided streams*] "The sense and grammar require that we should read, "*Nature's divided* stream." MASON. I doubt it: similar inaccuracies of expression have already occurred in these plays.

[3] *dan*] So the first folio. — The second folio "Don;" and so the modern editors.

Leo. If this prosper,
Believe it you have made a purchase of
My service and my life.
Euph. Your love I aim at.
Leo. Here I shall find you?
Euph. With the queen.
Con. Enough, sir.
[*Exeunt all except* EUPHANES.

Enter Page.

Page. The queen inquires for you, my lord; I have met
A dozen messengers in search of you.
Euph. I knew I should be sought for. As I wish'd,
She's come herself in person. [*Aside.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Queen. Are you found, sir?
I wonder where you spend your hours: methinks,
Since I so love your company, and profess
'Tis the best comfort this life yields me, mine
Should not be tedious to you.
Euph. Gracious madam,
To have the happiness to see and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold so great a blessing, that my honours
And wealth, compar'd to that, are but as cyphers
To make that number greater; yet your pardon
For borrowing from my duty so much time
As the provision for my sudden marriage
Exacted from me.
Queen. I perceive, this marriage
Will keep you often from me; but I'll bear it.
She's a good lady, and a fair, Euphanes:
Yet, by her leave, I will share with her in you;
I am pleas'd that in the night she shall enjoy you,
And that's sufficient for a wife; the day-time
I will divorce you from her.
Leo. [*within.*] We will force you,
If you resist.
Queen. What noise is that?
The. [*within.*] Base traitors!
Euph. It moves this way.
Queen. Whate'er it be, I'll meet it;
I was not born to fear.

Re-enter AGENOR *and* LEONIDAS *bringing in* THEANOR, *followed by* MERIONE *disguised as* BELIZA, CONON, CRATES, NEANTHES, SOSICLES, ERATON, *and* Guard.

Who's that? Beliza!
Euph. My worthiest, noblest mistress!
[*Exit* MERIONE.
Queen. Stay her. Ha!
All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion: what new Gorgon's head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd statues?
This is prodigious: has none a tongue
To speak the cause?
Leo. Could every hair, great queen,
Upon my head yield an articulate sound,
And all together speak, they could not yet
Express the villany we have discover'd:
And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a tongue.
Queen. Speak boldly;
For I, unmov'd with any loss, will hear.
Leo. Then know, we have found out the ravisher
Of my poor sister, and the place and means
By which the unfortunate, though fair Beliza,
Hath met a second violence.
Euph. This confirms
What but before I doubted to my ruin:
My lady ravish'd!
Queen. Point me out the villain,
That guilty wretched monster, that hath done this,
That I may look on him; and in mine eye
He read his sentence.
Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the prince! that heard,
You have it all.
Queen. Wonder not that I shake;
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the thunder that thy words
Have thrown upon me. — Dar'st thou kneel, with hope [THEANOR *kneels.*
Of any favour but a speedy death,
And that too in the dreadfull'st shape that can
Appear to a despairing leprous soul,
If thou hast any? No, libidinous beast,
Thy lust hath alter'd so thy former being,
By Heaven, I know thee not!
The. Although unworthy,
Yet still I am your son.
Queen. Thou liest, liest falsely!
My whole life never knew but one chaste bed,
Nor e'er desir'd warmth but from lawful fires;
Can I be, then, the mother to a goat,
Whose lust is more insatiate than the grave,
And like infectious air engenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaste or good in woman?
The gods I from my youth have serv'd and fear'd,
Whose holy temples thou hast made thy brothels;
Could a religious mother, then, bring forth
So damn'd an atheist? Read but o'er my life,
My actions, manners; and, made perfect in them,
But look into the story of thyself
As thou art now, (not as thou wert, Theanor,)
And reason will compel thee to confess
Thou art a stranger to me.
Age. Note but[1] how heavy
The weight of guilt is! it so low hath sunk him,
That he wants power to rise up in defence
Of his bad cause.
Queen. Persuade me not, Euphanes.
This is no prince, nor can claim part in me:
My son was born a freeman; this, a slave
To beastly passions, a fugitive
And run-away from virtue. Bring bonds for him!
By all the honour that I owe to justice,

1 *Note but, &c.*] "The giving this speech to *Agenor*, as all the copies do, makes strange work with the following one of the Queen. For she bids *Euphanes* persuade her not, &c. But how could he persuade her, when, by the old edition, not he but *Agenor* had been pleading for the prince? But if we put *Euphanes* for *Agenor*, as I have done, the business is concluded, and all is right." STEVENSON. — "Mr. Sympson, not the old copies, makes 'strange work' here; for surely the disputed speech does not 'plead for the prince;' nor does that speech at all suit the benignant character of *Euphanes*, though it does the enraged *Agenor*. The *persuasion* to which the Queen replies must be delivered in dumb-show." *Ed.* 1778.

He loses me for ever that seeks to save him !
Bind him, I say ; and, like a wretch that knows
He stands condemn'd before he hears the sentence,
With his base agents from my sight remove him,
And lodge them in the dungeon ! as a queen
And patroness to justice, I command it. —
Thy tears are like unseasonable showers,
And in my heart now steel'd can make no entrance :
Thou art cruel to thyself, fool, 'tis not want
In me of soft compassion ; when thou left'st
To be a son, I ceas'd to be a mother. —
Away with them ! The children I will leave
To keep my name to all posterities,
Shall be the great examples of my justice,
The government of my country, which shall witness
How well I rul'd myself. Bid the wrong'd ladies
Appear in court to-morrow ; we will hear them ;
And by one act of our severity,
For fear of punishment or love to virtue,
Teach others to be honest : all will shun
To tempt her laws, that would not spare her son.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter ONOS, Uncle, *and* Tutor.

Uncle. Nay, nephew —
Tutor. Pupil, hear but reason.
Onos. No ;
I have none, and will hear none. — Oh, my honour,
My honour biasted in the bud ! my youth,
My hopeful youth, and all my expectation
Ever to be a man, are lost forever !
Uncle. Why, nephew, we as well as you are dubb'd
Knights of the pantofle.[1]
Tutor. And are shouted at,
Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at, by each page and groom ;
Yet with erected heads we bear it.
Onos. Alas,
You have years, and strength to do it ! but were you,
As I, a tender gristle, apt to bow,
You would, like me, with cloaks envelopèd,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.
Uncle. He will run mad,
I hope, and then all's mine. [*Aside.*
Tutor. Why, look you, pupil ;
There are for the recovery of your honour
Degrees of medicines : for a tweak by the nose
A man's to travel but six months, then blow it,
And all is well again ; the bastinado
Requires a longer time, a year or two,
And then 'tis buried. I grant you have been baffled ;[2]
'Tis but a journey of some thirty years,
And it will be forgotten.
Onos. Think you so ?
Tutor. Assuredly.
Uncle. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and, on my life,
'Twill no more trouble him.
Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or hemp or water, they are dangerous tools
For youth to deal with ; I will rather follow
My tutor's counsel.
Tutor. Do so.
Onos. And put in,
For my security that I'll not return
In thirty years, my whole state[3] to my uncle.
Uncle. That I like well of.
Onos. Still provided, uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to account
This page that hath abus'd me.
Uncle. 'Tis a match.
Onos. Then, Corinth, thus the bashful Lamprias
Takes leave of thee ; and for this little time
Of thirty years will labour all he can,
Though he goes young forth, to come home a man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A Court of Justice.*

Enter EUPHANES *and* Marshal.

Euph. Are your prisoners ready ?
Mar. When it shall please the queen
To call them forth, my lord.
Euph. Pray you, do me the favour
To tell me how they have borne themselves this night
Of their imprisonment ?
Mar. Gladly, sir. Your brother,
With the other courtiers, willingly receiv'd
All courtesies I could offer ; eat and drank,
And were exceeding merry, so dissembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wonder'd at it. But the prince,
That, as born highest, should have grac'd his fall
With greatest courage, is so sunk with sorrow,
That to a common judgment he would seem
To suffer like a woman ; but to me,
That, from the experience I have had of many,
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Consideration of what's past more frights him
Than any other punishment.
Euph. That is indeed
True magnanimity ; the other but
A desperate bastard valour.
Mar. I press'd to him,
And, notwithstanding the queen's strict command,
(Having your lordship's promise to secure me,)
Offer'd to free him from his bonds, which he
Refus'd with such a sorrow mix'd with scorn,
That it amaz'd me ; yet I urg'd his highness
To give one reason for't : he briefly answer'd,
That he had sat in judgment on himself,
And found that he deserv'd them ; that he was
A ravisher, and so to suffer like one ;
"Which is the reason of my tears," he addeth,
"For, were't not I again should break the laws
By scorning all their rigour can inflict,
I should die smiling."
Euph. I forbear to wonder
That you were mov'd that saw this, I am struck

[1] *pantofle*] See note, p. 888.
[2] *baffled*] i. e. disgraced, insulted : see notes, pp. 354, 539.
[3] *state*] i. e. estate.

With the relation so. 'Tis very well:
See all things ready. I do wish I could
Send comfort to the prince: — be ready with him:—
'Tis in the queen's breast only, which for us
To search into were sauciness, to determine
What she thinks fit. [*Exit* Marshal.

Enter LEONIDAS, *with* MERIONE *in white;* EUPHANES, *with* BELIZA *in black;* QUEEN, *who takes her place behind the bar;* AGENOR, CONON; Marshal, *with* THEANOR, CRATES, SOSICLES, ERATON; Lords, Ladies, Clerk, *and* Guard.

Lord. Make way there for the queen!
Queen. Read first the law, and what our ancestors
Have in this case provided, to deter
Such-like offenders. — To you, gentle ladies,
This only: would I could as well give comfort,
As bid you be secure from fear or doubt
Of our displeasure! be as confident
As if your plea were 'gainst a common man,
To have all right from us; I will not grieve
For what's not worth my pity. — Read the law.
Clerk. [reads.] *Lycurgus the nineteenth*[1] *against rapes: It is provided, and publicly enacted and confirmed, That any man of what degree soever, offering violence to the chastity of a virgin, shall,* ipso facto, *be liable to her accusation, and according to the said law be censured;*[2] *ever provided, that it shall be in the choice of the said virgin so abused either to compel the offender to marry her without a dower, if so she will be satisfied, or, demanding his head for the offence, to have that accordingly performed.*
Queen. You hear this: what do you demand?
Mer. The benefit
The law allows me.
Bel. For the injury
Done to mine honour I require his head.
Mer. I likewise have an eye upon mine honour;
But, knowing that his death cannot restore it,
I ask him for my husband.
Bel. I was ravish'd,
And will have justice.
Mer. I was ravish'd too;
I kneel for mercy.
Bel. I demand but what
The law allows me.
Mer. That which I desire
Is by the same law warranted.
Bel. The rape
On me hath made a forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.
Mer. The rape on me gives me the privilege
To be his wife, and that is all I sue for.
Age. A doubtful case.
Leo. Such pretty lawyers yet
I never saw nor read of.
Euph. May the queen
Favour your sweet plea, madam!
Bel. Is that justice?

[1] *Lycurgus the nineteenth, &c.*] "What business had *Lycurgus'* laws at Corinth? This is an odd proceeding, to commit a rape in one country, and be tried and condemned for it by the laws of another." SYMPSON. "The commentator seems to have forgot that the queen was a Spartan princess, and might therefore be supposed to have introduced the laws of Lycurgus." WEBER.
[2] *censured*] i. e. judged.

Shall one that is to suffer for a rape
Be by a rape defended? Look upon
The public enemy of chastity,
This lustful satyr, whose enrag'd desires
The ruin of one wretched virgin's honour
Would not suffice; and shall the wreck of two
Be his protection? May be I was ravish'd
For his lust only, thou for his defence;
Oh, fine evasion! shall with such a slight[3]
Your justice be deluded? your laws cheated?
And he, that for one fact deserv'd to die,
For sinning often find impunity?
But that I know thee, I would swear thou wert
A false impostor, and suborn'd to this:
And it may be thou art, Merione;
For, hadst thou suffer'd truly what I have done,
Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for vengeance,
And, our wrongs being equal, I alone
Should not desire revenge: but be it so;
If thou prevail, even he will punish it,
And foolish mercy shew'd to him undo thee.
Consider, fool, before it be too late,
What joys thou canst expect from such a husband,
To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd embraces,
Which men say heighten pleasure, were distasteful.
Mer. 'Twas in respect that then they were unlawful,
Unbless'd by Hymen, and left stings behind them,
Which from the marriage-bed are ever banish'd.
Let this court be, then, the image of Jove's throne,
Upon which grace and mercy still attend,
To intercede between him and his justice;
And since the law allows as much to me
As she can challenge, let the milder sentence,
Which best becomes a mother and a queen,
Now overcome, nor let your wisdom suffer:
In doing right to her, I in my wrong
Endure a second ravishment.
Bel. You can free him
Only from that which does concern yourself,
Not from the punishment that's due to me;
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;
I plead mine own just wreak, which will right both,
Where[4] that which you desire robs me of justice:
'Tis that which I appeal to.
Mer. Bloody woman,
Dost thou desire his punishment? Let him live, then;
For any man to marry where he likes not
Is still a lingering torment.
Bel. For one rape
One death's sufficient; that way cannot catch me.
Mer. To you I fly, then, to your mercy, madam:
Exempting not your justice, be but equal;
And since in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not so be undervalu'd in
Your highness' favour, that the world take notice
You so preferr'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that son you would not save for me;
Mercy, oh, mercy, madam!
Bel. Great queen, justice!

[3] *slight*] i. e. artifice.
[4] *Where*] i. e. whereas.

Age. With what a masculine constancy the grave lady
Hath heard them both!
Leo. Yet how unmov'd she sits
In that which most concerns her!
Con. Now she rises;
And, having well weigh'd both their arguments,
Resolves to speak.
Euph. And yet again she pauses:
Oh, Conon, such a resolution once
A Roman told me he had seen in Cato
Before he kill'd himself!
Queen. 'Tis now determin'd. —
Merione, I could wish I were no queen,
To give you satisfaction; no mother,
Beliza, to content you; and would part
Even with my being, both might have their wishes:
But since that is impossible, in few words
I will deliver what I am resolv'd on.
The end for which all profitable laws
Were made looks two ways only, the reward
Of innocent good men, and the punishment
Of bad delinquents. Ours concerning rapes
Provided that same latter clause of marriage
For him that had fain once, not then foreseeing
Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread twice
A path so horrid. The great law-giver
Draco, that for his strange severity
Was said to write his stern decrees in blood,
Made none for parricides, presuming that
No man could be so wicked: such might be
Lycurgus' answer (did he live) for this.
But since I find that in my son which was not
Doubted in any else, I will add to it:
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full revenge. You see, Beliza,
You have your wish. With you, Merione,
I'll spend a tear or two. — So, Heaven forgive thee!
The. Upon my knees I do approve your judgment,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all speed possible; only that I may,
Having already made peace with myself,
Part so with all the world. Princely Agenor,
I ask your pardon; yours, my lord Euphanes;
And, Crates, with the rest too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me. Yours, gracious mother,
I dare not ask; and yet, if that my death
Be like a son of yours, though my life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchsafe it. Lastly, that
Both these whom I have wrong'd may wish my ashes
No heavy burden, ere I suffer death,
For the restoring of Merione's honour
Let me be married to her, and then die
For you, Beliza.
Queen. Thou hast made in this
Part of amends to me and to the world:
Thy suit is granted. — Call a Flamen forth
To do this holy work; with him a headsman.
[*Exit one of the* Guard, *who re-enters with* Flamen *and* Executioner.
Raise up thy weeping eyes, Merione:
With this hand I confirm thy marriage,
Wishing that now the gods would shew some miracle,
That this might not divorce it.
Cra. To that purpose
I am their minister. Stand not amaz'd;
To all your comforts, I will do this wonder. —
Your majesty (with your pardon I must speak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of such a contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
Being fully bent to match her with Agenor:
The griev'd prince knowing this, and yet not daring
To cross what you determin'd, by an oath
Bound me and these his followers to do something
That he might once enjoy her; we, sworn to it,
And easily persuaded, being assur'd
She was his wife before the face of Heaven,
Although some ceremonious forms were wanting
Committed the first rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the marriage; but when we perceiv'd
He purpos'd to abuse our ready service
In the same kind upon the chaste Beliza,
Holding ourselves less tied to him than goodness,
I made discovery of it to my brother,
Who can relate the rest.
Euph. It is most true.
Queen. I would it were!
Euph. In every circumstance
It is, upon my soul: for, this known to me,
I wan Merione, in my lady's habit,
To be again (but willingly) surpris'd;
But with Agenor, and her noble brother,
With my approv'd friend Conon, with such speed
She was pursu'd, that, the lewd act scarce ended,
The prince (assur'd he had enjoy'd Beliza,
For all the time Merione's face was cover'd)
Was apprehended and brought to your presence,
But not till now discover'd, in respect
I hold the imminent danger of the prince,
To which his loose unquenched heats had brought him,
Being pursu'd unto the latest trial,
Would work in him compunction, which it has done;
And these two ladies, in their feign'd contentions,
To your delight I hope, have serv'd as masquers
To their own nuptials.
Queen. My choice was worthy
When first I look'd on thee: as thou hast order'd,
All shall be done; and not the meanest that
Play'd in this unexpected comedy
But shall partake our bounty. — And, my lord,
[*To* AGENOR.
That with the rest you may seem satisfied,
If you dare venture on a queen, not yet
So far in debt to years but that she may
Bring you a lusty boy, I offer up
Myself and kingdom, during my life, to you.
Age. It is a blessing which I durst not hope for,
But with all joy receive.
All. We all applaud it.
Queen. Then on unto the temple, where, the rites
Of marriage ended, we'll find new delights.
[*Exeunt.*

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

The Loyal Subject.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A Tragi-comedy.*"

THIS drama, written wholly by Fletcher, was licensed, and no doubt acted, in 1618. "The Kings players sent me an ould booke of Fletchers called *The Loyal Subject*, formerly allowed by Sir George Bucke, 16 Novem. 1618, which according to their desire and agreement, I did peruse and with some reformations allowed of, the 23 of Nov. 1633, for which they sent mee according to their promise 1 *l.* 0. 0." . . . . "On tusday night at Whitehall the 10 of Decemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queen, *The Loyal Subject*, made by Fletcher, and very well likt by the King." Sir Henry Herbert's Office-Book, — Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 234. When Rhodes, in 1659 (the Restoration being at hand), had obtained a license to act plays at the Cock-pit [1] in Drury-Lane, *The Loyal Subject* was one of those in which Betterton (then about twenty two years of age) received the highest applause. Its popularity after the Restoration appears to have been considerable.

A piece (which I have neither seen nor cared to see) called *The Faithful General*, by a young lady who signs herself M. N., was acted at the Haymarket-theatre, and printed in 1706: "in an advertisement prefixed to it, the author says her first intention was only to revive *The Loyal Subject* of Fletcher; but that she afterwards new-formed the episodes, altered the main design, and put the whole into her own language, so that scarce any part of Fletcher was retained. Scene the city of Byzantium in Greece." *Biog. Dram.* An alteration of *The Loyal Subject* by the elder Sheridan was produced in Dublin: according to the work above cited, it was also given to the press.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREAT DUKE of Moscovia.
ARCHAS, a general.
THEODORE, a colonel, } sons to ARCHAS.
YOUNG ARCHAS, disguised as a woman under the name of ALINDA, } sons to ARCHAS.
BRISKY, brother to ARCHAS, disguised under the name of PUTSKY,[2] a captain.
BURRIS, a lord.
BOROSKY,[3] a lord.
Ancient[4] to ARCHAS.

Gentlemen, Posts, Soldiers, Guard, and Attendants.

OLYMPIA, sister to the DUKE.
HONORA, } daughters to ARCHAS.
VIOLA, } daughters to ARCHAS.
PETESCA, } attendants on OLYMPIA.
Gentlewoman, } attendants on OLYMPIA.
Lady.[5]
Gentlewoman.

SCENE, — MOSCOW *and the neighbouring Country.*

The principal actors were —

Richard Burbadge.	Nathaniel Field.
Henry Condel.	John Underwood.
John Lowin.	Nicholas Toolie.
Richard Sharpe.	William Egglestone.

Fol. 1679.

1 Weber says, by mistake, "at the Blackfriars."
2 *Putsky*] Written also in the folios, *Putskie* and *Putskey*.
3 *Borosky*] Written also in the folios, *Boroskie* and *Boroskey*.
4 *Ancient*] i. e. Ensign: see note, p. 302.
5 *Lady*] In the *Dram. Pers.* of folio 1679, (where alone that list is found) she is called "*Bawd, a Court Lady:*" she figures in act iv. sc 2.

PROLOGUE.[1]

We need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy story, being confident
The mirth join'd with grave matter, and intent
To yield the hearers profit with delight,
Will speak the maker : and to do him right
Would ask a genius like to his ; the age
Mourning his loss, and our now-widow'd stage
In vain lamenting. I could add, so far
Behind him the most modern writers are,
That when they would commend him, their best praise
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his best[2] memory. So much a friend
Presumes to write, secure 'twill not offend
The living, that are modest ; with the rest,
That may repine, he cares not to contest.[3]
This debt to Fletcher paid, it is profess'd
By us the actors, we will do our best
To send such favouring friends, as hither come
To grace the scene, pleas'd and contented home.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Moscow. A Street.*

Enter Theodore *and* Putsky.

Theod. Captain, your friend's preferr'd ; the princess has her ;
Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly :
A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.
Puts. Well bred, sir,
I do deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honest stock.
Theod. It seems so, captain,
And no doubt will do well.
Puts. Thanks to your care, sir.
But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit
Of discontent is put on through the army ?
And why your valiant father, our great general,
The hand that taught to strike, the love that led all,
Why he that was the father of the war,
He that begot and bred the soldier,
Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,
His colours folded, and his drums cas'd up,
The tongue of war for ever tied within us ?
Theod. It must be so. Captain, you are a stranger,
But of a small time here a soldier,
Yet that time shews you a right good and great one,
Else I could tell you, hours are strangely alter'd :
The young duke has too many eyes upon him,[4]
Too many fears 'tis thought too ; and, to nourish those,
Maintains too many instruments.
Puts. Turn their hearts,
Or turn their heels up, Heaven ! 'Tis strange it should be ;
The old duke lov'd him dearly.
Theod. He deserv'd it ;
And, were he not my father, I durst tell you,
The memorable hazards he has run through
Deserv'd of this man too highly deserv'd too ;
Had they been less,[5] they had been safe[r], Putsky,
And sooner reach'd regard.
Puts. There you struck sure, sir.
Theod. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made,
Some years before the old duke died ?
Puts. I have heard you
Speak often of that vow ; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never understood yet.
Theod. I'll tell thee then, and then thou wilt find the reason.
The last great muster, ('twas before you serv'd here,)
Before the last duke's death, whose honour'd bones
Now rest in peace, this young prince had the ordering
(To crown his father's hopes) of all the army :
Who, to be short, put all his power to practice,[6]
Fashion'd and drew 'em up ; but, alas, so poorly,
So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,
The good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my father,
Who then was general, " Go, Archas, speedily,
And chide the boy before the soldier[7] find him ;
Stand thou between his ignorance and them ;
Fashion their bodies new to thy direction ;
Then draw thou up, and shew the prince his errors."
My sire obey'd, and did so ; with all duty
Inform'd the prince, and read him all directions :
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,

[1] *Prologue*] Was probably written for the revival of the play in 1633, and may have been, as Weber supposes, from the pen of Shirley.

[2] *best*] In the *Postscript* to vol. iii. ed. 1750 Seward proposes " blest " as the true reading here. " From the context, the author seems undoubtedly to have written ' best.' " *Ed.* 1778.

[3] *cares not to contest*] " i. e. despises the contest." Mason.

[4] *him*] " i. e. Archas." Mason.

[5] *Had they been less*, &c.] " The meaning of this passage (which is liable to misconstruction) is, ' Had his military prowess been less, he would have been less an object of envy and jealousy, and sooner have been rewarded.' " *Ed.* 1778.

[6] *power to practice*] Altered by Seward to " *power* in *practice*," &c., and by the Editors of 1778 to " powers *to practice*," &c. Weber wrongly understood " *power* " as equivalent to — army.

[7] *soldier*] So the first folio. — The second folio has " soldiers ; " and so the modern editors. Compare, at p. 922, " The *soldier*. *They*," &c.

And anger into wild words broke out thus,
"Well, Archas, if I live but to command here,
To be but duke once, I shall then remember,
I shall remember truly, trust me I shall,
And, by my father's hand" — the rest his eyes spoke.
To which my father answer'd, somewhat mov'd too,
And with a vow he seal'd it, "Royal sir,
Since, for my faith and fights, your scorn and anger
Only pursue me; if I live to that day,
That day so long expected to reward me,
By his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,
And by the hand of Justice, never arms more
Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, sir:
The conflicts I will do you service then in,
Shall be repentant prayers." So they parted.
The time is come: and now you know the wonder.

Puts. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,
The duke will have but poor and slight defences,
If his hot humour reign, and not his honour.
How stand you with him, sir?

Theod. A perdu,[1] captain,
Full of my father's danger.

Puts. He has rais'd a young man,
They say a slight young man (I know him not)
For what desert?

Theod. Believe it, a brave gentleman,
Worth[y] the duke's respect, a clear sweet gentleman,
And of a noble soul. Come, let's retire us,
And wait upon my father, who within this hour
You will find an alter'd man.

Puts. I am sorry for't, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OLYMPIA, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Olym. Is't not a handsome wench?

Gent. She is well enough, madam:
I have seen a better face and a straighter body;
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.

Olym. What thinkest thou, Petesca?

Pet. Alas, madam,
I have no skill! she has a black eye, which
Is of the least too and the dullest water;
And when her mouth was made, for certain, madam,
Nature intended her a right good stomach.

Olym. She has a good hand.

Gent. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a lute.

Olym. What think you of her colour?

Pet. If it be her own,
'Tis good black blood; right weather-proof, I warrant it.

Gent. What a strange pace she has got!

Olym. That's but her breeding.

Pet. And what a manly body! methinks she looks
As though she would pitch the bar, or go to buffets.

Gent. Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,
For methinks she is too bashful.

Olym. Is that hurtful?

Gent. Even equal to too bold; either of 'em, madam,
May do her injury when time shall serve her.

Olym. You discourse learnedly. Call in the wench. — [*Exit* Gentlewoman.
What envious fools are you! Is the rule general,
That women can speak handsomely of none,
But those they are bred withal?

Pet. Scarce well of those, madam,
If they believe they may outshine 'em any way:
Our natures are like oil, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o' the top. Suppose there were here now,
Now in this court of Moscow, a stranger-princess,
Of blood and beauty equal to your excellence,
As many eyes and services stuck on her;
What would you think?

Olym. I would think she might deserve it.

Pet. Your grace shall give me leave not to believe you:
I know you are a woman, and so humour'd.[2]
I'll tell you, madam; I could then get more gowns on you,
More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and more silk stockings,
With rocking you asleep with nightly railings
Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives
I could wear out. By this hand, you would scratch her eyes out.

Olym. Thou art deceiv'd, fool. Now let your own eyes mock you.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as a woman.*

Come hither, girl. — Hang me, an she be not a handsome one!

Pet. I fear it will prove indeed so.

Olym. Did you ever serve yet
In any place of worth?

Y. Arch. No, royal lady.

Pet. Hold up your head; fie!

Olym. Let her alone; stand from her.

Y. Arch. It shall be now,
Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And, might my promise carry but that credit
To be believ'd, because I am yet a stranger,
Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,
From all the service that my life can lend me,[3]
May everlasting misery then find me!

Olym. [*To* PETESCA *and* Gent.] What think ye now? — I do believe and thank you;

[1] *perdu*] A quibble (as Weber remarks) on *perdu* in its sense of — one of the forlorn-hope, and its literal meaning — lost. The folios happening to have no comma after "*perdu*," the modern editors understood it as an epithet to "captain"!

[2] *so humour'd*] i. e. "possessed of the desires and humours of a woman." MASON.

[3] *can lend me*] "Seward reads, '*can lend ye*.' But the old text is good sense, meaning — all the services which my space of life can afford me to execute." WEBER.

And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest faith die unrewarded.
What must I call your name?
Y. Arch. Alinda, madam.
Olym. Can you sing?
Y. Arch. A little, when my grief will give me leave, lady.
Olym. What grief canst thou have, wench? thou art not in love?
Y. Arch. If I be, madam, 'tis only with your goodness;
For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.
Olym. Of what years are you?
Y. Arch. My mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this land was bless'd
With your most happy birth, I first saluted
This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,
And all the Graces, to adorn your goodness,
I stole into the world poor and neglected.
Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee; now I know it,
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you.
I hope you are a maid?
Y. Arch. I hope so too, madam;
I am sure, for any man: and, were I otherwise,
Of all the services my hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours. [*Flourish within.*
Pet. The great-duke,[1] madam.

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. Good morrow, sister.
Olym. A good day to your highness.
Duke. I am come to pray you use no more persuasions
For this old stubborn man; nay, to command you:
His sail is swell'd too full; he is grown too insolent,
Too self-affected, proud: those poor slight services
He has done my father and myself have[2] blown him
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop[3] our favours.
Olym. I am sorry, sir: I ever thought those services
Both great and noble.
Bur. However, may it please you
But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame;
But to consider, royal sir, the dangers,
When you have slept secure, the midnight tempests,
That, as he march'd, sung through his aged locks;
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines;
The fires of heaven, when you have found all temperate;
Death, with his thousand doors ——
Duke. I have consider'd;—
No more; — and that I will have, shall be.
Olym. For the best,
I hope, all still.
Duke. What handsome wench is that there?
Olym. My servant, sir.
Duke. Prithee, observe her, Burris:
Is she not wondrous handsome? speak thy freedom.
Bur. She appears no less to me, sir.
Duke. Of whence is she?
Olym. Her father, I am told, is a good gentleman,
But far off dwelling: her desire to serve me
Brought her to the court, and here her friends have left her.
Duke. She may find better friends. — You are welcome, fair one;
[YOUNG ARCHAS *kneels.*
I have not seen a sweeter. By your lady's leave: [*The* DUKE *kisses, and raises him.*
Nay, stand up, sweet; we'll have no superstition.
You have got a servant;[4] you may use him kindly,
And he may honour you. — Good morrow, sister.
Olym. Good morrow to your grace.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, BURRIS, and Gentlemen.
How the wench blushes!
How like an angel now she looks!
Gent. At first jump, [*Aside to* PETESCA.
Jump into the duke's arms! We must look to you,
Indeed we must; the next jump we are journeymen.
Pet. I see the ruin of our hopes already;
Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows!
Gent. I fear she'll milk all the great courtiers first.
Olym. This has not made you proud?
Y. Arch. No, certain, madam.
Olym. It was the duke that kiss'd you.
Y. Arch. 'Twas your brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.
Olym. But, say he love you?
Y. Arch. That he may with safety:
A prince's love extends to all his subjects.
Olym. But, say in more particular?
Y. Arch. Pray, fear not:
For virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.[5]
'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,
His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a traitor to your service:
You are my mistress and my noble master,
Your virtues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:
And, when I fail in that faith ——
Olym. I believe thee ——

[1] *great-duke*] "We now say *grand-duke*." WEBER.
[2] *have*] Both the folios "has."
[3] *to stoop our favours*] i. e. to rush down upon our favours, as a hawk upon its prey. On this passage, in ed. 1778, Reed has an unmercifully long note.

[4] *a servant*] "i. e. a lover and admirer [see note, p. 162]. The Duke speaks of himself." WEBER.
[5] *For virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady*] "The word *doubts* is here used in rather an uncommon sense. Alinda [Young Archas] does not mean doubts that had arisen in her own mind, but doubtful opinions conceived of her by others, especially by Olympia." MASON.

Come, wipe your eyes — I do. — Take you example.
Pet. I would her eyes were out! [*Aside to* Gent.
Gent. If the wind stand in this door,
We shall have but cold custom. Some trick or other,
And speedily!
Pet. Let me alone to think on't.
Olym. Come, be you near me still.
Y. Arch. With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *An open Place before the Palace.*

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, PUTSKY, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers *carrying the armour of* ARCHAS *piecemeal, his colours wound up, and his drums in cases.*

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e'er trod, captain.
Puts. This was not wont to be: these honour'd pieces,
The fiery god of war himself would smile at,
Buckled upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like relics, to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-ey'd oblivion brood upon 'em.
Archas. There set 'em down: and, glorious War, farewell!
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in blood, and nurs'd with kingdoms' ruins;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers
Through fires and famines; for one title from thee
Prodigal mankind spending all his fortunes;
A long farewell I give thee! Noble arms,
You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye!
And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way to conquest,
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,
That, when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,
Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument!
Farewell, my eagle! when thou flew'st, whole armies
Have stoop'd[1] below thee: at passage I have seen thee
Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury,
And bang 'em up together, as a tassel,[2]
Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons:
I yet remember[3] when the Volga curl'd,
The agèd Volga, when he heav'd his head up,
And rais'd his waters high, to see the ruins,
The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins;
Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentlemen.
But these must be forgotten: so must these too,
And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em, you holy men; my vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: trophies I give 'em,
And sacred rites of war, to adorn the temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master
Is now devotion's soldier, fit for prayer.
Why do ye hang your heads? why look you sad, friends?
I am not dying yet.
Theod. You are indeed to us, sir.
Puts. Dead to our fortunes, general.
Archas. You'll find a better,
A greater, and a stronger man to lead you,
And to a stronger fortune. I am old, friends;
Time and the wars together make me stoop, gentlemen,
Stoop to my grave; my mind unfurnish'd too,
Empty and weak as I am; my poor body
Able for nothing now but contemplation,
And that will be a task too to a soldier.
Yet, had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
Of what I have done, I think I should have ventur'd
For one knock more; I should have made a shift yet
To have broke one staff more, handsomely, and have died
Like a good fellow and an honest soldier,
In the head of ye all, with my sword in my hand,
And so have made an end of all with credit.
Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all these injuries,
These secure slights ——
Archas. Ha! no more of that, sirrah;
Not one word more of that, I charge you!
Theod. I must speak, sir:
And may that tongue forget to sound your service,
That's dumb to your abuses!
Archas. Understand, fool,
That voluntary I sit down.
Theod. You are forc'd, sir,
Forc'd for your safety: I too well remember
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em,
You made this vow; and whose unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good ——
Archas. No more;
As thou art mine, no more!
Theod. Whose doubts and envies ——
But the devil will have his due.
Puts. Good gentle colonel ——
Theod. And though disgraces and contempt of honour
Reign now, the wheel must turn again.
Archas. Peace, sirrah;
Your tongue's too saucy. Do you stare upon me?
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it;
Down with that disobedience; tie that tongue up!

[1] *stoop'd*] Reed having said that "all the terms in this speech are taken from falconry," Mason justly observes that, while in a preceding speech (see note, p. 917) "*stoop*" is used as a term of falconry, in the present passage "*stoop'd*" is employed in its common acceptation of crouching.

[2] *tassel*] "The *tassel*, properly *tiercel*, is the male of the gosshawk, so called because, says Steevens, 'it is a third less than the female.'" WEBER. But, according to Turbervile, "he is termed a *Tyercelet*, for that there are most commonly disclosed three birds in one selfe eyree, two Hawkes and one Tiercell." *Booke of Falconrie*, &c. p. 59, ed. 1611.

[3] *I yet remember*, &c.] Here, as Reed notices, Fletcher seems to have had an eye to a passage in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* (First Part) act. i. sc. 3;

"Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants"

Theod. Tongue!
Archas. Do not provoke me to forget my vow, sirrah,
And draw that fatal sword again in anger.
Puts. For Heaven's sake, colonel —
Archas. Do not let me doubt
Whose son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:
Do not play with mine anger; if thou dost,
By all the loyalty my heart holds ——
Theod. I have done, sir;
Pray, pardon me.
Archas. I pray you, be worthy of it:[1]
Beshrew your heart, you have vex'd me.
Theod. I am sorry, sir.
Archas. Go to; no more of this: be true and honest;
I know you are man enough; mould it to just ends,
And let not my disgraces — then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.
Puts. An't please you, sir, the duke.
[*Flourish.*

Enter Duke, Burris, Borosky, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this[2] ceremonious emblem?
Archas. Your grace should first remember ——
Bor. There's his nature. [*Aside to the* Duke.
Duke. I do, and shall remember still that injury,
That at the muster; where it pleas'd your greatness
To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it;
And, more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.
Burris. Oh, think not so, sir!
Duke. And in my father's sight.
Archas. Heaven be my witness,
I did no more (and that with modesty,
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant,
And from your father seal'd: nor durst that rudeness,
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour;
I ever yet knew duty.
Duke. We shall teach you.
I well remember too, upon some words I told you,
Then at that time, some angry words you answer'd,
If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.
You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you;
From henceforth I dismiss you; take your ease, sir.
Archas. I humbly thank your grace: this wasted body,
Beaten and bruis'd with arms, dried up with troubles,
Is good for nothing else but quiet now, sir,
And holy prayers; in which when I forget
To thank high Heaven for all your bounteous favours,
May that be deaf, and my petitions perish!

[1] *I pray you, be worthy of it*] Altered by Seward to "*I pray, be worthy of it.*" From what precedes, the probability is, that the poet wrote, "*Pray you, be worthy of it.*"
[2] *of this*] Weber chose to print, "*of* all *this.*"

Bor. What a smooth humble cloak he has cas'd his pride in,
And how he has pull'd his claws in! there's no trusting —
Burris. Speak for the best.
Bor. Believe I shall do ever.
Duke. To make you understand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of valour and experience,
Such a declining age of doing spirits,
That all should be confin'd within your excellence,
And you, or none, be honour'd, — take, Borosky,
The place he has commanded, lead the soldier;
A little time will bring thee to his honour,
Which has been nothing but the world's opinion,
The soldier's fondness, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his sword had the least share in.
Theod. Oh, that I durst but answer now!
Puts. Good colonel —
Theod. My heart will break else. — Royal sir, I know not
What you esteem men's lives, whose hourly labours,
And loss of blood, consumptions in your service,
Whose bodies are acquainted with more miseries
(And all to keep you safe) than dogs or slaves are —
His sword the least share gain'd!
Duke. You will not fight with me?
Theod. No, sir, I dare not;
You are my prince; but I dare speak to you,
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions
That be informers to you dare once think of:
Yet truth will now but anger you; I am sorry for't,
And so, I take my leave.
Duke. Even when you please, sir.
Archas. Sirrah, see me no more.
[*Exit* Theodore.
Duke. And so may you too:
You have a house i' the country; keep you there, sir,
And, when you have rul'd yourself, teach your son manners:
For this time I forgive him.
Archas. Heaven forgive all;
And to your grace a happy and long rule here! —
And, you, lord general, may your fights be prosperous!
In all your course may fame and fortune court you!
Fight for your country and your prince's safety;
Boldly and bravely face your enemy,
And when you strike, strike with that killing virtue,
As if a general plague had seiz'd before you;
Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind you;
And then come home an old and noble story!
Burris. A little comfort, sir.
Duke. As little as may be. —
Farewell: you know your limit.
Burris. Alas, brave gentleman!
[*Exeunt* Duke, Burris, Borosky, Gentlemen *and* Attendants.
Archas. I do, and will observe it suddenly.
My grave; ay, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me start or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim soldier now:

I have seen him in his sourest shapes and dreadfull'st;
Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:
That audit's cast.—Farewell, my honest soldiers;
Give me your hands: — farewell, farewell, good Ancient;
A stout man and a true, thou art come in sorrow.
Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er fail ye!
You do but change a man; your fortune's constant;
That by your ancient valours is tied fast still;
Be valiant still, and good: and when ye fight next,
When flame and fury make but one face of horror,
When the great rest of all your honour's up,[1]
When you would think a spell to shake the enemy,
Remember me; my prayers shall be with ye:
So, once again, farewell.
Puts. Let's wait upon you.
Archas. No, no, it must not be; I have now left me
A single fortune to myself, no more,
Which needs no train nor compliment. Good captain,
You are an honest and a sober gentleman,
And one I think has lov'd me.
Puts. I am sure on't.
Archas. Look to my boy; he's grown too headstrong for me;
And, if they think him fit to carry arms still,
His life is theirs. I have a house i' the country;
And when your better hours will give you liberty,
See me: you shall be welcome. — Fortune to ye! [*Exit.*
Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good;
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money.
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
And, if I can do that, I care not for money.
I could have curs'd reasonable well, and I have had the luck too
To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,
That, like a devil, didst possess the duke
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I say to thee;
A plague upon thee! that's but the preamble.
First Sold. Oh, take the pox too!
Anc. They'll cure one another:
I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking:
Or, look ye, let the single pox possess him,[2]
Or pox upon pox.
Puts. That's but ill i' th' arms, sir.
Anc. 'Tis worse i' the legs; I would not wish it else:
And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,
And, twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em! I warrant him he has him.[3]

[1] *When the great rest of all your honour's up*] See note, p. 430

[2] *him*] Both the folios "them;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *him*] Both the folios "'em;" and so the modern editors.

First Sold. May he be ever lousy!
Anc. That's a pleasure,
The beggar's lechery, sometimes the soldier's:
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
And maggots breed in's brains!
Sec. Sold. Ay, marry, sir,
May he fall mad in love with his grandmother,
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,
And one fall 'cross his throat; then let him gargle!

Enter a Post.

Puts. Now, what's the matter?
Post. Where's the duke, pray, gentlemen?
Puts. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.
Post. I thank you. [*Exit.*
Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold,
And, when he wakes, believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a divorce, and after find her honest;
Then in a pleasant pig-sty, with his own garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil!
Puts. If these would do ——
Anc. I'll never trust my mind more,
If all these fail.
First Sold. What shall we do now, captain?
For, by this honest hand, I'll be torn a-pieces,
Unless my old general go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the leg well.
Anc. Fight! 'tis likely!
No, there will be the sport, boys, when there's need on's.
They think the other crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden coat of captain Cankro
Borosky, — what a noise his very name carries!
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,
He needs no soldiers: if he do, for my part,
I promise ye, he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think too,
And all the army. No, honest, brave old Archas,
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,
So soon forget thy goodness: he that does,
The scandal and the scum of arms be counted!
Puts. You much rejoice me; now you have hit my meaning:
I durst not press ye till I found your spirits.
Continue thus.
Anc. I'll go and tell the duke on't.
Puts. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,

Enter Second Post.

When once occasion comes. — Another packet!
From whence, friend, come you?
Sec. Post. From the borders, sir.
Puts. What news, sir, I beseech you?
Sec. Post. Fire and sword, gentlemen;
The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward, like a tempest; all before him
Burning and killing.
Anc. Brave, boys! brave news, boys!
Sec. Post. Either we must have present help —
Anc. Still braver!
Sec. Post. Where lies the duke?
First Sold. He's there.

Sec. Post. Save ye, gentlemen!
Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee.
[*Exit* Second Post.
Now the time's come.
Puts. Ay, now 'tis come indeed;
And now stand firm, boys, and let 'em burn on merrily.
Anc. This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire;[1]
'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow.
Sec. Sold. Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear the news once.

Re-enter BOROSKY, *with a* Servant.

Puts. Here's one has heard it already. — Room for the general!
Bor. Say I am falu exceeding sick o' the sudden,
And am not like to live. [*Exit with* Servant.
Puts. If you go on, sir; [*Calling after him.*
For they will kill you certainly; they look for you.
Anc. I see your lordship's bound; take a suppository.
'Tis I, sir; a poor cast flag of yours. The foolish Tartars,
They burn and kill, an't like your honour; kill us,
Kill with guns, with guns, my lord; with guns, sir.
What says your lordship to a chick in sorrel sops?
Puts. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny! thou hast but one fault;
Thou art even too valiant. — Come, to th' army, gentlemen,
And let's make them acquainted.
Soldiers. Away! we are for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before*, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Y. Arch. Why, whither run ye, fools! will ye leave my lady?
Pet. The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes!
Y. Arch. Why, let him:
I had thought you had fear'd no men; upon my conscience,
You have tried their strengths already: stay, for shame!
Pet. Shift for thyself, Alinda.
[*Exit with* Gentlewoman.
Y. Arch. Beauty bless ye!
Into what groom's feather-bed will ye creep now,
And there mistake the enemy? Sweet youths ye are,
And of a constant courage: are you afraid of foining?[2]

Enter OLYMPIA.

Olym. Oh, my good wench, what shall become of us?
The posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;
The enemy is past the Volga, and bears hither,[3]
With all the blood and cruelty he carries:
My brother now will find his fault.
Y. Arch. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late too, madam. But, pray, fear not;
All will be well, I hope: sweet madam, shake not.
Olym. How cam'st thou by this spirit? our sex tremble.
Y. Arch. I am not unacquainted with these dangers,
And you shall know my truth; for, ere you perish,
A hundred swords shall pass through me; 'tis but dying,
And, madam, we must to it; the manner's all.
You have a princely birth; take princely thoughts to you,
And take my counsel too: go presently,
With all the haste you have (I will attend you),
With all the possible speed, to old lord Archas;
He honours you; with all your art persuade him,
('Twill be a dismal time else,) woo him hither,
But hither, madam; make him see the danger;
For your new general looks like an ass;
There's nothing in his face but loss.
Olym. I'll do it:
And thank thee, sweet Alinda: oh, my jewel,
How much I am bound to love thee! by this hand, wench,
If thou wert a man ——
Y. Arch. I would I were, to fight for you!
But haste, dear madam.
Olym. I need no spurs, Alinda. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter DUKE, *two* Posts, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. The lord-general sick now! is this a time
For men to creep into their beds? What's become, Post,
Of my lieutenant?
Sec. Post. Beaten, an't please your grace,
And all his forces sparkled.[4]
Duke. That's but cold news.

Enter a Gentleman.

How now! what good news? are the soldiers ready?
Gent. Yes, sir; but fight they will not, nor stir from that place
They stand in now, unless they have lord Archas
To lead 'em out: they rail upon this general,
And sing songs of him, scurvy songs, to worse tunes:
And much they spare not you, sir. Here, they swear,
They'll stand and see the city burnt, and dance about it,
Unless lord Archas come, before they fight for't:
It must be so, sir.
Duke. I could wish it so too;
And to that end I have sent lord Burris to him:

[1] *This city would make a marvellous fine bonfire*] "A singular anticipation," observes Mr. Darley, *Introd. to the Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. L.
[2] *foining*] "A technical term in fencing, for — thrusting." WEBER.
[3] *bears hither*] "i. e. comes this way." *Ed.* 1778.
[4] *sparkled*] "i. e. dispersed." *Ed.* 1778. See note, p. 772.

But all, I fear, will fail; we must die, gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter BURRIS.

What bring'st thou, Burris?
Burris. That I am loath to tell; he will not come, sir.
I found him at his prayers; there, he tells me,
The enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven:
I urg'd to him all our dangers, his own worths,
The country's ruin; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the ground; a grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.
Your grace was much to blame. Where's the new general?
Duke. He is sick, poor man.
Burris. He's a poor man indeed, sir.
Your grace must needs go to the soldier.
Duke. They
Have sent me word they will not stir; they rail at me,
And all the spite they have — [*Shout within.*] What shout is that there?
Is the enemy come so near?

Enter OLYMPIA, ARCHAS, *and* YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before.*

Olym. I have brought him, sir;
At length I have woo'd him thus far.
Duke. Happy sister!
Oh, blessèd woman!
Olym. Use him nobly, brother;
You never had more need. — And, gentlemen,
All the best powers ye have to tongues turn presently,
To winning and persuading tongues: all my art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him. — And, good my lord, [*To* ARCHAS.
Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring you hither,
And not to urge you farther; yet, see your country,
Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the miseries
Of every side, the fears; oh, see the dangers!
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, sir.
Duke. Next, hear your prince: you have said you lov'd him, Archas,
And thought your life too little for his service.
Think not your vow too great now; now the time is,
And now you are brought to the test; touch[1] right now, soldier,
Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle;
Now, if thou be'st that valu'd man, that virtue,
That great obedience, teaching all, now stand it.
What I have said forgive,[2] my youth was hasty;
And what you said yourself forget, you were angry:
If men could live without their faults, they were gods, Archas. —
He weeps, and holds his hands up: to him, Burris!
Burris. You have shew'd the prince his faults;[3] and, like a good surgeon,
You have laid that to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it;
Let 'em not fester now, sir: your own honour,
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,
('Gainst which, I take it, Heaven gives no command, sir,
Nor seals no vow,) can better teach you now
What you have to do, than I or this necessity.
Only this little's left; would you do nobly,
And in the eye of honour truly triumph?
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.
Y. Arch. Last, a poor virgin kneels: for love's sake, general;
If ever you have lov'd, for her sake, sir;
For your own honesty, which is a virgin;
Look up, and pity us! Be bold and fortunate:
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier;
And when your spurs were given you, your sword buckled,
Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for beauty's,
For chastity,[4] to strike: strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your sword, or else you are recreant,
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward:
Your first vow honour made, your last but anger.
Archas. How like my virtuous wife this thing looks, speaks too!
So would she chide my dulness. — Fair one, I thank you. —
My gracious sir, your pardon, next, your hand; —
Madam, your favour and your prayers; — gentlemen,
Your wishes and your loves; — and, pretty sweet one,
A favour for your soldier!
Olym. Give him this, wench.
Y. Arch. Thus do I tie on victory. [*Ties a scarf on his arm.*
Archas. My armour,
My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my fortune!
And, Olin, now I come to shake thy glory.
Duke. Go, brave and prosperous; our loves go with thee!
Olym. Full of thy virtue, and our prayers attend thee!
Burris, &c. Loaden with victory, and we to honour thee!

1 *touch*] i. e. stand the test.

2 *What I have said forgive*, &c.] Both the folios have,

"*What I have said* forget, *my youth was hasty,*
And what you said yourself forgive."

The necessary transposition was made by Seward.

3 *You have shew'd the prince his faults*, &c.] In both the folios the commencement of this speech happens to be wrongly arranged thus;

"You have shew'd the prince his faults:
And like a good surgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart: he feels it;"

which Seward, not perceiving the proper regulation of the passage, gave with an alteration as follows;

"You've shew'd the prince his faults;
And like a good *chirurgeon* you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it."

And so the Editors of 1778 and Weber!

4 *chastity*] Qy. "chastity's"?

Y. Arch. Come home the son of honour, and I'll serve you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, *and two* Gentlemen.

Duke. No news of Archas yet?
Burris. But now, an't please you,
A post came in; letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: he saw the armies join,
The game of blood begun; and by our general,
Who never was acquainted but with conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the Tartars shaken,
And there he said he left 'em.
Duke. Where's Borosky?
First Gent. He's up again, an't please you.
Burris. Sir, methinks
This news should make you lightsome, bring joy to you;
It strikes our hearts with general comfort.
[*Exit* DUKE.
Gone!
What should this mean? so suddenly! he's well?
Sec. Gent. We see no other.
First Gent. Would the rest were well too,
That put these starts into him!
Burris. I'll go after him.
Sec. Gent. 'Twill not be fit, sir; h'as some secret in him,
He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has cross'd him since the general went?
Burris. Not any;
If there had been, I am sure I should[1] have found it:
Only I have heard him oft complain for money;
Money he says he wants.
First Gent. It may be that, then.
Burris. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be.
First Gent. He comes back,
And lord Borosky with him.
Burris. There the game goes:
I fear some new thing hatching.

Re-enter DUKE *with* BOROSKY.

Duke. Come hither, Burris.
Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little mistress give this token;
[*Gives a ring.*
Tell her I'll see her shortly.
Burris. Yes, I shall, sir.
Duke. Wait you without.
[*Exeunt* BURRIS *and* Gentlemen.
I would yet try him further.
Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your grace heard yet
Of what he has done i' the field?
Duke. A post but now
Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The enemy gave ground before he parted.
Bor. 'Tis well.
Duke. Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis not for fighting
And noise of war I keep thee in my bosom;
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my childhood
Thou brought'st me up, and, like another nature,
Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.
Bor. Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy,
(Though I intend, high Heaven knows, but your honour,)
When vain and empty people shall proclaim me—
Good sir, excuse me.
Duke. Do you fear me for your enemy?
Speak, on your duty.
Bor. Then I must, and dare, sir.
When he comes home, take heed the court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praises:
That glass will shew him ten times greater, sir,
(And make him strive to make good that proportion,)
Than e'er his fortune bred him; he is honourable,
At least I strive to understand him so,
And of a nature, if not this way poison'd,
Perfect enough, easy, and sweet; but those are soon seduc'd, sir:
He's a great man, and what that pill may work,
Prepar'd by general voices of the people,
Is the end of all my counsel. Only this, sir;
Let him retire a while; there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: there if he stand a while well,
But till the soldier cool — whom for their service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And shower[2] yourself into 'em; 'tis the bounty
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery —
Duke. But where's the money?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

How now!
Sec. Gent. Sir, the colonel,
Son to the lord Archas, with most happy news
Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here
Attends your grace's pleasure.
Bor. Be not seen, sir:
He's a bold fellow; let me stand his thunders:
To the court he must not come. No blessing here, sir,
No face of favour, if you love your honour.
Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, sir. [*Exit.*
Bor. Conduct him in, sir.
[*Exit* Sec. Gentleman, *who re-enters with* THEODORE.
Welcome, noble colonel.
Theod. That's much from your lordship. Pray, where is the duke?
Bor. We hear you have beat the Tartar.
Theod Is he busy, sir?
Bor. Have ye taken Olin yet?
Theod. I would fain speak with him.
Bor. How many men have ye lost?
Theod. Does he lie this way?
Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely.

[1] *should*] Weber chose to print "would."

[2] *shower*] So the second folio. — The first folio "shewrd."

Theod. I must see him.
Bor. You cannot yet, you must not. What's your commission?
Theod. No gentleman o' the chamber here?
Bor. Why, pray you, sir,
Am not I fit to entertain your business?
Theod. I think you are not, sir; I am sure you shall not:
I bring no tales nor flatteries; in my tongue, sir,
I carry no fork'd stings.
Bor. You keep your bluntness.
Theod. You are deceiv'd: it keeps me; I had felt else
Some of your plagues ere this. But, good sir, trifle not;
I have business to the duke.
Bor. He's not well, sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.
Theod. Not well, sir!
How would he ha' been, if we had lost? not well, sir!
I bring him news to make him well: his enemy,
That would have burnt his city here, and your house too,
Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,
Where all your ancestors, and all their battles,
Their silk and golden battles, are decipher'd;
That would not only have abus'd your buildings,
Your goodly buildings, sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,
Purloin'd your lordship's plate the duke bestow'd on you
For turning handsomely o' the toe, and trimm'd your virgins,
Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your lordship,
'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curse is
You had had no remedy against these rascals,
No law, an't like your honour; would have kill'd you too,
And roasted you, and eaten you, ere this time;
Notable knaves, my lord, unruly rascals;
These youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em,
And par'd their nails, that honest civil gentlemen,
And such most noble persons as yourself is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine-thread.
These news I bring.
Bor. And were they thus deliver'd you?
Theod. My lord, I am no pen-man nor no orator;
My tongue was never oil'd with "Here, an't like you,"
"There, I beseech you:" weigh, I am a soldier,
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, sir;
I come not to stand treating here; my business
Is with the duke, and of such general blessing—
Bor. You have overthrown the enemy; we know it,
And we rejoice in't; ye have done like honest subjects,
You have done handsomely and well.
Theod. But well, sir!
But handsomely and well! what, are we jugglers?
I'll do all that in cutting up a capon:
But handsomely and well! does your lordship take us
For the duke's tumblers? We have done bravely, sir,
Ventur'd our lives like men.
Bor. Then bravely be it.
Theod. And for as brave rewards we look and graces;
We have sweat and bled for't, sir.
Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men, that thank themselves first
For any good they do, take off the lustre,
And blot the benefit.
Theod. Are these the welcomes,
The bells that ring out our rewards? Pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more enemies;
Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh too,
For, if there be——
Bor. They must be met, and fought with.
Theod. By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a devil ail'd[1] you to do these things?
With what assurance dare you mock men thus?
You have but single lives, and those I take it
A sword may find too: why do you dam the duke up?
And choke that course of love, that like a river
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?
But, if you use these knick-knacks,
This fast and loose,[2] with faithful men and honest,
You'll be the first will find it.
Bor. You are too untemperate.
Theod. Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful:

Enter ARCHAS, PUTSKY, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers.

Pray, use this old man so, and then we are paid all.—
The duke thanks you for your service, and the court thanks you,
And wonderful desirous they are to see you:
Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for May-games,
Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome home, sir:
Here your most noble friend the lord Borosky,
A gentleman, too, tender of your credit,
And ever in the duke's ear, for your good, sir,
Crazy and sickly, yet, to be your servant,
Has leap'd into the open air to meet you.
Bor. The best is, your words wound not.—You are welcome home, sir,
Heartily welcome home; and for your service,
The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,
The duke salutes you too with all his thanks, sir.
Anc. Sure, they will now regard us.

[1] *ail'd*] Altered by the modern editors to "ails."
[2] *This fast and loose*] "Sir John Hawkins observes, that '*Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description:— A leather belt is made up in a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it, would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle.*'" WEBER.

Puts. There's a reason:
But, by the changing of the colonel's countenance,
The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,
I fear the wind's not down yet, Ancient.
Archas. Is the duke well, sir?
Bor. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging[1] of an ague,
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes him fearful,
And loath as yet to give your worth due welcome,
The sickness hath been somewhat hot i' th' army,
Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,
And more his fear than faith;[2] yet, howsoever,
An honest care ——
Archas. You say right, and it shall be;
For though, upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,
A mere opinion, without faith or fear in't
(For, sir, I thank Heaven, we never stood more healthy,
Never more high and lusty); yet, to satisfy
We cannot be too curious[3] or too careful
Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away, sir,
And lodge at further distance and less danger.
Bor. It will be well.
Anc. It will be very scurvy:
I smell it out, it stinks abominably;
Stir it no more. [*Aside.*
Bor. The duke, sir, would have you too,
For a short day or two, retire to your own house,
Whither himself will come to visit you,
And give you thanks.
Archas. I shall attend his pleasure.
Anc. A trick, a lousy trick; so ho, a trick, boys!
Archas. How now! what's that?
Anc. I thought I had found a hare, sir,
But 'tis a fox, an old fox; shall we hunt him?
Archas. No more such words.
Bor. The soldier's grown too saucy;
You must tie him straiter up.
Archas. I do my best, sir;
But men of free-born minds sometimes will fly out.
Anc. May not we see the duke?
Bor. Not at this time, gentlemen;
Your general knows the cause.
Anc. We have no plague, sir,
Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither;
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier
Will not deny us place there.
Puts. Certain, my lord,
Considering what we are, and what we have done,
(If not, what need you may have,) 'twould be better,
A great deal nobler, and taste honester,
To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,
And lash away their lives at the cart's tail,
Double our comforts; meat, and their master's thanks too,
When they work well, they have; men of our quality,[4]
When they do well, and venture for't with valour,
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they come home, sir,
And know these are deserving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little
Be stirr'd with glory? 'tis a pride becomes 'em,
A little season'd with ambition,
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,
For what they have done: when to come home thus poorly,
And met with such unjointed joy, so look'd on
As if we had done no more but dress'd a horse well,
So entertain'd as if "I thank ye, gentlemen,
Take that to drink," had power to please a soldier:
Where be the shouts, the bells rung out, the people?
The prince himself?
Archas. Peace! — I perceive your eye, sir,
Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom;
And happily you find his tongue too forward.
As I am master of the place I carry,
'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this man,
No stronger tie upon me, than the truth
And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he does,
And think, with modesty enough, such saints
That daily thrust their loves and lives through hazards,
And fearless, for their country's peace, march hourly
Through all the doors of death, and know the darkest,
Should better be canoniz'd for their service:
What labour would these men neglect, what danger,
Where honour is? though seated in a billow
Rising as high as heaven, would not these soldiers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it?
Do you see these swords? Time's scythe was ne'er so sharp, sir,
Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls;
Thought's ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,
When they are drawn; and, were it not sometimes
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,
And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.
And whose are all these glories? why, their prince's,
Their country's, and their friends': alas, of all these,
And all the happy ends they bring, the blessings,
They only share the labours! a little joy, then,
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot,
Would not have done amiss, sir: but, howsoever,
Between me and my duty no crack, sir,
Shall dare appear; I hope, by my example,
No discontent in them. — Without doubt, gentlemen,
The duke will both look suddenly and truly
On your deserts. — Methinks, 'twere good they were paid, sir.
Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for money;
And any favour else ——
Archas. We are all bound to you;
And so I take my leave, sir. When the duke pleases
To make me worthy of his eyes ——

[1] *grudging*] i. e. symptom.
[2] *faith*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios "fate." Compare what Archas answers, —
"A mere opinion, without *faith* or fear in't."
[3] *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.
[4] *quality*] i. e. profession.

Bor. Which will be suddenly;
I know his good thoughts to you.
Archas. With all duty,
And all humility, I shall attend, sir.
Bor. Once more you are welcome home. These shall be satisfied.
Theod. Be sure we be; and handsomely ——
Archas. Wait you on me, sir.
Theod. And honestly: no juggling.
Archas. Will you come, sir? [*Exit.*
Bor. Pray, do not doubt.
Theod. We are no boys. [*Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman, *and* Attendants *with money.*

Bor. Well, sir?
Gent. Here's money from the duke, an't please your lordship.
Bor. 'Tis well.
Gent. How sour the soldiers look!
Bor. Is't told?[1]
Gent. Yes; and for every company a double pay,
And the duke's love to all.
Anc. That's worth a ducat.
Bor. You that be officers, see it discharg'd, then. ——
Why do not you take it up?
Anc. 'Tis too heavy:
Body o' me, I have strain'd mine arm.
Bor. Do you scorn it?
Anc. Has your lordship any dice about you? — Sit round, gentlemen,
And come on; seven for my share.
Puts. Do you think, sir,
This is the end we fight?[2] can this dirt draw us
To such a stupid tameness, that our service,
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,[3]
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?
Have not we eyes and ears to hear and see, sir,
And minds to understand, the slights we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts; men look on me
As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun me;
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants; I am answer'd,
"Alas, 'tis pity! pray, dine with me on Sunday."
These are the sores we are sick of, the mind's maladies,
And can this cure 'em? You should have us'd us nobly,
And, for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us,
To the world's eye have shew'd and sainted us;
Then you had paid us bravely; then we had shin'd, sir,
Not in this gilded stuff, but in our glory.
You may take back your money.
Gent. This I fear'd still.
Bor. Consider better, gentlemen.
Anc. Thank your lordship;
And now I'll put on my considering cap.
My lord, that I am no courtier, you may guess it
By having no suit to you for this money;
For, though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
While you want that civility to rank it
With those rights we expected; money grows, sir,
And men must gather it; all is not put in one purse;
And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet;[4]
But that I am a soldier, and a gentleman,
And a fine gentleman, an't like your honour,
And a most pleasant companion, [*Sings.*

All you that are witty,
Come, list to my ditty!

Come, set in, boys! ——
With your lordship's patience. — [*Song.*] — How do you like my song, my lord?
Bor. Even as I like yourself; but 'twould be a great deal better,
You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this money;
In your own phrase[5] I speak now, sir: and 'tis very well
You have learn'd to sing; for, since you prove so liberal
To refuse such means as this, maintain your voice still;
'Twill prove your best friend.
Anc. 'Tis a singing age, sir,
A merry moon here now; I'll follow it:
Fiddling and fooling now gains more than fighting.
Bor. What is't you blench[6] at? what would you ask? speak freely.
Sold. And so we dare: a triumph for the general.
Puts. And then an honour special to his virtue.
Anc. That we may be preferr'd that have serv'd for it,
And cramm'd up into favour like the worshipful;
At least upon the city's charge made drunk
For one whole year; we have done 'em ten years' service;
That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,
And *mine or thine* be nothing, all things equal,
And *catch as catch may* be proclaim'd; that when we borrow,
And have no will to pay again, no law
Lay hold upon us, nor no court control us.
Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will: the general will find too,
And so will you, if you but stay with patience ——
I have no power.
Puts. Nor will. — Come, fellow-soldiers.
Bor. Pray, be not so distrustful.
Puts. There are ways yet,
And honest ways; we are not brought up statues.
Anc. If your lordship
Have any silk stockings that have holes i' th' heels,
Or ever an honourable cassock that wants buttons,

[1] *told*] i. e. counted.
[2] *we fight*] Silently altered by Seward to "*we fight* for;" and so the Editors of 1778. Weber rightly observed, that the old reading has the same meaning as the variation.
[3] *skew'd at*] "i. e. looked at side-long, obliquely, and therefore scornfully [or slightly]." Weber.
[4] *And that I am no carter, I could never whistle yet*] Seward, not understanding the passage, threw out the word "*that*." — "The sense of the whole speech is, 'That I'm no courtier, you may guess by not asking for money; that I'm no carter, by not being able to whistle; but that I'm a soldier,'" &c. *Ed.* 1778.
[5] *your own phrase*] See p. 925, end of col. 1.
[6] *blench*] i. e. start, fly off.

I could have cur'd such maladies : your lordship's custom,
And my good lady's, if the bones want setting
In her old bodice ——
Bor. This is disobedience.
Anc. Eightpence a-day and hard eggs !
Puts. Troop off, gentlemen :
Some coin we have; whilst this lasts, or our credits,
We'll never sell our general's worth for sixpence. —
You are beholding[1] to us.
Anc. Fare you well, sir,
And buy a pipe with that. Do you see this scarf, sir ?
By this hand, I'll cry brooms in't, birchen brooms, sir,
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.
Now to our old occupations again. By your leave, lord.
[*Exeunt* ANCIENT, PUTSKY, *and* Soldiers.
Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper. — Take up the money. —
This love I must remove, this fondness to him,
This tenderness of heart; I have lost my way else. —
There is no sending, man ; they will not take it,
They are yet too full of pillage;
They'll dance for't ere't be long. Come, bring it after.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. How now ! refus'd their money !
Bor. Very bravely ;
And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.
Duke. Where's Archas ?
Bor. He's retir'd, sir, to his house,
According to your pleasure ; full of duty
To outward show ; but what within ——
Duke. Refuse it !
Bor. Most confidently : 'tis not your revenues
Can feed them, sir; and yet they have found a general
That knows no ebb of bounty; there they eat, sir,
And loathe your invitations.
Duke. 'Tis not possible ;
He's poor as they.
Bor. You'll find it otherwise.
Pray, make your journey thither presently,
And, as you go, I'll open you a wonder:
Good sir, this morning.
Duke. Follow me ; I'll do it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OLYMPIA, BURRIS, YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before*, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Olym. But do you think my brother loves her ?
Burris. Certain, madam ;
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder;
Oft wishes she were nobler born.
Olym. Do you think him honest ?
Burris. Your grace is nearer to his heart than I am ;
Upon my life, I hold him so.
Olym. 'Tis a poor wench,
I would not have her wrong'd : methinks my brother ——
But I must not give rules to his affections;
Yet, if he weigh her worth ——
Burris. You need not fear, madam.
Olym. I hope I shall not. Lord Burris,
I love her well ; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her,
I do not like that ring from him to her,
I mean to women of her way ; such tokens
Rather appear as baits than royal bounties :
I would not have it so.
Burris. You will not find it ;
Upon my troth, I think his most ambition
Is but to let the world know h'as a handsome mistress.
Will your grace command me any service to him ?
Olym. Remember all my duty.
Burris. Blessings crown you ! ——
What's your will, lady ?
Y. Arch. Any thing that's honest ;
And, if you think it fit,[2] so poor a service,
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,
I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.
Burris. Fair one, I will ; in the best phrase I have too !
And so, I kiss your hand.
Y. Arch. Your lordship's servant.
[*Exit* BURRIS.
Olym. Come hither, wench. What art thou doing with that ring ?
Y. Arch. I am looking on the posy, madam.
Olym. What is't ?
Y. Arch. "The jewel's set within."
Olym. But where the joy, wench,
When that invisible jewel's lost ? why dost thou smile so ?
What unhappy[3] meaning hast thou ?
Y. Arch. Nothing, madam ;
But only thinking what strange spells these rings have,
And how they work with some.
Pet. I fear, with you too. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. This could not cost above a crown.
Pet. 'Twill cost you
The shaving of your crown, if not the washing.
[*Aside.*
Olym. But he that sent it makes the virtue greater.
Y. Arch. Ay, and the vice too, madam. Goodness bless me,
How fit 'tis for my finger !
Gent. No doubt you'll find, too,
A finger fit for you. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. Sirrah Petesca,[4]
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this ?
But thou hast rings enough ; thou art provided.—
Heigh-ho ! what must I do now ?
Pet. You'll be taught that,

[1] *beholding*] i. e. beholden, — as frequently before. — Altered by the Editors of 1778 to "beholden."

[2] *fit*] So the second folio. — The first folio "fits;" and so Weber.

[3] *unhappy*] "i. e. waggish." WEBER.

[4] *Sirrah Petesca*] The word *sirrah* addressed to a female has already occurred in several of these plays : see, for instance, p. 723.

The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. Aye me, aye me!
Pet. You will divide too, shortly;
Your voice comes finely forward. [*Aside.*
Olym. Come hither, wanton;
Thou art not surely as thou sayst.
Y. Arch. I would not:
But sure there is a witchcraft in this ring, lady;
Lord, how my heart leaps!
Pet. 'Twill go pit-a-pat shortly. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. And now methinks a thousand of the duke's shapes ——
Gent. Will no less serve you? [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. In ten thousand smiles ——
Olym. Heaven bless the wench!
Y. Arch. With eyes that will not be denied to enter,
And such soft sweet embraces — take it from me;
I am undone else, madam, I'm lost else.
[*Gives the ring to* OLYMPIA.
Olym. What ails the girl?
Y. Arch. How suddenly I'm alter'd,
And grown myself again! — Do not you feel it?
Olym. [*Giving a ring to Y. Arch.*] Wear that; and I'll wear this, — I'll try the strength on't.
Y. Arch. How cold my blood grows now! here's sacred virtue.
When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a kiss;
When each morning I arise,
I forget[1] a sacrifice;
When this figure in my faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at still;
When I lose, or change this jewel,
Fly me, faith, and, Heaven, be cruel!
Olym. You have half confirm'd[2] me: keep but that way sure,
And what this charm can do, let me endure.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the Country-house of* ARCHAS.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Archas. Carry yourself discreetly, it concerns me;
The duke's come in; none of your froward passions,
Nor no distastes to any: prithee, Theodore, —
By my life, boy, 'twill ruin me.
Theod. I have done, sir,
So there be no foul play he brings along with him.[3]
Archas. What's that to you? let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.
Theod. So they mean well.
Archas. Is't fit you be a judge, sirrah?
Theod. 'Tis fit I feel, sir.
Archas. Get a banquet ready,
And trim yourselves up handsomely.
Theod. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em whores? hang up a sign, then,
And set 'em out to livery.
Archas. Whose son art thou?
Theod. Yours, sir, I hope; but not of your disgraces.
Archas. Full twenty thousand men I have commanded,
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their angers;
And shall a boy, of mine own breed too, of mine own blood,
One crook'd stick ——
Theod. Pray, take your way, and thrive in't:
I'll quit your house. If taint or black dishonour
Light on you, 'tis your own, I have no share in't:
Yet, if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too ——
Archas. Hast thou no reverence,
No duty in thee?
Theod. This shall shew I obey you;
I dare not stay. I would have shew'd my love too,
And that you ask as duty, with my life, sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,
Which Heaven preserve you from, and keep the duke too!
And there's an end of my wishes: God be with you! [*Exit.*
Archas. Stubborn, yet full of that we all love, honesty.

Enter BURRIS.

Lord Burris, where's the duke?
Burris. In the great chamber, sir,
And there stays till he see you. You have a fine house here.
Archas. A poor contented lodge, unfit for his presence,
Yet all the joy it hath.[4]
Burris. I hope a great one,
And for your good, brave sir.
Archas. I thank you, lord:
And now my service to the duke.
Burris. I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *I forget*] Both the folios "Or *I forget.*"
[2] *confirm'd*] "i. e. convinced." WEBER.
[3] *So there be no foul play he brings along with him*] Seward, at Sympson's suggestion, printed,
"So there be no foul play. He brings along with him — "
and tells us in a note, "Theodore would say, that the Duke brings Borosky along with him, but is interrupted by his father." So also the Editors of 1778 and Weber. But such a deviation from the pointing of the folios seems quite unnecessary.

[4] *Yet all the joy it hath*] "Mason says — 'This is not an imperfect sentence, as the last editors make it. Archas means to say, that the lodge was a poor one, unfit for the duke's presence, *though that was all the joy it contained.* The answer of Burris proves this to be the meaning.' But surely nothing can be more forced than this interpretation; indeed, such a stiffness of expression is scarcely to be found in any old dramatist, much less in the easy and natural Fletcher. Burris interrupts Archas, and, taking up his words, says, very obviously, — 'I hope it has now a great joy in it.'" WEBER, — who accordingly, like the Editors of 1778, placed a break after "hath." But I agree with Mason in thinking that the answer of Burris proves the speech to be complete.

SCENE IV. — *Another Room in the same.*

Enter DUKE, BOROSKY, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited?
Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with favour look upon me.
Duke. It seems impossible.
Bor. It cannot choose, sir,
Till your own eyes behold it; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too-haughty soldier
Has been so cramm'd and fed he cares not for you,
Believe, or let me perish: let your eyes,[1]
As you observe the house, but where I point it
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.
Duke. I'll follow your direction.

Enter ARCHAS, BURRIS, HONORA, VIOLA, *and* Servant.

Welcome, Archas;
You are welcome home, brave lord. We are come to visit you,
And thank you for your service.
Archas. 'Twas so poor, sir,
In true respect of what I owe your highness,
It merits nothing.
Duke. Are these fair ones yours, lord?
[HONORA *and* VIOLA *kneel.*
Archas. Their mother made me think so, sir.
Duke. Stand up, ladies. — [*They rise.*
Beshrew my heart, they are fair ones; methinks fitter
The lustre of the court, than thus live darken'd.
I would see your house, lord Archas; it appears to me
A handsome pile.
Archas. 'Tis neat, but no great structure:
I'll be your grace's guide. — Give me the keys there.
Duke. Lead on, we'll follow you: begin with the gallery;
I think that's one.
Archas. 'Tis so, an't please you, sir;
The rest above are lodgings all.
Duke. Go on, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Moscow. A Street.*

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKY, *and* ANCIENT.

Puts. The duke gone thither, do you say?
Theod. Yes, marry, do I;
And all the ducklings too: but what they'll do there —
Puts. I hope they'll crown his service.
Theod. With a custard:[2]
This is no weather for rewards. They crown his service!
Rather they go to shave his crown. I was rated
(As if I had been a dog had worried sheep) out of doors,[3]
For making but a doubt.
Puts. They must now grace him.
Theod. Mark but the end.
Anc. I am sure they should reward him; they cannot want him.
Theod. They that want honesty want any thing.
Puts. The duke is so noble in his own thoughts.
Theod. That I grant you,
If those might only sway him: but 'tis most certain,
So many new-born flies his light gave life to,
Buzz in his beams, flesh-flies and butterflies,
Hornets and humming scarabs, that not one honey-bee,
That's loaden with true labour, and brings home
Increase and credit, can scape rifling;
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness.
Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our minds to 'em?
Puts. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing
Some brave thing for him; a worse end will take me,
And for an action of no worth. Not honour him!
Upon my conscience, even the devil, the very devil,
(Not to belie him,) thinks him an honest man;
I am sure he has sent him souls,[5] any time these twenty years,
Able to furnish all his fish-markets.[6]
Theod. Leave thy talking;
And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to him:
We shall hear more ere supper-time. If he be honour'd,
He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't;
If he be ruin'd, so; we know the worst then,
And, for myself, I'll meet it.
Puts. I ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *A Gallery in the Country-house of Archas.*

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BOROSKY, BURRIS, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. They are handsome rooms all, well contriv'd and fitted,
Full of convenience; the prospect's excellent.
Archas. Now, will your grace pass down, and do me but the honour
To taste a country banquet?
Duke. What room's that?

[1] *eyes*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "eye," on account of what follows. But not a few passages might be adduced from early writers in which "it" is applied to a preceding plural substantive: see, for instance, p 909, and note.

[2] *custard*] Altered by Seward to "costard" (which, he says, most erroneously, signifies "a crab-tree stick"). — "To '*crown with a custard*,' means to clap a *custard* on his head, the effect of which must of course be ludicrous." Nares's *Gloss.* in v. *Costard.* Clapping a custard on one's head appears to have been a trick practised by pages: in *A Pleasant Commodie called Looke about you*, 1600, we find mention of "the tricks that pages passe in time of Parlament, as swearing to the pantable, *crowning with Custards*, paper whiffes to the sleepers noses," &c. Sig. C.

[3] *out of doors*] "The modern editors, without giving any notice of such a needless variation, transfer these words from their present situation to the end of the preceding line." WEBER.

[4] *want him*] "i. e. do without him." WEBER.

[5] *souls*] "A poor pun upon *soals*." *Ed.* 1778.

[6] *fish-markets*] So the second folio. — The first folio "*fish-market*;" and so Weber.

I would see all now; what conveyance has it?
I see you have kept the best part yet; pray, open it.
Archas. Ha! I misdoubted this. [*Aside.*] — 'Tis of no receipt, sir;
For your eyes most unfit.
Duke. I long to see it,
Because I would judge of the whole piece: some excellent paintings,
Or some rare spoils, you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.
Archas. In troth, there is not,
Nor any thing worth your sight. Below I have
Some fountains and some ponds.
Duke. I would see this now.
Archas. Borosky, thou art a knave. [*Aside.*] — It contains nothing
But rubbish from the other rooms, and unnecessaries:
Will't please you see a strange clock?
Duke. This, or nothing.
Why should you bar it up thus with defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will see't.
Archas. The keys are lost, sir.
Does your grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?
Duke. I will see it;
And either shew it ——
Archas. Good sir ——
Duke. Thank you, Archas;
You shew your love abundantly.
Do I use to entreat thus? — Force it open.
Burris. That were inhospitable; you are his guest, sir,
And 'tis [1] his greatest joy to entertain you.
Duke. Hold thy peace, fool. — Will you open it?
Archas. Sir, I cannot;
I must not, if I could.
Duke. Go, break it open.
Archas. I must withstand that force. — Be not too rash, gentlemen.
Duke. Unarm him first; then, if he be not obstinate,
Preserve his life.
Archas. I thank your grace; I take it:
And now take you the keys; go in, and see, sir;
[*The door is opened.*
There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that traitor,
That thing that sells his faith for favour.
[*Exit* DUKE.
Burris. Sir, what moves you?
Archas. I have kept mine pure. — Lord Burris, there's a Judas,
That for a smile will sell ye all: a gentleman!
The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it;
A whore's heart more belief in't.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. What's all this, Archas?
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,
This most inestimable treasure.

[1] *'tis*] Sympson's correction. — Both the folios "with;" which, unless we suppose the line to be incomplete (the Duke interrupting Burris), cannot be right.

Archas. Yours, sir.
Duke. Nor do I wonder now the soldier slights me.
Archas. Be not deceiv'd; he has had no favour here, sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that pick-thank,
That lost man in his faith: he has reveal'd it;
To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it. —
I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too!
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord! — I'll tell you all, sir.
Your sire, before his death, knowing your temper
To be as bounteous as the air and open,
As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,
Like a great husband, to preserve your actions,
Collected all this treasure; to our trusts —
To mine, I mean, and to that long-tongu'd lord's there —
He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this;
Upon his death-bed too, and on the sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this treasure
Part from our secret keepings, till no hope
Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted,
No help of those that lov'd you could supply you,
And then some great exploit a-foot: my honesty
I would have kept till I had made this useful,
(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest,)
And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.
This worm that crept into you has abus'd you,
Abus'd your father's care, abus'd his faith too;
Nor can this mass of money make him man more;
A flay'd dog has more soul, an ape more honesty.
All mine you have amongst it; farewell that!
I cannot part with't nobler; my heart's clear,
My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't: —
But, oh, thy hell! —— [*To* BOROSKY.
Bor. I seek no heaven from you, sir.
Archas. Thy gnawing hell, Borosky! it will find thee. —
Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,[2]
Has ruin'd your estate? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.
Duke. What little trunk's that?
That there o' the top, that's lock'd?
Bor. You'll find it rich, sir;
Richer, I think, than all.
Archas. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a coarseness;
Pray, rack not honesty.
Bor. Be sure you see it.
Duke. Bring out the trunk.
[*An* Attendant *brings out a trunk.*
Archas. You'll find that treasure too;
All I have left me now. [*The trunk is opened.*
Duke. What's this? a poor gown?
And this a piece of Seneca?
Archas. Yes, sure, sir,
More worth than all your gold (yet you have enough on't),

[2] *Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you*] "The present phrase is from scripture, as pointed out by Mr. Henley in a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 1," &c. &c.!! WEBER. Who ever doubted it?

And of a mine far purer and more precious;
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels,
And yet all counsel and all friends live here, sir;
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.
Will't please you leave me this?
Duke. With all my heart, sir.
Archas. What says your lordship to't?
Bor. I dare not rob you.
Archas. Poor miserable men, you have robb'd yourselves both! —
This gown, and this unvalu'd[1] treasure, your brave father
Found me a child at school with, in his progress;[2]
Where such a love he took to some few answers
(Unhappy[3] boyish toys, hit in my head then)
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was
(For here was all the wealth I brought his highness)
He carried me to court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me arms first,
With those an honest mind: I serv'd him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not;
Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness;
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine age, sir,
And to this care a fair *quietus* given.
Now to my book again!
Duke. You have your wish, sir. —
Let some bring off the treasure.
Bor. Some is his, sir.
Archas. None, none, my lord; a poor unworthy reaper;
The harvest is his grace's.
Duke. Thank you, Archas.
Archas. But will not you repent, lord? when this is gone,
Where will your lordship ——
Bor. Pray, take you no care, sir.
Archas. Does your grace like my house?
Duke. Wondrous well, Archas;
You have made me richly welcome.
Archas. I did my best, sir.
Is there any thing else may please your grace?
Duke. Your daughters
I had forgot; send them to court.
Archas. How's that, sir?
Duke. I said, your daughters; see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my sister, Archas.
Archas. Thank your highness.
Duke. And suddenly.
[*Exeunt all except* ARCHAS.
Archas. Through all the ways I dare,
I'll serve your temper, though you try me far.[4]
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Moscow. A Street.*

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKY, *and* ANCIENT.

Theod. I wonder we hear no news.

[1] *unvalu'd*] i. e. invaluable.
[2] *his progress*] i. e. his journey of state, to visit different parts of his kingdom.
[3] *Unhappy*] i. e. waggish.
[4] *me far*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "*me too far.*"

Puts. Here's your father's servant;
He comes in haste too; now we shall know all, sir.

Enter Servant.

Theod. How now!
Serv. I am glad I have met you, sir; your father
Entreats you presently make haste unto him.
Theod. What news?
Serv. None of the best, sir; I am asham'd to tell it;
Pray, ask no more.
Theod. Did not I tell ye, gentlemen?
Did not I prophesy? — He is undone, then?
Serv. Not so, sir; but as near it ——
Puts. There's no help now;
The army's scatter'd all, through discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.
Anc. Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd your seasons?
We shall watch you ere long.
Theod. Farewell: there's no cure;
We must endure all now: I know what I'll do.
[*Exeunt* THEODORE *and* Servant.
Puts. Nay, there's no striving; they have a hand upon us,
A heavy and a hard one.
Anc. Now I have it;
We have yet some gentlemen, some boys of mettle,
(What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted,[5] and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these vipers:
Shall I bless 'em?
Puts. Farewell: I have thought my way too.
[*Exit.*
Anc. Were never such rare cries in Christendom,
As Moscow shall afford: we'll live by fooling,
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Country-house of* ARCHAS.

Enter ARCHAS, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Archas. No more; it must be so. Do you think I would send ye,
Your father and your friend ——
Viola. Pray, sir, be good to us:
Alas, we know no court, nor seek that knowledge!
We are content, like harmless things, at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom
From that we understand, easy and honest;
To make our actions worthy of your honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.
What shall we look for, sir, what shall we learn there,
That this more private sweetness cannot teach us?
Virtue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the soul's beauties bred out of bravery:[6]
What a terrible father would you seem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers

[5] *What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted*] "*Bobb'd* and *colted*, as we have repeatedly mentioned, are synonymous terms, meaning *fooled, tricked.*" WARBR.
[6] *bravery*] i. e. finery, splendour.

To easy and obedient ways, uncrookèd,
Where the fair mind can never lose nor loiter,
Now to divert our natures, now to stem us
Roughly against the tide of all this treasure!
Would you have us proud ('tis sooner bred than buried),
Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at court, sir.
Hon. Would you have your children learn to forget their father,
And, when he dies, dance on his monument?
Shall we seek Virtue in a satin gown,
Embroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curled feather?
And set our credits to the tune of *Green-sleeves?*[1]
This may be done; and, if you like, it shall be.
You should have sent us thither when we were younger,
Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our innocence
Able to make a mart indeed: we are now too old, sir;
Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight us:
Besides, we are altogether unprovided,
Unfurnish'd utterly of the rules should guide us:
This lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me;
Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things,
Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars, and goblins;[2]
Now have not I the fashion to[3] believe him;
He offers me the honourable courtesy
To lie with me all night; what a misery is this!
I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not!
And how madly these things will shew there!
Archas. I send ye not,
Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;
Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil:
With your own virtues season'd, and my prayers;
The card[4] of goodness in your minds, that shews ye
When ye sail false; the needle touch'd with honour,
That through the blackest storms still points at happiness;
Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodness,
Your heavenly souls the pilots; thus I send you,
Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before you,
And ever, as you sail through this world's vanity,
Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to ye,
Like a good master, "Tack about for honour!"
The court is virtue's school, at least it should be;
Nearer the sun the mine lies, the metal's purer.
Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,
Those branches that flow from him must run muddy:
Say you find some sins there, and those no small ones,
And they like lazy fits begin to shake ye;
Say they affect your strengths, my happy children,
Great things through greatest hazards are atchiev'd still,
And then they shine, then goodness has his glory,
His crown fast rivetted, then time moves under,
Where, through the mist of errors, like the sun
Through thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out nobly.
Hon. I thank you, sir, you have made me half a soldier;
I will to court most willingly, most fondly:
And, if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such travellers into Virginia[5]
As fame reports, if they can win me, take me.
I think I have a close ward, and a sure one,
An honest mind; I hope 'tis petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and jewel-proof; I know 'tis gold-proof;
A coach and four horses cannot draw me from it:
As for your handsome faces and fil'd tongues,
Curl'd millers' heads,[6] I have another ward[7] for them;
And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
And lie, but not as lewdly. — Come, be valiant, sister:
She that dares not stand the push o' the court, dares nothing,
And yet come off ungraz'd. — Sir, like you, we both
Affect great dangers now, and the world shall see
All glory lies not in man's victory.
Archas. Mine own Honora!
Viola. I am very fearful:
Would I were stronger built! — You would have me honest?
Archas. Or not at all, my Viola.
Viola. I'll think on't;
For 'tis no easy promise, and live there. —
Do you think we shall do well?
Hon. Why, what should ail us?
Viola. Certain, they'll tempt us strongly: beside the glory
Which women may affect, they are handsome gentlemen;
Every part speaks: nor is it one denial,
Nor two, nor ten; from every look we give 'em
They'll frame a hope; even from our prayers, promises.
Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no fear, wench,
If thou be'st fast to thyself.

[1] *the tune of Green-sleeves*] Was a very popular air, which is given by Sir John Hawkins, *Hist. of Music*, Appendix, No. 21. Various ballads, differing but little in their titles, were sung to it. From the present line, and several other notices in early writers, we may conclude that the original ballad was a rather wanton ditty. A ballad of *Green-sleeves* was entered on the Books of the Stationers' Company, Sept., 1580; and in *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites &c.*, 1584, is *A New Courtly Sonet of the Lady Green-sleeves, to the new tune of Green-sleeves*, the burthen of which is,

"Green-sleeves was all my joy,
Green-sleeves was my delight,
Green-sleeves was my heart of gold;
And who but Lady Green-sleeves?"
p. 23, reprint.

[2] *goblins*] Sympson suggested that the true reading was "godlins" (*i. e.* little gods), and Mason cites from Massinger and Dekker's *Virgin Martyr* an example of that word, adding (as he well might), "but the alteration does not seem to be necessary."

[3] *the fashion to*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "*the* faith for *to*;" and so Seward.

[4] *The card*] Was a term for the mariner's compass, — properly, the card or paper on which the points of the wind were marked.

[5] *Virginia*] "This is a curious anachronism." Warner.

[6] *millers' heads*] i. e. powdered heads.

[7] *ward*] Both the folios "word."

Viola. I hope I shall be;
And your example will work more.
Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. How do you, sir? can you lend a man an angel?[1]
I hear you let out money.
Archas. Very well, sir;
You are pleasantly dispos'd: I am glad to see it.
Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me?
Theod. Is't come to patience now?
Archas. Is't not a virtue?
Theod. I know not; I ne'er found it so.
Archas. That's because
Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.
Theod. I know you have been rifled.
Archas. Nothing less, boy:
Lord, what opinions these vain people publish!
Rifled of what?
Theod. Study your virtue, patience;
It may get mustard to your meat. Why in such haste, sir,
Sent you for me?
Archas. For this end only, Theodore,
To wait upon your sisters to the court:
I am commanded they live there.
Theod. To the court, sir!
Archas. To the court, I say.
Theod. And must I wait upon 'em?
Archas. Yes, 'tis most fit you should; you are their brother.
Theod. Is this the business? I had thought your mind, sir,
Had been set forward on some noble action,
Something had truly stirr'd you. To the court with these!
Why, they are your daughters, sir.
Archas. All this I know, sir.
Theod. [*singing.*]

The good old woman on a bed he threw.

To the court!
Archas. Thou art not mad?
Theod. Nor drunk as you are;
Drunk with your duty, sir: do you call it duty?
A pox o' duty! What can these do there?
What should they do?—Can ye look babies, sisters,
In the young gallants' eyes, and twirl their band-strings?
Can ye ride out to air yourselves?—Pray, sir,
Be serious with me; do you speak this truly?
Archas. Why, didst thou never hear of women yet
At court, boy?
Theod. Yes, and good women too, very good women,
Excellent honest women: but are you sure, sir,
That these will prove so?
Hon. There's the danger, brother.
Theod. God-a-mercy, wench, thou hast a grudging of it.[2]
Archas. Now be you serious, sir, and observe what I say;
Do it, and do it handsomely: go with 'em.
Theod. With all my heart, sir. I am in no fault now,
If they be thought whores for being in my company:
Pray, write upon their backs, they are my sisters,
And where I shall deliver 'em.
Archas. You are wondrous jocund;
But, prithee, tell me, art thou so lewd a fellow?
I never knew thee fail a truth.
Theod. I am a soldier;
And spell you what that means.
Archas. A soldier!
What dost thou make of me?
Theod. Your palate's down, sir.
Archas. I thank you, sir.
Theod. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to court?
Hon. If you will please to honour us.
Theod. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off
With such a lustre, wenches! Alas, poor Viola,
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread!
Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em;
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, sister.—
Do you weep too?[3] nay, then I'll fool no more.—
Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues,
Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Moscow. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* BURRIS.

Duke. Burris, take you ten thousand of those crowns,
And those two chains of pearl they hold the richest;
I give 'em you.
Bur. I humbly thank your grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants!
Duke. You bear a good mind, Burris;
Take twenty thousand now: be not so modest;
It shall be so, I give 'em: go, there's my ring for't.
Bur. Heaven bless your highness ever!
Duke. You are honest. [*Exit* BURRIS.

Enter YOUNG ARCHAS, *disguised as before, and* PUTSKY, *and remain at the side of the stage.*

Puts. They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue:

[1] *an angel*] A gold coin, worth about 10*s*.
[2] *grudging of it*] i. e. a secret inclination for it.
[3] *to shed 'em, sister.—*
Do you weep too?] The modern editors alter the punctuation thus;
"*to shed 'em.—Sister,*
Do you weep too?"

Two brighter stars ne'er rose here.[1]
Y. Arch. Peace, I have it,
And what my art can do — the duke!
Puts. I am gone;
Remember.
Y. Arch. I am counsell'd to the full, sir.
[*Exit* PUTSKY.
Duke. My pretty mistress, whither lies your business?
How kindly I should take this, were it to me now!
Y. Arch. I must confess, immediately to your grace,
At this time ——
Duke. You have no address, I do believe you;
I would you had!
Y. Arch. 'Twere too much boldness, sir,
Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.
Duke. You'll make a perfect courtier.
Y. Arch. A very poor one.
Duke. A very fair one, sweet: come hither to me. —
What killing eyes this wench has! in his glory,
Not the bright sun, when the Sirian star[2] reigns,
Shines half so fiery. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. Why does your grace so view me?
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, sir;
Scarce that: your grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.
Duke. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto thee;
In my eye thou appear'st ——
Y. Arch. Dim not the sight, sir;
I am too dull an object.
Duke. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?
Y. Arch. I can love,
And love as you do too: but 'twill not shew well,
Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres,
Tinsel affections, make a glorious glistering,
'Twill halt i' th' handsome way.
Duke. Are you so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?
Y. Arch. No, you cannot;
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray, pardon me,
I prate so boldly to you.
Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, sweet?
Y. Arch. I would tell your grace,
But happily ——
Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.
Y. Arch. I should love you again, and then you would hate me:
With all my service I should follow you,
And through all dangers.
Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy worths, more make me meet 'em.
Y. Arch. You should do so, if you did well and truly:
But, though you be a prince, and have power in you,
Power of example too, you have fail'd and falter'd.
Duke. Give me example where.
Y. Arch. You had a mistress,
Oh, Heaven, so bright, so brave a dame, so lovely,
In all her life so true —
Duke. A mistress!
Y. Arch. That serv'd you with that constancy, that care,
That lov'd your will, and woo'd it too —
Duke. What mistress?
Y. Arch. That nurs'd your honour up, held fast your virtue,
And, when she kiss'd, increas'd, not stole your goodness!
Duke. And I neglected her?
Y. Arch. Lost her, forsook her,
Wantonly flung her off.
Duke. What was her name?
Y. Arch. Her name as lovely as herself, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent.
Duke. What was it?
Y. Arch. Her name was Beau-desert: do you know her now, sir?
Duke. Beau-desert! I not remember[3] ——
Y. Arch. I know you do not;
Yet she has a plainer name, — lord Archas' service:
Do you yet remember her? There was a mistress
Fairer than woman,[4] far[5] fonder to you, sir,
Than mothers to their first-born joys. Can you love?
Dare you profess that truth to me, a stranger,
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,
When your most noble love you have neglected,
A beauty all the world would woo and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think you can love me,
And hold you constant, when I have read this story?
Is't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most tied, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the chains of honesty and honour,
You have broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your grace
Tempt me no further.
Duke. Who taught you this lesson?
Y. Arch. Woful experience, sir. If you seek a fair one
Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now
Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, sir;

[1] *They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue:*
Two brighter stars ne'er rose here] Seward chose to give these lines to the Duke, for reasons which it would be useless to detail.

[2] *the Sirian star*] Silently altered by Seward to "*the* hot *Sirian star.*"

[3] *I not remember*] So the first folio. — The second folio has "*I* do *not remember.*" — Seward and the Editors of 1778 gave "*I* don't *remember.*"

[4] *woman*] So the second folio. — The first folio has "women;" and so Weber.

[5] *far*] Silently altered by Seward to "and *far*;" and so his successors.

But this will be the plague on't, they're excellent honest.

Enter OLYMPIA *and* PETESCA *behind.*[1]

Duke. I love thy face.
Y. Arch. Upon my life, you cannot:
I do not love it myself, sir; 'tis a lewd[2] one,
So truly ill, art cannot mend it. 'Ods,[3] if 'twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you should hear me talk, sir,
In a new strain; and, though you are a prince,
Make you petition to me too, and wait my answers;
Yet, o' my conscience, I should pity you,
After some ten years' siege.
Duke. Prithee, do now.
Y. Arch. What would you do?
Duke. Why, I would lie with you.
Y. Arch. I do not think you would.
Duke. In troth, I would, wench.
Here, take this jewel.
Y. Arch. Out upon't! that's scurvy:
Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good fellowship,
For pure love, or nothing: thus you shall be sure, sir,
You shall not pay too dear for't.
Duke. Sure, I cannot.
Y. Arch. By'r lady, but you may. When you have found me able
To do your work well, you may pay my wages.
Pet. Why does your grace start back?
Olym. I ha' seen that shakes me,
Chills all my blood. Oh, where is faith or goodness?
Alinda, thou art false; false, false, thou fair one,
Wickedly false! and, woe is me, I see it!
For ever false!
Pet. I am glad 't has taken thus right. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt* OLYMPIA *and* PETESCA.
Y. Arch. I'll go ask my lady, sir.
Duke. What?
Y. Arch. Whether I
Shall lie with you, or no: if I find her willing —
For, look you, sir, I have sworn, while I am in her service
('Twas a rash oath, I must confess) ——
Duke. Thou mock'st me.
Y. Arch. Why, would you lie with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuse my weakness?
Duke. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.
Y. Arch. I humbly thank your highness:
When you piece me, you must piece me to my coffin.
When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,
'Tis not an inch of an[4] ape's tail will restore it.
I love you, and I honour you; but this way
I'll neither love nor serve you. Heaven change your mind, sir! [*Exit.*
Duke. And thine too! for it must be chang'd, it shall be. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter BOROSKY, BURRIS, THEODORE, VIOLA, *and* HONORA.

Bor. They are goodly gentlewomen.
Burris. They are,
Wondrous sweet women both.
Theod. Does your lordship like 'em?
They are my sisters, sir; good lusty lasses:
They'll do their labour well, I warrant you;
You'll find no bed-straw here, sir.
Hon. Thank you, brother.
Theod. This is not so strongly built; but she is good mettle,
Of a good stirring strain too; she goes tith,[5] sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye merry,
The toys you wot of. Do you like their complexions?
They be no Moors: what think ye of this hand, gentlemen?
Here's a white altar for your sacrifice;
A thousand kisses here — nay, keep off yet, gentlemen;
Let's start first, and have fair play. What would ye give now
To turn the globe up, and find the rich Moluccas?
To pass the straits? Here (do ye itch?), by Saint Nicholas,[6]
Here's that will make ye scratch and claw;
Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts.
Pray ye, let me request ye, to forget
To say your prayers, whilst those are courtiers;
Or, if ye needs will think of Heaven, let it be no higher
Than their eyes.
Bor. How will you have 'em bestow'd, sir?
Theod. Even how your lordship please, so you do not bake 'em.
Bor. Bake 'em!
Theod. They are too high a meat that way, they run to jelly:
But if you'll have 'em for your own diet, take my counsel;
Stew 'em between two feather-beds.
Burris. Please you, colonel,
To let 'em wait upon the princess?
Theod. Yes, sir,
And thank your honour too: but then, happily,

[1] *behind*] Both the folios have "*privately.*" Perhaps they entered above, — on what was called the upper stage: see note, p. 693.

[2] *lewd*] i. e. bad, — ugly. — Seward printed "foul"! and Weber cited two passages to prove that "*lewd*" is used here in the sense of *idle*!!

[3] *'Ods*] The first folio has "'*sod*" (which, after all, may be right) The second reads "but;" and so Seward. The Editors of 1778 printed "God." Weber gave "'Cod."

[4] *an*] Silently omitted by the modern editors.

[5] *she goes tith*] i. e. she goes tight (the allusion being to a ship.) Compare Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, or *The Tamer Tamed*,

"Which if he man not
With more continual labour than a galley,
To make her *tith*," &c.
Act iii. sc. 4.

In the present passage the Editors of 1778 altered "*tith*" to "*tilth*"!!

[6] *by St. Nicholas*] "*St Nicholas* is the favourite saint of the Russians; they call him, *Scora Pomosnick*, or the Speedy Helper, and say, that he hath three hundred angels of the chiefest appointed by God to attend upon him. See Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 8vo., 1591, p. 97." REED.

These noble gentlemen shall have no access to 'em;
And to have 'em buy new clothes, study new faces,
And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well, i' faith: they have kept their bodies,
And been at charge for baths. Do you see that shirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning; 'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these gentlemen!
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome and young, my lord; and two such blessings
They will not light upon again in ten year.
Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.
Theod. They are fit for any thing:
They'll wait upon a man (they are not bashful),
Carry his cloak, or untie his points,[1] or any thing;
Drink drunk, and take tobacco; the familiar'st fools!
This wench will leap over stools too, and[2] sound a trumpet,
Wrestle, and pitch the bar: they are finely brought up.
Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your brother, and have much cause to thank him. —
I'll ease you of this charge; and to the princess,
So please you, I'll attend 'em.
Theod. Thank your lordship:
If there be e'er a private corner as you go, sir,
A foolish lobby out o' the way, make danger,[3]
Try what they are, try ——
Bor. You are a merry gentleman.
Theod. I would fain be your honour's kinsman.
Bor. You are too curst,[4] sir.
Theod. Farewell, wenches: keep close your ports: you're wash'd else.
Hon. Brother, bestow your fears where they are needful.
Theod. Honor thy name is, and, I hope, thy nature.
[*Exeunt* Borosky, Honora, *and* Viola.
Go after, gentlemen, go; get a snatch if you can;
Yond old Erra Pater[5] will never please 'em:
Alas, I brought 'em for you! but see the luck on't!
I swear, I meant as honestly toward ye ——
Nay, do not cry, good gentlemen: a little counsel
Will do no harm: they'll walk abroad i' th' evenings,
Ye may surprise 'em easily; they wear no pistols:
Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre,
And get some good old linen-woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on't; you cannot fail. Farewell, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Burris. You have frighted off these flesh-flies.
Theod. Flesh-flies indeed, my lord,
And it must be very stinking flesh they will not seize on.

Enter Servant *with a casket.*

Serv. Your lordship bid me bring this casket.
Burris. Yes. — Good colonel, [*Exit* Servant.
Commend me to your worthy father, and, as a pledge
He ever holds my love and service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token;
And where I may be his ——
Theod. You are too noble;
A wonder here, my lord, that dare be honest,
When all men hold it vicious. I shall deliver it,
And with it your most noble love. Your servant.
[*Exit* Burris.
Were there but two more such at court, 'twere sainted.
This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, and muscadine. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *A Street.*

Enter Ancient, *crying* Brooms, *and after him, severally, four* Soldiers, *crying other things;* Borosky *and* Gentlemen *observing them.*

I. SONG.

Ancient.

Broom, broom, the bonny broom!
Come, buy my birchen broom!
I' the wars we have no more room:
Buy all my bonny broom!
For a kiss take two:
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the broom-man to boot.
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!

II. SONG.

First Soldier.

The wars are done and gone,
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.
Come, maidens, come along,[6]
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware;
Powders for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blithe and bonny:
As well in the night
We soldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.

Second Soldier.

I have fine potatoes,
Ripe potatoes!

III. SONG.

Third Soldier.

Will ye buy any honesty? come away;
I sell it openly by day;
I bring no forc'd light, nor no candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will shew the great man good,
The tradesman where he swears and lies,
Each lady of a noble blood,
The city dame to rule her eyes.
Ye're rich men now: come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest men.

IV. SONG.

Fourth Soldier.

Have ye any crack'd maidenheads to new-leech[7] or mend?
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or to[8] change?

1 *points*] See note, p. 295.
2 *and*] Silently omitted by the modern editors.
3 *make danger*] i. e. make experiment. "From the Latin phrase, *fac periculum*." *Ed.* 1778.
4 *curst*] i. e. sour, ill-natured.
5 *Erra Pater*] See note, p 442.

6 *along*] Both the folios "alone."
7 *new-leech*] "*A leech* is a physician; to *leech* is to treat medicinally." Mason.
8 *to*] Omitted by Weber.

Bring 'em to me; with a little pretty gin,[1]
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids again,
As ever they have been.

Bor. What means all this? why do you sell brooms, Ancient?
Is it in wantonness or want?
Anc. The only reason is,
To sweep your lordship's conscience. Here's one for the nonce:[2]
Gape, sir; — you have swallow'd many a goodlier matter; —
The only casting[3] for a crazy conscience.
Third Sold. Will your lordship buy any honesty? 'twill be worth your money.
Bor. How is this?
Third Sold. Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a quill.
Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of wind will blow it out o' the kingdom.
Sec. Sold. Will your lordship please to taste a fine potato?[4]
'Twill advance your wither'd state.
Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your lordship's breeches.

First Soldier [*sings.*]

If your daughters, on their beds,
Have bow'd or crack'd their maidenheads;
If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fie, fo, what fumbling!
If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg above the knee;
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant maids again.

Bor. Ye are brave soldiers! keep your wantonness:
A winter will come on to shake this wilfulness:
Disport yourselves; and, when you want your money — [*Exit with* Gentlemen.
Anc.
Broom, broom, &c.
[*Exit singing, with the rest.*

SCENE VI. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before*, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Y. Arch. You must not be so fearful, little one;
Nor, lady, you so sad; you will ne'er make courtiers,
With these dull sullen thoughts: this place is pleasure,
Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightful, joyful:
These are the gardens of Adonis, ladies;
Where all sweets, to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.
Hon. Bless me, Heaven!
Can things of her years arrive at these rudiments? — [*Aside.*
By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have you been here?
Y. Arch. Faith, much about a week.
Hon. You have studied hard,
And, by my faith, arriv'd at a great knowledge.
Viola. Were not you bashful at first?
Y. Arch. Ay, ay, for an hour or two;
But when I saw people laugh'd[5] at me for it,
And thought it a dull breeding ——
Hon. You are govern'd here, then,
Much after the men's opinions?
Y. Arch. Ever, lady.
Hon. And what they think is honourable ——
Y. Arch. Most precisely
We follow, with all faith.
Hon. A goodly catechism!
Viola. But bashful for an hour or two!
Y. Arch. Faith, to say true,
I do not think I was so long; for, look you,
'Tis to no end here; put on what shape you will,
And sour yourself with ne'er so much austerity,
You shall be courted in the same, and won too;
'Tis but some two hours more, and so much time lost,
Which we hold precious here. In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a servant[6]
Your age nor all your art can e'er recover.
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
Till what you do affect is ripen'd to you.
Has the duke seen ye yet?
Hon. What if he have not?
Y. Arch. You do your beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,
As if a counsel beyond nature fram'd ye.
Hon. If we were thus, say Heaven had given these blessings,
Must we turn these to sin-oblations?
Y. Arch. How foolishly this country way shews in ye!
How full of phlegm! Do you come here to pray, ladies?
You had best cry, "Stand away; let me alone, gentlemen;
I'll tell my father else."
Viola. This woman's naught sure,
A very naughty woman. [*Aside.*
Hon. Come, say on, friend;
I'll be instructed by you.
Y. Arch. You'll thank me for't.
Hon. Either I or the devil shall. [*Aside.*] — The duke you were speaking of.
Y. Arch. 'Tis well remember'd: yes, let him first see you;
Appear not openly till he has view'd you.
Hon. He's a very noble prince, they say.
Y. Arch. Oh, wondrous gracious!
And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first viewing;
For, look you, you must bear yourself — yet take heed
It be so season'd with a sweet humility,
And grac'd with such a bounty in your beauty —

[1] *gin*] i. e. engine, instrument.
[2] *for the nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.
[3] *casting*] i. e. thing to cause vomiting.
[4] *potato*] "Potatoes were considered as strong provocatives," &c. WEBER.
[5] *laugh'd*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "laugh."
[6] *servant*] See note, p. 917.

Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?
Y. Arch. No, no:
'Tis like he will kiss you, and play with you.
Hon. Play with me! how?
Y. Arch. Why, good Lord, that you are such a fool now!
No harm, assure yourself.
Viola. Will he play with me too?
Y. Arch. Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one:
There's a fine sport. Do you know your lodgings yet?
Hon. I hear of none.
Y. Arch. I do, then; they are handsome,
Convenient for access.
Viola. Access!
Y. Arch. Yes, little one,
For visitation of those friends and servants
Your beauties shall make choice of: friends and visits;
Do not you know those uses? alas, poor novice!
There's a close couch or two, handsomely plac'd too.
Viola. What are those, I pray you?
Y. Arch. Who would be troubled
With such raw things? They are to lie upon,
And your love by you, and discourse, and toy in.
Viola. Alas, I have no love!
Y. Arch. You must by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.
Viola. Honesty keep me!—
What shall I do with all those?[1]
Y. Arch. You'll find uses:
You are ignorant yet; let time work. You must learn too,
To lie handsomely in your bed a-mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious waistcoat,[1] to set you off well,
Play with your bracelets, sing; you must learn to rhyme too,
And riddle neatly; study the hardest language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense or no,
So it go seemly off. Be sure you profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly; there lies a main point,
A key that opens to all practic pleasure:
I'll help you to a friend of mine shall teach you,
And suddenly: your country way is fulsome.
Hon. Have you schools for all these mysteries?
Y. Arch. Oh, yes,
And several hours prefix'd to study in:
You may have calendars to know the good hour,
And when to take a jewel; for the ill too,
When to refuse, with observations on 'em;
Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbour,
And in what bower and hour it works; a thousand—[2]
When in a coach, when in a private lodging,
With all their virtues.
Hon. Have you studied these?
How beastly they become your youth! how bawdily!
A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,
Teacher of these lewd arts! of your full beauty!
A man made up in lust would loathe this in you,
The rankest lecher hate such impudence.
They say the devil can assume Heaven's brightness,
And so appear to tempt us; sure, thou art no woman.
Y. Arch. I joy to find you thus. [*Aside.*
Hon. Thou hast no tenderness,
No reluctation in thy heart; 'tis mischief.
Y. Arch. All's one for that; read these, and then be satisfied; [*Gives them papers.*
A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye;
Read 'em, and well observe 'em: so I leave ye. [*Exit.*
Viola. A wondrous wicked woman: shame go with thee!
Hon. What new Pandora's box is this? I'll see it,
Though presently I tear it. Read thine, Viola;
'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow. [*Reads.*

Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run;
Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire
You ever had; burn in that holy fire;
And a white martyr to fair memory
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.

How's this! Read yours out, sister. This amazes me.
Viola. [*reads.*] *Fear not, thou yet-unblasted Violet,*
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget;
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud;
Remember whose thou art, and grow still good;
Remember what thou art, and stand a story
Fit for thy noble sex[3] *and thine own glory!*
Hon. I know not what to think.
Viola. Sure, a good woman,
An excellent woman, sister.
Hon. It confounds me.
Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their ends;
The court I say breeds the best foes and friends.
Come, let's be honest, wench, and do our best service.
Viola. A most excellent woman! I will love her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OLYMPIA *with a casket, and* YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before.*

Y. Arch. Madam, the duke has sent for the two ladies.
Olym. I prithee, go: I know thy thoughts are with him:

[1] *waistcoat*] See the latter part of note, p. 106.
[2] *a thousand*] i. e. a thousand such rules. Mason proposed to point the line thus,

"*And in what bower and hour it works a thousand,*"

that is, he says, And in what bower and hour it gains you a thousand pounds!!

[3] *sex*] Was altered to "sire" by Seward, who observes, that "'*noble*,' given to the female sex, seems a very unusual epithet," and that "'sire' is very near the trace of the letters, for the *re*, when placed too close, almost form an *x*." This alteration, which is very plausible, was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more:
I have found thy heart, wench; do not wrong thy mistress,
Thy too-much-loving mistress; do not abuse her.
Y. Arch. By your own fair hands, I understand you not.
Olym. By thy own fair eyes, I understand thee too much,
Too far, and built a faith there thou hast ruin'd.
Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure;
Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promis'd,
Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,
The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:
Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress.
Y. Arch. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?
Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on thee? —
Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger?
Olym. Go, ask my brother, ask the faith thou gav'st me,
Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of good: then fly me;
For we must part, Alinda.
Y. Arch. You are weary of me.
I must confess I was never worth your service,
Your bounteous favours less; but that my duty,
My ready will, and all I had to serve you ——
Oh, Heaven, thou know'st my honesty!
Olym. No more:
Take heed; Heaven has a justice. Take this ring with you, [*Gives him his ring back.*
This doting spell you gave me: too well, Alinda,
Thou knew'st the virtue in't; too well I feel it:
Nay, keep that too; it may sometimes remember you,
When you are willing to forget, who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.
Y. Arch. Must I go from you?
Of all the sorrows Sorrow has — must I part with you?
Part with my noble mistress?
Olym. Or I with thee, wench.
Y. Arch. And part, stain'd with opinion? Farewell, lady;
Happy and blessèd lady, goodness keep you!
Thus your poor servant, full of grief, turns from you,
For ever full of grief, for ever from you.
I have no being now, no friends, no country;
I wander Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows how;
No life, now you are lost: only mine innocence,
That little left me of myself, goes with me;
That's all my bread and comfort. I confess, madam,
Truly confess, the duke has often courted me.
Olym. And pour'd his soul into thee, won thee.
Y. Arch. Do you think so?
Well, time, that told this tale, will tell my truth too,
And say you had a faithful honest servant.
The business of my life is now to pray for you,
Pray for your virtuous loves, pray for your children,
When Heaven shall make you happy.
Olym. How she wounds me!
Either I am undone, or she must go. [*Aside.*] — Take these with you,
[*Gives casket and money.*
Some toys may do you service; and this money;
And, when you want, I love you not so poorly
(Not yet, Alinda), that I would see you perish.
Prithee, be good, and let me hear. Look on me;
I love those eyes yet dearly: I have kiss'd thee;
And now I'll do't again. Farewell, Alinda:
[*Kisses him.*
I am too full to speak more, and too wretched.
[*Exit.*
Y. Arch. You have my faith, and all the world my fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. I would fain hear what becomes of these two wenches;
And, if I can, I will do 'em good.

Enter a Gentleman, *who passes over the stage.*

Do you hear, my honest friend? —
He knows no such name. What a world of business
(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)
These things have here! Mass, now I think on't better,
I wish he be not sent for one of them,
To some of these by-lodgings: methought I saw
A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

Re-enter Gentleman, *with a* Gentlewoman, *and pass over the stage.*

He has her; but 'tis none of them. Hold fast, thief!
An excellent touzing knave! Mistress, you are
To suffer your penance some half hour hence now.
How far a fine court custard with plums in it
Will prevail with one of these waiting gentlewomen!
They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly.
This is some yeoman o' the bottles now that has sent for her,
That she calls father: now, woe to this ale-incense!

Enter a Servant.

By your leave, sir.
Serv. Well, sir; what's your pleasure with me?
Theod. You do not know the way to the maids' lodgings?
Serv. Yes, indeed do I, sir.
Theod. But you will not tell me?
Serv. No, indeed will not I, because you doubt it. [*Exit.*
Theod. These are fine gim-cracks. Hey! here comes another;
A flaggon full of wine in's hand, I take it.

Enter Second Servant *with a flaggon.*

Well met, my friend: is that wine?
Sec. Serv. Yes, indeed is it.
Theod. Faith, I'll drink on't, then.

Sec. Serv. You may, because you have sworn, sir.
Theod. [*drinks.*] 'Tis very good ; I'll drink a great deal now, sir.
Sec. Serv. I cannot help it, sir.
Theod. I'll drink more yet.
Sec. Serv. 'Tis in your own hands.
Theod. There's your pot ; I thank you.
Pray, let me drink again.
Sec. Serv. Faith, but you shall not.
Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Theod. This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.
Here comes a gentlewoman, and alone ; I'll to her.

Enter a Lady.

Madam, my lord my master ——
Lady. Who's your lord, sir?
Theod. The lord Borosky, lady.
Lady. Pray, excuse me :
Here's something for your pains. Within this hour, sir,
One of the choice young ladies shall attend him :
Pray, let it be in that chamber juts out to the water;
'Tis private and convenient: do my humble service
To my honourable good lord, I beseech you, sir.
If it please you to visit a poor lady ——
You carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman.
Theod. I shall be bold.
Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in you.
I lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings, sir ;
They call me merrily the Lady of the ——,[1] sir :
A little I know what belongs to a gentleman,
And, if it please you take the pains ——
Theod. Dear lady ! [*Exit* Lady.] Take the pains !
Why, a horse would not take the pains that thou requir'st now
To cleave, old crab-tree. "One of the choice young ladies ! "
I would I had let this bawd go ! she has frighted me ;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now :
But, if they will do, the devil cannot stop 'em.
Why should he have a young lady ? are women now
O' the nature of bottles,[2] to be stopp'd with corks ?
Oh, the thousand little Furies that fly here now !

Enter PUTSKY.

How now, captain !
Puts. I come to seek you out, sir,
And all the town I have travell'd.
Theod. What's the news, man ?
Puts. That that concerns us all, and very nearly.
The duke this night holds a great feast at court,
To which he bids for guests all his old counsellors,
And all his favourites : your father's sent for.
Theod. Why, he is neither in council nor in favour.
Puts. That's it : have an eye now or never, and a quick one ;
An eye that must not wink from good intelligence :
I heard a bird sing, they mean him no good office.
Theod. Art sure he sups here ?
Puts. Sure as 'tis day.
Theod. 'Tis like, then.

Enter ANCIENT.

How now ! where hast thou been, Ancient?
Anc. Measuring the city :
I have left my brooms at gate here ; by this time
The porter has stole 'em, to sweep out rascals.
Theod. Brooms !
Anc. I have been crying brooms all the town over,
And such a mart I have made ! there's no trade near it.
Oh, the young handsome wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too !
"Come hither, Master Broom-man, I beseech you ;"
"Good Master Broom-man, hither," cries another.
Theod. Thou art a mad fellow.
Anc. They are all as mad as I ; they all have trades now,
And roar about the streets like bull-beggars.[3]
Theod. What company of soldiers are they ?
Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall[4] and hardy soldiers,
If need be, colonel.
Theod. That need's come, Ancient ;
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently,
But without suspicion ; this night we shall need 'em :
Let 'em be near the court, let Putsky guide 'em ;
And wait me for occasion ; here I'll stay still.
Puts. If it fall out, we are ready ; if not, we are scatter'd :
I'll wait you at an inch.
Theod. Do ; farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *An Apartment in the same.*

Enter DUKE *and* BOROSKY.

Duke. Are the soldiers still so mutinous ?
Bor. More than ever :
No law nor justice frights 'em ; all the town over
They play new pranks and gambols ; no man's person,
Of what degree soever, free from abuses :
And durst they do this (let your grace consider),
These monstrous, most offensive things, these villanies,

1 ——] So both the folios.
2 *O' the nature of bottles, &c.*]
"'And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks.'
Pope [*Rape of the Lock*]." *Ed.* 1778.

3 *bull-beggars*] i. e. hobgoblins.
4 *tall*] i. e. bold, brave.

If not set on, and fed? if not by one
They honour more than you, and more aw'd by him?
Duke. Happily, their own wants.
Bor. I offer to supply 'em,
And every hour make tender of their moneys:
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.
I fear the next device will be my life, sir;
And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.
Duke. Do you think lord Archas privy?
Bor. More than thought,
I know it, sir; I know they durst not do
These violent rude things, abuse the state thus,
But that they have a hope by his ambitions ——
Duke. No more. He's sent for?
Bor. Yes, and will be here, sure.
Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.
Bor. I'll wait, sir.
Duke. Did you speak to the ladies?
Bor. They'll attend your grace presently.
Duke. How do you like 'em?
Bor. My eyes are too dull judges.
They wait here, sir.
Duke. Be you gone, then. [*Exit.* BOROSKY.
Come in, ladies!

Enter HONORA *and* VIOLA.

Welcome to the court, sweet beauties! now the court shines,
When such true beams of beauty strike amongst us:
Welcome, welcome, even as your own joys welcome!
How do you like the court? how seems it to you?
Is't not a place created for all sweetness?
Why were you made such strangers to this happiness,
Barr'd the delights this holds? the richest jewels,
Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre.
Your country shades are faint, blasters of beauty;
The manners, like the place, obscure and heavy;
The rose-buds of your [1] beauties turn to cankers,
Eaten with inward thoughts, whilst there ye wander.
Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for cloisters,)
Here is the sphere you move in; here shine nobly,
And by your powerful influence command all! —
What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em,
And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their blossoms! [*Aside.*
Hon. Your grace speaks cunningly: you do not this,
I hope, sir, to betray us; we are poor triumphs,
Nor can our loss of honour add to you, sir:
Great men and great thoughts seek things great and worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;
Conquests so nobly won can never perish.
We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, sir,
Two honest maids; is that a sin at court, sir?
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on us?
Why do I ask that question, when I have found you?
Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us;
You would dishonour us; which, in your translation
Here at the court, reads thus, — your grace would love us,
Most dearly love us; stick us up for mistresses:
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex, sir,
That would be glad of this, and handsome women,
And crowd into this favour, fair young women,
Excellent beauties, sir: when you have enjoy'd 'em,
And suck'd those sweets they have, what saints are these then?
What worship have they won, what name? you guess, sir;
What story added to their time? a sweet one!
Duke. A brave-spirited wench. [*Aside.*
Hon. I'll tell your grace,
And tell you true; you are deceiv'd in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, sir: and yet, in my eye,
You are the handsomest man I ever look'd on,
The goodliest gentleman; take that hope with you;
And, were I fit to be your wife, so much I honour you,
Trust me I would scratch for you but I would have you:
I would woo you then.
Duke. She amazes me — [*Aside.*
But how am I deceiv'd?
Hon. Oh, we are too honest,
Believe it, sir, too honest, far too honest;
The way that you propound, too ignorant;
And there is no meddling with us, for we are fools too,
Obstinate, peevish fools. If I would be ill,
And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels up,
I would not leap into the sun, and do't there,
That all the world might see me; an obscure shade, sir,
Dark as the deed; there is no trusting light with it,
Nor that, that's lighter far, vain-glorious greatness.
Duke. You will love me as your friend?
Hon. I will honour you,
As your poor humble handmaid, serve and pray for you.
Duke. What says my little one? you are not so obstinate? —
Lord, how she blushes! here are truly fair souls. — [*Aside.*
Come, you will be my love?
Viola. Good sir, be good to me;
Indeed, I'll do the best I can to please you:
I do beseech your grace! alas, I fear you!
Duke. What shouldst thou fear?
Hon. Fie, sir! this is not noble.
Duke. Why do I stand entreating, where my power —
Hon. You have no power; at least, you ought to have none

[1] *your*] So the first folio. — The second folio "the;" and so the modern editors.

In bad and beastly things: arm'd thus, I'll die here,
Before she suffer wrong.
Duke. Another Archas!
Hon. His child, sir, and his spirit.
Duke. I'll deal with you, then,
For here's the honour to be won. Sit down, sweet;
Prithee, Honora, sit.
Hon. Now you entreat, I will, sir.
Duke. I do, and will deserve it.
Hon. That's too much kindness.
Duke. Prithee, look on me.
Hon. Yes; I love to see you,
And could look on an age thus, and admire you.
While you are good and temperate, I dare touch you,
Kiss your white hand.
Duke. Why not my lips?
Hon. I dare, sir.
Duke. I do not think you dare.
Hon. I am no coward. [*Kisses him.*
Do you believe me now? or now? or now, sir?
You make me blush; but, sure, I mean no ill, sir:
It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.
Duke. That I'll do too. [*Kisses her.*
What hast thou wrought into me?
Hon. I hope, all goodness.
Whilst you are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing;
Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on you;
Bless those fair lights! Hell take me, if I durst not —
But, good sir, pardon me. — Sister, come hither;
Come hither; fear not, wench: come hither; blush not;
Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince, the good prince;
Certain, he is excellent honest.
Duke. Thou wilt make me.[1]
Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.
Duke. Fie, Honora!
Wanton Honora! is this the modesty,
The noble chastity, your onset shew'd me;
At first charge beaten back? away!
Hon. Thank you:
Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may thank you!
You have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly
You have cozen'd me: in all your hopeful life yet
A scene of greater honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-tongu'd,
And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous master!
Viola. My virtuous master too!
Hon. Now you are thus,
What shall become of me let Fortune cast[2] for't.
Duke. I'll be that fortune, if I live, Honora:
Thou hast done a cure upon me counsel could not.

[1] *Thou wilt make me*] i. e. Thou wilt make me honest. — In both the folios, at the end of this speech, is a break, which the modern editors retain.
[2] *cast*] i. e. contrive.

Enter YOUNG ARCHAS *disguised as before.*

Y. Arch. Here, take your ring, sir; and whom you mean to ruin,
Give it to her next: I have paid for't dearly.
Hon. A ring to her!
Duke. Why frowns my fair Alinda?
I have forgot both these again.
Y. Arch. Stand still, sir:
You have that violent killing fire upon you,
Consumes all honour, credit, faith.
Hon. How's this!
Y. Arch. My royal mistress' favour towards me
(Woe-worth you, sir!), you have poison'd, blasted.
Duke. I, sweet!
Y. Arch. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worse man is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my truth.
Duke. Upon my life, 'tis false, wench.
Y. Arch. Ladies, take heed; ye have a cunning gamester,
A handsome, and a high: come stor'd with antidotes;
He has infections else will fire your bloods.
Duke. Prithee, Alinda, hear me.
Y. Arch. Words steep'd in honey,
That will so melt into your minds, buy chastity[3]
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye;
And, when he has bound ye his, a thousand ruins. —
A poor lost woman you have made me.
Duke. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.
Y. Arch. That gin[4] 's too weak to take me. —
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take heed;
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,
Of forcèd, feignèd sorrows, sighs, take heed.
Duke. By all that's mine, Alinda ——
Y. Arch. Swear by your mischiefs. —
Oh, whither shall I go?
Duke. Go back again;
I'll force her take thee, love thee.
Y. Arch. Fare you well, sir:
I will not curse you; only this dwell with you,
Whenever you love, a false belief light on you! [*Exit.*
Hon. We'll take our leaves too, sir.
Duke. Part all the world now,
Since she is gone.
Hon. You are crookèd yet, dear master;
And still I fear —— [*Exit with* VIOLA.
Duke. I am vex'd, and some shall find it. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter ARCHAS *and a* Servant.

Archas. 'Tis strange to me to see the court, and welcome.
Oh, royal place, how have I lov'd and serv'd thee! —
Who lies on this side, know'st thou?
Serv. The lord Burris.

[3] *buy chastity*] Mason proposes to read "b'ye *chastity*, i. e. farewell, chastity"!!
[4] *gin*] i. e. trap, snare.

Archas. Thou hast nam'd a gentleman I stand much bound to:
I think he sent the casket, sir?
Serv. The same, sir.
Archas. An honest-minded man, a noble courtier!
The duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Go you home; I shall hit the way without a guide now.
Serv. You may want something, sir.
Archas. Only my horses,
Which, after supper, let the groom wait with:
I'll have no more attendance here.
Serv. Your will, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter THEODORE.

Theod. You are well met here, sir.
Archas. How now, boy! how dost thou?
Theod. I should ask you that question: how do you, sir?
How do you feel yourself?
Archas. Why, well, and lusty.
Theod. What do you here, then?
Archas. Why, I am sent for,
To supper with the duke.
Theod. Have you no meat at home?
Or do you long to feed, as hunted deer do,
In doubt and fear?
Archas. I have an excellent stomach,
And can I use it better than among my friends, boy?
How do the wenches?
Theod. They do well enough, sir;
They know the worst by this time. Pray, be rul'd, sir;
Go home again, and, if you have a supper,
Eat it in quiet there: this is no place for you,
Especially at this time, take my word for't.
Archas. May be, they'll drink hard: I could have drunk[1] my share, boy:
Though I am old, I will not out.[2]
Theod. I hope you will.
Hark in your ear; the court's too quick of hearing. [*Whispers.*
Archas. Not mean me well! thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away!
Theod. To that end, sir, I tell you:
Away, if you love yourself!
Archas. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of honesty?
Theod. Old gentleman,
Take a fool's counsel.
Archas. 'Tis a fool's indeed,
A very fool's: thou hast more of these flams in thee,
These musty doubts — Is't fit the duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his presence,
And I, like a tall[3] fellow, play at bo-peep with his pleasure?
Theod. Take heed of bo-peep with your pate, your pate, sir:
I speak plain language now.
Archas. If 'twere not here,
Where reverence bids me hold, I would so swinge thee,
Thou rude, unmanner'd knave! Take from his bounty,
His honour that he gives me, to beget
Saucy and sullen fears!
Theod. You are not mad, sure?
By this fair light, I speak but what is whisper'd,
And whisper'd for a truth.
Archas. A dog! drunken people,
That in their pot see visions, and turn states,[4]
Madmen and children! Prithee, do not follow me;
I tell thee I am angry; do not follow me.
Theod. I am as angry as you for your heart,
Ay, and as wilful too. Go, like a woodcock,[5]
And thrust your neck i' the noose!
Archas. I'll kill thee,
An thou speak'st but three words more. Do not follow me. [*Exit.*
Theod. A strange old foolish fellow! I shall hear yet;
And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. — *The Presence-chamber in the same.*

Enter two Servants, *setting out a banquet.*

First Serv. Believe me, fellow, here will be lusty drinking;
Many a wash'd pate in wine, I warrant thee.
Sec. Serv. I am glad the old general's come: upon my conscience,
That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark, the trumpets!
They are coming on; away!
First Serv. We'll have a rouse[6] too. [*Exeunt.*[7]

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BURRIS, BOROSKY, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Come, seat yourselves. — Lord Archas, sit you there.
Archas. 'Tis far above my worth.
Duke. I'll have it so. ——
Are all things ready? [*Aside to* BOROSKY.

[1] *drunk*] Altered by the Editors of 1778 and Weber to "drank"!

[2] *I will not out*] i. e. I will make one of the party: see note, p. 766.

[3] *tall*] "Is generally, in old plays, used for *stout, brave*; but here it seems to mean, ironically, great, or lubberly." WEBER.

[4] *A dog! drunken people,*
That in their pot see visions, and turn states] Seward printed,
"*A dog* is't? *Drunken people,*
That in their pot see visions, and turn statists."
The Editors of 1778 adopted Seward's "is't," but rejected his alteration in the next line. Mason proposed to read,
"Amongst *drunken people*," &c.
Weber, protesting against any deviation from the old copies, says that "states" means here — persons of high rank.
I am strongly inclined to believe that Seward's alteration, "statists" (i. e. statesmen), is the author's word. That "*states*" frequently means — persons of rank, is very certain; but that meaning hardly suits the text. If "*turn states*" be the genuine reading, it must be equivalent to —— overturn or make alterations in states.

[5] *like a woodcock*, &c.] See note, p. 366

[6] *rouse*] i. e. bumper: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 240, ed. 1813.

[7] *Exeunt*] This stage direction (found in both the folios, and absolutely necessary) was omitted by Weber.

Bor. All the guards are set,
The court-gates shut.
Duke. Then do as I prescrib'd you;
Be sure, no further.
Bor. I shall well observe you.
Duke. Come, bring some wine. — Here's to my sister, gentlemen; [*Drinks.*
A health, and mirth to all!
Archas. Pray, fill it full, sir;
'Tis a high health to virtue. — Here, Lord Burris,
A maiden health: you are most fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden soul, and much I honour it:
Passion o' me, you are sad, man.
Duke. How now, Burris!
Go to; no more of this. [*Aside to him.*
Archas. Take the rouse freely;
'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity. —
Your grace's pardon: when we get a cup, sir,
We old men prate apace.
Duke. Mirth makes a banquet. —
As you love me, no more. [*Aside to* BURRIS.
Burris. I thank your grace. ——
Give me it. — Lord Borosky!
Bor. I have ill brains, sir ——
Burris. Damnable ill, I know it. [*Aside.*
Bor. But I'll pledge, sir,
This virtuous health.
Burris. The more unfit for thy mouth. [*Aside.*
Duke. Come, bring out robes, and let my guests look nobly,
Fit for my love and presence.

Two Attendants *bring in cloaks, and distribute them among the guests, giving a black one to* ARCHAS.

Begin downward. —
Off with your cloaks, take new.
Archas. Your grace deals truly
Like a munificent prince with your poor subjects.
Who would not fight for you? what cold dull coward
Dost seek to save his life when you would ask it? —
Begin a new health in your new adornments;
The duke's, the royal duke's! — Ha! what have I got,
Sir?[1] ha! the robe of death!
Duke. You have deserv'd it.
Archas. The livery of the grave! — Do you start all from me?
Do I smell of earth already? — Sir, look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody banquets?

Enter a Guard, *who seize* ARCHAS.

A guard upon me too! — This is too foul play,
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched ruler,
Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypocrites! —
Am I serv'd in a hearse, that sav'd ye all?
Are ye men or devils? do ye gape upon me?
Wider! and swallow all my services:
Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity;
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,
Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till ye[2] burst.
Bor. These words are death.
Archas. No, those deeds that want rewards, sirrah,
Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers
(Leaner than death, and wilder than destruction)
I have march'd upon, these honour'd wounds, time's story,
The blood I have lost, the youth, the sorrows suffer'd,
These are my death, these that can ne'er be recompens'd,
These that ye sit[3] a-brooding on like toads,
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours,
And render me no pay again but poisons!
Bor. The proud vain soldier thou hast set ——
Archas. Thou liest!
Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,
Maliciously, and loudly! how I scorn thee!
If I had swell'd the soldier, or intended
An act in person leaning to dishonour,
As you would fain have forc'd me, witness, Heaven,
Where clearest understanding of all truth is,
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety,)
When Olin came, grim Olin, when his marches,
His last incursions, made the city sweat,
And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,
Such showers of frosted fears shook all your heart-strings;
Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,
And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising
By his arm'd horses' hoofs; had I been false then,
Or blown a treacherous fire into the soldier,
Had but one spark of villany liv'd within me,
You had had some shadow for this black about me.
Where was your soldiership? why went not you out,
And all your right-honourable valour with you?
Why met you not the Tartar, and defied him?
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with him?
Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor?
And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder
Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up,
Why did not you so charge him? You were sick then;
You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to bed then,
Stewing and fainting with the fears you had;
A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship.
Blush, coward knave, and all the world hiss at thee!
Duke. Exceed not my command.
Bor. I shall observe it. [*Exit* DUKE.
Archas. Are you gone too? — Come, weep not, honest Burris,
Good loving lord, no more tears: 'tis not his malice,

[1] *Sir*] I may just observe, that such is the arrangement in both the folios.

[2] *ye*] So the first folio. — The second has "they;" and so the modern editors.

[3] *sit*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "sat"!

This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure,
By bold bad men crowded into his nature,
Can startle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this fort yet;
I am the same, the same man, living, dying;
The same mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal:
Only the juggling way that tol'd me[1] to it,
The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.
Farewell: commend me to his grace, and tell him
The world is full of servants; he may have many,
(And some I wish him honest; he's undone else,)
But such another doting Archas never,
So tried and touch'd a faith: farewell for ever!

Burris. Be strong, my lord: you must not go thus lightly.

Archas. Now, what's to do? what says the law unto me?
Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty.

Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
As scorns and insolencies, both from yourself and followers,
Which you put first fire to (and these are deadly),
I come to one main cause, which, though it carries
A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither: you have done a sacrilege.

Archas. High Heaven defend me, man! how, how, Borosky?

Bor. You have took from the temple those vow'd arms,
The holy ornament you hung up there,
No absolution of your vow, no order
From holy church to give 'em back unto you,
After they were purified from war, and rested
From blood, made clean by ceremony: from the altar
You snatch'd 'em up again, again you wore 'em,
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the church too,
And robb'd it of that right was none of yours, sir;
For which the law requires your head, you know it.

Archas. Those arms I fought in last?

Bor. The same.

Archas. God-a-mercy!
Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me,
A subtle one: I die for saving all you.
Good sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in;
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,
The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins!
Prithee, find out a better cause, a handsomer;
This will undo thee too; people will spit at thee;
The devil himself would be asham'd of this cause.
Because my haste made me forget the ceremony,
The present danger every where, must my life satisfy?

Bor. It must and shall.

Archas. Oh, base ungrateful people!
Have ye no other sword to cut my throat with,
But mine own nobleness? I confess I took 'em,
The vow not yet absolv'd I hung 'em up with;
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce Tartars' bloods; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar safety, lord, for all;
I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd then;
Took from the temple, to preserve the temple:
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,
The reverent shrines of saints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been consum'd to ashes, their own sacrifice,
Had I been slack; or stay'd that absolution,
No priest had liv'd to give it. My own honour,
Cure of my country, murder me!

Bor. No, no, sir;
I shall force that from you will make this cause light too.—
Away with him!—I shall pluck down that heart, sir.

Archas. Break it thou mayst; but, if it bend for pity,
Dogs and kites eat it!—Come; I am honour's martyr. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter DUKE *and* BURRIS.

Duke. Exceed my warrant!

Burris. You know he loves him not.

Duke. He dares as well meet[2] death as do it; eat wildfire.
Through a few fears I mean to try his goodness,
That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.
I know Borosky hates him, to death hates him;
I know he[3] is a serpent too, a swoln one;
But I have pull'd his sting out. [*Noise within.*
What noise is that?

Theod. [*within.*] Down with 'em, down with 'em, down with the gates!

Soldiers. [*within.*] Stand, stand, stand!

Puts. [*within.*] Fire the palace before ye!

Burris. Upon my life, the soldier, sir, the soldier!
A miserable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh, save him!
Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save lord Archas!
We are undone else.

Duke. Dares he touch his body?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully.

Duke. Away, Burris!
Take men, and take him from him; clap him up,
And, if I live, I'll find a strange death for him. [*Exit* BURRIS.
Are the soldiers broke in?

Gent. By this time, sure they are, sir;
They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.

[1] *tol'd me*] i. e. drew me on by degrees

[2] *meet*] The second folio has, by a misprint, "eat,"—a reading which Seward preferred!

[3] *he*] "Meaning *Borosky*: but the pronoun is used rather confusedly, both here and in the lines that follow [in the fourth speech of the Duke]." *Ed.* 1778.

Duke. Get me a guard about me; make sure the lodgings,
And speak the soldiers fair.
Gent. Pray Heaven that take, sir! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter PUTSKY, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers *with torches.*

Puts. Give us the general; we'll fire the court else;
Render him safe and well!
Anc. Do not fire the cellar,
There's excellent wine in't, captain; and though it be cold weather,
I do not love it mull'd. — Bring out the general!
We'll light ye such a bonfire else! where are ye?
Speak, or we'll toss your turrets; peep out of your hives,
We'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there?
Put out that nose again, and, if thou darest
But blow it before us —— Now he creeps out on's burrow.

Enter Gentleman.

Puts. Give us the general!
Gent. Yes, gentlemen;
Or any thing ye can desire.
Anc. You musk-cat,
Cordevan-skin![1] we will not take your answer.
Puts. Where is the duke? speak suddenly, and send him hither.
Anc. Or we'll so fry your buttocks!
Gent. Good sweet gentlemen ——
Anc. We are neither good nor sweet; we are soldiers,
And you miscreants that abuse the general. —
Give fire, my boys! 'tis a dark evening;
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter THEODORE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, VIOLA, PETESCA, *and* Gentlewoman.

Hon. Good brother, be not fierce.
Theod. I will not hurt her. —
Fear not, sweet lady.
Olym. You may do[2] what you please, sir;
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all danger.

Enter DUKE *above.*

Theod. Where is the duke?
Duke. He's here. — What would ye, soldiers? wherefore troop ye
Like mutinous madmen thus?
Theod. Give me my father!
Puts. Anc. Give us our general!
Theod. Set him here before us;
You see the pledge we have got; you see these torches;
All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately!
A thousand lives for one!
Duke. But hear me!
Puts. No;
We come not to dispute.
Theod. By Heaven I swear,
He's rack'd and whipt!
Hon. Oh, my poor father!
Puts. Burn, kill and burn!

Enter ARCHAS *and* BURRIS.

Archas. Hold, hold, I say! hold, soldiers!
On your allegiance, hold!
Theod. We must not.
Archas. Hold!
I swear by Heaven, he is a barbarous[3] traitor stirs first,
A villain, and a stranger to obedience,
Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour! —
Why did you use your old man thus? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak body? I ever lov'd you.
Duke. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble Archas.
Archas. I have balm enough for all my hurts; weep no more, sir;
A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows:
I do believe you innocent, a good man,
And Heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me! —
Why look ye wild, my friends? why stare ye on me?
I charge ye, as ye are men, my men, my lovers,
As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,
Let down your anger! Is not this our sovereign?
The head of mercy and of law? who dares, then,
But rebels scorning law, appear thus violent?
Is this a place for swords, for threatening fires?
The reverence of this house dares any touch,
But with obedient knees and pious duties?
Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him?
Has not he power to punish our offences,
And do not we daily fall into 'em? Assure yourselves
I did offend, and highly, grievously;
This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,
Which yet his mercy and his old love met with,
And only let me feel his light rod this way:
Ye are to thank him for your general,
Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for him.
Ye are offenders, (oo) daily offenders;
Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person:
Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
And where his power might persecute, forgives ye.
For shame, put up your swords! for honesty,
For order's sake, and whose ye are, my soldiers,
Be not so rude!
Theod. They have drawn blood from you, sir.
Archas. That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood,
The proud, provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis out, boy.
Give you example first; draw out, and orderly; —
Hon. Good brother, do.
Archas. Honest and high example,
As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours. — Thank you, Theodore,
My worthy son.

1 *Cordevan-skin*] "i. e. Spanish leather hide." *Ed.* 1778.
2 *You may do*] So the first folio ('*May do*). — The second folio reads "Nay, *do*;" and so Seward.
3 *barbarous*] Altered by Seward to "base"

Theod. If harm come, thank yourself, sir;
I must obey you. [*Exit.*
Archas. Captain, you know the way now:
A good man and a valiant you were ever,
Inclin'd to honest things. — I thank you, captain; —
Soldiers, I thank ye all: and love me still,
But do not love me so you lose allegiance;
Love that above your lives. Once more I thank ye.
[*Exeunt* PUTSKY, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers.
Duke. Bring him to rest, and let our cares wait on him. —
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where justice and obedience only build.
Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee,
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!
Burris. Remember him that vex'd him, sir.
Duke. Remember!
When I forget that villain, and to pay him
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget me!
Archas. I am very sore.
Duke. Bring him to bed with ease, gentlemen:
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em;
And in my sad repentance ——
Archas. 'Tis too much;
I have a life yet left to gain that love, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, BURRIS, *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. How does lord Archas yet?
Burris. But weak, an't please you;
Yet all the helps that art can are applied to him:
His heart's untouch'd and whole yet; and no doubt, sir,
His mind being sound, his body soon will follow.
Duke. Oh, that base knave that wrong'd him! without leave too!
But I shall find an hour to give him thanks for't.
He's fast, I hope?
Burris. As fast as irons can keep him;
But the most fearful wretch! ——
Duke. He has a conscience,
A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,
A loaden one. But what news of the soldier?
I did not like their parting; 'twas too sullen.
Burris. That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap:
They are drawn out of the town, and stand in councils,
Hatching unquiet thoughts and cruel purposes.
I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs
And desperate curses, sounding these words often,
Like trumpets to their angers, "We are ruin'd,
Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;
Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd and whipt." The colonel's eyes, like torches,
Blaze every where, and fright fair peace.
First Gent. Yet worse, sir;
The news is current now, they mean to leave you,
Leave their allegiance; and under Olin's charge,
The bloody enemy, march straight against you.
Burris. I have heard this too, sir.
Duke. This must be prevented,
And suddenly and warily.
Burris. 'Tis time, sir;
But what to minister, or how?
Duke. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't. Such blows as these
Equal defences ask, else they displease. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter PETESCA *and* Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these soldiers!
They are cruel fellows.
Gent. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough. I'll tell thee true, Petesca,
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd myself. But where's my lady?
Pet. In her old dumps within, monstrous melancholy:
Sure she was mad of[1] this wench.
Gent. An she had been a man,
She would have been a great deal madder. I am glad she is shifted.
Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her;
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

Enter YOUNG ARCHAS *in his own dress.*

What young thing's this?
Y. Arch. Good morrow, beauteous gentlewomen:
Pray ye, is the princess stirring yet?
Gent. He has her face.
Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth upon him.
Y. Arch. I guess ye to be the princess' women.
Pet. Yes, we are, sir.
Y. Arch. Pray, is there not a gentlewoman waiting on her grace,
Ye call Alinda?
Pet. The devil, sure, in her shape.
Gent. I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,
An only brother, that she had, in travel —
Pet. Mass, I remember that: this may be he too.
I would this thing would serve her!
Gent. So would I, wench;
We should love him better, sure.

Enter OLYMPIA.

Sir, here's the princess;
She best can satisfy you.
Y. Arch. How I love that presence!
Oh, blessèd eyes, how nobly shine your comforts! [*Aside.*
Olym. What gentleman is that?
Gent. We know not, madam:
He ask'd us for your grace; and, as we guess it,
He is Alinda's brother.

[1] *of*] i. e. on.

Olym. Ha! let me mark him:
My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother!
By Venus, he has all her sweetness upon[1] him!
Two silver drops of dew were never liker. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. Gracious lady ——
Olym. That pleasant pipe he has too. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. Being my happiness to pass by this way,
And having, as I understand[2] by letters,
A sister in your virtuous service, madam ——
Olym. Oh, now my heart, my heart aches! [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. All the comfort
My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built me;
I thought it my first duty, my best service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your grace
For my poor sister, humbly to thank your nobleness,
That bounteous goodness in you ——
Olym. 'Tis he, certainly. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. That spring of favour to her; with my life, madam,
If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my thankfulness.
Olym. What have I done, fool! [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. She came a stranger to your grace, no courtier,
Nor of that curious breed befits your service;
Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that lov'd you
Before she saw you; doted on your virtues;
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em;
You only had her prayers, you her wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserv'd her.
Olym. I have done wickedly. [*Aside.*
Y. Arch. A little beauty,
Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along with her;
And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much too.
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,
I am her brother, and let me speak a stranger,)
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest:
The daily study how to fit your services,
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,
So fir'd her honest soul, we thought her sainted.
I presume she is still the same: I would fain see her;
For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.
Olym. Sir, such a maid there was, I had ——
Y. Arch. There was, madam!
Olym. Oh, my poor wench! Eyes, I will ever curse ye
For your credulity. [*Aside.*] — Alinda —
Y. Arch. That's her name, madam.
Olym. Give me a little leave, sir, to lament her.
Y. Arch. Is she dead, lady?
Olym. Dead, sir, to my service:
She is gone. Pray you, ask no further.
Y. Arch. I obey, madam.
Gone! — Now must I lament too. [*Aside.*] — Said you "gone," madam?
Olym. Gone, gone for ever!

[1] *upon*] Altered by Seward to "on;" and so his successors.
[2] *understand*] Weber chose to print "understood."

Y. Arch. That's a cruel saying.
Her honour too?
Olym. Prithee, look angry on me,
And, if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me:
Do something like a brother, like a friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her.
Y. Arch. You amaze me.
Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;
Poor innocent soul, I flung her — Sweet Alinda,
Thou virtuous maid! my soul now calls thee virtuous. —
Why do you not rail now at me?
Y. Arch. For what, lady?
Olym. Call me base treacherous woman?
Y. Arch. Heaven defend me!
Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me;
Rashly and madly I betray'd her modesty;
Put her to wander, Heaven knows where: nay, more, sir,
Stuck a black brand upon her.
Y. Arch. 'Twas not well, lady.
Olym. 'Twas damnable; she loving me so dearly,
Never poor wench lov'd so. Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best companion;
When I was pleas'd, the happiest and the gladdest;
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her:
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.
Oh, what have I forsaken! what have I lost!
Y. Arch. Madam, I'll take my leave; since she is wandering,
'Tis fit I know no rest.
Olym. Will you go too, sir?
I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare trust me —
For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,
To read that face again — modesty keep me!
Alinda in that shape! [*Aside.*] — but why should you trust me?
'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her;
And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her.
Appoint what penance you please; but stay then,
And see me perform it; ask what honour this place
Is able to heap on you, or what wealth:
If following me will like[3] you, my care of you,
Which for your sister's sake, for your own goodness —
Y. Arch. Not all the honour earth has, now she's gone, lady,
Not all the favour —— yet, if I sought preferment,
Under your bounteous grace I would only take it.
Peace rest upon you! one sad tear every day,
For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit you pay. [*Exit.*
Olym. A thousand, noble youth; and when I sleep,
Even in my silver slumbers[4] still I'll weep.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *like*] i. e. please.
[4] *silver slumbers*] "Perhaps originally 'SILENT slumbers.'" *Ed.* 1778. "The text is perfectly right. In *Henry IV.* Part I. we have *golden sleep*, upon which Mr. Holt White observes — 'The various epithets borrowed from the qualities

SCENE III. — *Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter DUKE *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. Have ye been with 'em?
First Gent. Yes, an't please your grace;
But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise:
They are fearful angry, and by this time, sir,
Upon their march to the enemy.
Duke. They must be stopp'd.
First Gent. Ay, but what force is able? and what leader —

Enter BURRIS.

Duke. How now! have you been with Archas?
Burris. Yes, an't please you,
And told him all: he frets like a chaf'd lion,
And calls for his arms, and all those honest courtiers
That dare draw swords.
Duke. Is he able to do any thing?
Burris. His mind is well enough; and where his charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.
Duke. Who commands the rebels?
Burris. The young colonel:
That makes the old man almost mad; he swears, sir,
He will not spare his son's head for the dukedom.
Duke. Is the court in arms?
Burris. As fast as they can bustle.
Every man mad to go now; inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the enemy.
I beseech your grace to give me leave.
Duke. Pray go, sir,
And look to the old man well: take up all fairly,
And let no blood be spilt; take general pardons,
And quench this fury with fair peace.
Burris. I shall, sir,
Or seal it with my service.[1] They are villains.
The court is up: good sir, go strengthen 'em;
Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dangers:
The general needs no proof.
Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The open Country.*

Enter THEODORE, PUTSKY, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers, *with drums and colours.*

Theod. 'Tis known we are up, and marching. No submission,
No promise of base peace, can cure our maladies;
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of honour:
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt, gentlemen,
Whipt like a slave; that flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like thunder,
That body's torn with lashes.
Anc. Let's turn head.
Puts. Turn nothing, gentlemen; let's march on fairly,
Unless they charge us.
Theod. Think still of his abuses,
And keep your angers.
Anc. He was whipt like a top;
I never saw a whore so lac'd: court school-butter, —
Is this their diet? I'll dress 'em one running banquet.
What oracle can alter us? did not we see him?
See him we lov'd?
Theod. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his reverence for that time; is't fit, gentlemen,
My noble friends, is't fit we men and soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?
Puts. Forward!
They may call back the sun as soon, stay time,
Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.
Theod. They will[2] make ye all fair promises.
Anc. We care not.
Theod. Use all their arts upon ye.
Anc. Hang all their arts!
Puts. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.
Anc. March apace, then;
He is old, and cannot overtake us.
Puts. Say he do?
Anc. We'll run away with him; they shall never see him more.
The truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing,
Consider nothing but our way; believe nothing,
Not though they say their prayers; be content with nothing
But the knocking out their brains; and last do nothing
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.
Theod. Remove, then, forwards bravely! keep your minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Country.*

Enter DUKE, ARCHAS, BURRIS, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Archas. Peace to your grace! take rest, sir; they are before us.
First Gent. They are, sir, and upon the march.
[*Exit* DUKE.
Archas. Lord Burris,
Take you those horse and coast 'em:[3] upon the first advantage,
If they will not slack their march, charge 'em up roundly;
By that time I'll come in.
Burris. I'll do it truly. [*Exit.*
First Gent. How do you feel yourself, sir?
Archas. Well, I thank you;
A little weak, but anger shall supply that. —
You will all stand bravely to it?

of metals which have been bestowed on *sleep* may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. In the line before us sleep is called *golden*, and in *King Richard III.* we have *leaden* slumbers. But in Virgil it is *ferreus somnus*; while Homer terms sleep *brazen*, or more strictly *copper*, χαλκεος υπνος.' *Shakespeare*, ed. 1803. XI. 262. Fletcher is perhaps singular in applying the epithet *silver* to sleep." WEBER.

[1] *Or seal it with my service*] "This expression is obscure; but the following seems to be the meaning of it: 'I'll either quench this fury, or, in endeavouring so to do, put a period to my service.'" *J. N. Ed.* 1778.

[2] *will*] Omitted by Weber!

[3] *coast 'em*] "i. e. keep along-side of them." MASON.

All. Whilst we have lives, sir.
Archas. Ye speak like gentlemen. I'll make the knaves know,
The proudest and the strongest-hearted rebel,
They have a law to live in, and they shall have.
Beat up apace; by this time he is upon 'em;
And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever! [*Drum within. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *Another Part of the Country.*

Enter, drums beating, THEODORE, PUTSKY, ANCIENT, *and* Soldiers.

Theod. Stand, stand, stand close and sure; the horse will charge us.
Anc. Let 'em come on; we have provender fit for 'em.
Puts. Here comes lord Burris, sir, I think to parley.

Enter BURRIS, *and one or two* Soldiers.

Theod. You are welcome, noble sir; I hope to our part.
Burris. No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me.
Fie, what dishonour seek ye! what black infamy!
Why do ye draw out thus? draw all shame with ye?
Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye
Lay down your arms again; move in that peace,
That fair obedience, you were bred in.
Puts. Charge us:
We come not here to argue.
Theod. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too; we have hot spleens to meet ye,
Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

Enter ARCHAS, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Burris. Look behind ye:
Do you see that old man? do you know him, soldiers?
Puts Your father, sir, believe me.
Burris. You know his marches,
You have seen his executions. Is it yet peace?
Theod. We'll die here first.
Burris. Farewell: you'll hear on's presently.
Archas. Stay, Burris:
This is too poor, too beggarly a body,
To bear the honour of a charge from me;
A sort[1] of tatter'd rebels. — Go, provide gallowses. —
Ye are troubled with hot heads; I'll cool ye presently. —
These look like men that were my soldiers,
Now I behold 'em nearly and more narrowly,
My honest friends: where got they these fair figures?
Where did they steal these shapes?
Burris. They are struck already.
Archas. Do you see that fellow there, that goodly rebel?
He looks as like a captain I lov'd tenderly,
A fellow of a faith indeed: ——
Burris. He has sham'd him.
Archas. And that that bears the colours there, most certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,
A loving and obedient, that, believe me, Burris,
I am amaz'd and troubled: and, were it not
I know the general goodness of my people,
The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honesty,
And am assur'd they would as soon turn devils
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour ——
Burris. Here needs no wars.
Puts. I pray forgive us, sir.
Anc. Good general, forgive us, or use your sword;
Your words are double death.
All. Good noble general!
Burris. Pray, sir, be merciful.
Archas. Weep out your shames first;
Ye make me fool for company. Fie, soldiers!
My soldiers too, and play these tricks! What's he there?
Sure I have seen his face too: yes; most certain
I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)
Would much resemble this man, wondrous near him;
Just of his height and making too. — You seem a leader.
Theod. Good sir, do not shame me more: I know your anger,
And less than death I look not for.
Archas. You shall be my charge, sir: it seems you want foes,
When you would make your friends your enemies:
A running blood you have, but I shall cure you.
Burris. Good sir ——
Archas. No more, good lord. — Beat forward, soldiers: —
And you march in the rear; you have lost your places. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *Moscow. The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, OLYMPIA, HONORA, *and* VIOLA.

Duke. You shall not be thus sullen still[2] with me, sister;
You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her;
I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.
I must confess I lov'd her; as who would not?
I must confess I doted on her strangely;
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,
So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her:
And whilst the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous?
Olym. Good sir, pardon me;
I feel sufficiently my folly's penance,
And am asham'd; that shame a thousand sorrows
Feed on continually. Would I had never seen her!
Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her!
She was too good for me; so heavenly good, sir,
Nothing but Heaven can love that soul sufficiently,
Where I shall see her once again.

[1] *sort*] i. e. company, set.

[2] *still*] Omitted by Weber!

Duke. No more tears;
If she be within the dukedom, we'll recover her.

Enter BURRIS.

Welcome, lord Burris; fair news I hope.
Burris. Most fair, sir:
Without one drop of blood these wars are ended,
The soldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd, sir,
And all his anger ended.
Duke. Where's lord Archas?
Burris. Not far off, sir; with him his valiant son,
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner;
And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented,
I fear some fatal stroke. [*Drums within.*
Duke. I hear the drums beat.

Enter ARCHAS, THEODORE, Gentlemen, *and* Soldiers.

Welcome, my worthy friend!
Archas. Stand where you are, sir;
Even as you love your country, move not forward,
Nor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,
A justice on this villain, (none of mine now,)
A justice on this rebel —
Hon. Oh, my brother!
Archas. This fatal firebrand!
Duke. Forget not, old man,
He is thy son, of thine own blood.
Archas. In these veins
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny;
I ne'er gave life to lewd[1] and headstrong rebels.
Duke. 'Tis his first fault.
Archas. Not of a thousand, sir;
Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,
So strong against the nature of all mercy,
His mother, were she living, would not weep for him.
He dare not say he would live.
Theod. I must not, sir,
Whilst you say 'tis not fit. — Your grace's mercy,
Not to my life applied, but to my fault, sir!
The world's forgiveness, next! last, on my knees, sir,
I humbly beg,[2] [*Kneels.*
Do not take from me yet the name of father;
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die yours!
Archas. He moves my heart: I must be sudden with him,
I shall grow faint else in my execution.
[*Aside, and then draws his sword.*
Come, come, sir, you have seen death; now meet him bravely.
Duke. Hold, hold, I say, a little hold! consider,
Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit thee.
Archas. Yes, sir, I have another and a nobler;
No treason shall inherit me; young Archas,
A boy as sweet as young; my brother breeds him,
My noble brother Brisky breeds him nobly:
Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

Enter PUTSKY, *and* YOUNG ARCHAS.

Puts. Thou hast no child left, Archas, none to inherit thee,
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young Archas!
Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art!
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heav'd up; strike, Archas,
And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly!
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy; the duke gives it;
Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee!
Choose quickly, and begin.
Duke. On your obedience,
On your allegiance, save him!
Archas. Take him to ye: ——
[THEOD. *rises:* Soldiers *shout.*
And, sirrah, be an honest man; you have reason. ——
I thank you, worthy brother. — Welcome, child,
Mine own sweet child!
Duke. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?
Puts. Your grace's pardon:
Fearing the vow you made against my brother,
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his family,
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,
Like a young wench, hither I brought; myself,
In the habit of an ordinary captain
Disguis'd, got entertainment, and serv'd here,
That I might still be ready to all fortunes.
The boy your grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a girl; — Alinda, madam.
Olym. Stand away,
And let me look upon him.
Duke. My young mistress! —
This is a strange metamorphosis. — Alinda!
Y. Arch. Your grace's humble servant.
Duke. Come hither, sister. —
I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes. How they view one another! — [*Aside.*
Dost thou not love this boy well?
Olym. I should lie else, trust me,
Extremely lie, sir.[3]
Duke. Didst thou never wish, Olympia,
It might be thus?
Olym. A thousand times.
Duke. Here, take him;
Nay, do not blush; I do not jest; kiss sweetly:
Boy, you kiss faintly, boy; — Heaven give ye comfort! —
Teach him, he'll quickly learn. — There's two hearts cas'd now.
Archas. You do me too much honour, sir.
Duke. No, Archas;
But all I can I will. — Can you love me? speak truly.
Hon. Yes, sir, dearly.
Duke. Come hither, Viola: can you love this man?
Viola. I'll do the best I can, sir.
Duke. Seal it, Burris.
We'll all to church together instantly;
And then a vie[4] for boys! Stay, bring Borosky:
[*Exeunt* Gentlemen, *who re-enter with* BOROSKY.

[1] *lewd*] i. e. wicked, vile.
[2] *I humbly beg*] So arranged in both the folios.

[3] *sir*] Weber chose to print "else"!
[4] *a vie*] i. e. a wager. — To *vie* (a term in various games at cards) "was to hazard, to put down, a certain sum upon a hand." See Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 106.

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.
There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,
The knave to worth; do with him what thou wilt.
Archas. Then, to my sword again, you to your prayers; [*Draws his sword.*
Wash off your villanies; you feel the burden.
Bor. Forgive me ere I die, most honest Archas! [*Kneels.*
'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.
Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no memory,
No black and blasted infamy, hereafter ——
Archas. Come, are you ready?
Bor. Yes.
Archas. And truly penitent, to make your way straight?
Bor. Thus I wash off my sins.
Archas. Stand up, and live, then,
[BOROSKY *rises.*
And live an honest man; I scorn men's ruins. —
Take him again, sir, try him; and believe
This thing will be a perfect man.
Duke. I take him.
Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heaven's hopes fail me!
Duke. You are old: no more wars, father. — Theodore,
Take you the charge; be general.
Theod. All good bless you!
Duke. And, my good father, you dwell in my bosom;
From you rise all my good thoughts: when I would think,
And examine time for one that's fairly noble,
And the same man through all the straits of virtue,
Upon this silver book I'll look, and read him. —
Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,
To joys, and revels, sports![1] and he that can
Most honour Archas, is the noblest man.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THOUGH something well assur'd, few here repent
Three hours of precious time, or money spent
On our endeavours; yet, not to rely
Too much upon our care and industry,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,
How you approve our action in the play?
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bounty, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general consent
To study, as becomes us, your content.

[1] *revels, sports*] "I should read 'revel-sports.'" MASON.

END OF VOL. I.

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